

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Calvin was in desperate need. He had just graduated from Lincoln High School and his step-mother kicked him out of the house. According to her, her responsibilities ended the day he turned eighteen and got out of high school. He was out on the streets with two suitcases containing all his worldly goods and three hundred twenty six dollar and thirty seven cents in his pocket. His only other asset was a twelve year old car with over a hundred thousand miles on its odometer. Throwing his cases into the trunk, he got into the driver's seat and turned the ignition. The car groaned and whined out its age but started. Giving the wooden framed three bedroom house he had called home one last look backed out onto the street.

"Guess I better stop by Billy's house and see if his parents will let me stay a day or two," he thought as he shifted the car into first. He was lucky. His best friend's parents let him stay for a week but informed him he had to leave after that.

"Room to let. Reasonable to the right person. Contact 555-9758," he read from Friday's paper.

"Okay, let's give this one a call. All the others were way out of my price range," he thought.

Saturday morning with his baggage in the trunk he headed to the outskirts of town for his meeting with Mrs. Hildebrandt. Pulling up into the long driveway to the two story brick older home his hopes were high. Being on the edge of town and hidden behind an acre of pine trees, he figured the rent had to be cheap. He put the car into park and checked out his reflection in the rear view mirror. His shoulder length brown hair needed trimming but neatly combed and tied in a low pony tail. He checked to make sure he didn't have anything stuck in his teeth. Satisfied, he got out of the car and walked the short distance to the door and rang the bell. As he waited, he nervously checked out his jeans and pull over collared shirt to make sure they were neat.

The door opened and he was greeted by Mrs. Hildebrandt. She had a slight German accent and a business like manner. She appeared to be in her mid to late fifties, large in both height and girth, wearing a blue gingham house dress. Her round doubled chin face with its gold framed horn rimmed glasses made her look like a stern grandmother. There was the distinct aroma of gardenias as she stepped back and ushered him into the house.

The house was furnished in what could only be called antiques with white lace doilies spread over the tables and chair backs. She led him into her home office. It was a small room but had a copier, fax machine, small desk and chair, computer and another chair across from the desk. She had him sit in that one as she went behind the desk.

"Alright young man, tell me about yourself," she said.

Calvin spent the next thirty minutes explaining his situation hoping that she would be sympathetic. When he finished, she wanted to know how he was going to pay the rent since he didn't have a job.

"I...I have a potential job working at a burger place. It's mine but before they will hire me I have to have a place to live. I have three hundred, wouldn't that cover a months rent?" he replied.

“Burger joint, indeed. Imagine it’s a good ways from here and pays minimum wage or less. I’ll tell you what; you don’t look like a juvenile delinquent, so I’ll make you a proposition. This is a big old house and needs a lot of attention. More than I can handle myself. If you’ll do the chores around here and do what I tell you, I will let you rent the room for \$50 with meals included. You can still take that job flipping patties but the chores will have to be your priority. So, are you willing to take my offer?” she stated.

“I really need a place to stay Mrs. Hildebrandt what kind of chores do you want me to do?” he replied.

“Household chores, like mopping, sweeping, washing and ironing. That sort of chores, you don’t look like you can do any of the real work like carpentry, painting and such. You’re much to skinny and small for that,” she answered.

He had to admit that she was right. He was small and thin for his age. He had never done any carpentry or other maintenance jobs but he had never helped around the house either.

“Golly ma’am, I’ve never done anything like that before other than maybe sweeping and mopping. You sure I couldn’t do something else to earn my keep like cutting the grass and keeping the yard and gardens up. I earned my money doing that when...” he started but was stopped.

“Listen sonny, you see all them pine trees. I don’t have no grass to cut and what gardens I have pretty much grow wild. What I need is a housekeeper and I can teach you how to do all that. If you don’t want the room under those conditions, well, it was nice meeting you,” she interrupted.

Calvin didn’t see where he had much choice. He didn’t want to learn how to be a housekeeper but the rent was right and meals were included. Nodding his head, he said he would take the room.

“Okay, let’s get a lease agreement signed then. It’s a year’s lease after that it will be month to month. Now you need to understand once you sign this, you will be legally responsible for fulfilling the terms. Should you decide to skip out of it, this penalty clause will go into effect. It says that you will owe me \$10,000 plus accrued interest of eighteen percent from the date of signing and any legal costs involved,” Mrs. Hildebrand said pointing to the clause.

“Wha....what, ho...how can I owe you that much? You said the rent was \$50,” he replied shocked.

“Well look at it this way. I’m furnishing you with room and board plus training you in your duties. Like they say, time is money. Ten thousand sounds about right to me. I suggest you read the lease carefully so that there can’t be any misunderstanding as to my terms. If you sign the lease then I’ll want you to sign this other legal document swearing that you fully read and understand the terms of the lease,” she answered.

He didn’t want to be obligated to such an extent but he had enough money to pay for six months of rent. The burger place wouldn’t pay a lot but more than enough for him to keep up with the rent. He had to be out of his friend’s house and from checking out other rentals, knew this was going to be the best he could get. It was either sign the lease or move into one of those downtown day rate flea bags. Reluctantly he picked up the pen and signed both documents after scanning the lease.

Mrs. Hildebrandt smiled broadly and rising said, “Gutt, I guess you want to see your room and get settled. Come on follow me and I’ll show it to you. First I need to make copies of these for you and put these in my wall safe,” she said.

Calvin's mouth dropped open when he was shown his room. It was spacious enough but definitely not to his liking. The walls were painted in a soft mauve with lilac borders at the ceiling. The single window was draped with white daisies imprinted on a pink background ruffled curtains. The wooden floor had several pink fluffy throw rugs. The twin canopied brass bed was made up with white sheets and bright lilac satin quilted comforter.

The full canopy was soft lilac chiffon and fell to near floor level concealing the bed within its translucent folds. There was a large white lacquered eight draw bureau against one wall and a matching vanity with lighted mirror against the other. A single night stand held a princess ceramic lamp with a pink shade and an alarm clock. The lamp and clock sat on a white lace doily. There were several paintings on the walls, mostly floral still life's and one of two Victorian ladies in full regalia. The room had a distinct sweet floral scent.

"Eeerrrrr Mrs. Hildebrandt...isn't there some mistake here? I mean, isn't this a girl's room?" he stuttered.

"No, no mistake this is the only room I have available. It's a might feminine. Don't worry; you'll get use to it in no time. The bathroom is out the door and to your right. I don't use it so it's yours now. Now you get unpacked then meet me in the kitchen. It's bout time for lunch and it's not too early to begin your lessons," she said as she turned and waddled out of the room.

"Jeez, if I had known it was going to be this damn girlie I don't know if I would have signed this lease. Nothing for it now so I'd better get unpacked," he mumbled as he pulled the canopy aside and put his suitcases on the bed.

It didn't take him long to unpack. When he opened a draw in the bureau to put his things in, the strong smell of flowers greeted him. Wrinkling his nose, he quickly put his underwear and tee shirts away. His slacks and dress shirts were hung in the large walk-in closet. He wasn't as surprised this time as the strong smell of flowers greeted him in the closet.

With his clothing put away he stood in the middle of the room with his hands balled up into fists and grimacing looked around. "I don't think I've ever seen a room this frilly. My Step-mother's room was girlie but no where near this prissy. I wonder if she will let me change it. At least let me paint it white, get rid of that sissy lamp and those pictures on the wall. Got to remember to buy me a decent bed spread next time I'm out too. Might as well put my stuff in the bathroom and get down to the kitchen, nothing more I can do here," he thought.

He had another surprise when he entered the bathroom. It was nice sized but again overly feminine. The sinks, counter top, commode and footed bath tub were all pink with bright brass fixtures. The floor was white tile. The small window even had pink curtains that matched the ones in his room. The linen closet was filled with fluffy white towels, wash cloths and such. It also contained a number of items he was not familiar with and several boxes of panty liners, pads and tampons. He shuddered when he saw those and quickly shut the door. He placed his razor, comb, toothbrush and other gear on the counter top and left the room shaking his head.

He left the room thinking, "I can't believe she doesn't have a shower in that bathroom. At least it has one of those flexible metal hose attachments so I can pretend to take a shower. I never take baths but I guess it's another thing I'm going to have to get use to."

Mrs. Hildebrandt was waiting for him in the kitchen. She was holding a bright white

taffeta apron with ruffled hemming and white mop cap with a frilly lace edge in her hand. She had him turn around and quickly tied the apron around his waist and fastened it with a big floppy bow. Just as quickly she pulled his shoulder length hair up into the cap and fitted it on his head. He was sputtering objections but she paid him no mind.

