

# Mother's Maid



Collection

Bébé Talons



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# Mother's Maid

By **Bébé Talons**

## Chapter One

I cannot remember a time when I was not Mother's personal lady's maid and privy to all those secrets any real lady has that she is unwilling to share with others.

What made it all the more odd was that I had been born Charles Miles, Jr., the only son of Charles Sr. and Madelyn MacReady Miles.

Charles Sr. went off to war shortly after I was born and he was killed in a place called Bastogne in France two years later.

Charles Sr. had left Mother well off and being a woman of strong mind, she had brooked no interference in the handling of her financial affairs. She ignored the sage advice of her older male advisors and went her own way with her investments. One of those

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had been something called Stromberg-Carlson which eventually was absorbed by General Dynamics which eventually became part of the Siemens Corp. But by then, Mother was a multi-millionaire many times over and because of her vast success, had become a pariah in her own family.

Did this bother Madame?

Not so you'd notice it.

Being a reclusive type by nature and an extremely private person by necessity, she lived her life quietly and sedately on her estate deep in the vast expanses of Central Virginia.

Her grounds consisted of over three thousand acres of heavily forested creeks, valleys, ravines and an almost mountain. Our home was right on top of that mountain with several acres of green lawn surrounding it. There was a narrow macadam drive that wound up through the heavily shaded trees to the front entrance. Needless to say, we had few visitors unless specifically invited.

But, enough of that. You want to hear all about the maid stuff. Right?

OK, here t'is:

As a very young child, before my second birthday, or so Mother tells me, I was drawn to any and all things female, feminine and girlish. I preferred dolls, my dollhouse and girls' clothes. In fact, Mother smilingly tells that I would throw the most horrible tantrums when she tried to get me into boys' clothes. She soon gave up this struggle and allowed me to wear dresses with all the proper accouterments.

Now, as then, I prefer frills, lace, silks, velvets and the like in my dresses, skirts and other apparel. Not that I don't have many garments in more exotic fabrics, because I do and I wear them quite often.

But, whatever the fabric, I love them all.

With price not an issue, I was insidiously fed female hormones and feminine inducing minerals so that my body became female by default. My breasts started growing at age twelve I was already larger than an A-cup with my eventual breasts size a large C-cup.

By constant tight lacing and the removal of my two lower ribs on each side, I now have a quite startling twenty-inch waist above my swinging, jiggling, rounded ass which is thirty-four inches, not bad for a five foot one inch girl at all! OK, five foot five or six, depending on the height of my heels! And I adore heels, the higher, the better! Like my corsets, the tighter and more restrictive the garment, the better I like it. Madame too!

### **Back to being a maid.**

I started out by doing little things for Mother, like bringing her tea, picking up after her in the bedroom, carrying soiled clothing to the laundry for processing, then bringing clean things back and putting them in their proper places for her immediate usage, also scurrying hither and yon securing little things that she needed and happy to do so.

My first memories of serving Mother's needs was about the age of seven or so. One afternoon I happened to be in her bedroom and I started picking up her discarded clothing and carrying it to the laundry to be processed. Mother smiled at my efforts and called me, "My sweet little maid." I was so pleased that I curtsied to her while holding my skirts just so.

I murmured, "Just happy to be of service, Madame." I was blushing with pleasure as I curtsied once more, turned and hurried out.

Just as I reached the door, Mother's voice stopped me. "Charleen? Please come here," and she pointed to a spot before her.

Still blushing, I curtsayed anew, then stood where she had pointed, waiting politely for her to speak.

"I have noticed for some time now that you pick up my clothes from the floor and take them to the laundry. Would you please tell me why you do this?" she asked.

I curtsayed before answering. "You are so busy with important matters and do not have the time to spare. I just want to help make things easier for you by doing all I can to help," I explained, curtsaying again.

"That is so sweet and thoughtful of you, Charleen," she praised, and I blushed even harder, if that were possible.

She reached out and caressed my cheek lovingly, the first time ever that she had shown any affection toward me in my whole life to that time.

"I like doing things for you, Madame," I whispered, almost crying with joy.

"And I like that you like it too," she whispered, her fingers caressing. "How would you like to take care of my laundry from now on?" she asked in that soft, throaty and caressing voice that I loved to hear.

"Oh, Madame!" I exclaimed joyously. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course I mean it, Charleen," she trilled. "But remember, I shall expect you to always keep ahead of me and once things have been washed and ironed, I shall expect you to see to it that they are returned to their proper places, ready for instant use should I have the need."

"Oh, thank you, Madame! I shall not fail you!" I vowed fervently.

She smiled. "Remember, my little maid Charleen, should you ever be remiss in your self-imposed responsibilities, I shall punish you most severely," she warned.

I curtsyed. "I shall remember, Madame."

And from that day on, I took care of Madame's clothes, making sure everything was promptly washed or cleaned and ready for instant use. As time went by, I watched the laundress as she sorted, washed and dried Madame's personal items, and over the next few years, I became proficient at laundering thereby releasing the laundress for her other chores. And yes, the time came when I learned how to iron all Madame's things and the laundress had less and less to do.

Of course, Madame noticed my added proficiency and began to add little chores to my list of responsibilities. Soon, I was not only doing all her laundry, but she had me help her dress and undress, helping with her stockings to make sure they fit smoothly.

From that I soon learned how to do her nails to her satisfaction and then she had me combing her luxurious hair.

I was so used to Madame's lack of dress when with her that it had come as quite a shock to me at age eleven or so when I realized that she was a voluptuous, feminine woman and that I had begun to have strange feelings for her.

When I confessed this to her, she became strangely silent and I feared for her response. "Charleen," she began, "do you like being my Personal Lady's Maid?"

I curtsyed politely. "More than anything in the whole world!" I vowed.

"Then we must take steps to assure that your accident of birth does not interfere with your duties as my Personal Lady's Maid," she replied thoughtfully.

I curtsayed again. "I am yours, Madame, to do with as you see fit!" My heart was in my mouth when I said this and I nervously awaited her response.

"You are sure of that, Charleen?" she asked softly.

I sensed that I was about to step over a chasm that I could never return, but her soft smile drove any thought of disaster from my mind. I only wanted to be with her and do for her the rest of my life!

I curtsayed. "Yes, Madame," I replied, "absolutely!"

"You do realize that you can never be a son to me ever again, do you not?"

I didn't, but I nodded anyway. "Yes, Madame."

"And there will be a decided change in our personal relationship?"

I curtsayed. "Yes, Madame."

"Very well, so be it. From hence, you are nothing except what I wish of you. And what I wish of you is for you to become my Personal Lady's Maid in all respects and purposes. I expect you to give yourself to my service willingly, joyously with your only thought my comfort and my needs, no matter how inconvenient, distasteful or repulsive any such comfort or need may or may not be to your sense of propriety. Is that clearly understood?"

I curtsayed. "Yes, Madame, I shall devote my whole self, my every thought, my every action to your comfort and the ease of your life, no matter what I think. I am yours to command in any way you see fit and my only desire is to be of service!" I vowed.

“And to think you have been right here under my very nose all this time!” she murmured to herself and I blushed with pleasure. She smiled brightly. “Now, be off with you, and remember, I like my tea promptly at four!”

I curtsayed. “Yes, Madame.” I curtsayed again, turned and hurried from the room. I was so excited that I was trembling with joy, that anxious I was to serve my new Mistress, my Madame. . . my new owner, for I had rejected my former selfless life in return for what amounted to virtual slavery to Madame!

I was owned!

My heart sang with joy!

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## Chapter Two

Let me make one thing abundantly clear, my other education did not suffer as a result of my fascination with being the perfect Personal Lady's Maid. Not by a long shot!

Mother was a largely self-taught, knowledgeable person even though she had attended Wellesley College. As a result of her own childhood, she had learned to speak German and French as well as English, as all were spoken at home. That she lived in an area where only French and German were commonly spoken, only added to the ease with which she became fluent in each language.

It is said that the very young absorb knowledge at an accelerated rate, and so it was with me. I thought nothing of speaking three languages at home, and with native fluency. I have an ear for language that continued long past my formative years.

When I learned to read at age four, I read Albert Camus' "The Plague" in the original French. I did not understand much of what I read, so I borrowed Madame's French dictionary and read it from cover to cover. Now they say that I have an eidetic memory which means that once I see or hear something, it is imprinted on my brain forever. Whatever it is in actuality, I must have it as I do remember.

My education accelerated greatly once I could understand what I was reading and I turned to the German, specifically Herman Hesse's "Siddhartha," which I found rough going. Once more I borrowed one of Madame's German dictionaries and read it from cover to cover, absorbing everything easily.

Then when I tackled Hesse a second time, what had been vague inklings of discovery took on a shine of brilliance that surprised even me.

That started a frenzied rush into other classic novels, mostly Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Russian, and not all fiction. I read biographies, histories, outright garbage and others, all in an effort to learn. I read Homer in the original Greek and Plutarch and Aristotle in the original Latin. My thirst for knowledge knew no limit.

Many's the evening after all was said and done, Madame and I sat at ease in her bedroom and discussed topics of interest in their original languages. It was Mother who urged me to study religion, and in particular, Christianity, Judaism and Islam because all had almost identical roots.

That led me to a discovery of the so-called "Lost Books of the Bible," those deemed "not God-given" or "redundant" by The Council of Nicea in 325 A.D. There was probably no premeditated animosity in this non-inclusion because these men were simply guided by basic religious doctrine of the time, long before the split between Roman Catholicism and Greek



Orthodoxism which predated the split of the "Protestant" dissenters from Catholicism centuries later.

But, all that has no bearing on my story except to describe the depths of study that Madame and I explored and to point out the fact that I am not some mindless fool following a vague course to self-gratification.

The foregoing is an attempt to explain that I did not enter into my self-imposed servitude blind, but with full knowledge of what I was doing.

It is safe to say that I was eager to become Madame's personal servant, and if some choose to call my servitude slavery, well, that is their prerogative and does not explain my willingness to be such.

As "Popeye" used to say, "I yam what I yam, and that's all that I yam!"

Take it or leave it.

And so I continued to learn to be Madame's maid. There was so much to learn, but I was an apt pupil, and once something was learned, it was never forgotten as it became second nature to me to use my knowledge in Madame's service.

After my confession to Madame about my strange feelings for her, she took me to a special clinic where my problem was surgically removed and my diet supplemented with other vitamins and minerals and hormones designed to further my development as a female, which I was anyway, only now it was beginning to be apparent.

After the removal of my lower ribs, I was started on a regime of tight lacing with my boned corsets gradually getting smaller and smaller until I had attained my present waist measurement of exactly twenty inches. That with my thirty-two C-cups and thirty

three inch hip expanse on a five foot one inch frame made for a nice, compact package.

On my fifteenth birthday, Madame called me into her study and informed me that certain changes would have to be made if we were to continue as Mistress and Maid.

I trembled with anxiety as I was afraid that Madame had decided to dispense with my services and this was her way of releasing me from service.

"Madame?" I quavered, my heart in my throat. "How have I offended thee?"

She looked up at me in surprise. "Oh, Heavens! Is that what you think?" she giggled. "No, my sweet little maid, nothing could be further from the truth! You have been the answer to a maiden's prayer. Never have I been so pampered, so well-cared-for, so satisfied with all around me!"

"Then. . ." I quavered anew.

"There have to be certain changes," she began thoughtfully.

"Madame?" I croaked.

"First of all, I am quite dissatisfied with how you dress. Secondly, your rooms are much too far away for prompt service. Thirdly, your social life."

She gazed at me thoughtfully for a long second.

"Madame?" I still did not understand.

"Your dress," she repeated.

I looked down at the simple cotton dress I was wearing and wondered what she had in mind.

"It is unbecoming a Personal Lady's Maid," she explained.

"But, Madame, it's all I have," I defended myself.

“I know. Therefore, we shall take steps to see that you are properly outfitted as a proper maid is supposed to be. To that end, I have made an appointment for you at The Uniform Shoppe in The Plaza for tomorrow afternoon where you will be measured for future uniforms. I have decided that you should have several different kinds suitable for a number of uses. Also, I wish you to become more lady-like, graceful and genteel. To that end, you shall be more severely corseted to assure a stiffly correct posture, and you shall learn to walk in much higher heels which will result in a more graceful carriage and a more pleasing femininity to all your movements.”

I curtsied. “Yes, Madame, thank you, Madame,” I murmured in appreciation.

“I think that your carriage and femininity also need assistance in your clothing both in private and public. You shall learn how to move in a variety of styles ranging from the Victorian Age through the Gay 90’s, on through the Edwardian Age, then on to the Gibson Girl era to the Roaring Twenties, the austere thirties, the war years to the New Look by Dior, through the 50’s housewife up to modern day styles, all through a maid’s point of view.

“At no time will you ever be anything but a maid, no matter what you wear, but you will always seem the epitome of the era in which you are dressed.”

I curtsied, my heart singing with joy. “Yes, Madame, as you wish!”

“Of course, as I wish,” she retorted, half in anger.

I curtsied, not knowing what she wanted of me.

“I have decided to move you into the small maid’s room adjoining my suite so that you may be closer at hand should the need arise. While the room is quite small, there is ample room for a narrow steel cot and a

dresser. There is a big closet for storage of your uniforms and whatever."

"Yes, Madame, thank you, Madame," I agreed, curtsying politely.

She smiled. "But do not think I will not have you well dressed for our little get-togethers after hours."

I smiled with relief and curtsyed. "Thank you, Madame."

"To continue, I have given your lack of a social life great thought of late. It is not right for any young girl to be denied supervised male companionship. To that end, I have asked Cook if her nephew would consent to escort you socially and he has agreed. I am sure you will be a satisfactory companion."

"But, Madame. . ." I interrupted.

She looked up. "Yes, Charleen?" she asked coldly.

"I'm not sure that I . . . I . . . would . . . could welcome. . ." I stammered.