“Lesson number one Calvin, when you are doing kitchen work you will always wear an apron and contain your hair in a cap. The last thing anyone wants is to get a stray hair in ones dinner. Now, I think to keep things simple, I’m going to teach you how to make a tuna salad. Pay attention because I only want to show you one time. This will be your lunch from now on. So if you don’t like tuna then you are shit out of luck. I promised you your meals but I didn’t say anything about gourmet dining,” she stated.

Calvin sat looking sadly down at his meager lunch. A lettuce leaf covered the small plate, four ounces of tuna salad and three crackers was going to be his lunch. He didn’t like tuna but he was starving and started to dig in but was stopped by his new landlady.

“Calvin this is not a pig sty. Take smaller portions on your fork and thoroughly chew before taking another is that understood?” she instructed.

His lunch didn’t come close to satisfying his hunger and the tuna had left a fishy taste in his mouth. He looked over at his landlady who was still eating her much larger serving with a bit of envy. She noticed and told him to put on a pair of rubber gloves stored under the sink, wash the dishes and clean off the counter top.

It took Calvin over an hour to clean the kitchen to Mrs. Hildebrandt’s satisfaction. With the kitchen sparkling, she had him put on another apron. This apron was a white cotton bib style with wide ruffles on the shoulder straps and skirt. Then had him vacuum and dust the entire first floor. Donning another pair of yellow rubber gloves he cleaned the downstairs bathroom. By the time he was finished, he was exhausted and late afternoon. All he wanted to do was sit down and relax but she had him back in the kitchen. It was time to prepare dinner and again she had a fresh apron and mop cap for him to put on. It was a bib apron but much more feminine than the others. Made of pink rayon with white lace ruffling, its full cut almost made it look like he was wearing a dress. The cap was just as bad. It was pink rayon with white lace brim and a ribbon band of shiny pink satin with notched streamers hanging to his shoulders.

“Look Mrs. Hildebrandt, this is a bit much. Don’t you have something a little less....errr....less girly?” he protested holding the garments out in front of him.

“Listen close Calvin, I don’t want to have to say this again. Under the terms of our lease you agreed to be my housekeeper. If you had read the lease closely, like you said you had, you would know that I expected you to dress accordingly. Since this is your first day, I have given you a lot of slack but as soon as I get your measurements and the proper uniforms you will wear what I tell you to wear, understood? If you have a problem with that then you can pack up and leave but the cancellation clause will go into effect. That means you will owe me ten thousand even though you’ve only been here a few hours. Now, what’s it gonna be?” she harshly said.

“What? You can’t be serious!” he gasped.

“As serious as a heart attack Calvin, if you want, I’ll give you thirty minutes to go back and read our lease agreement. Then you either pack up and leave or get back down here and get dinner ready. I pretty much don’t care what you decide,” she stated.

Shaken to his core, Calvin headed back to his room and read the lease. This time he carefully read every bit of it before throwing it down on the vanity top. He was more

pissed at himself than anything else. He had been told to read the lease carefully and he hadn't.

“Son of a bitch! I agreed to be a proper housekeeper and wear whatever! Shit! What's this? It says the fucking rent is every week not every month like I understood. I don't remember her saying anything about what happens if I can't pay the rent either. Damn! I'll have to work as a full time housekeeper/maid just to pay my rent. I've already given her \$150 for the deposit and rent and I can't get anywhere with what I have left. I'm stuck, what was it my dad use to say, yeah, if it sounds too good to be true be prepared to get fucked. Man, did she do a number on me,” he thought sitting on the vanity bench with his hands cupping his chin.

Sunday morning as he was coming out of the bath, Mrs. Hildebrand met him and told him to follow her. She led him into a near by room. It was similar to his except not nearly as girly other than the dressmakers dummy and sewing machine. On the dummy was a gray dress with white double breasted collar and cuffs on the short puff sleeves, looking like it was in the final stage of completion. On a chromed rack off to the side were hung several other dresses and what looked like old fashioned white petticoats.

Taking a cloth measuring tape she efficiently took his measurements. He yelped when she jerked the towel away from his waist leaving him naked. He jerked his hands down to his groin trying to maintain a bit of modesty.

“Hold still, I need to get your inseam measured. Don't be embarrassed, I've seen more than my share to those little bits and pieces you have down there. I'm going to measure that as well. I don't want any unsightly bulges showing through your uniforms,” she ordered roughly slapping his hands away.

Calvin had never been as embarrassed or ashamed as he was at that moment. He was frozen in shock as she measured his cock and balls. Her comment about how small his package was more than humiliating. It was mortifying as she stretched it out and placed the tape along side it. He had never endured anything like that before and when she finished, he grabbed the towel and fled the room.

Back in his room he let the tears fall. **“OMG! I can't believe this is happening to me. Some how what she just did doesn't seem right but I've never been measured for anything before. I don't know but I hope I never have to do something like that again,”** he thought getting dressed.

After a miserable breakfast of oatmeal with a few blueberries and a cup of unsweetened hot tea, he was taken into the laundry room. She instructed him on how to operate the washer and dryer and separate the clothing. When the first dryer load was finished, she told him what needed folding and how to properly do it.

The other items had to be ironed. She showed him where the iron and ironing board were stored and how to set it up. Ironing the sheets wasn't too difficult but blouses and other items were much harder. Mrs. Hildebrandt stood over his left shoulder giving instructions as necessary. By the time he finished with the first basket his arm was aching along with his feet. Ironing was a tedious, hot and exhausting job that he didn't like one bit.

When all the machine washable clothing was neatly folded or ironed, she had him do her lingerie. He was embarrassed as he washed and placed it on the drying rack. He would have to iron her panties, slips and camisoles before putting them away back in her room. Before he was allowed to do any of that, she had him sit at the kitchen table. There she filed and buffed his nails. She did his right hand then made him do

his left leaving them in nice ovals. She completed his manicure with a double coating of pale pink varnish. When he asked why, she told him it was to keep him from putting any runs or snags in her delicates.

By the time he went to bed that night he was completely drained of energy. As his head hit the pillow, he smiled thinking about getting that job at the burger joint. A pitiful job but it would get him out of the house and away from Mrs. Hildebrandt.

Ooo

Monday morning he was up and out of the house by nine. Happy for the first time in days, he stuck the key into the ignition. The car started and he put it into gear. Calvin didn't get more than fifteen miles down the road before it quit on him. He was lucky and got a lift to a garage and a tow truck sent to get his vehicle. That was where all his luck ran out. The mechanic told him the engine was hopelessly locked up and asked him why he hadn't checked his oil. He had to pay a hundred dollars for the tow and had nothing left to pay for any repairs. The mechanic took pity on him and said he would take the car for scrap and give him fifty back. He didn't have any choices and said it was a deal if someone would take him back to the house.

A very dejected Calvin walked back into the house. He didn't expect Mrs. Hildebrandt to give him any sympathy and he wasn't disappointed. She was all business after he explained what had happened.

"Well, no job and no prospects for a job much less anyway to get there. The only place within walking distance is the mini mart ten miles down the road and I know they aint hiring. As I see it, you either become my full time housekeeper/maid or I can invoke the penalty clause. It's your choice. Before you decide, I have to tell you that I expect my housekeeper's behavior and dress to be representative of that position. I will not tolerate any deviations or refusals should you take that option in the lease. Understood?" she said.

"I...I don't quite understand Mrs. Hildebrandt. You know I don't have any money and you know I am willing to clean the house and all," he replied.

"Yes, but you don't look anything like a housekeeper should look. Who ever heard of a man working as a housekeeper? No, you will wear a proper uniform and change your appearance to reflect what a housekeeper should appear to be. That means you will wear a dress uniform, have your hair styled appropriately and obey me completely. Now, I will give you until dinner to decide what it will be. If you want, you can walk down to the mini mart but, like I said, I doubt they will be hiring," she stated.

As her words sank in Calvin's emotions were running all over the place. He was horrified at the prospect of doing what she demanded. He found it hard to believe that she actually wanted him to dress like a housekeeper and woman at that. The very idea was crazy. He was a man no matter what job he did. Why was she asking him to dress and act like a woman? The whole idea was just plain crazy.

"Mrs. Hildebrandt, you are kidding me, right? You can't be serious about this? I'm no woman and I certainly don't want to be one. I'll clean house and do whatever you want me to do but wear a dress? That's going way too far," he gasped.

"When I was a young girl in Germany we had a housekeeper. A very good and efficient one at that, so if you agree, you must comply with my perception of a good housekeeper. I will see to it that you become a very good housekeeper and will dress the part. Yes, Calvin, I am deadly serious about this. Now go and think about your options. Like I said you have until dinner time to decide your fate," she sternly replied.

Calvin left more confused and horrified by the second as he went out the door. He wasn't really aware of where he was going until he hit the main road. Deciding and putting his hopes of salvation into the hands of the mini mart down the road. He was greeted by an elderly Indian woman wearing a sari. He explained his situation leaving out anything about Mrs. Hildebrandt hoping she would give him a job no matter how menial.

She surprised him by agreeing to hire him. He would be paid less than minimum wages and off the books. As such, he didn't need to fill out any employment forms and agreed to work twelve hour shifts. His responsibilities were to keep the place clean, shelves stocked and any other duties she decided. Initially he would work from six in the morning until six at night. He would be paid, at the end of each shift, fifty dollars in cash.

He looked into her stern dark eyes and wrinkled brown face, her offer was ludicrous and amounted to slave labor. He was caught between a rock and a very hard place. He had little choice. If he took this job he would have some money but would still have to clean Mrs. Hildebrandt's house. Working twelve hours at the mini mart then no telling how many for his landlady could be beyond his endurance. He was tempted to refuse but nodded his head in agreement.

"Anything has got to be better than dressing like a woman," he thought as he headed to the house.

When he told Mrs. Hildebrandt she nodded her head and told him that she expected him to perform his housekeeping duties during the evenings and on the weekends. He left her for his room with a slight smile on his face. He was thinking that even if he had to bust his butt at least it wouldn't be in dresses.

Calvin did the best he could. Each morning after a breakfast of oatmeal he walked to the mini mart where he pushed a broom, stocked shelves or washed down windows. He was allowed to get a soda, prefab sandwich and some chips for lunch but docked from his pay. The work was boring, tedious and exhausting after stooping and lifting canned goods. By the end of his first day, he was tired but smiling. He left the store with forty-four dollars cash.

When he got back to the house, he had to help prepare a sparse dinner then clean the kitchen. By the time he had swept, mopped and washed the counters, he was spent and gladly went to bed. Each day that followed was the same leaving him a bit more drained than the day before. By Friday he had little energy left and when his boss told him to flush out the grease trap he could barely stand. He staggered home that night and was too tired to even eat the small serving of salmon he had cooked for dinner.

As he collapsed on his bed that night in frustrated tears, he knew that he couldn't keep working at the mini mart. Four days of drudgery and all he had to show for it was \$176 plus a very sore and aching body. His last thought for the night was, "Wearing a dress can't be all that bad."

Ooo

If he thought he was just going to wear a dress he was completely mistaken. The next morning as he was stepping into the tub, Mrs. Hildebrandt walked into the bathroom. She didn't bother to knock and her bulk stood before the naked young man. She was wearing a green housedress, white bibbed rubber apron and wearing white latex gloves. He stared at her in opened mouth disbelief too surprised to even blush.

"Gutt, I caught you in time. We have much to do today to get you appropriately prepared to perform your duties. I'm going to show you what I expect to be your

morning toilet from now on. You will not disappoint me or I will discipline you severely," she stated.

"Mrs. Hildebrandt, I'm in the bathroom! I....I know how to take a fucking bath," he exclaimed frightened.

"Not as my housekeeper and watch your foul mouth," she said grabbing him by his thin bicep and dragging him over to the commode where she sat heavily. Pulling him across her wide lap, she began spanking him with her broad beefy hand. Her action was totally unexpected and he did nothing to stop her. Soon his backside was aflame in burning pain.

"I didn't want to do this but I guess the sooner we get this over with the sooner you will understand your position in this household. You are my housekeeper and will show the proper respect and humility at all times. As your mistress I have the right to discipline you as needed to instill that respect and obedience," she shouted as she kept bringing her hand down on his butt.

He was still sobbing when she made him stand in the empty tub and covered him from the cheeks down to his toes in depilatory cream. Twenty minutes later, tears streaming down his face this time from the strong fumes and burning caused by the cream, she washed him off. Turning off the cold water tap, she made him turn around as she checked his body for any remaining hair. His skin had a pink glow and was completely hair free.

Satisfied, she put the plug in and began filling the tub. Telling him not to move, she went over to the linen closet and took out a jar of bath beads and bottle of lilac scented bubble bath.

She scrubbed him like he was a helpless baby further embarrassing him then shampooed his hair. She even cleaned out his ears with cotton swabs adding to his humiliation. When she was finished his bath, she covered his body in lilac scented body lotion and dusted him down in talc. Grabbing him behind the neck, she turned him to the sink and brushed his teeth. Calvin had never felt so helpless or humiliated in his life.

She went back into the linen closet and removed several items. She made him sit on the commode lid facing the wall and pulled a towel around his shoulders. She took her time combing out his hair before trimming the split ends and shaving away his sideburns. She turned him around, quickly parted his hair across the forehead and cut it just above his eye brows. Satisfied, she pulled him up and marched him into her sewing room.

She left him standing there, tears running down his cheeks as she gathered what she needed. She knelt down in front of him, grabbed his shrunken penis and pulled a cylindrical helically wound braided violet colored plastic sheath over it leaving the tip exposed. A thin stainless steel chain dangled from the end of the sheath. With the palm of her hand, she pushed his testicles back up inside, pulled the chain between his legs, around his waist and secured it in his lower back with a small lock.

Standing with a broad smile, Mrs. Hildebrandt said, "Gutt that should keep your little bits and pieces safely out of the way. I got the idea of making that from a Chinese finger trap novelty. You will have to sit to pee from now on like a gutt housekeeper. Now to get you dressed."

The first item was a white silk corset liner then she tightly laced a white satin corset around his torso. Calvin was left gasping for breath and in considerable discomfort by the time she finished lacing it. The corset's severe boning and reinforced panels took

four inches off his already narrow waist, restricted his chest and forced him to stand ramrod straight. The underwire “UU” shaped bodice plumped up his breast tissue giving him small mounds. The hem of the corset just covered his navel.

She had him step into a pair of white nylon full cut panties with lace inserts at the hips. The panties were followed with a white diamond satin paneled pantigridle with six garters. The wide waist band of the girdle met the corset’s hem. A white satin smooth “B” cup gel filled bra with a dainty pink satin ribbon sewn between the cups came next. She kneaded a pair of black support hose up his legs and fastened the welts to the garter tabs descending from the pantigridle. Black satin pumps with a three inch stacked heel were put on his feet.

Calvin stood on unsteady feet as she stood up and faced him. She had a very satisfied look on her face as she looked him over.

“Now you are beginning to look like a housekeeper but we have more to do,” she said.

With that she pulled the old fashioned white petticoat over his head and buttoned it up the back. The petticoat was made of cotton with a square neckline and fitted bodice. Four tiers of stiffly starched ruffled cotton formed the mid-calf length skirt. Satisfied with the petticoat’s fit, she dropped the gray dress over his head and buttoned it up the back. The dress was made of cotton with white cuffed leg-of-mutton sleeves, high chin level stiff white collar and white double breasted front. The bodice was tight fitted to a high waist where the skirt flared out to mid-calf length leaving about two inches of lace frilled petticoat showing.

Taking the stunned Calvin by the elbow guided him over to the vanity. There she had him sit on the cushioned stool, rolled and pinned his hair into a tight bun at the back of his head. She used a pale foundation to lighten his skin. Using a black liquid liner she outlined both upper and lower lids before blending the lids with a gray and silver shadow. Using a red lip liner she outlined his thin lips before filling them in with a cranberry red lipstick. Mrs. Hildebrandt preferred that her housekeep present an austere appearance and was happy with the results of her labors. To complete the look she sprayed him with a vanilla scented perfume and pinned a cameo to the collar.

She had him stand and walked around him examining every detail. Calvin was shaking like a leaf but stood ramrod straight thanks to the tight corset. Up until now he had been too shocked to offer any resistance or voice any complaint. The events of the past few hours had seemed like a surreal nightmare to him. He kept telling himself that it was nothing but a horrible dream and that when he woke none of this had happened.

As she walked around him he could no longer deny the painful tightness of the corset or the heavy weight of all the clothing he wore nor the strong smell of cosmetics and perfume that filled his nose.