"What? Not want a swain's attentions? Why that's the dream of all young girls, to meet a strong, forceful male, marry him, and live happily ever after as his loving, adoring wife while still remaining as my Maid in your spare time," she teased.

"Oh, Madame, no!" I begged, falling to my knees before her.

"I am sorry, Charleen, but I have decided and you shall go on your first date with young Herman tomorrow evening. If it does not work out, we shall seek alternative social contact for you. Perhaps with Mdme Carney? I'm sure she would love to have such a beautiful young girl on her arm! We shall see. . ."

She turned away and I felt utterly doomed!

Imagine, me, on a date, with another boy! Sure, I wasn't really a boy anymore, but that did not change

the basic facts. Conversely, a date with Mdme Carney wasn't any great shakes either! Mdme was notorious for her abject cruelty towards young girls in her service and nothing in her demeanor had suggested any difference otherwise!

I curtsayed and hurried from Madame's sight, my heart racing with dread as I thought about dating a boy. . . or Mdme Carney!

Neither scene appealed to me one whit!

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### Chapter Three

Over the next few days, I had little time to contemplate my future as I was busily being measured to within an inch of my life for uniforms, new corsets, new shoes with impossible heels and the most luscious undergarments I had ever seen, much less imagined! Bloomers in rustling muslin, smooth taffeta, shiny satin, gleaming velvets and crisp cottons came my way by the dozens, literally! No less than six of each!

Then the flared legged underclothes of a later period in silky rayon and nylon as well as satin and cotton descended on me like an avalanche!

It was just a taste of the items of later periods with full-cut panties, bikini panties and the ubiquitous thong panties that I loved almost as much as my bloomers!

But, underpants were as nothing to the dozens and dozens of differently styled bras accumulated!

Slips of rayon, silk, satin, cotton, taffeta and muslin in calf length, knee length, those just barely at curve length, not to mention petticoats, half slips and such.

Stockings were silk, nylon, cotton and lisle and all were seamed with warnings attached!

Shoes – pumps, open-toed, button boots, grannie boots, mary janes, and all with three inch heels or higher, and yes, I mastered each and every heel height I had!

Corsets – show-girl, medieval, Gay 90's, none with a waist more than twenty-inches and all with dangling garters for my stocking tops!

Madame had made dresses for all occasions, but the ones she favored were the strapless and backless ones that drew one's immediate attention to my cleavage and my always bare breasts beneath my gowns!

But the things I loved the most were my maid's dresses. From turn-of-the-century styles (the 20th Century) to the more sedate styles of the twenties to the longer skirted styles of the post-war era (Second World War), to costume styles such as different French Maid outfits to definitely sissy styles designed to flaunt my boyishness without actually saying so out loud!

I had uniforms for early morning, mid-morning, noonish, early afternoon, late afternoon, informal dinner, formal dinner and after dinner uniforms in several different colors, depending on Madame's wishes for which ever day it happened to be.

There were even times when Madame had me serve her dinner while I was completely naked except for a whimsical nylon apron, my pert mob cap or maid's cap and my high heels. Sometimes, not even that much!

While this was quite embarrassing because Madame teased me constantly while so dressed (undressed?), I never protested as I loved the feelings of

self-humiliation and embarrassment that were generated in my mind.

And she loved the red red blushes her teasings produced.

After every such an embarrassing and humiliating display, we would retire to the drawing room after where she would take me into her lap to kiss and caress me until I was in an awful state.

Whereupon, she would dump me to the floor and order me to make her ready for bed. That meant I had to undress her, draw her bath, then bathe her thoroughly, dry her just as thoroughly, then examine her naked body for any errant hair that might have grown since the previous examination. If there were such, I had to pluck them out and massage oil into her skin.

And yes, I had to service her most intimate areas between her gorgeous legs and her magnificent nether cheeks, except that there I had to kiss each spot where I plucked a hair, after oiling!

I was never more content that when my kissing lips were buried deep between Madame's thighs and she was cooing with delight, all the while urging me onward!

Many times, my attentions after her bath weren't enough to assuage her needs and I would be taken into her bed, beneath her coverlets, to continue my attentions to her demanding sex, bringing her to delicious orgasm after orgasm before she would faint from such demanding pleasure.

Once she slept, I would quietly crawl from her bed, clean up the mess from her bath dispose of her soiled clothing, then creep into my little steel cot to dream of what I had done and feeling great pleasure that I had brought Madame so much pleasure!

The second time I left her after she had fallen asleep, I was called to task for leaving her before she had dismissed me! She bent me over the foot of her bed, tied my ankles to opposite sides, tied my wrists outstretched over my head to the head of her bed, after which she threw up my skirts, yanked my bloomers down my legs as far as they would go, and then whipped me soundly for my discretion!

It hurt, oh, how it hurt!

I vowed that never again would I ever leave Madame's bed until she had given me express permission to do so!

And I have never been whipped for that indiscretion again!

No, I did not say that I was never whipped after that because I was, but never for the same error twice!

Nor did I bear any animosity towards Madame for whipping me. She had warned me way back in the beginning when I had first sworn my allegiance to her service that should I ever be remiss in my self-imposed maidly duties, I would be punished most severely and I had willingly accepted that codicil to our relationship.

I think that I should have lost much of my respect and love for Madame had she not punished me as she had promised!

I had long since forgotten that I had ever been related to Madame in any other manner than as Mistress to Maid. And as such, she was free to demand of me what she wished and it was inherent upon me to obey!

And, obey I did!

Had I ever entertained any idea that I was related to Madame in any other fashion than Mistress and Maid, I should not have been quite so diligent in my intimate duties to her intimate person.

Had our relationship been other than as Mistress and Maid, Madame could not have allowed me such freedom to handle her most intimate parts as the embarrassment would have been more than she could have borne!

Before I turned twenty, I was joining Madame in her bath, both of us frolicking like geese in a pond, our bare, soap-covered bodies sliding slippery and slitheringly around one the other.

And I was no longer sleeping in the maid's room, but with my face between Madame's thighs, diligently pleasuring her and pleasing myself in doing so.

Madame did insist that I go on a date with Cook's nephew and I did so, but with the utmost reservation. I might have saved my breath. He was more interested in the stable-boy than he was in any girl!

Thank God he did not know the truth about me!

That does not mean that he was any less boorish than I had expected. On the contrary, his hands were like an octopus's, all over all at once, especially at my breasts which he had bared despite my futile attempts to stop him, his cruel, pinching fingers savaging my fully erect nipples (the damned traitors!) until I begged for mercy, which to him meant my total submission to his demands, the baring of his engorged organ and my dainty fingers closed about it, stroking and squeezing while he murmured his delight.

I informed Madame of these goings-on and while she sympathized with me, she felt that as a young girl, I should be exposed to the vulgarities of certain creatures.

I was forced to go with him on another date and he wasted no time in baring my breasts and savaging my fully erect nipples once more until I begged for mercy.

This time, after it was revealed, he forced my head down until my lips were touching the bulbous head and when I tried to complain and resist, he struck me atop my head so hard that I gasped with sudden pain, thus causing my mouth to open quite involuntarily and allow him to drive deep into my mouth!

As I started to gag, I bit down instinctively, so hard that I could not mistake the metallic taste of his blood! He screamed with pain and tried to stanch the flow of blood with little or no effect. He pushed me from his auto and drove off seeking medical help before he bled to death.

Twice with him and Madame realized that it was a lost cause so she arranged a date with Mmde Carney. As I had known she would, Mdme Carney was an absolute harpy who delighted in torture, especially of those who could not fight back. After the second date with her and my biting of her most intimate part also drawing blood, Mdme threw me out of her house, which suited me just fine!

Madame saw the futility of these forced arrangements and after deep thought and reconsideration, decided that she would rather reserve my social education for herself than to try to fulfill them otherwise.

So, Madame took me to the Opera, then to a Ballet, then to a musical and then to a dance where she danced every dance with me, even when some of her friends asked for a turn with me.

I loved the Opera, following the action and dialogue easily thanks to my basic knowledge of language. It was the same with the Ballet. Oh, how I loved those pretty ballerinas standing so nonchalantly atop their toes, so at ease, so composed, and ever so delightful. I asked for and received Madame's promise of toe dancing classes for me and because of my years of training in high heels, I found being en pointe quite

easy to master, so much so that I earned the right to be called a prima ballerina by my teacher!

The musical was OK, I suppose, but sort of tame, to me.

Then, dancing! Madame in a man-cut tuxedo, black with a white shirt, her feet in Operas with three inch heels. Oh, she was fabulous! As I prepared her for our date, I was awe struck and fumbled somewhat.

Of course I was punished for my clumsiness. Once more I found myself bent over the foot of her bed, my ankles firmly strapped to opposite legs and my body stretched towards the top, my arms fastened securely to the corners of the headboard, with my bare bottom up-thrust and ready for her attentions.

I was whipped to within an inch of my life, but the lesson was well received as I never make the same mistake twice!

After my correction, I dressed myself in my little black dress that was absolutely revealing (with nothing but a skimpy thong panty beneath with thigh-high nylons thrust into black patent operas with five inch high heels)(with the skirt of my gown barely reaching

mid-thigh, I was a delight to the eye, and many saw!), in that it was both low cut in front as well as in the back, leaving my breasts barely covered, my areoles showing blatantly and a goodly portion of my rear cleavage as well!

During one of our dances, my nipples popped into view and Madame forced me to finish our dance before I was allowed to cover them again!

Madame loved showing me off and reveled in my blushes and stammerings of pretended shame, knowing full well that I loved every moment of my embarrassment!

She took me to Washington, D.C. where I was rushed from one museum to another, from one art gallery to another, from one theater to another until I had lost all sense of direction, not to mention all I had seen was but a jumble in my mind!

But, once we stopped for a couple of days, my mind quickly sorted things out and I had but to close my eyes to see what I had seen!

Then it was on to New York City where I was subjected to a similar round of museums, art galleries, theaters, night clubs, famous tall (and some not so tall) buildings that had import to Madame and once more a few days rest and I had sorted everything into its proper place.

Then it was onto a huge ocean liner that dropped us in Southampton seven days later and it was once more a round of the sights. After a month of traveling the length and breadth of Great Britain, we went to Paris, then Berlin, then Rome, then Athens, back to Prague, Hamburgh, Berne, Brussels, Copenhagen, and so many others I soon lost all track of where or when or why!

Happy I was when Madame flew us into London for several days of quiet rest and exploration of dress-makers and corsetieres and once more, I was bombarded with a plethora of feminine items.

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## Chapter Four

Back home, we resumed our Mistress/Maid relationship and settled into a rather mundane routine.

But, to my horror, Madame arranged another date for me, with another man! Oh, I was so terrified, re-

membering my last encounter and what had almost happened to me. Nevertheless, I was gowned and glamoured and my date appeared, a European Count or Baron or something of the sort, an elderly gentleman in his seventies, I would imagine, and once more I found myself fending off an octopus determined to ravage me.

But this man was not a fan of missionary sex nor in having his organ sucked. In spite of my valiant efforts otherwise, I found myself bent over some sort of work bench or work table, my ankles strapped to opposite legs and my body on my stomach with my hands tied to the feet of the other end of the table (bench)!

My skirts were raised and my thong torn away, barring my cringing orifice to his rapt attention. Two minutes later, I was no longer an anal virgin as he thrust into me time and again until he deposited his seed deep within my outraged, clutching bottom!

Nor did he release me once he was done. No, not him. He sat in a near-by chair and had his supper. I got nothing. After his coffee and cigar, he once more thrust into my bleeding orifice until he had deposited a second load of his seed in me.

And even then, my ordeal was not over. He left me tied and then retired. Twice during the following night he ravaged me and in the morning, he took me again before leaving. Sometime later, a servant came and released me and I hurried home to Madame. I cried and cried in her arms while she soothed me and calmed me down.

There was nothing to be done as he had fled the country post haste, fearing the consequences had he stayed.

Slowly, my ordeal faded and I had almost forgotten it had ever happened when news came that my rapist

had been shot to death by an outraged husband in London who had come upon him in his own home raping his very own wife! The Crown called it justifiable homicide. I called it revenge. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

One night after we were in bed and Madame was basking in a glow of utter satisfaction, she broached a brand new subject for discussion.

I knew what dildoes were and I also knew that Madame used one occasionally for her own personal gratification. What I did not know was that Madame had what was called a "strap-on" that could be used between two consenting adults.

I was reticent but intrigued in spite of my misgivings.

Madame reminded me that there would be very little pain, if any, because of my lost virginity. Too, she did not want to use me as an animal as my rapist had, but from the front in a more or less conventional, face to face, missionary style.

So, as full of apprehension as I was, I agreed to her request.

Being a kind hearted person, she did not jump right into things.

She wooed me.

No, there is no other word for it, she wooed me! We went out to dinner, her in her tuxedo and me in my little black dress, then went dancing and after, parking atop a hillside where we could see forever and ever, before bringing me back to the house and thence into her bedroom.

After I had undressed her, she told me to get ready while she retired momentarily to the bath. I asked if she wished my assistance and she refused graciously.

So, some few minutes later, I was absolutely naked, all powdered and perfumed and quivering with apprehensive fear when the door to the bathroom opened and there she stood.

With the lights off in the bedroom, the only light was a nite-lite behind her so that she was a shadowy figure in the mists, so to speak.

Wordlessly, she approached the bed and leaned over me, kissing me sweetly as she settled down beside me. She caressed me slowly, tenderly, teasingly, her fingers delighting me as her kisses enflamed me.

So slowly that I didn't realize it, she guided my hand downwards until I was touching something warm, smooth, hard and alive, so much so that I recoiled in horror!

"Don't be afraid, my sweet little Charleen," she whispered. It was the first time she had addressed me as anything other than girl or maid since I had sworn allegiance to her service long since!

Calming a bit, I allowed her to draw my hand down until once again I was holding a hard, demanding male penis, only this time it was attached to my beloved Mistress!

"Oh, Madame," I whispered in dread, "I am so afraid!"

"I will not hurt you, my sweet," she soothed my fears as her fingers continued to arouse me, making me want what she had in spite of my revulsion for all things male!

As my heated body trembled, she continued to soothe my fears and soon she rolled over atop me, coming to rest between my wide spread thighs where she paused while I grew used to her weight, which I found not at all oppressive in nature.

She moved slightly and I became aware of her twin stiffened nipples rubbing seductively against mine as her lips and inquisitive tongue continued to play with mine, teasing, seducing, and oh, so knowing, so welcome!

I moved slightly as I felt her press her thing against my cringing orifice and I fought against it entering me, but the more I tensed, the easier it gained entrance! And before I realized what was happening, she had slid the whole eight inches of her stiff pseudo-organ deep inside me!

I gasped in surprise, but felt absolutely no pain whatsoever!

Somehow, I was well lubricated which facilitated things immeasurably!

As she began to ease in and out of me, I moved rhythmically with her, and it felt good! Gone was the pain of my rapist's torture, to be replaced by a pleasant sensation that soon gained a momentum of its own.

Did I orgasm?

I do not know.

I don't think I ever did, but since Madame got such pleasure from me, I did not care in the least!

Long after, I discovered that her organ was double-ended and while she was taking me, she was also taking herself and she did experience orgasms, even multiple orgasms while she rode my unprotesting form!

And so I became much more than a maid, I became Madame's feminine lover!

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## Chapter Five

Many years passed and I continued to service and to be of service to Madame, taking great joy and satisfaction in doing so.

It dawned on me one day that Madame was not feeling well and I became even more solicitous of her comfort, trying my utmost to make her life as comfortable as it was possible for me to do.

Then one day after a brief visit to her gynecologist, her lethargy was revealed. Madame had some sort of blood cancer that was slowly but surely draining the life right out of her!

But even in the midst of her pain, her only thought was my future! "Oh, my dearest little maid," she lamented, "what is to become of you when I am no longer here to direct you?"

I cried and cried, dreading the very thought of losing my Madame, my beloved Mistress, my Owner!

Madame sought to ease my tears and my fears, to no avail. I continued to cry at the drop of a bra strap!

So, Madame took matters into her own hands as she had done these many years I had served her.

She whipped and strapped and paddled and scourged my skin with a cat-o-nine-tails until I screamed for mercy, and still I cried constantly.

Also, unbeknownst to me, she had contacted several of her acquaintances who had made suggestive overtures in times past regarding a temporary loan of my maidly services. . . which she had always turned aside with a wan smile of regret.

Now, she began to have some regrets as she worried about what would become of me after she had died.

Sick and tired as she was, Madame threw herself into the search for a suitable replacement, a replacement who would be a worthy Mistress who would, and could, utilize my unique services to the utmost.

Thus began a parade of would-be successors who, one by one, were eliminated from Madame's consideration for one reason or another. With most of those whom she eliminated out of hand were those she felt unsuited to command or in some vague way be less than appreciative of the many years she had spent in training me.

One such woman who pleased her was her own grand-niece, a nineteen-year-old high school graduate about to start University some fifteen miles from Madame's estate.

This woman seemed to be more like Madame than Madame was! She had the same detachment during intimacy and as Madame, demanded the best service at all times. She said as much to Madame, and rather than being insulted by her remarks, Madame was quite pleased as she made the same demands.

What Madame wanted was my devotion to the newest Madame to the same degree as with the first Madame.

I liked the new Madame at first blush, but I did not love her as I loved Madame, nor did I think I ever would.

Nevertheless, Madame and I talked it over in great depth. I was extremely fearful of being alone, with no Mistress to serve, none to lavish my devotion upon.

Nonetheless, the new Madame took up residence in the other great bedroom next door to my Madame's, with her own bath.

My Madame sat as I performed my maidly duties for the new Madame, giving her advice as I was taught to serve my next Madame!

Slowly but surely, my love for this new Mistress grew until I realized that I loved her as deeply as my Madame! Horrified, I confessed as much to Madame, but instead of being angry, she was pleased!

That very evening when I went to service Madame, I found my new Mistress with her, both lying naked atop the coverlet awaiting my presence and service!

To say that I was amazed would be putting it mildly, especially when my new Mistress watched as I serviced Madame. But that was as nothing when I had to service my new Mistress with Madame giving advice and guidance the while!

From then until Madame died some months later, they shared the big bed and I continued to service both of them.

When I started crying and bemoaning my loss, my new Mistress bent me over the end of the bed and whipped me mercilessly, so much so that I passed out!

When I had recovered some of my aplomb, she warned me that any crying I might do in future would be out of her sight and hearing. "I am your Mistress now and you will forget that at the risk of a punishment beyond your ken. I will not allow you to mourn the past and what was at the detriment of my needs and my future.

"Madame is dead and for that I am sorry. But I am not dead and I require your services fully as much as she. She gave you to me to use in my service and I will not condone any slip-shod performance in future. You

will service me as you did Madame, with all your love, with all your heart, with your very being! Is that clear?"

I nodded. "Yes, Madame."

"Good!" She sat on the edge of the bed and spread her legs wide. "Get to it, NOW!" she ordered.

Hurriedly, I knelt, pressed my face between her thighs and sucked her bald lips into my mouth as my tongue sought to be pleasing!

"Ah, yes!" she whispered. "Do me! Do me well else I shall flay you alive!"

Two hours later, I was still between her legs, bringing her to orgasm after orgasm, not daring to stop until given permission!

It was a long, long night. . .

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## Chapter Six

And, life goes on. I missed Madame terribly, but my new Madame kept me so busy that I hardly had time to think about the past. Mostly my thoughts would wander back to my services for Madame while I was between my new Madame's thighs servicing her needs and I would sometimes quite forget who it was under my tongue!

Truth be told, I did not care! I was doing what I most loved and eventually it all blurred and became one and the same thing!

In time I came to love Madame every bit as much as I had loved Madame and the time came when I didn't even think of Madame! Not that I ever forgot her, how

could I? It was more like a continuation rather than an interruption, Madame saw to that!

There isn't much more to tell. I am still Madame's very personal lady's maid and I care for every facet of her being, and I mean every single bit, if you get my drift!

Madame continued her college studies, graduating at the top of her class with a slew of honors. I was so proud of her.

With her new found business knowledge, she guided Madame's business interests most competently, managing to increase our holdings a thousand fold. Yes, I was part owner of everything, but kept in a very junior role, which was best as I had no head for business, unless that business was between Madame's wide spread thighs!

To the outer world, I am merely Madame's maid, continuously bowing and curtsying and fulfilling her every wish. In private, I was all that, and more! I became her lover, her confidant, her boon companion and when the laws changed, her wife!

My satin wedding dress shouted female and femininity and it was obvious to any one who looked which gowned partner was the dominant husband and which was the submissive wife.

And so it is to this day.

But, just because we are married, don't get the wrong idea. I am as virgin to a woman as I was as a child, but I am her submissive wife in every sense of the word. I still do not like men and Madame constantly teases me that she should remedy that "sad" situation.

I fear that some day, she will. . .

##

# Retrained

## Bébé Talons

### ONE

Hi. Once upon a time, my name was Nicholas Lange and I was as horny as an old billy goat, always sniffing around any convenient skirt with high hopes, but seldom *connecting*, if you catch my drift.

But, my non-success didn't stop me from trying, and most women soon found me to be extremely trying. . . extremely so!

It wasn't that I was ugly. . . well, no uglier than the average male is to another male, but certainly not (in my mind) handsome nor even good looking. Couple that with my rather short stature (I stand five foot even in my stocking feet), my light weight (I tip the scales at exactly ninety-eight pounds where I have been since I was ten or eleven

years old), plus my belligerent attitude (I was short, remember?), and you have the makings for a disaster just waiting to happen.

It didn't help my cause that I was a natural blonde (all over) who had never had to shave his face, coupled with flashing blue eyes and whose slender body had stopped developing "male" characteristics along about the same time I stopped growing. I won't mention that I had sort of slender fingers, curvaceous musculature, smallish feet and a fully fleshed bottom that acted as a magnet to some crass individuals.

Consequently, by the time I graduated summa cum laude from The International Culinary Institute (I.C.I.), I was resigned to a lifetime of celibacy. Hell, I should've been a Catholic priest. Then my celibacy would have been some sort of excuse. . .

Now, just because I was tops in school did not mean that there was a mad rush for my culinary services, because there wasn't. . . a mad rush, I mean.

Most prospective employers thought my height, or rather, my *lack* of same was a hindrance. They wanted a boss cook who could intimidate by size instead of expertise.

In their opinion, I lacked both. The size, obvious. The expertise, I was a recent graduate and had no work experience, ergo, in their minds, no marketable expertise.

I couldn't win for losing.

I did manage to get a fill-in job at a greasy spoon as a "short" order (get it?) cook for the graveyard shift, hardly something to show off one's culinary skills.

So, life progressed at a snail's pace until one morning my salvation in the form of a stylishly dressed, imperative woman entered the joint and being impressed

with my culinary expertise, invited me to interview as her personal chef.

I could not believe my great good luck and quickly agreed. We settled on an appointment the very next afternoon at her home on the outskirts of our fair city.

My sleep after my shift was filled with dreams of success and accolades, and when I awoke at noon, I was greatly refreshed and raring to go!

I was a few minutes early for my appointment and when I drove up to her gate in my antique Metropolitan hard-top, I was quite intimidated. I had anticipated a more or less regular house in a stylish suburb. Instead, I saw a large manor house set far back from the road that was protected by a forest of large shade trees behind a ten foot high stone fence capped with razor wire with a huge iron gate for entrance. Several warning signs were in evidence. "KEEP OUT!" they all stated in large red letters.

I stopped at the call box and pushed the button.

It responded, "State your name and business with Madame."

"Er, hi. I'm Nick. . . er, Nicholas Lange and I have an appointment with the Lady of the house. . . er, well, she didn't give me her name," I finished, feeling stupid.

For answer, the heavy gates clicked and swung open. "Park in the employee's lot behind the main house. You will be met," the flat, toneless voice directed.

Curiouser and curiouser!

I obeyed, then discovered that the disembodied voice had lied to me.

There was no one waiting, just a small red flashing neon sign over a door that read, "Enter Here." The door was slightly ajar.

I was slightly amused but entered anyway. There I was met by a metal detecting device and another sign that said, "Empty your pockets into the tray provided. Remove your shoes and place them on the conveyer belt. Remove all metallic objects on your immediate person. Then step through the arch."

I thought this was a lot of malarkey and unnecessary security, but then, it was her house, her money, her idiosyncrasies and I was the intruder.

But, when I went through the arch, it beeped loudly and a warning voice told me, "Back up and remove your metal."

Metal? What metal? Something hot touched my earlobes and it was that that I remembered my earrings!

The next time I entered the arch, it was blessedly silent.

I saw another sign. "Replace your shoes. Leave all other items in the basket. They will be returned when you leave."

By now I was getting a bit perturbed. No, I was pissed off! How dare she submit my personal self to such intrusive invasions of my privacy?

I had half a mind to turn around, get my belongings and leave.

You know? The lack of a remunerative job is a great incentive to shut one's mouth. Sort of grin and bear it, so to speak.

I turned inward just as a door opened in front of me. I entered only to find myself in a long hallway with just one door at the far end.

There was another red blinking neon sign over it. "Enter Here."

I did and there she was, seated behind a massive oak desk, busily writing in a huge ledger. As I entered, she glanced up. "Oh, you're early. Please sit down. I'll be finished here in a moment." And her gaze returned to the page before her, ignoring me completely.

I was getting more pissed by the moment and barely managed to restrain my urge to walk out. Like I said, I am a belligerent little so and so.

Nevertheless, I sat down on the only chair available, a hard bottomed, straight backed parlor chair. It was much too high for me and my feet dangled awkwardly, my toes pointed downward, trying desperately to reach the floor.

It was very uncomfortable and the longer she dawdled, the more uncomfortable I became.

Finally she laid her pen aside, closed her ledger and glanced at her grandfather's clock just as it bonged the hour.

"Yes, right on time," she nodded to herself.

"Yes, Ma'am," I agreed inanely.

"Now, about the job," she began.

I leaned forward eagerly. "Yes?"

"When can you start?"

"Well, I should give my present employer advance notice so he may hire a replacement," I replied.

"That's a point in your favor," she smiled. "You're loyal."

"Yes, Ma'am," I agreed, wondering what that had to do with anything.

"I have checked your references with I.C.I. and found them to be commendable. However, they did

warn me that you tend to be belligerent when you are thwarted.

"I must warn you, I will not tolerate your temper tantrums. Is that clear?"

I blushed. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Very well, your probationary efforts will start with tonight's dinner. If that is to my satisfaction, you will prepare a luncheon for me tomorrow. If that is satisfactory, you will start full-time two weeks from today. You will be afforded a pass key so that you do not have to pass through check-in every time. But, be forewarned, there are inspection arches in various places through the house. Since you are a chef, your primary areas of responsibility are the kitchen, the walk-in freezer, the butler's pantry and the dining hall when your presence as server is required. I do not have a full-time serving maid, so you will be expected to serve all meals promptly and in sufficient quantity.

"Always remember, you are primarily the chef and meal server. You are not a scullery nor are you a maid. You are not the butler nor are you the gardener. You are not my secretary nor are you my chauffeur. Unless I decree otherwise, you are what you are. You will report directly to me and only me. Is that understood?"

I nodded. "Oh, yes, Ma'am."

"Further, you are restricted to your areas of responsibility and are allowed to be nowhere else in my home without my express permission. Failure to obey these few restrictions will result in appropriate punishment or dismissal. Is that understood?"

I hung my head like a disobedient child and whispered, "Yes, Madame."

"Good show! Now, you have an appointment with Dr. Janice Roule for Monday morning at 9:15 for a complete physical examination and. . ."

"But, Madame, I just had a physical less than six months ago!" I protested.