“Mrs. Hildebrandt....please.....no...I....I can’t do this. I’m a man an...and I shouldn’t be made to dress this way. This is crazy! I won’t be humiliated like this!” he finally found the courage to protest.

“Too late, you had your chances boy! You agreed to my terms and now you will have to live by them. At the end of our lease, you can do whatever you want but until then you will do exactly what I tell you. Now shut up. I’m trying to think of a more suitable name for you. I certainly can’t introduce my housekeep by the name of Calvin. You don’t look like a Calvin anyway. Ahhh, yes, Helga, Helga will be a fine name for my new housekeeper. Gutt, now come over here,” she stated grabbing him by the elbow and leading him over to a full length mirror.

He found it difficult to walk in the heels and if she hadn’t had a firm grip would have

fallen. Standing before the mirror his jaw dropped. Reflected back at him was the image of a very prim rather plain looking young woman wearing an old fashioned dress. He had to look very closely at the image to see anything of his former self. He was so absorbed in looking at the image that Mrs. Hildebrandt had to pinch him to get his attention.

“Over the next two weeks I will teach you how to maintain that image and how to move with grace. You will learn or face my discipline. Now, you will learn to walk in heels,” she said.

To Be Continued

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Over the next two weeks Calvin, now only referred to as Helga, not only learned how to walk, sit, and stoop but all the feminine mannerisms. He learned how to apply makeup and put his hair into a neat tidy bun. He also spoke in a softer higher pitched voice. He spent hours reading aloud from a book of sonnets to perfect a more feminine voice.

His lessons started at five thirty every morning with learning to perform his morning toilet and didn't end until nine o'clock at night with his night time toilet. The lessons were hard learned as she carried a cane with her and used it on his bottom or open palms frequently to get his attention. The only household duties he performed during that time was assisting in cooking the daily meals. The rest of the time was spent learning how to be a prim and proper feminine woman.

He hated every single minute of his enforced servitude but was powerless to do anything. Between his restricted diet, tight corset and heavy clothing, he was left too weak to do anything but comply with her wishes and instructions. The first time she lashed his open palm with the cane was enough for him to do his utmost to meet her expectations.

At the beginning of the third week Mrs. Hildebrandt surprised him by having him put his hair into a high pony tail and dress in clothing more appropriate for a young girl. The white starched short sleeved blouse and black mid-thigh length flare skirt felt light as a feather compared to his uniforms. If it weren't for the restrictive corset, he would have been comfortable wearing his new outfit. What comfort he felt was soon lost as she handed him a black purse and pulled him out the door. It was the first time he had been out doors since dressing as a woman. His apprehension soared when she led him to her car and instructed him in the proper method for a girl to get in.

“Turn facing away from the car, scoop your hands under your skirt, keeping your knees pressed together and slowly lower yourself down onto the seat then slide your legs into the compartment,” she said.

“Mrs. Hildebrandt....please...where are we going? I....I can't go anywhere looking like this,” he protested.

“Would you rather go in your uniform Helga? No, I didn't think so. Remember your lessons, do what you are told and no one will notice. You have an appointment at the beauty salon. I've decided that you would look better as a blond,” she stated.

Calvin walked out of the salon two hours later with golden blond hair, gold ball studs in his newly pierced ear lobes, his brows in neat feminine arches and his nails painted a

dark pink. He had been scared to death the whole time that someone would discover that he was a boy in a dress. The stylist had been talkative but he managed to keep his replies to a minimum. As they left the salon he breathed a sigh of relief and all he wanted to do was get back to the house. Instead of going back home, Mrs. Hildebrandt drove to a shop in the seedy part of town.

The sign over the entry read, "Maryland's House of Majic." Even to Calvin's naive mind he recognized it as a fetish shop. There were all kinds of leather outfits, whips and other similar goods displayed. Across a counter top were numerous wigs, corsets and French maid costumes on manikins. On another wall were all sorts of dildos and vibrators. He was scared going to the salon but he was terrified as they entered this shop.

Maryland proved to be a man in his forties wearing a dress and full makeup. In dim light or casual glance he could be seen as an older woman but up close there was no doubt in Calvin's mind.

"Ladies, hello and how may I assist you today. My name is Maryland and welcome to my shop," he said as they entered.

"I'm Mrs. Hildebrandt and I talked to you earlier about a problem I have with my housekeeper," she replied.

Calvin left that shop sporting two new assets. Maryland had glued "D" sized realistic breasts to his chest. They were heavy and moved with a life of their own with each step that he took. He was actually relieved when Maryland fitted him with a bra. Even with the bra's support, their pendulous weight put a strain on his shoulders and back. With new breasts, his blouse no longer fit. Since he couldn't go out in public wearing just a bra and skirt, she purchased a French maid's costume that she had him wear back to the house.

The costume was made of black bridal satin with stiff bright white net ruffled petticoats sewn in. Accessories for the uniform were full cut white satin panties with six rows of ruffled lace on the bottom, white semi-transparent bib apron with floral lace hemming, ruffled white cap with a black satin ribbon threaded through the middle and long dangling streamers, black satin choker with a rhinestone center and white ruffled net wrist bands. At Maryland's insistence, she also purchased a pair of six inch black patent leather stiletto strappy sandals and four pairs of black fishnet hose. The lace ruffled bodice was cut low to allow for a lot of cleavage. When Calvin looked down all he could see were two large mounds cradled in a bed of white floral lace.

Calvin had protested vehemently at having to wear the maid's uniform but to no avail. "When you are working as my housekeeper you will look like a proper housekeeper. When you work as my personal maid you will look like a personal maid. I like the contrast. Perhaps if you wish to stay here protesting, I can look around and maybe find some more interesting things to buy or you can walk out to the car. I don't really care which option you choose," she said with a broad grin.

Seeing what else was displayed in Maryland's shop Calvin quickly decided that going to the car was his best option. "Damn, I don't want her buying anything else in this place. I can't believe that I'm going to go out in public wearing this humiliating outfit. Shit! These shoes are a bitch to walk in," he thought as he minced out the door. Fortunately there was no one else about and the car only a short distance away.

Ooo

Over the ensuing months Mrs. Hildebrandt did not ease up on either his training or his education. She supervised his toilet and dressing every day. As he became more

prolific in his household duties, she began making him spend more of his time studying. She insisted that a good housekeeper should be knowledgeable in things other than how to keep house. He soon found himself studying etiquette, child care, sewing and knitting. Telling him that he also needed to know how to relate with others, she made him read about personal relationships.

Unfortunately for him, that meant learning how women relate to men. Included in that lesson plan were steamy romance novels in which he had to relate to the heroine, articles on relationships from women's magazines and an assortment of "how to" books. To make sure he was actually studying and remembering what he read, she gave him written exams or essays to write every week. She had an easy grading and incentive program for his tests. If he made an A, she rewarded him with a special treat at dinner. If he made a D or worse, he received at least four to as many as six sharp swats to his open palms with the cane.

At the start of his fifth month of servitude, Mrs. Hildebrandt was satisfied with his day-to-day compliance and abilities. She announced that on Saturday she would host a small dinner party. He was to wear his maid's uniform and prepare a Cornish Game hen dinner with all the trimmings to serve her guests. Calvin was apprehensive but nodded his head in acceptance.

He had been required to wear his maid's uniform on Sunday when he spent most of his time tending to her personal needs. After serving her breakfast in bed, he would prepare her bath, assist as directed in her bath and pat her dry when she stepped out. Back in her bedroom, he would brush her hair one hundred strokes and then help her dress for the day. He would then be dismissed to perform his household duties. Later he would serve her tea in the living room then give her a pedicure and manicure. In the evening he would give her a foot and back massage after serving dinner. At bedtime he would help her undress, put on her negligee and brush her hair one hundred times.

He was very uncomfortable the first time he had been required to perform as a personal maid. There was nothing attractive or stimulating about her naked body but the way she treated him just like he was another woman did. Having to wear that humiliating French maid's uniform and act like a lowly servant also tore at what little was left of his masculinity. Now he would be forced to wear it in front of other people, strangers, for the first time. The very idea scared him to death and asked her to reconsider.

"Please Mrs. Hildebrandt let me wear my housekeeper's uniform. Please, I have done everything else you demanded but I can't do this," he plead.

"Helga, don't be so worried. You look beautiful in your maid's costume. Besides, there will a couple of gentlemen attending and I'm sure they will enjoy seeing you in your pretty uniform. This will give you an advantage in relating to those gentlemen. Consider this a final exam on your relationship studies. If you do very well, get one of the men to ask you for a date and actually go out, I will shorten the terms of the lease by two weeks," she replied.

"OMG! You can't be serious? Yo....you want me to go....go out on a date? With a man? No....no way I can do something like that," he responded.

"Helga, by now you should know when I say something, I'm always very serious. This is important in your development as a proper housekeeper. Perhaps you need a better incentive. I'll take a whole month off your lease if you do as I say or.....or I will give you twenty of my best on your naked bottom. Now decide!" she barked.

"What kind of choice is that? I can't go out with a man. Hell, I'm a man or at least I use

to be. The last time she punished me I could hardly sit down for two days and that was only ten slashes. I don't think I could withstand twenty but....but a month off my lease....It would be only for one night," he thought then said, "Okay, I....I'll try but...but only for one date and you'll...you'll take off a full month off the lease."

Ooo

Saturday arrived all too soon for Calvin's liking. He had spent a lot of time worrying over this impending day. Now that it had arrived his fears and worries were amplified. His fingers trembled as he buttoned the front of his pink leg-of-mutton chiffon blouse that morning as he prepared for the day. Of all his uniforms this was the only one with a skirt and blouse. Instead of his full petticoat he wore four stiff white net crinolines under the skirt. He preferred it over the others as it was much more comfortable to wear. He did a quick once over of the immaculate house before preparing the evenings meal. With everything ready except for the actual cooking, he went to get ready.

By this time Mrs. Hildebrandt didn't have to supervise his toilet. He prepared a lilac scented bubble bath and tried to relax in its comforting warmth. With his hair covered in a pale blue shower cap and his head resting on a folded towel, he let his hand wander down between his legs. Without thought, he began fondling his imprisoned penis. It was something he was prone to doing when alone in the tub.

As usual, his penis tried to engorge but restrained remained unresponsive. He was sexually frustrated to the point of exasperation. Mrs. Hildebrandt refused to remove it since putting the device on. Now as his fingers rubbed its flaccid length his thoughts wondered. He thought of what it would be like to actually have sex. His very limited exposure with women and all his relationship studies, his imagination migrated to what it would be like on the receiving end.

Everything he had studied told him to be passive and receptive to someone else initiating sexual intimacies. At first he pictured a beautiful woman touching and fondling but as time passed, that vision quickly faded into a representation of a naked Mrs. Hildebrandt. He had tried to force his mind back to the pretty woman but only the very thick hairy thatch and sagging breasts of Mrs. Hildebrandt would form. His mind saw her obese body with all its wrinkles and splotched skin which caused him to cringe in distaste. He consciously knew that all women were not like that but subconsciously plus all his studying had altered rational thought.

For the first time he was thinking what it would be like with a man. He knew that he would have to flirt and get a man to ask him out or face more pain than he could stand. Those thoughts led him to think about what that would be like. Would his date kiss him? That image made him wonder what it would feel like. Would it make his toes curl like it said in many of his readings? Would he be expected to do more than just kiss? What if he had to touch it? Or worse, what if he was expected to give him oral sex? He had never had oral sex but according to all his reading, it was supposed to be a delightful experience for the woman. It was the way a woman exerted her power and control over a man. Was he expected to do that and could he do it if it came down to it? That final thought brought him back to the here and now. With a gasp, he pulled his hand away from between his legs and got out of the tub.

Mrs. Hildebrandt was waiting in his room when he returned. Tonight she wanted his hair to hang free framing his face rather than the tight bun he had always worn. Using gel and hot curlers she created a cute page boy style with spiral curls hanging down beside his ears. To bring attention to his face, she put gold chandelier earrings that almost reached his shoulders in his lobes. His makeup was done extravagantly with his lids blended in plum, gray and silver shadows and his lips made fuller and coated

in a thick plum lipstick. A heady dose of floral spice scented perfume and she pronounced him ready to dress for the evening.

Dressed in the black satin French maid's uniform, she decided to replace the white net wrist bands with a pair of white fingerless lace gloves. She fastened a black velvet choker around his neck that had a cameo at its center to complete his dressing. With that she swatted his bottom and told him to get dinner started. As he minced out of the room his bottom swayed seductively. Wearing the six inch stiletto pumps forced his mincing pace which in turn caused his petticoats and skirt to sway revealing the welts of his fishnet hose and a hint of ruffled panties. His swaying motion also caused his artificial mounds to jiggle seductively in their nest of white lace.

"If that doesn't get the attention of one of my guests, I will be greatly disappointed," she thought as she watched him leave the room.

Calvin had just finished mashing the potatoes when the doorbell rang. A shiver ran up his spine as he went to answer the door for the first time. Since his servitude began, he had only been out of the house once and no one had visited until now. Approaching the front door, he stopped and looked at his reflection in the hall mirror. Shaking his head at the totally feminine reflection, he opened the door. Outwardly he knew he looked like a young woman but inwardly there was a sense of wrongness and disquiet that he would be discovered.

To his surprise he saw Maryland standing in the doorway with an older gentleman and younger man. Remembering his lessons, Calvin dropped into a curtsy and asked them to come in. Maryland gave him a hard look but smiling walked past followed by the two men. He was too embarrassed to even look at the two men. Once seated in the living room, he took their drink orders.

As the evening progressed Calvin noted the differences between the men. The older man was about six foot and slightly over weight with graying hair. He was conservatively dressed in a navy silk suit and magenta tie. The young man was almost as tall but obese and dressed casually in kaki slacks with a blue collared pull over shirt. They were complete opposites in that the older was affluent and genteel while the other was like most of the boys Calvin knew. He was slovenly, more interested in texting than being socially active and self-centered.

Despite their differences, he saw the looks they gave him. Calvin felt like a side of beef being slavered over by hungry wolves. He didn't pay much attention to Maryland as he/she was a trans-person. Even in the dim light of the dining room, it was obvious that Maryland was a man dressed in women's clothing. She/he was wearing a white poly balloon sleeved ruffled blouse and black mid-thigh pencil satin skirt. She/he was flamboyant and overly expressive, so obviously gay that Calvin wasn't concerned about a date. However, he was worried that Maryland would reveal his secret. She never let on that Calvin was actually a boy but many of her innuendos made him blush. Mrs. Hildebrandt seemed to relish everything that transpired that night.

As Calvin fluttered about serving dinner (fluttered was his term for how his skirt and petticoats reacted to his every move) he did his best to do as his landlady instructed. He batted his eyelashes, he pursed his lips while sticking the tip of his tongue out, he bent low exposing his twin melons and wiggled his butt as he served the men at the table. He was more than successful in getting their undivided attention but what he didn't see was the intense look in Maryland's eyes.

After the meal the four left the table leaving Calvin to clean up. He was instructed to come into the living room once he finished. He took his time but he could linger only

so long. Screwing up his courage he walked into the living room. Mrs. Hildebrandt and Maryland were sitting in two wing back chairs and the men at both ends of the sofa. He was introduced to William, the older man, and to David. They were Maryland's older brother and nephew. After he curtseyed and said it was nice to meet them, he was instructed to sit between them.

It wasn't going to be easy to sit in his stiff satin skirt and petticoats without making a major display of his stocking tops and ruffled panties. He solved his problem by lifting his petticoats and skirt slightly, slowly lowered himself to the sofa and let his skirting overflow onto the men's laps. It was a tight fit and Calvin could feel the heat and pressure on his thighs of the two men sitting next to him.

"Helga I know it is most unusual for you to join my guests but William and David both asked that I allow it. Since they are dear friends I have agreed. So consider and act like you are also a guest in my house for tonight. I think it would be appropriate if you gave them each a kiss of appreciation," Mrs. Hildebrandt said.

Calvin had no choice but to turn his face towards William and pucker his lips prepared to kiss him on the cheek. Instead he found himself in an intense lip lock. He fought the urge to jerk back and allowed the kiss. To his surprise it wasn't totally unpleasant. His lips were gentle and soft but demanding as the kiss lingered.

"Ooohhh," Calvin gasped pulling back when he felt William's hand messaging his thigh.

Blushing bright red, he turned to face David. Again, he was prepared for a kiss to the cheek but found himself in another lip lock. This kiss was less refined and gentle. He tried to pull back when David began forcing his tongue into his mouth. David had his hand behind Calvin's neck and didn't let the kiss break for what seemed like hours. Calvin was left breathless as he was finally able to break the kiss.

"Well Helga, I certainly didn't expect that. After all, you just met these gentlemen. Such passion, well, I guess I forgot for a moment what it was like being so young. So tell us, which of these men kiss the best?" Mrs. Hildebrandt asked with a broad smile. Calvin could only hang his head, his face crimson with embarrassment.