"Dr. Janice is *my* personal physician. I want you to be completely healthy and not harboring any unforeseen ailments. She will be quite thorough and very little escapes her probing eyes. She will give you all required immunizations and renew any that are out of date. After all, one cannot be too careful when it is one's health to consider!" She thought a moment, then continued. "You look to be slightly anemic so I will recommend vitamin shots and a daily vitamin capsule. However, the final decision will be Janice's."

I caved in to her will. "Yes, Madame."

She stood. "Good! See you at dinner." She turned and disappeared through a hidden door behind her desk. I had summarily been dismissed!

I returned to the entry, reclaimed my possessions and found my way to the kitchen. As it was quite late (after 3:00) and she had not specified, I prepared a quick meal of fried potatoes and pork chops with a side of baby peas.

It must have satisfied because she dismissed me with, "I eat luncheon promptly at 1:00. Do be on time," and once more, she was gone.

As I was driving away, I felt a strange impression of an impending sea change, but of what sort, I could not fathom!

"I was what I was. . ." she had told me. What on earth did that mean?

For that matter, what was I?

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## TWO

The following Monday I presented myself to Dr. Roule's office where a smiling nurse took my medical history before giving me a detailed questionnaire and sending me to an examination cubicle, telling me, "Strip off your clothing and put on the garment on the table. Then answer the questions. Do not skip any and please answer with as complete details." With that, I was left alone to carry on, so to speak.

I sat on the edge of that darn metal table for a good half-hour, my bare bottom squirming on the unfamiliar coolish surface, and tackled the questionnaire. Some of the questions made no sense to me, seeming to be more aimed at a female than me. I mean, "How regular are your periods?" And, "Have you ever been pregnant?" Hunh? Finally, a soft knock sounded on the door. It opened and a walking dream entered. I could only assume she was Dr. Roule.

I was amazed. I had been expecting an older, more matronly woman, someone with gray hair and age lines on her face.

Instead, this vibrant, voluptuous female of no more than thirty, if that, came in and smiled at me. She was much taller than me, probably close to five ten or more, even without the four inch spikes she wore that thrust her well over six foot. Intimidating and confident, she proceeded to run her stethoscope over my chest and back. Muttering to herself, she slipped the garment down so that I was bare and vulnerable!

"Better," she nodded to herself and continued running that thing across my body, missing nothing in her quest. All the time she was asking me questions about

my likes and dislikes, my personal habits, whether I was "regular" or not, did I have unexplained bleeding from my external orifices, all those inane questions that are more for filling an awkward silence than having any medical meaning.

By now, the garment was long since discarded and I was lying on my back atop that cold table and she was fitting my heels into cups on either side. Suddenly, the cups spread away from the table making my legs open wide at the same time. But worse was to come when the cups retracted and my knees rose involuntarily back and high! I was completely exposed!

"Hey!" I yelped in surprise. "What the . . ."

She placed a hand on my shoulder and pressed gently. "It's OK, Niki," she soothed. "It's just a pelvic examination. Nothing to be alarmed about."

Pelvic examination? Wasn't that for women, in particular pregnant women? I was blushing furiously as her fingers caressed and probed every where! Nothing was private to those inquisitive, demanding digits!

Besides, positioned as I was, I could not prevent her probings in anyway, whether I wished it or not!

I felt a slight coldness in my crotch and could feel her doing something to me, but the way she had me screened, I could not see nor feel a thing! Finally, she taped a bandaid to my skin and released me from this uncomfortable, humiliating position.

"There," she announced, proud of herself, "all set for a year at least!"

"A year? For what?" I croaked.

"No more immunization shots for at least a year, as per Madame's instructions," she replied. "Just be sure to take your supplemental vitamins as prescribed and your health should stay in relatively decent shape."

WHF?

I was in good health before and as far as I knew, was up-to-date on all my shots, so why all this added rigamarole?

On my way out, the nurse gave me a prescription and cautioned me to follow my Doctor's stated regime to avoid future unscheduled visits.

I promised that I would and departed hastily, her mocking laugh following me relentlessly.

Two weeks later after a blistering denouncement by my former employer for "leaving him in the lurch," never mind the two weeks' notice, I parked my antique behind the main house and entered my new kitchen, finding a menu on the table that directed me to serve what was listed without substitute, unless authorized by Madame.

I noted right away that I was obligated to prepare three meals a day, every day, seven days a week (including holidays) and no provision had been made for time off. Also, I learned that fresh snacks "would be made available after hours when required."

I decided that I had better have a sharp chat with my new employer.

Which proved to be an almost impossible task as she was always "busy."

Still, it was an easy job and the dishes she required were nothing spectacular and simple to prepare. One morning, I was late because she had required me to stay late the night before (after midnight) causing me to oversleep.

I was called on the carpet.

When I tried to explain, she started in again and I let her rave. Finally, she sorta ran out of gas and just glared at me. "You must move here. I shall not have

meals late for any reason. There is plenty of room on the third floor with the other help and I shall expect you to be in residence by tomorrow morning at the very latest. Is that clear?"

I hung my head in defeat.

"Did you see Dr. Roule as scheduled?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, Madame."

"Good. How do you feel?"

"Fine," I replied, puzzled.

"Be sure to follow her instructions to the letter," she instructed sternly.

"Of course, Madame," I agreed.

"Now, what is this bull about time off?" she demanded out of the blue.

I looked up in surprise. "I have no time to myself, Madame," I explained.

"Why do you need time off? There's plenty of off-time between breakfast and lunch and also ample off-time between lunch and dinner, not to mention those hours between dinner and breakfast. What do you do with those hours?"

"Why, I'm usually preparing the next meal or sleeping or washing clothes or resting or something, like personal stuff," I replied, somewhat aghast.

"As I suspected, plenty of time for everything," she concluded. "Do you need any help in moving?" she asked quietly.

"Er, no, Madame, I don't have very much. A few books. A radio. Some clothes. A few small appliances and some personal effects."

"Good. I will be going out for dinner, so you may use that extra time to move." She turned, rose and

once more disappeared through a hidden door behind her desk.

I shook my head in disbelief and hurried out. Driving the short distance to my rented room, I wondered what I had let myself in for. Surely the chefs I knew had more freedom than this, or did they?

My employer was a strange woman indeed!

Some hours later, I had reclaimed my room deposit, packed my belongings and was carrying everything up three flights to my new room.

Wonder of wonders, it was a deluxe suite! The suite itself was twice the size of my old rented room with wall to wall carpeting, two huge closets, a sort of sitting room and a huge, private bath! I wondered if all the rooms up here were as nice.

(They were, as I would learn in due time.)

I shelved my books, hung my few clothes, put the rest in drawers, took my few personal things into the bathroom and sat down to take stock.

All in all, I decided, this was a huge improvement over my previous digs and if it were rent-free, it was a bargain! It almost made up for the loss of personal time.

(I'd have to ask about the rent.)

Finally, yawning almost out of control, I drew a hot bath, sprinkled it liberally with bubble bath (Yes, I'm one of *those*) and slipped in. When I awoke, the water was icy cold and I was shivering with my teeth chattering away like castanets! I dried myself hurriedly and got into bed. Soon, I warmed up and fell asleep, my dreams filled with a myriad of weird things too fanciful to remember!

I awoke at my regular time the next morning, got dressed and hurried down to the kitchen to make

breakfast, only to find a note telling me that Madame was sleeping until noonish and would brunch at that time.

I had everything prepared when the bell rang at twenty to noon and carried it into the dining room, except that Madame was not there! Now what?

A maid appeared. "You are to serve Madame in her boudoir," I was informed. I had never been there, so did not know where to go. I explained my dilemma to the maid. She smiled.

"Follow me, please."

She took me by a circuitous route to a room in the back of the house (still on the ground floor) and knocked gently at a door. From within came a soft voice, "Enter!"

Of course it was Madame's bedroom! Twice the size of my own with a sunroom that made my sitting alcove look petite by comparison.

Madame was sitting up in her bed with several fluffy pillows behind her back, but what amazed me was her dress, or, rather, her lack of dress! The woman was naked!

Working unhurriedly, I set the tray on a lap-stand, uncovered the main dish, poured her coffee and stood aside. "Will there be anything else, Madame?" I asked politely, trying valiantly to keep my eyes away from those beautiful breasts.

She looked up and I saw the wry smile on her lips. "No, that will be all for now, Niki. Dinner at my regular time?" she queried.

"Yes, Madame." I turned and unhurriedly left the room.

Outside, my knees shaking, I made my way back to the kitchen and collapsed on a straight-backed wooden chair.

‘Damn!’ I thought. ‘I hope she doesn’t do that too often!’

I looked at her menu and found that I had plenty of time to prepare, so I started a pork roast and roasted vegetables, set the timer and retired to my room for a short nap.

The longer I was in residence, the stranger she got.

My dreams were filled with those perfect globes, beckoning lasciviously to me. . . how could I resist? I awoke and promptly entered my bath to resolve my “problem.”

Damn!

During dinner, Madame bade me sit opposite her while she gave me instructions for the following day. To say that I was surprised, would be putting it mildly.

“Are you perchance of Scottish descent?” was her opening salvo.

“Why, I don’t think so, Madame,” I replied cautiously. “I have been led to believe that I was mostly Welsh and Irish, but I don’t know for sure,” I admitted.

She waved her fingers dismissively. “No matter. Tomorrow I am entertaining a gentleman and his wife from Ayr in South Scotland.”

“Yes, Madame?” I replied politely.

She glared at me. “Do not interrupt!” she scolded. “I wish to make his visit as pleasant as possible. Therefore, I have decided to institute an All Scotland Day wherein all employees will dress in traditional Scottish attire. Is that a problem?”

Her tone meant, ‘There better be no problem!’

"Er, no, Madame," I replied cautiously.

"Good! Your attire for the occasion will be delivered to your rooms later. Please try it on and let me know if any alterations are necessary." She returned to her dinner and I realized that I had been dismissed.

'Scottish attire?' I thought. 'What in Hell is Scottish attire?' I supposed I would find out later that evening.

And I did.

Find out, I mean.

A kilt in one of the Scottish clan plaids, complete with a sporran, woolen knee socks and rather effeminate ballerina slippers with long satin ribbons. But then, since I do have a rather small foot for a man, I suppose it was all that was available.

It was still some disconcerting.

There was a sort of beret kind of hat in plaid with long tassels and a white silk bandolier that went over the white silk blouse. No, not a shirt, this was more like a woman's blouse with full balloon sleeves and lace ruffles from neck to waist.

Not totally feminine, but not entirely male either, in my opinion!

I did not dare ruffle Madame's feathers, so I dressed carefully after a long bubble bath, checked myself in the mirror and hesitantly made my way downstairs to Madame's office, knocking softly at the door.

At her, "Come," I entered and stood before her desk. She glanced up, a frown on her brow. She made a motion for me to pirouette and when I did, she smiled, stood and came out from behind the desk. "Not half bad," she commented and I blushed furiously. She laughed softly. "And so modest too," she teased.

"I feel like a fool," I dared comment.

“Nonsense! You look absolutely wonderful! I’m sure Sir Basil will be enthralled! He is quite taken with anything Scots!”

She motioned for me to pirouette again, which I did. “There is one thing missing though. . .” she mused.

“Madame?” I asked, puzzled.

“Lift your kilt,” she ordered.

“Madame?” I was shocked.

“I said to lift that damned kilt!” she repeated.

Blushing even more furiously, I obeyed, lifting it to just above my knees.

“Higher,” she ordered. “Hold it above your waist!”

I just looked at her.

“I said higher! Do it now else I shall spank you!”

She looked down at my five foot even body from her six foot (with heels) height and if you think I was intimidated, you’re right. I was! In less time than it takes to tell, my kilt was well above my waist and I stood there like a blasted ninny!

Once more she had me pirouette while she, “tsk tsk’d.”

She pressed a buzzer and almost immediately, I heard, “Madame?” It was her maid and I was still standing there with my kilt held high!

“Oh, my good God!” I blurted and dropped my kilt hurriedly.

“I did not give you permission to drop your skirts!” Madame blazed angrily. “She is not shocked by your display! Get them up! NOW!” she ordered.

Blushing from head to toe, I obeyed. Reluctantly, to be sure. But I obeyed.

“Have we proper underpants for a Scot’s dress?” she asked.

The maid nodded. "To be sure, Madame."

"Please," Madame replied, waving her fingers nonchalantly..

The maid curtsyed and hurried off, to return in a few minutes with several items in her hands. She handed them to Madame. "I thought these others would be apropos," she explained.

"Ah, yes, white lace, fingerless gloves. The very thing!" Madame enthused. She turned to me. "Take off those ridiculous boxer shorts that you're wearing!"

"Madame?" I croaked.

"Oh, for pity's sake! Joleen? Help him!"

Joleen curtsyed. "Yes, Madame! At once, Madame!"

Seconds later, my boxers were coming off my feet and I was bare from knee to waist! Neither paid any attention to my nude state!

And before I knew it, snug nylon-blend unisex Calvin Kleins were encasing my loins and my kilt was once more tickling my knees.

"Much better," Madame announced. "That is how you will be dressed while Sir Basil is in residence. He likes a traditional Scotsman's breakfast served promptly at 6:00 A.M. Better bone up." She turned away and I knew I was being dismissed.

But, Madame turned and addressed Joleen. "See that this one is well versed in the curtsy by morning."

"Yes, Madame, as you wish." She curtsyed, turned to me and took my hand in hers. "Come, little one, we have much to do before morning!"

And she led me right up to my suite, pushing me in before her. I was amazed. Help was not supposed to be in other help's rooms after 8:00 P.M.!

Dumbfounded, I stood passively while she removed my costume and hung it carefully in the closet.

“Now, dear boy,” she smiled at me, “this is a curtsey.”

I watched as she curtseyed several times.

“Got it?”

I nodded.

“Good. You do it!”

I failed miserably!

In fact, I failed miserably the first ten times I tried!

“Hmmm,” Joleen mused, “methinks thee needs some slight encouragement.” And she left me alone. I breathed a sigh of relief as I really was tired and all I wanted was to go to sleep.