"Come on, tell us? Which of us kiss the best? I'm sure we both would like to hear what you think," he heard William say.

"I....eeerrrrr....like...liked them both," he managed to reply softly.

"Well it seemed to me that you enjoyed kissing David more from the way you were bobbing your head," Maryland interjected.

"I didn't....eeerrr....I mean...uhhhh...it was different...." Calvin started to object but stopped himself.

"Crap, I can't believe they are humiliating me like this. I didn't vomit or get sick from kissing another man but how can they be asking me this? Isn't it bad enough that I had to kiss them?" he thought.

"Oh dear, I think we have embarrassed Helga. Helga, why don't you get us all a drink? Get whatever you would like for yourself while you are up and Helga, you might want to fix your lipstick," Mrs. Hildebrandt said much to Calvin's relief and further unease.

Saturday night had been one embarrassment after another. He managed to get through it, determined to get a month off his lease agreement. He succeeded better than he wanted by getting a date with both men. William would take him out the following Saturday and David the next.

“Helga you have done better than I expected. You have two dates and I expect you to honor your agreement to go out with them. What? Yes, I said one date but on your own, accepted a date with each of them. Our agreement stands as is. One month off upon the completion of both dates. I’m not completely unsympathetic, so if you manage to get another date and follow through with it, I will take another two weeks off our agreement. Agree and you will only have another four and a half months to fulfill our contract. Do we have a deal?” Mrs. Hildebrandt said after the guests had left.

Calvin thought about her offer for a few moments before deciding to agree. “What the heck, how bad can it be to let some man take me to the movies or restaurant? I’ve already let them kiss me and to get another two weeks off means that much less time dressing and working like this,” he justified.

To Be Continued

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Early in the morning of his first date with William, Mrs. Hildebrandt took Calvin back to the salon. There his roots were touched up and hair styled in a big bubble bouffant. He had his legs and brows waxed and given one inch nail extensions painted a vivid red. From the salon he was taken to a vintage clothing store. He was fitted with a pink capped sleeved polyester dress with a straight mid-calf length skirt and square neck line. A pink satin pill box hat with white lace veiling, white wrist length calf gloves, large white patent leather letter purse and white four inch stiletto heeled patent leather pumps were purchased as accessories.

When he questioned her about his outdated look, she told him that William, being so much older, would appreciate the look. “He’s a bit old fashioned and looking like you do now will surely make him reminisce back to his younger days,” she stated.

“Bu...but this style went out in the sixties. He’s not that old. I look like a freak and feel awful like this. Everybody is staring at me and probably laughing their asses off,” he protested.

“No one is laughing at you Helga. Didn’t you notice how the staff was fawning all over you? Yes, that style is probably more like what his mother would have worn. William is Maryland’s older brother and she told me that he has an Oedipus complex. So I thought by dressing you in this style, you would have a better chance at getting that second date. I think you should thank me for helping you to knock off those extra weeks,” she primly said.

“Thanks, I feel like an absolute idiot,” he mumbled as they left the store.

“His mother! Shit! I’m going out on a date with a man at least forty years older than me and she wants me to look like his mother. Man, I can’t believe I let her do this to me. Hell! I can’t believe I let this happen to me. Stupid! Stupid! They waxed my fucking eyebrows off. It will take forever for them to grow back. How am I going to look like my old self if I don’t have any eyebrows?” he thought.

William was surprised and delighted when he picked Calvin up for their date. He had shown up with a bouquet of roses and as Calvin stood on tip toe to kiss William on the cheek in thanks, their lips met. It was a lingering gentle kiss that didn’t repulse but didn’t feel right either.

“I shouldn’t be kissing much less going out on a date with another man especially one

as old as he is but I have to do this,” he thought as he went to put the flowers in a vase.

By this time Calvin no longer consciously heard the sharp click-clack his stilettos made on the wooden floors or felt the sensuous rubbing of his nylons against his thighs. He had been so thoroughly immersed in his strictly enforced feminine persona that everything felt natural. The only feeling of oddity came from the way his hair and clothing was styled. It didn't feel strange as William encircled his waist and led him out the house.

He was taken to a nice restaurant where he enjoyed a petite filet and the first red meat since arriving at Mrs. Hildebrandt's. Other than the stares and whispered conversation coming from the other patrons about his look, Calvin was treated like the lady he appeared to be. After his third glass of wine, he began to mellow out and things began fade into the background. It was a strange feeling. It was like he was having an out of body experience, more like an observer.

He watched as they left the restaurant, got into the car with them sitting hip to hip and then arriving at William's house. The deep kiss at the entrance, sitting on the sofa and kissing some more with his dress hiked up and generous portion of white floral lace exposed from his slip. He was on his knees, William's dick between his vivid red lips and a bush of gray and black pubic hairs filling his vision.

The vision shifted. He was now in William's bedroom, completely naked his chastity device off and William sucking greedily on Calvin's small penis. He felt himself on the brink of the biggest climax of his life when William stopped, rolled Calvin over on his stomach, pushing his knees under forcing his round ass up into the air. A sharp sudden flaming pain as William began rocking behind him, a stretching fullness and then he was on the brink again. The pounding in his brain just before release, a sudden warmth filling his rectum and he erupted in orgasm.

Calvin sat up abruptly, wide eyed, alert and adrenaline pumping. He was in his own bed, wearing a yellow ruffled and lacy chiffon baby doll. Early morning sunlight filtered through his curtains. His breathing shallow and rapid, he looked around the room as the vision in his mind evaporated.

“What the fuck?” he thought as he looked wild eyed around the room.

He lay back down and gazing at the ceiling thought, “What happened? I don't remember coming home much less anything that happened once I had dinner. Why can't I remember what happened? I had a glass or two of wine but not enough to knock me out. Damn! What's wrong with me?”

Getting up, he stepped into his mules, pulled on his negligee and headed to the bathroom. Going to the commode, he pulled down his panties and sat. His bottom was sore for some reason and as he did his business, noticed the crotch of his panties. There was crustiness and a few reddish spots in the crotch that bothered him. He shook his head wondering what happened then completed his morning toilet. He had all his left over chores to do today and didn't have time to think more about his date. He was happy shampooing his hair and getting rid of that ridiculous hair do.

Ooo

Mrs. Hildebrandt kept him very busy over the week. In addition to his regular duties, he had to polish the silver and wash the windows. She didn't ask him anything about his date nor did he volunteer any information. He was kept busy enough so that he didn't dwell too much on his missing memories. He did worry over his up coming date with David as the week progressed.

When Saturday arrived, she took him back to the salon. This time his hair was braided into pigtails and his bangs feathered. He received a facial that left his complexion whitened and smooth. His nails were trimmed back and given a bright pink gloss. From the salon they went to a school uniform store where she purchased a Catholic school girl outfit for him, a pair of white knee high stockings and saddle oxfords.

She also purchased a plain white cotton bra and pair of white cotton brief cut panties with just a hint of pink lace. For accessories she got him a small black leather purse with gold chain shoulder strap, white lace fingerless gloves with pink lace frills at the wrist and some green plaid satin ribbons for his hair.

He protested loudly when they returned to the car but she told him that David, being younger, would feel more comfortable going out with a younger looking girl. He did want to get a second date didn't he? She was only trying to make sure this time he would get that date. He still protested that he didn't want to look like a little school girl but she hushed him up.

"Helga, you don't remember being asked out again by William. This is your last chance to get an additional two weeks scratched off our contract. I'm only doing what I think will help you the most to get that time off. Now hush and let me drive. We still have things to do before your date," she scolded.

That night Calvin felt as idiotic as he had on his first date if not more so. His pigtails had been put in loops tied securely to his head with the green plaid satin ribbons in big bows. He was wearing a starched white button down blouse that had been tied into a knot just below his breasts. The green plaid short pleated flair skirt just reached to mid-thigh.

The top two buttons of the blouse had been left undone to reveal a hint of his white bra. The white knee highs had green plaid ribbon bows with notched streamers down the back. He was wearing a minimal amount of makeup but his lips were thickly coated in pink plump cupid's bows. Mrs. Hildebrandt doused him in Tabu perfume giving him the look and smell of a young school girl.

When David came to pick him up he was more than pleased as he handed Calvin a box of chocolates. Again as Calvin attempted to give David a chaste kiss on the cheek, their lips met. He was told to put the chocolates on the kitchen counter and to repair his lipstick once again. He did not protest as David slid an arm around his waist and led him out to the car. Calvin blushed as he got into the car. His short skirt allowed several inches of white lace and bare thigh to show as he did his best to remain modest.

David took him to an out of the way theater that featured foreign films. It wasn't very crowded and he was steered into the back row. After they were seated, David left to purchase popcorn and drinks. It was a boring French creation about some love story between a young boy and girl. He had a difficult time trying to keep up with the film and the English subtitles flew by faster than he cared to read them. It was dark in the theater so Calvin didn't mind that the lacy hem of his nylon slip was showing or that David had his arm around his shoulders. He finished his diet soda and felt very relaxed.

Soon Calvin was having an out of body experience. He watched as David began moving a hand up his thigh while passionately kissing him. The kiss became more passionate as David pulled up the slip and skirt then began rubbing Calvin between the legs with his palm. Calvin could only watch as his own hand reached out, undid David's pants and began stroking his dick. Calvin felt himself almost reaching a climax

when David stopped stroking him and pulled him from the seat. Calvin kneeling on the sticky floor had his pink lips tightly wrapped around that shaft, his cheeks hollowing as he suckled. David had a grip on Calvin's pigtails using them to set the pace. It didn't take long for David to reach his peak and flooded Calvin mouth. Swallowing and licking his lips, Calvin got back into his seat.

Calvin looked on as they got up in the middle of the movie and left the theater. David drove to a dark and secluded spot and guided Calvin into the back seat where they began kissing. All too soon Calvin's white panties were around one ankle, his ass stuck up and David thrusting and groaning in pleasure. Calvin was on the brink of an orgasm when he felt hot liquid fill his bottom then emptiness as David pulled out. David reached out grabbing a pigtail and pulled Calvin to face his crotch.

Again, Calvin woke up alert, adrenaline pulsing in his veins knowing something was wrong. He found himself in his bed, wearing a red baby doll with the sun light filling the room. He knew he had been on a date with David but couldn't remember anything past the time David handed him his diet soda. As before his panties were stuck to his bottom and the crotch stained. It worried him but couldn't think of an explanation. His bottom still stung a bit as he minced back into his room. He had two days worth of chores to complete.

Mrs. Hildebrandt asked him if David wanted a second date but he couldn't remember. It was really beginning to bother him that he had no recollection of what had happened on either of his dates. The only thing he could remember was going out then waking up with a sore bottom and sticky under pants.

Ooo

The best thing about going out on dates was that Calvin didn't have to wear the French maid uniform or tend to Mrs. Hildebrandt's personal needs. However this Sunday, he moved about stiffly and occasionally groaned in pain. She had put a new smaller and stiffly boned corset on him. Dressed he noticed that his body had taken on a new more feminine appearance. With his overly large artificial breasts, narrowed waist, round hips and ass he was close to having a classic hour glass figure.

To make matters worse his chest was itching like crazy. Mrs. Hildebrandt removed his artificial ones every other Sunday to clean and air out his flesh. Putting them back on before he went to bed. During those times he placed cotton padding into the large cups of his bra. Today it seemed like he had to use less padding and his nipples were reacting to the movement of the padding. On more than one occasion he found himself scratching at one breast or the other as he performed his chores. That night just before bed, Mrs. Hildebrandt replaced the D forms. As he held them in place so the glue could set, she had a broad smile on her face.

"Gutt, his breasts are beginning to bud. In a few more months I think Helga will have a nice pair of full A or maybe even B cup breasts of her own. Getting her to take her vitamins at lunch plus her other meals will help, I think. Yes, I will add those. I'm getting tired of having to clean those forms. It will be much easier if she had her own. I can't wait until I have my old Helga back just like when I was a child," she thought.

On Monday the phone rang and Calvin answered it as he had been taught. "Hello, this is the Hildebrandt residence. This is Helga speaking, how may I help you?"

"Ahhh, Helga my dear, this is William calling to remind you of our date this Saturday. I just wanted you to know that I have the tickets to the opera and can't wait to see you again," he said.

"Ooohh, this Saturday? Ye....yes, of course I remember. Yes, I'll see you at seven,"

Calvin replied stunned that he couldn't remember anything about going to the opera.

Mrs. Hildebrandt was standing nearby staring at him. "Uhhh, that was William he's taking me to the opera this Saturday," he said in explanation.

"Gutt, you have a second date but to the opera. We will have to get you properly coiffed and dressed for something that formal," she replied.

Calvin didn't particularly like that idea but another two weeks off the lease would be worth it. He didn't know how much more of her lessons and dressing he could take. He was beginning to think that he wouldn't be able to remember how to act like a boy if he stayed a full year under the lease.

He knew what to expect this time and wasn't surprised when she announced that he had a salon appointment Saturday morning. At the salon his hair was bleached into an ash blond and styled in a big Prince Valiant style but with the front curling out under his ears. It was stiffly held in place with a lot of hairspray. His lips were made to look full and pouting with a heavy coat of bubble gum pink lipstick. His nails were again given one inch extensions and varnished in a matching bubble gum pink polish.

When the stylist turned him to face the mirror he gasped in surprise. He couldn't believe how big she had made his hair look or how stiff it was. She had used so much spray that his hair had a wet looking shine to it. His lips looked huge. Asking her how she made his lips so big, she told him she had used a special 'enhancer' solution that would keep them plump for a few days. Mrs. Hildebrandt like the look and asked the stylist for a bottle of the enhancer solution.

Seeing how the salon worked their magic on him he knew that they were going to the vintage store. He resigned himself to get that over with as quickly as he could.

Arguing with Mrs. Hildebrandt was like talking to a brick wall. He left the vintage store with a pink satin and chiffon cocktail dress with all the trimmings. A white strapless bullet bra, white satin lace inset garter belt, white hose with a rose design running up from the heel to upper calf, five stiff white net petticoats with two inches of pink floral lace hemming and small satin bows for his under garments. A pair of opera length white satin gloves, pink satin open toed pumps with a five inch stiletto heel, small white leather clutch purse and white net shawl for accessories.

He was about to step into his bath when Mrs. Hildebrandt barged into the room, told him to wait a minute, reached into the linen closet and removed a pink bulb feminine hygiene syringe. She went back to the tub and filled it with the fragrant bath water as he stood utterly perplexed.

"Tonight you need to douche properly. Sit on the toilet and insert the nozzle then squeeze the bulb. It will leave you nice and clean feeling. Do it!" she sternly said.

By now Calvin automatically did as he was told. He turned crimson as he performed the odious task right in front of her. He was glad to see her leave as he stepped into the tub. He tried but couldn't come up with an answer as to why she had him do that.

Mrs. Hildebrandt was in his room waiting to assist him in getting dressed. The old fashioned bullet bra pushed his artificial breasts together making them look even larger. She tightened a white waist chinch around his waist drawing it in another two inches bringing it down to twenty inches. While not as restrictive as his corset, he felt its pressure. Once he had his undergarments on she lowered the dress over his head and zipped it up the back. It hugged his body like a second skin and the strapless bodice showed a lot of cleavage.

The pink satin bodice was adorned with crystal bead work in a delicate floral pattern. The full skirt with its overlay of pink chiffon flared up over the petticoats to just below the knee. She bent down on one knee and pulled his petticoats down a bit so a little over an inch of pink lace hemming showed.

Needless to say William was positively delighted when he arrived to pick Calvin up. Again he presented him with a dozen long stemmed red roses and his kiss more demanding than his last visit. Calvin wasn't quite as flustered this time as he fixed his smeared lipstick. He was not looking forward to enjoying the evening as he hated opera. Too him opera sounded like a bunch of wet hens getting goosed.

The opera was "Carmen" and not as bad as he expected it to be but found it boring. At intermission, they went into the lobby. While William got them some champagne Calvin went to the ladies room. The waist chinch was really pressing into his bladder and he had to go. It was crowded and he had to wait for what seemed like an hour before a stall opened. As he waited, he kept his head down blushing furiously trying to ignore the stares and comments about his hair and dress. He almost peed himself before he got his skirts, petticoats and panties lowered.

"Damn, how do women stand dressing like this? It's almost impossible to manage in this tight space and having to sit to pee. I can't wait till I get out of all this crap," he thought.

He never had champagne before and the bubbles ticked his nose making him sneeze. They stood in the lobby with William doing most of the talking. He was telling Calvin how much he had enjoyed their first date and couldn't wait for tonight to get here. Calvin could only nod his head and say he had a good time too even though he had no memory of it. By the time they went back in, Calvin was feeling a bit light headed. He didn't think anything of it when he lowered his head onto William's shoulder. His gloved hand slid down into William's lap. He watched as if from afar as William lowered his zipper pulled out his dick and placed the white gloved hand around the shaft.