I was just about to slip under the clovers when she returned bearing a willow withe that she swished through the air.

“OK, little one,” she announced brightly. “Shall we try again?”

“I really did want to sleep,” I protested.

“Time for sleep when you’ve mastered the curtsey.”

“But, why? Boys don’t curtsey,” I demurred.

“They do when Madame requires.”

Resigned to my fate, I tried a half-hearted curtsey.

SWISH, SMACK!

That withe caressed my bare thighs with a fiery tongue!

“Ow!” I exclaimed. “That hurts!”

“Shall we try that again?” Joleen murmured.

Again, I was sloppy.

SWISH, SMACK!

"Ow!" I exclaimed. "That really hurts!"

"Then do it right and I'll stop!"

This time, I wasn't half bad.

"Better. Again!"

Still not perfect.

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

Hot tears of humiliation stung my eyes as I tried again.

"Much better!" she praised. "Again!"

For the next ten minutes she made me curtsy continuously until I was letter perfect every time.

"Ah, Madame will be so pleased with her little Scottish server!" Joleen praised when I was finally allowed to climb into my bed. My calves and thighs stung like crazy, but I had learned to curtsy with the best of them!

Next morning I was in the kitchen by 5:00 A.M., fully dressed in my kilt and all, only to learn that Sir Basil was not due to arrive until that afternoon.

I felt like a damned fool when I served Madame her breakfast at 9:00 A.M., her usual time, but she was in a good mood and praised my outfit. When I curtseyed, her smile lit up the room. She clapped her hands in obvious delight. "Oh, Sir Basil will be so pleased. And he will love your kilts."

She looked at me for a moment. Then, "Your waist is a bit thick, but we can correct that with a good waist shaper." She looked me directly in the eye. "Tell me, dear, have you ever worn a corset or girdle or the like previously?"

"Of course not!" I replied, shocked.

"Tell me, dear boy," she purred, "do you like working for me?"

I nodded. "Yes, Madame, very much," I admitted.

"Then you know you must always tell Madame the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" she coaxed.

I hung my head. "Yes, Madame," I agreed.

"I ask you again, have you ever worn a corset before?"

I hung my head, blushing furiously. "Ye. . . yes, Madame," I admitted.

"Yes, your mother told me how she corset trained your waist as a child and how very excited you were when in skirts. Or did she fib?"

"No, Madame, she did not fib. I did wear dresses and I was excited!" I admitted.

"Then these little things I ask of you should work no harm nor threat to your corporeal body?" she asked quietly.

I thought a moment before answering. It was true that I did like working for her. I liked my comfortable suite and what she had asked of me were really trivial in the long

run. After all, clothes were only clothes and if such an inconsequential thing as a polite curtsy while I was wearing kilts made her happy, then why not?

I sort of half-sensed where this all would lead eventually, but in the absence of real proof to the contrary, I saw no harm in indulging her idiosyncrasies as long as no harm was forced upon me physically. Mentally, I had reservations. But, what the hey? Trivialities were just that, nothing to be afraid of.

"No, Madame," I admitted reluctantly. "Not at all."

"Good. Then we have d'accord?"

I had no idea what she meant, but it sounded harmless enough.

I curtsyed. "Yes, Madame, we have d'accord!"

"Excellent! Then I shall see you at dinner? Dressed accordingly?" she smiled.

I curtsyed. "Of course, Madame," I agreed, turned and left.

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### THREE

I spent the afternoon preparing for Sir Basil. Upon Madame's recommendation, I had haggis, neeps and tatties ready. I knew Sir Basil had arrived because of the flurry of activity around 4:00 P.M.

For the thousandth time, I checked my appearance in the full-length mirror in the upper hallway, criticizing my looks severely. The person who stared out at me, was not me! Oh, it was me, but I was underneath! For one fleeting moment I debated fleeing for my life because I looked too girlish for my own good!

I mean, with silk and lace and feminine sleeves and my skirt (Oh, Madame called it a kilt, but I just knew it was a teen's plaid skirt!), not to mention those Calvin Kleins I had under. Madame's maid had come into my room while I was dressing and handed me a package of nude-colored panty-hose, stating, "Madame wishes you to wear these with your kilts and slippers instead of knee socks. Be sure to wind the ribbons neatly up your calves, dear."

Now I really did look too girlish by far!

And I had to curtsy too!

Only girls curtsy!

But, what Madame wanted, Madame got.

Or else!



Madame had threatened to spank me several times, but she had never carried out her threat. Still, a word to the wise should be enough!

I did not have the courage to resist her and find out!

Promptly at 6:00, I pushed through the door leading into the dining room and Madame and her guests were just sitting down. It was obvious to me which was Sir Basil, and I approached him first, curtsying and asking, "Your Lordship?"

A broad smile wreathed his lips as he leaned aside so I could serve his plate. He glanced down. "Ethel! You never cease to amaze me! Haggis! And neeps! And tatties too! And good Scot's coffee to wash it down! However did you know?"

Madame giggled. "Oh, a little bird told me."

At Madame's nod, I hurriedly served Madame and her other guest whom I could only assume was Lady Grace. Of course it was she.

Once all had been served, I curtsyed and retired to the kitchen. The summoning bell rang once during the evening and it was for refills to Sir Basil and his Lady Grace.

Joleen bustled in shortly with the dishes to inform me that Madame was more than pleased with my performance and that she was looking forward to her Scot's chef and server's presence in future.

I should have known.

Madame's guests departed late the next afternoon and I was summoned to Madame's office for a critique.

"You did well, Niki, I was quite pleased."

I curtsyed. "Thank you, Madame, one strives to please."

“In fact, I would ask you to wear your kilts from now on.”

“But, Madame,” I started to protest.

She held up her hand. “Please.”

I lapsed into silence.

“I have investigated your background thoroughly,” she began.

My heart sank. I knew what was coming and I dreaded it!

“Yes, I have spoken with your Mother and Aunt Polly and I know all about your affinity for wearing feminine clothing. I am well aware of your stage appearances while dressed as a girl and your many successes thereof.

“So, it seems to me that since the world, so to speak, has seen you in skirts, I should be afforded the same privilege. What say you?”

I was blushing furiously. “Er, Madame, I . . . I . . .” I stammered.

“Fine! I am so happy you agree with me,” she gushed. “To that end, I have acquired all your feminine accoutrements and they are being delivered to your suite even as we speak.

“I leave your choice of costume up to you, but I expect to see you appropriately dressed for an evening meal when you serve dinner tonight. Is that understood?”

“But, Madame,” I protested.

“The alternative is your immediate dismissal without reference to any future employer,” she stated coldly.

I was done for! “Yes, Madame,” I agreed.

“What?” Her brows shot up. “No curtsey? Do you need a refresher?”

"No, Madame," I stooped in a low curtsy with my head bowed in submission.

"There's my good, good girl!" she praised. "There will be three for dinner, so plan accordingly."

I curtsied. "Yes, Madame."

"Good! Now, off with you! I have work to accomplish."

I was dismissed!

I was devastated, my past was catching up to me, in spades! Few people knew or even suspected that I had been a girl many times in the past. Unfortunately, two of those people were my own Mother and Aunt Polly with whom I had lived after the death of my father in the late insurrection in Asia.

It had been loads of fun being the daughter or niece and having total run of our home, as long as I wore a skirt. Between three females, there were no barriers, no false modesty, no secrets, just total honesty. That was not true when I was forced by some circumstances to be male, when just the opposite was the norm.

I hated those times when I was forced by circumstances to be male, even on a temporary basis. I hated to be left out during those times and I made sure those times were kept to an absolute minimum.

Aunt Polly wasn't really my Aunt by blood, being no relation to either side of my parentage in any manner. Aunt Polly and my Mother had been roommates in college and this relationship had carried over.

More than that, I shall not discuss.

It's their business.

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## FOUR

Continuing, that very evening I selected a strapless, sleeveless little black mini dress, the skirt barely covering my rounded behind, my legs encased in shimmery nude-to-the-waist panty hose and my feet thrust into ankle strapped operas with four inch high heels that almost literally perched me on my tippy toes!

To top it all off, I wore a tiny maid's cap, the fingerless lace gloves and a barely there lace embroidered apron. I was not quite a French Maid, but I was exotic!

I saw Madame's eyes widen with surprised approval of my attire as I curtsyed politely to her.

"Very nice, Niki!" she praised. "Have you met my guests?" She waved her fingers in the air and I looked at them.

And about lost my eye teeth!

"Mom!" I gasped. "Aunt Polly! What are you doing here?" Flabbergasted? I was speechless! Thunderstruck even!

Mother rose, took me into her arms and kissed me affectionately. "Oh, dear, you forgot to put on lipstick!" she scolded with a twinkle in her eye.

"What?" Madame gasped. "No make-up? You will repair to your rooms where you will remedy this horrible dereliction on your part! Do not return until you are socially presentable! We shall discuss this later in private!"

Blushing, I hurried to my rooms where I soon had repaired the damage already done. I blackened my eye lashes, arched my eyebrows, applied blusher, painted my lips blood red, spritzed myself strategi-

cally with a delicate perfume, then gazed long and hard at my reflection before returning.

Madame made no comment when I returned to resume my serving duties. They were deep in conversation when I returned, but I paid them no mind, as I had been taught so many years ago!

Then, a snippet of conversation caught my ear, "A delightful Lady's Maid and oh so talented with the proper inducement!" Mother was saying.

"Yes, indeed," Aunt Polly interjected with a giggle. "That fat ass can take any amount of corporal punishment without doing any permanent damage, and she is so delightfully accommodating when she puts her mind to it! She just has to be convinced!"

"Yes," Mother continued, "convinced!" She and Aunt Polly giggled in unison.

The *She* they referred to was me, of course! How humiliating that they would reveal such intimate things about me to an absolute stranger!

I felt the blush rushing from my toes to my eyebrows and I wanted the floor to open beneath my feet and swallow me whole!

Which it did not.

Madame gazed at me with a sardonic smile wreathing her lips. "Niki! You have been keeping such delicious secrets from your beloved Mistress! Now you know that's a definite no-no! Madame must know all if she is to utilize your services to the utmost! We really must explore this in greater detail. . . later," she mused.

"Niki has ever been quite reticent to divulge his many talents for fear lest they be misconstrued as abnormal aberrations," Aunt Polly explained.

“Well,” Madame blurted, “one would hope such reticence would have dissipated in light of recent developments.”

They turned to me expectantly.

Blushing furiously, I hung my head and curtseyed low to Madame.

“Well?” Madame prompted.

I curtseyed anew. “Yes, Madame,” I whispered hoarsely.

Madame turned to Mother. “What sort of instrument do you usually use on that fat ass of hers?”

“Madame!” I gasped. “I do not have a fat ass!”

She glared daggers at me. “Quiet, you!” she hissed.

“I have found that a springy sorority paddle or a leather strap or even a small dog whip or one’s wooden hairbrush or even one’s bare hand in a pinch, will do wonders to get her attention. And whether applied to her big ass or her thighs or her calves or even to that tiny sex toy between her legs, the result is usually the same, total capitulation and obsequious submission to a dominant woman’s will.

Madame smiled. “How about a dominant male?”

“Whether a dominant male could attain similar result is an interesting question as we never considered that possibility. However, Niki being Niki, I would imagine she would submit readily,” Mother mused.

I shuddered delicately. ‘How did she know?’ I thought. ‘I have never told a soul about that dream!’

“Since I got rid of my late husband, I have never considered such a thing in my household! In fact, Niki is the only male in my employ. And I only hired him in the first place because of his non-threatening stature and his submissive, retiring nature.”

"I am surprised you did not take him in hand long ago," Mother chided.

"I must admit that I was reticent to force the issue because after all, he is a superb chef and I do love good food!" Madame admitted.

"You should be as dominant and abusive and demanding as you wish with our Niki," Aunt Polly chimed in. "After all, the cat is now out of the bag, so to speak, and one has nothing to lose, especially knowing what you know now!"

"I see your point." She turned to me. "Sir Basil is returning for a day or so next week. You will be his personal maid during his stay and you will obey him as you would me. Do you understand?"

I trembled in my heels. "Yes, Madame," I managed through my humiliating blushes.

"Good. Now, go stand in the corner with your nose pressed deep. Stand on your tip-toes, feet and legs together, arch your back and thrust your fat ass out as far as you can. Grasp your wrists with each hand and remain silent until I tell you differently. And, you will say nothing to anyone. Is that clear?"

I curtsyed. "Yes, Madame."

"Do it!" she ordered, her finger pointing.

In seconds I was poised as she had instructed and they resumed their after dinner conversation.

About me!

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## FIVE

I must have stood there like a ninny for a good hour or more while they discussed my many talents and

giggled at each revelation. All I could do was stand there on my tippy toes, my hands clasped together at my waist behind my back with my rump stuck out like some sort of ready target and my nose pressed tightly into the corner, held fast by the weight of my precarious position!

I had to bite my tongue in frustration many times to keep from defending myself from their biting observations!

But, finally, Mother spoke up. "It has been delightful talking with you, Ethel. We must get together again soon and compare notes in much greater depth!" she trilled.

"Indeed," Aunt Polly trilled. "We have but scratched the surface!"

"I shall be looking forward to it!" Madame gushed excitedly. "Honestly, I had no idea of what a treasure I found while slumming! Truly, Niki has exceeded all bounds!"

There were sounds of the two women preparing to leave and the third guiding their departure. A door closed and I was alone. No, I did not move. Not even a single twitch! Had I done so, Madame would have known the instant she returned!

Finally, I sensed a presence behind me. It was Madame, of course!

"Well, well, little Niki," she teased. "What other little secrets have you been hiding from me? Such a naughty little girl to hide such things from your beloved Mistress!"

I heard her move up beside me as she placed her opened palm atop my arched rump, caressing gently.

I shivered with anticipation, then felt her hand withdraw, but whether I now felt disappointment or relief is anyone's guess.

Probably a little bit of both!

"You are so pretty, my dear," she teased. "Why the way that fat thing sticks out there, it's as if it were begging to be whipped or caned!" she mused.

"Madame!" I hissed, forgetting myself completely, "I do not have fat ass!"

Immediately, her open palm landed sharply on the subject under discussion.

SMACK! SMACK!

"Ow! Ow!" I squealed with surprise, not breaking my position!

"Quiet you! I did not give you permission to speak!"

Leaving me standing there, she returned to the table, sat down and sipped at her coffee while she contemplated my bent form.

"You may join me, Niki, although I find that position much more to my liking!" I heard finally after what seemed like an eternity but could have been no more than a few minutes.

Gratefully, I turned, curtseyed low. "Thank you, Madame." I hurried to stand before her.

She pointed. "Kneel, Niki."

Puzzled, I obeyed, kneeling close to her, my feet spread so that I was sitting on the coolish parquet floor. I folded my hands in my lap, kept my back fully erect with my chin on my chest, demurely downcast as befitted a minion to its Mistress!

Her finger touched my chin, lifted. I obeyed her gesture and looked directly into her deep pools. Her lips were curved in an almost evil smile and I shivered with dread as her pointed little tongue caressed those shiny red plumpnesses absently, her gaze fixed deliberately on mine!

“Ah, my sweet little server! Who would ever have thought you had such hidden talents? My goodness, you should have told me long since! Look at all I have missed because you did not tell me! Such a naughty little girl! You must know that you will be soundly punished for your dereliction of your bound duty to tell your Mistress any and all things that might make her existence less demanding?”

“Your Mother suggested that the choice of punishment be left in your own hands, and I feel that is most fitting! She mentioned several things that you might find to your long-term benefit and I am sure you know exactly what she meant.”

I knelt there, blushing helplessly, saying nothing in my defense.

“You know, Niki, the first time I saw you I thought to myself, ‘That girl is wasted in a joint like this!’ And then, to my complete amazement, I found that you weren’t a girl at all! Just a girl masquerading as a boy! At that moment, I determined that you would soon be mine, or else!”

She paused to take a sip of coffee. “When I first contacted your Mother and Polly for more details concerning your childhood, they were quite happy that you had been discovered by someone who recognized your innate talents for what they were.

“And when they told me of your extensive training as a personal lady’s maid and companion, I realized something that had bothered me for the longest! You were what I had been searching for my whole life long! Even when I was married to my ex, I knew that my life lacked a certain something and when he hastened from this mortal coil, I had what I needed to search.

“And even then, it took me years to find you! Oh, there were some bright spots even then, but nothing

lasting until you!" Her nails scratched lightly at my pursed lips, so I kissed them reverently.

"Such a sweet boy! Now, tell me how I should punish you for your crimes. . ." she invited softly.

"Er. . . uhm. . ." I stammered. "I'm not sure. . ."

She laughed gaily. "Oh, come now, sweet Niki!" she teased. "Your Mother says that you prefer a sound spanking or birching or strapping or even a whipping to atone for your myriad sins against ladies!"

I gulped. "She told you that?" I gasped with disbelief.

"She did indeed, amongst so many things. In fact, Polly added that you were often turned face up for your corrections!" she giggled. "And of your own suggestion and free will with no urging on their part!"

"Oh, Madame!" I hid my face in my hands. "I am so ashamed!"

"You shouldn't be," she murmured. "Many girls like to have their pussies slapped or whipped! It's nothing to be ashamed of! We girls are made of stern stuff, you know."

"I am so ashamed, Madame," I repeated inanely.

She stood, took my hand and pulled me to my feet. "Come."

Dumbly, I followed her through her secret door and found myself in her stately bedroom. With no more than a sidelong glance in my direction, she slipped out of her dress, revealing her bare skin from shoulders to ankles!

She spun slowly, giving me a complete view of her nakedness before seating herself on the edge of her huge bed. Her finger crooked, beckoned, and I obeyed.

"Take off your dress, little Niki!" she ordered.

Blushing furiously, I obeyed, folding it and laying it aside.

She pointed. "Open the door and choose."

I had no choice. Hanging on hooks before me were several correcting items; a willow withe, a narrow Sorority paddle, a supple leather strap, a wicked little dog whip, a small cat-o-nine-tails, a hard backed wooden hair brush, a wooden spoon and an eight foot bull-whip.

Hesitantly, I picked the supple leather strap. "Th... this one?" I quavered.

She laughed softly. "Polly said that would be your first choice," she teased.

I blushed even harder as I handed it to her.

"Good girl! Now, take off your panties and bent over the foot of the bed, please?"

Reluctantly, hesitantly, I obeyed, spreading my feet wide and arching my behind high as I had been taught so many years previously.

I felt her hand caress my bare cheeks fleetingly. "It almost seems a shame," she murmured. Then:

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

That strap curved around my fleshy bottom leaving a fiery trail in its wake and I squeezed my eyes as tight as I could.

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

I gritted my teeth, but in spite of my best resolves, I cried out as fresh pain caressed my defenseless bottom.

"Oh, yes!" she almost shouted.

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

I shifted from foot to foot, but made no move to avoid her blows, and as I knew it would, the pain faded and I was bathed in ecstasy such as I seldom knew as my orgasm swept over me just as her final swat caught my freely hanging sac, smashing it into my pelvic bone with a vengeance!

She grabbed my hand and pulled me around the bed into a kneeling position between her wide spread thighs. "Kiss me!" she ordered. "Get that talented tongue in there and eat me!" she demanded, pulling my face bodily against her succulent flesh!

What could I do? What else could I do? Nothing, that's what!

Nor did I want to do anything else!

Secretly, ever since I had met her at the diner, I had dreamed of sliding my face between her wide spread thighs and putting my tongue to work at what I was best at doing, sucking pussy!

Oh, yes, I had been taught how to suck pussy years before and I had also gained an expertise that few other men, or women, ever attain!

I felt her feet drop over my shoulders as she dug her heels into my back to lift herself as high as possible thereby opening her crotch to its fullest, her stiff, straining little girl-in-the-boat demanding that I save her!

So, I did.

Save her, I mean.

There was no way I could have escaped as Madame's hands locked behind my head, my sucking lips bringing her to a shattering orgasm. . . again and again and again.

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## SIX

She fell asleep after several shattering orgasms and I remained on my knees between her relaxed thighs, my lips gently sucking while my tongue occasionally slurped across her almost stiff girl-in-the-boat, making her quiver with remembered pleasure.

For the first time since coming to work for her, I felt that I had attained that which I was most suited, the status of slave to a dominant woman!

No, I was not repulsed by the realization, rather I reveled in the knowledge that I was what I was, the product of years of specialized training, training that I had never realized was happening, and yet, I remembered it all! And cherished the results!

Tired as I was, I continued servicing her until sleep finally claimed me and I nodded my head against her velvety thigh and sort of dozed while still servicing her!

I awoke much later to see her watching me quietly while I continued my self imposed duty automatically while I had been sleeping!

"Such a dear little cunt-lapper you are, my sweet. I think we shall have many repeat performances of your skills in the years to come!" she whispered.

"Madame approves?" I asked as I kissed her tenderly, my tongue ever active.

She nodded. "Oh, most definitely, Madame approves! Still, I am disappointed that you did not tell me sooner! Look at all those cums I have missed because of you! I think I must whip that fat thing many times to atone for your sins!" she teased.

"Madame may do as she wishes with this humble person! Its only wish is to be of service to you and if you feel that whipping my fat ass will atone for my sin of omission, it is at your beck and call!" I whispered reverently, knowing that I would suffer greatly at her hands, and yet, looking forward to it with great joy!

Such is the mind of a submissive masochist, of which I am. I don't know if that's a result of training or if one is born to be, all I know is that I wanted nothing more than to be allowed to service my Madame forever!

Her fingers traced my lips gently, slipping inside to grasp my tongue and pull, and not gently! Her fingers slipped off. "Oh, darn!" she murmured in chagrin.

I held it still so she could grasp it again and she smiled knowingly.

"Madame," I whispered around her fingers, "A small steel ring would assure a solid foundation to grasp me at will!"

She smiled and I blushed at my confession.

"What a delightful solution, my sweet!" she trilled happily. "You must think of more things to make my control easier! Oh, I am going to have such fun with you!"

I shivered with dreaded anticipation, but I would submit to anything!

Suddenly she sat up and I knelt back. She smiled into my eyes, leaned forward and kissed me tenderly. I was so overwhelmed by this kiss that I did not realize her hand had slipped between my legs and grasped my stiffened sex toy in her hand! I moved automatically to make access more open for her!

Her slim fingers curled around my little sac and squeezed. . . hard! I gasped involuntarily and she

laughed merrily. "Ah, they are sensitive, no?" she teased.

Hot tears stung my eyes and she squeezed unmercifully. "Oh, oh!" I moaned.

"Don't worry, little Niki, soon they won't hurt at all! How could they? You won't have them!" and she laughed maniacally.

For a moment, I thought she had gone completely mad!

She looked deep into my eyes and again, she squeezed, as hard as she could!

I gasped with pain but made no move to escape her hand, just jutting my loins outward and upward to facilitate her desire!

(I said I was a devout masochist!)(Now do you believe me?)

"Such a sweet little girl," she soothed as she leaned forward and kissed each of my streaming eyes gently.

"Oh, Madame. . ." I moaned.

"Do you wish me to stop?" she crooned softly.

"Only if Madame wishes," I replied through my tears.

"I do not wish," she whispered as she not only squeezed, but gave a hearty yank as well! I thought she was trying to yank them off! "In fact, I will remove everything in time and you will be as much a pussy as any other pussy!"

You know? I believed her!

Then she released me and lay back on the bed. "Get up here and service my pussy until I fall asleep. Then you may sleep next to my bed in case I have need of your cunt-lapping services before morning. In fact, you will sleep on the pallet from now on."

I gasped. Never had I dreamed of such intimacy!

“Yes, Madame, thank you, Madame!” I whispered reverently.

I did as ordered and eventually she tired and fell asleep. Gently, so as not to disturb her, I slipped to the floor, curled up on the tiny rug and went to sleep, coming awake each time her foot gently prodded me and a soft whisper urged, “Niki! I have a great need of your talents. . .”

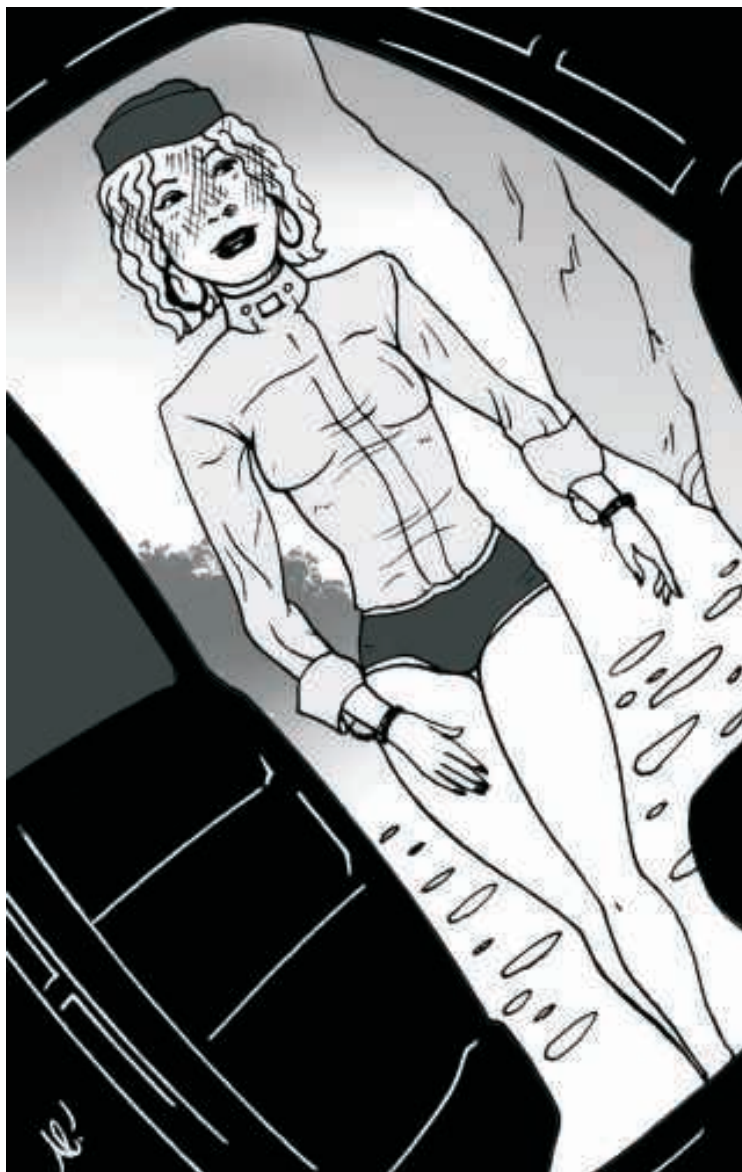
##

# Barbie Dahl

by B  b  Talons

Apprehensive as ever, Barbi tripped daintily along the walk leading to the curb where the huge Mercedes limousine awaited him.

Big Max stood beside the open rear door, a huge grin of anticipation on his face as he watched Barbi approach, his ski-heels tapping quietly against the cement walk. He gazed with approval at his date for the night, his sight taking in the extreme cut of his tight short shorts, the sheen of nylon hosiery, the firm out-thrust of C-cup breasts in their bullet bra blatantly obvious beneath the sheerness of the red shininess of his high-necked, long-sleeved blouse with the priest's collar and French cuffs, to the bouncy curls atop his head covered slightly by a pillbox hat and net veil through which he could see the blood-red lipstick, the pale rouge, the plucked and arched brows, the huge hoop earrings in his pierced lobes, the sheen of the sil-



very ring that pierced his septum (to which was often fastened a silvery leash) and the glint of steel cuffs around his ankles and wrists, each set connected by a thin, silvery chain.

Yes, this transvested boy in girl's clothes and bound helplessly, was a delightful sight and would be a delicious morsel to taste later, and if he knew one thing for sure, Big Max knew that he would taste the boy's talents to the fullest!

Mr. Barber "Barbi Dahl" Lewis smiled timidly at his renter for the night. "Good evening, Sir," he whispered throatily.

The man bowed slightly, took Barbi's red tipped fingers in his and lightly kissed the back of Barbi's knuckles in the continental fashion. "Charmed, made-moiselle," he replied with an evil grin.

Barbi blushed helplessly. 'Oh!' he thought, 'Why does Mistress Darlene make me do so many of these awful things, when she knows perfectly well that all I want to do is serve her and my two Mommie Mistresses to the best of my abilities?'

It was true. Barber "Barbi Dahl" Lewis had confessed his secret longings to his dear Mother many years before when he was barely more than a baby. That he had always had a submissive, even devoutly masochistic, personality had been obvious to her almost from birth and she, having no encumbrances, such as a husband or other masculine influence to counter her wishes, took blatant advantage of him.

Almost from the time he could walk, he had been her personal lady's maid in every sense of the word. It had been his responsibility, once he had learned how, to keep her clothing clean, mended and ready for instant use, should she demand it, upon pain of instant punishment should he be lax in his duties. She had re-

quired that he dress as a maid at all times, and his uniform must reflect not only the time of day, but the occasion as well.

From responsibility for her apparel, he had progressed to the responsibility of attending her in her bath, washing her body, washing and drying her hair, repairing her toe and finger nail polish as needed, even trimming her bush (he soon lost his innate modesty and apprehension about her naked body), drying her thoroughly after her bath, helping her to dress or undress, depending on the time of day or whether she was going out or going to bed for the evening.

She had discovered that just the mention of sending him out on dates with some of her more knowledgeable male friends would cause him to stammer and blush with embarrassed humiliation.

Soon enough, she tired of just mentioning it to him, and she had forced him to obey by going to a concert with a very attentive male friend who took great delight in holding Barbi's hand tightly in his and forcing the beskirted boy to cling tightly to his side. In the darkness of their loge seat, Barbi found his hand wrapped securely around the man's huge erection and after repeated pinches to encourage his cooperation, Barbi found himself stroking and squeezing the huge pole rhythmically.

After that first date, holding and manipulating the man's huge erection became inevitable as Barbi gained unwanted expertise and humiliated confidence in his forced duties to these men.

After the concert, the man drove Barbi home, but when they got there, Barbi discovered that his ordeal was not over yet! The man forced Barbi to kiss him, worse, the man demanded Barbi French kiss him with passion. Reluctantly, Barbi obeyed. He knew that if he resisted, Mother would skin him alive if such trans-

gression were reported, and that it would be reported was a foregone conclusion!

It had happened before when he had been forced to date elderly women (any lady who was his Mother's age or older, was "elderly" in Barbi's opinion!) and had objected to their romantic advances.

Realizing her feminized son's reluctance to date males, she had concentrated her efforts to find a suitable Mistress for him from among her many female acquaintances. Considering each woman for a possible marriage of convenience, she had finally settled on Deborah "Debi" Carlson, a thirty something, dominant "bitch" who would make Barbi toe the line and do exactly as she ordered.

And so, on Barbi's seventeenth birthday, he had worn an antique ivory Gay 90's wedding dress complete with corset, the inevitable bullet bra, bloomers, lisle stockings, white glaze high heeled button boots, long veil and fingerless white lace gloves, and was married to the tuxedo'd Debi in an elaborate ceremony in which he was forced to promise to, "love, honor and *obey*, until death do us part," his new husband, Ms Debi Carlson, and be known henceforth as Mrs. Deborah "Barbi" Carlson!

His dear Mother had approved of his new title wholeheartedly.

At their reception, Barbi had been forced to dance every dance with varied partners, mostly female friends of Debi's mother, but some of his own mother's male friends too.

Barbi had been dead tired when Debi had taken his hand and led him upstairs to his own bed room where she had introduced him to the duties of an obedient wife. With her massive dildo, she had deflowered

him, leaving the proof of his virginity behind as a sign of her husbandly prowess!

For many days after the marriage, Barbi had walked gingerly to the taunts of his dear Mother, Debi and Debi's Mother as they took great joy in telling him, "Now you know how we felt when our husbands tore into us that first time!"

Over the years, Barbi had acquired an expertise with household chores and Debi was delighted with him. She continued to work as a school teacher in her private girls' finishing academy, depending on Barbi to keep her house neat and clean, meals on time, companionship and being available for whatever she wished from him.

In time, Barbi became bored with the sameness of his servitude and his Mother, sensing her lack of enthusiasm, talked with Debi, convincing her that Barbi needed spice in his life.

She explained how Barbi had been loath to date males in the past and the complete satisfaction she had received in forcing him to obey.

Debi had discovered the same day they married that Barbi was totally impotent. His dear Mother had had him sexually neutered shortly before his second birthday in anticipation of what was to come.

The only thing this news did for Debi was for her to rape her wife with her massive dildo as often as possible, usually three or four times a night until he could take her rape easily!

Which gave her no satisfaction. She wanted him to suffer.

After all, he was just a wasted male person who had no rights whatever.

Renting his services out to other Lesbian friends soon paled when they all reported his willingness and

expertise as a maid of all duties, or as their concubine for an evening.

From renting Barbi out as a maid or whatever to women, Debi soon decided to force him to date virile males who would be more than willing to pay for Barbi's services on a "date."

To gain his cooperation, Debi fed him just enough drugs to make him docile but not enough to make him completely oblivious to outside stimuli!

After his first date reported his inability to rape Barbi, Debi had a steel sexe cache built that was fastened securely about Barbi's loins on all future dates. As far as Debi was concerned, Barbi could be raped by his date, but not unless the man paid in advance!

From that first time, Barbi had learned to suck a prick to ejaculation, swallowing and cleaning the man's spent organ with his soft tongue afterwards.

That had been a most repulsive act for a time, but the repulsiveness had faded and Barbi became a superb cock sucker, eagerly sought after by a myriad of male admirers!

And, as one might expect, the cost for a date with Barbi increased dramatically over time.

Eventually, Big Max became Barbi's steady date and Barbi took a secret thrill in sitting beside the man with his soft hand inside the front of wide open trousers with his knowledgeable fingers stroking and squeezing the man's erection gently.

Debi became tired of her wife's avocation and even though she loved the outrageous sums she could command by renting her wife out, she wanted to be rid of him!

The word went out over the grapevine of admirers and a bidding war started!

However, Barbi knew nothing about that.

Debi did not see fit to inform him of her decision to rid herself of him.

Thus, it was revealed to Barbi one evening that he was now a divorced person, but that he would soon have another husband. And that was all he was told.

Subsequently, Barbi was once more dressed as a bride in similar fashion to his first time, only this time opaque lenses were inserted into his eyes, effectively blinding him to anything around him! He could only see indistinct shadows that could have been anything. He was further hindered by the ubiquitous steel cuffs fastened securely around his ankles and wrists. And like the first time around, his cuffs were connected by a thin, silvery length of steel chain that was fastened to the sides of his corset, with another slim steel chain attached to his septum ring!

Once more he hesitantly walked down an aisle on his dear Mother's arm to be delivered to his husband-to-be at the altar!

Barbi trembled in fear of the unknown but obediently followed mother to his doom.

He was positioned somewhere, words were exchanged, new hands guided him and he knelt at the altar as directed, facing his husband-to-be, except that he(?) remained standing and Barbi found his nose being pressed firmly forward into the waiting crotch where clasped thighs prevented him from hearing more than a mumble as the ceremony proceeded.

Dimly he heard a preacher muttering words that were meaningless to him as they were spoken in a foreign language! Until some were directed entirely to him.

"Do you, Miss Barbi Lewis Carlson, take this person," mumble mumble, "as your lawfully wedded

husband, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, to love, to honor, and to *obey* (there was that word *obey* again), for so long as you both shall live?"

His dear Mother rapped him sharply atop his head. "I do!" she ordered sotto voce.

Frightened, Barbi whispered reluctantly, "I do."

The rest of the ceremony was conducted in the same foreign language and seemed to go on for an eternity!

Finally, he heard, "I pronounce that they are husband and wife!"

A long pause, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!" Barbi heard the loud click as a book was closed. "You may now kiss your bride!"

And his new husband did exactly that, bending over to take Barbi into his strong arms and kiss him avidly on his surprisingly not unwilling and slightly parted lips!

Barbi wondered who this man was and it bothered him that he had had no say in any selection of his new husband!

He stood facing the congregation and he heard scattered applause as he was presented to them as, "The new Mrs." mumble, mumble," even though he had no idea who "mumble mumble" really was!

Nor were the opaque lenses removed when he was taken to his wedding reception where he was duly French kissed by every male attending, or so it seemed, and many, many female guests as well!

The wedding cake was cut, they shared a piece (Barbi and his new husband), they danced and danced until Barbi was out of breath and still partners demanded their turn until an exhausted Barbi had trouble remaining on his feet!

Finally, Barbi was taken to an ante room where his wedding finery was removed and he was dressed for the street, except he had no way of knowing what he was wearing!

A long auto ride, seated next to his new husband, his hand inside the man's trousers manipulating his rampant erection, still not knowing who he was married to! But, at least he knew he was married to a virile male this time! The thought made his blood race with anticipation for some strange reason.

'My God!' he thought, 'I've become a fairy-boy!'

He smiled with strange satisfaction at the thought.

Eventually, they arrived somewhere and an attendant handed Barbi out of the limo (with hidden caresses of his out-thrust bottom and almost fully exposed breasts as he exited!) to the entrance of a hotel and soon they had entered an elevator that rose rapidly. Then they were walking down a hall, he heard the sound of a key in a lock, and Barbi was finally alone with his brand new husband!

He felt gentle hands remove his clothing until he was absolutely naked in front of the man who took him into his arms and kissed him possessively, his big hands caressing Barbi's full cheeks tenderly.

Barbi felt the familiar waves of passion building and he reacted to the man in spite of himself!

"Oh," he whispered, "I don't even know who you are!" he wailed.

"It's OK, Barbi, my sweet love," he heard. "I will never hurt you!"

Soon, Barbi felt the man's naked hairiness press up against his smooth skin and the monstrous erection slid all around his soft belly, probing, seeking, insistent!

The man stooped, gathered Barbi up into his arms, carried him over to the bed and laid him gently atop the spread.

Unconsciously, Barbi felt his legs part invitingly and the huge, hard masculine body stretched out atop his. He felt something poking him between his legs, but since he was no longer virgin thanks to ex-husband Debi, he felt no fear, just a faint apprehension that he would not adequately measure up to the man's expectations!

It probed, slipped, found and with a great rush, the man's erection was buried deep inside Barbi's widely stretched orifice!

It was not the first time Barbi had hosted the real thing and he found, to his vast amazement, that it felt right this time! But, unlike his many times under Debi, he experienced his first orgasm at the same time as his new husband exploded deep inside his widely stretched orifice!

It was too much for our Barbi and he fainted dead away.

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The opaque lenses remained in Barbi's eyes for the duration of his honeymoon.

He was pleasantly surprised when his dear Mother removed them to find that he was now married to Mr. Maxwell Dyson, the Big Max he knew so well!

And now loved with all his heart!

Barbi was not disappointed with their choice of husband and even though Max accepted a job on the west coast, removing them both from undue interference from in-laws and former in-laws and ex-hus-

bands, Barbi found the happiness he never thought he would under his former circumstances.

In California, Barbi is content, well loved, sexually sated, and deeply in love with her husband.

She enjoys a life of fulfillment that far exceeds her youthful expectations.

And that's about all any of us can hope for, isn't it?

I think so.

After all, that's how I wrote it!

##

# BARBARA & ME

**By: B b  Talons**

## OUR STORY

It was shortly after ten p.m. on a Friday evening when I got to the gate that closes my farm lane so that the cattle can't get out and roam the woods. I mean, they are wild enough now without being able to roam the countryside at will! That has happened in the past and to say that my neighbors were not impressed, is to understate the reality by many degrees!

Anyway, when I got there in my heavy, four wheel drive SUV, I found the gate wide open, and I remembered having closed it when I had left earlier that afternoon. I mean, I would never deliberately leave it open because of the live-stock! The snow was swirling crazily in the wintry blast and there was no sign of tracks either going in or coming out. I drove through, went

out to close the gate, and as I was getting back into my vehicle, I spotted something bright red just beyond me. Looking closer, I determined that it was a car, a small car, and it was stuck in a drift. Battling my way over to the car, I saw the license plate - B A R B O N E - and it struck a note of recognition, but for the life of me, I didn't know why at that moment. I mean, think about it, who would ever name their kid Bar Bone? It was to laugh.

I saw a figure slumped behind the steering wheel and I knocked on the closed window. The car's engine was not running and when I opened the door, I felt that it was freezing cold inside. It wasn't until I had the person half out of the car that I realized that I did know who it was, Barbara Allan, my third cousin from over to Thomasville. I felt her cheek and it was cold! I had to get her inside and warmed up. . . fast! Only the fact that she was drunk out of her mind had prevented her from freezing to death right there in my lane!

Now I'm a rather small guy, only five feet three inches tall and some hundred pounds or so while Barbara is well over six feet and weighs almost one seventy! But, in times of stress, humans manage to rise to the occasion, and so it was with me. Somehow, I manhandled her into the SUV, ignoring the alcoholic fumes that permeated her vehicle's interior, and drove up to the main house. She was mumbling incoherently when she was finally in the house and I had the heat turned up and a fire going in the fire-place. As the place started to warm up, I hitched up my team of Morgans, battled down to her car and hauled it up to the barn.

Back in the house, I got out of my snow-wet clothes and into some dry long-johns, then started brewing some hot, herb-tea for us.

Yes, I said tea.

I happen to like the stuff.

My Mother loved tea and I inherited her preferences.

Anyway, by now, Barbara was beginning to come around and responded by drinking the hot liquid almost as fast as I could pour it!

Then, "And to what do I owe this rather bedraggled appearance of my almost frozen third cousin twice removed, daughter of the oldest daughter of my late Mother's older sister?" I asked.

She looked at me through her dazed eyes and mumbled something about, "wanting to see for herself."

I could make head nor tail out of her incoherent ramblings, and after fixing up the sofa for her, went to bed myself. I awoke about three in the A of M to find her, sound asleep, in bed with me and my head pressed between her magnificent Double-D's! Well, I'm not averse to women, even when they are almost twice my size and I snuggled up to her warmth happily.

It was a contrite cousin who greeted me in mid-morning when we both awakened to the call of nature. Being a gentleman, I let her have first dibs on the bathroom while I stoked the fire back to life. My cabin was warming nicely when she reappeared and I made a bee-line for the facilities.

Fortunately, it was a Saturday and I didn't have to work.

Oh, yeah, maybe I had better fill you in on some of the more salient aspects of my life in the wilderness. I had inherited a substantial amount from my Mother at her death, enough so that I could afford to buy almost four thousand acres of mostly wooded land, rocks and streams in a mountainous area that had limited access, which suited me fine. I had built a two room log cabin,



a pole barn and several out-buildings out of timber from my acreage, bought a team of Morgan horses, a cow, some chickens, a sow with sixteen piglets and about a hundred steers to fatten up over the winter. Along with the property, I had inherited an old female tabby-cat who I promptly named T.D.C., or That Damned Cat, a better name for her all the way around.

Me, I'm a teacher and because I am so short, I teach pre-schoolers at the Thomasville Elementary School, something I love. The night before had been one of those mandatory parent-teacher conferences that crop up occasionally. It's a good thing I had gone or Barbara would have frozen to death before I discovered her!

Anyway, she had a tremendous headache from her hangover and I finally got some herb tea down her that eased the pounding somewhat so that she could tell me why she was out in a snow-storm in the middle of the night. I mean, I had lived here almost five years now and this was the first time she had deigned to darken my door.

Not that she wasn't welcome to visit, she just never had!

So, she told me a rather involved story about my ex-wife visiting her the afternoon before and I finally gathered that Carla (my ex) had told Barbara some rather intimate details and very revealing things concerning me and our once relationship.

All right! All right! Jeezums!

The two of them had got drunk together down in Harry's Bar and Something, and Carla had confessed to Barbara that the real reason she had divorced me was that I was too damn big for her. Me, all five feet something tall, was too big for her! Then, I caught the real gist of their conversation. My ex had complained about the size of my sex equipment! OK, I have to ad-

mit, for such a little guy, I am rather well endowed and very few women can take all of me. Carla couldn't and never would be able to! What's more, she never wanted to in the first place!

Barbara, on the other hand, had been married four times and not one of her ex-husbands had ever been able to satisfy her. So, when Carla told my secret, Barbara determined to see for herself. The two women had been drinking rather heavily else Barbara would never have dared do what she did - drive out to see for herself!

She had been all right until she got stuck just beyond my gate and she left the motor running while she waited for me to come home. Unfortunately she had run out of gas, the engine had stopped and eventually the water in her heater had gotten cold and because she forgot to turn the heater off, had run the battery down. But, being as inebriated as she was, she did not realize her danger and was succumbing to hypothermia when I had found her, just in the nick of time!

When she had awoken during the night, shivering and shaking, and saw that the fire was banked, in her half-drunken stupor, she had decided to crawl into bed with me to warm up and maybe satisfy her curiosity at the same time.

When I arched my brow at her, she had the courtesy to blush and hang her head.

"Well?" I prompted.

Sheepishly, she replied, "Well, what?"

"Did you satisfy your curiosity?" I demanded softly.

Again, she blushed, then slowly, nodded her head. "Yes, Deann," she replied. "You are everything Carla said and more!"

"You know we're related," I pressed her.

She nodded. "I know, but we are far enough away that it doesn't matter."

I gazed at her thoughtfully. Like I said, the woman is well over six foot tall and weighs about one seventy or so. She is a beautiful blonde, blue-eyed, Valkyrie! An Amazon even!

"Oh, I don't know. . ." I equivocated, backing away.

"Carla also told me the rest of the story," she continued softly.

I blanched with fear! 'No! She wouldn't, would she?' I thought desperately. Aloud, "I don't know what you mean," I stammered.

"Sure you do, De-Ann!" she smiled. "I often wondered why your Mom named you after a girl," she added.

"She didn't!" I replied hotly. "And it's pronounced 'Dean,' and not 'De-Ann'! I can't help it if the damn county registrar couldn't spell!"

"But your Mom called you De-Ann right up until she died, didn't she? Carla said she was there and heard."

"That was my Mom!" I defended myself. "She did as she pleased! You ought to know, your Mom was the same way!"

Barbara smiled in remembrance. "Yes, Mother had a mind of her own! You know, she warned me not to marry those men without checking them out first, but I knew better and look at the screwing I got!" She smiled wistfully. "Or, rather, look at the screwing I didn't get!"

"I have no idea what you're talking about!" I snapped coldly.

"You've got a nice little rack, De-Ann," she smiled, changing the subject.

All at once I became aware that my long-johns had come unbuttoned somewhat and my almost B's were obvious to anyone who cared to look.

And Barbara cared to look!

I folded my arms protectively over my stiffened nipples and watched her warily.

Time for some back-ground.

I'm a dyed-in-the-wool transvestite bordering on trans-sexualism and have been ever since I can remember. My late Mother and her femme friend had dressed me as a girl almost from birth. My Father had disappeared with another woman shortly after my birth and they had left the area for the bright lights and good times of the Big City. I assume they are still there although I have no way of knowing.

Anyway, as I said, I am a transvestite with some rather peculiar likes and dislikes.

Oh, don't we all?

Me, I like to be a pre-teen girl and I don't care what era style I dress as, I am happy as long as I am a pre-teen girl. Now I have been everything from a cave girl to a modern miss of 2009, and just about anything you can think of in between!

I had thought that Carla would be perfect for me. The woman is slightly taller than I am and at first, she loved playing those Mother/Daughter games with me, just as long as it wasn't twenty-four/seven/three-sixty-five! Which was all right with me.

However, we soon discovered that we were totally incompatible in the bedroom. I am a sort of gentle man (the female influence when I was growing up) and I liked to take my time. However, Carla had different ideas. She liked rough sex, except that when we did, she couldn't and naturally, it was all my fault!

So, after two years of silent (and sometimes not-so-silent) warfare, we parted company and were divorced six months later. About that time, I graduated from State Teachers' College with a degree in early childhood development and got my present job soon after receiving my teaching certificate. I think that the fact my Mom and Aunt (Barbara's grand-mother) might have had something to do with my getting the job, but I don't know. . .

Now Barbara is the women's physical education instructor at Thomasville High School but the building is far removed from the Elementary School by several miles, so we had seldom crossed paths even though we were well aware of one another.

Barbara was slightly older than me by a year or so, so that even though we went to the same high school as kids, we were not contemporaries nor even friends, our relationship by blood notwithstanding.

As I started to explain, Carla and I had loads of fun with our games and I was really sorry to lose her. Especially since I lost Mom shortly after (she had died of a broken heart when her life's companion succumbed to uterine cancer earlier that same year) and I sort of went into a deep depression and seclusion for a time. I took sabbatical from school, ostensibly to pursue a Master's Degree, but mostly I just grieved. The degree itself was duck-soup and I got through that in jig time.

Would that my grief were as short-lived!

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So, for the better part of a year, I was a spoiled little girl, indulging myself outrageously with games, clothes, whatever! I had presence enough of mind to buy my ranch land before I spent everything and hired

a local carpenter to construct my cabin, the barn and the other out-buildings. The SUV, the horses, the cows, the steers, the chickens, the pigs and the swans soon followed. Mostly things that could take care of themselves or with very little maintenance. I did get a little dirty, but that's to be expected on a farm!

I may have dressed as a pre-teen girl, but I was adult enough to know that things didn't just up and take care of themselves. I had to do the milking, gathering of eggs, slopping the hogs, make sure I had grain and hay for the horses and cow, and feed for the steers. But, no matter how much there was to do, I had plenty of time to be myself, De-Ann Leann Carpenter, ten-year-old-girl, even though I had to do it all by myself.

After Carla, I had dallied with several local females, but not one of them came close to being what I wanted and needed.

I spent my time teaching my sweet little darlings and minding my own business as best I could. Then, Barbara came into my life.

To my great joy, she liked me as De-Ann and the next thing I knew, I was in bed with her and she was guiding me into her snug nest, and lo and behold, she took me easily! All ten and a half inches long by almost three inches thick, slid into her and I felt like I had entered a vise from the way she clamped down on me!

Needless to say, once was not enough for either of us and it was late Sunday morning before we once more stood up-right!

So, there we were, two naked adults, one full-blown woman and one part-something with clear skin, tiny waist and B-cups with excited nipples!

After eating and resting a bit, Barbara asked if she could see my secret closet, and of course, I showed her

everything! Soon, she had me attired as a girl from the early 1950's, in a poodle skirt, ankle sox and saddle shoes, a sheer white linen blouse with cap sleeves and a snug, stretchy red cinch belt that emphasized my tiny waist.

We went into the kitchen and had a great time preparing a meal before settling down on the sofa for an evening of VHS movies - cable I did not have! We made pop-corn and drank tea and got to know one another better.

And as it turned out, Barbara was as screwed up mentally As I was! She liked girls, but she wasn't an overt Lesbian. She loved working with teenaged girls and that was why she had become a physical education teacher.

Still, she knew from a very early age that girls did not have what boys have to make a woman feel complete (her words, not mine!), but from her experimenting with boys, she found that few rose to the occasion.

She was resigned to a life of lack until her confab with Carla.

That was her whole reason for coming to see me, to see for herself that monster prick Carla described.

Disappointed?

Hardly!

Barbara was ecstatic!

For the first time in her life, Barbara felt filled. . . no, not fulfilled, filled!

And, for the first time in my life, I had found a genetic pussy that took me easily, without squeaking about my size nor complaining about me stretching it all out of shape!

To our way of thinking, we were made for one another!

The little girl stuff was just icing on the cake for both of us.

We sat and cuddled and kissed and made-out all day Sunday, and on Monday morning, Barbara told me she was moving in.

Just like that, "I'm moving in, little girl! What do you say to that?"

I had no problem with that, but reminded her about our close-minded relatives and the nosy neighbors who would take a dim view of a man and a woman living together without the benefit of clergy, related by blood or not.

So, we got married.

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And Barbara was a traditional bride in a white satin gown ("Because," she said, "I was almost a virgin until your big prick tore me a new asshole!") (I grinned at her, "I thought I was in the right hole!") and we took a long sea cruise during our up-coming summer sabbatical. It was fun in more ways than one. You see, we went as Mother and Daughter, and I'll let you guess who was who!

God, she is some sight in a string bikini! She looks just like an Amazon or one of Odin's Valkyries! Those Double D's are firm and stand up-right with no discernable sag, just right for a little girl to rest her cheek against while she takes her nap.

Needless to say, Barbara was approached by many men looking to hook up with her, but she refused each and every one of them, saying, "Sorry, Guy, I just don't think you could ever measure up to my late husband!"

A put-down and a half, but it sent them packing.

Hell, I even had one old rou  try his tricks on me, but his victim, the little girl, turned into a raging wild-cat when he made his move on the upper deck in a dark corner. Somehow, he got a foot right between his legs, the toe doing considerable damage! Needless to say, he broke his ass getting away from me!

I saw him later and he was sitting rather carefully. Unaccountably, he avoided me like the plague. Poor fellow.

I told Barbara what had transpired and she went out of her way to remind the man of his encounter. He left the ship two days later when we made our first port of call.

I wonder why?

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So, we tanned and slept and dined with the Captain three times, and made out like two hungry skunks after a long time apart! I mean, she was all over me like white on rice! Me? I was more sedate. . . and if you believe that, I have a bridge in Brooklyn that could make you rich in just a few years!

So, after the honeymoon and back to the farm.

Barbara brought her Terrier with her, a small pure white, West Highland Terrier, and damned if she and Cat didn't take to one another like two opposing magnets! I mean, forever after, where you saw one, the other was sure to be right there.

Then, back to school and our love life toned down a bit. I mean, we had to devote at least several hours a day to our teaching, not to mention parent-teacher conferences, school board meetings and all that other stuff teachers are forced to do, whether they want to or not.

And we would rather not.

Still. . .

A steady pay check is better than the under-employment line.

Or so they tell me.

We still had evenings and weekends and holidays and vacations to indulge ourselves, and that is exactly what we did, indulge ourselves!

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Being so far out in the boonies, we seldom have visitors and those we do see all know enough to call ahead and make reservations well in advance. Otherwise, the gates are closed and locked and our twin security men, two Doberman Pincers, roam free.

We have a note on our front gate that reads:

“Our Dobies can make it from the house to the gate in four point seven seconds.

The question is, can you?

You are welcome to try, but don't bet the farm on it!

Signed:

The Management”

We put that sign up six years ago and in all that time, only once has anyone tried to out-race our Dobies.

He didn't make it.

Poor man.

Had to have six stitches taken in his backside.

“But,” like our local Sheriff reminded him, “Yuh wuz warned!”

Oh, isn't it nice to live in a rural area where privacy is regarded as a right and not just something anyone can violate at will.

And our poor Dobies are such gentle creatures!

Why they wouldn't hurt a fly.

Now a trespasser, that's a different story.

OK, I have to go now. Mommy Barbara is crooking her index finger at me and that means one of two things, "I'm horny," or "Your lunch is all warmed up!"

Either way, I get to munch my favorite sammich. . .

Tuna on white bread!

Yummy yum yum!

I love Mommy's tuna!

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