Calvin woke the next morning just as he had after his previous dates. He had absolutely no idea of what had happened after the intermission. Again, his bottom was sore and the crotch of his panties encrusted. There was a strange taste in his mouth as well which he attributed to morning breath. He had plenty of work to do around the house and didn't dwell on his absence of memory.

Ooo

A couple of weeks went by and Calvin was back in his maid's uniform tending to Mrs. Hildebrandt's personal needs. She had removed his false breasts for cleaning and he was enjoying the freedom. The weight of D cup breast forms was not missed. He was a bit surprised to see the lumps on his chest when they were removed. The mounds on his chest could easily fill a tea cup and the nipples were poking out. He dismissed his fears as he hooked his bra figuring it was due to wearing bras all the time. Today he had to trim Mrs. Hildebrandt's pubic hairs into a neat inverted triangle as she could see over her fat stomach.

Later that evening William called to remind Calvin that they had a swim date for the next Saturday. Calvin was totally puzzled over that call. "Why would I go out on a third date with him? He's old enough to be my father and she didn't offer to take any more weeks off my lease. So why did I say I would do that? I'm going to have to tell him no. I don't want to go out any more," he thought.

When he was helping Mrs. Hildebrandt get ready for bed, she asked him what

the call was about. He told her and said that he was going to call him back and cancel. She confused him when she asked why in the world he would want to do that.

“Because he is a man and old enough to be my father,” he stated.

“Don’t be foolish Helga. William is a distinguished man and well to do. He obviously likes you a lot and I think it would be in your best interests to see him again. You should think of your future. Do you plan on extending your lease with me? No, I didn’t think you wanted to do that but what are you going to do when you leave? Maybe William will be able to help. Have you thought of that? Well, give it some thought before you make a horrible mistake,” she replied.

“She did have a point and the only money I have is what I earned while at the mini mart. William seems nice enough. Maybe he would loan me the money necessary to get a new start,” he thought as he went back to his room.

His date set for early Saturday, she took him to the salon Friday evening. There his hair was bleached even lighter, almost white and styled in an old fashioned bee hive. Knowing he was going to a pool party the stylist used water resistant makeup and applied it thickly. She used a darker foundation, purple blended into lavender blended into silver eye shadows, dark red creamy lipstick which made him look older.

Leaving the salon he carried a bag containing all the makeup she had used on him. At the vintage shop, she purchased a fifty’s styled halter top one piece bathing suit in a bright green with white flounces around the hips. For accessories she got him a white rubber bathing cap, pink wide brimmed horned sun glasses with rhinestone decorations, pale green nylon wrap skirt, a wide brimmed straw hat with a thick garland of artificial flowers around the brim and a pair of three inch spike heeled plastic slippers with a big white plastic bow attached to the toes.

Calvin almost gagged when he saw his reflection in the store’s triple mirrors. He wanted to argue but seeing the look on Mrs. Hildebrandt’s face shrugged his shoulders and went back into the changing room to undress. It took a lot of cold cream to get the thickly applied makeup off his face that night. As he sat before the vanity wearing a mint green chiffon and nylon baby doll top and matching bloomers, Mrs. Hildebrandt came in.

“Here is your lip enhancer use it tonight and in the morning. I want to see your lips nice and full for your date. Here is a neck pillow. You will need to use it so you don’t crush your hair when you sleep. Wrap it in a pretty scarf before you go to bed,” she instructed.

William arrived around eleven but didn’t bring any flowers. Instead he handed Calvin a small white wrapped with silver ribbon and bow box. Inside was a pair of gold earrings, the large ball stud had a small gold hoop from which dangled golden chains of varying lengths. The longest almost touching his shoulders. At the ends of the chains were tiny but tinkling bells. There was also an ankle bracelet that had small bells attached to it. Calvin sat on the couch as he put the earrings on while William attached the bracelet around his ankle which he had insisted on doing.

Calvin remembered little of William’s house from his previous visit. Only vague snatches of the living room and entry way came to him. It was a large Tudor styled house with a nice sized pool in the back. He was a bit surprised at how feminine the décor and furnishing were. He was shown into a bedroom and told he could leave his tote there and could change after the party. He was taken from there into the kitchen where he was asked to prepare some snacks for his guests who would be arriving

shortly.

“What kind of date is this where I have to prepare the food? Oh well, I guess I can help out since he is getting the pit ready,” he thought.

He was putting the finishing touches on a tray of deviled eggs when the door chimes sounded. “Would you please get that Helga? I’m stuck flipping burgers at the moment,” William shouted from the back porch.

Calvin didn’t expect to see Maryland and David standing in the doorway. He was surprised when David gave him a deep tongue kiss right in front of her. When David moved aside Calvin was even more surprised when Maryland did the same. He was too shocked to even blush as she stepped back with a sly smile.

“Close your mouth dearie, you’ll let the flies in,” Maryland said as she followed David into the house.

Calvin stood shocked for a few minutes before he shut the door and went back to the kitchen. Out of habit the first thing he did was grab his purse and freshen his lipstick. Grabbing the tray of deviled eggs he went to the patio to join the group. He spent the next forty five minutes serving the guests and William before sitting down to enjoy his burger. It was the last thing he clearly remembered before waking in his bed the next morning.

Like in his past morning after dates, he didn’t remember much, his bottom stung but this time two things were different. First his throat was sore and there was soft music playing. Sitting next to his alarm was a CD player and soft easy listening music was playing.

“Strange, I don’t remember having a CD player,” he mumbled as he got out of bed.

Calvin was busy vacuuming the living room not really thinking about what he was doing when something flashed across his mind. It was a picture of him naked, on hands and knees. William was behind him pressing against his upturned ass and Maryland kneeling in front of him. What made that picture eerie was Maryland’s gigantic cock. It had to be nine inches long and at least two wide and it was passing between his lips.

“That’s it Helga, keep your throat straight just like a sword swallower and you will be alright,” he heard in his mind.

“Now where in the world did that come from?” he thought shaking his head. That strange vision bothered him for a bit then he dismissed it.

Ooo

Calvin was upstairs lying glassy eyed on the bed staring up at the ceiling. He had what looked like an extra large pacifier stuck in his mouth, his cock restraint was removed and there was something pink sticking out of his bottom. Off in a corner, three other naked people were talking softly.

“Well Maryland is Mrs. Hildebrandt on board?” William asked.

“Yes, but she wants to keep him at least for the next few months, said something about having to work off a lease. She wants half now and the rest when we take him,” she answered.

“I don’t know can we trust her? I prefer it when we do the hypnosis CD’s,” David asked.

“Yeah, the old bat is only concerned about the cash. It took a bit of talking but she’s

come around. Wanted to keep him as her fucking housekeeper, can you believe. Had to up the ante but, like I said, she's a greedy old hag. She'll make sure he gets the pills and listens to the hypnosis discs. Besides, it will be easier if he stays there until the conditioning is finished. Two or three months should be more than enough. Then we can have our fun with him," she replied.

"Kind of like what's she done with him so far, so why not? Bet she has his waist down to eighteen inches or less by the time we get him. In the mean time we can still have our little fun dates," William said.

"I don't know. I don't trust her for some reason. I got this itch at the back of my head that says something aint right," David said.

"Look David, this is a chance for us to get another supplier. That old crazy bitch is greedy and has that out of the way place. She's not even a professional and look what she's done to that kid in just six months. It's a perfect setup for getting us more supplies. I already have an Arab sheik wanting Helga for his harem. Seems he was raised in England and has a fetish for housekeeper types. We'll make millions off this deal. If it makes you feel any better, I checked her out. There's too much money at stake here for any misgivings," Maryland snapped back clearly irritated by the question.

Ooo

At the same time the trio was having their conversation. Mrs. Hildebrandt was having one of her own. "Are you positive all this can be reversed? Don't give me any shit that you "think" or that "maybe" crap. When we went on this operation, you assured me that what I did was completely reversible. Now that they have taken the bait, hypnosis tapes and drugs are involved. I don't know if that kind of therapy is reversible and I want assurances. It was bad enough what I did to that kid and you know I wasn't pleased at having to give him female hormones," she said.

"Look we have researched this and believe that everything will go back to normal given a bit of time. The hormones can be reversed and a little breast reduction will put him right back to where he was. We've come too far to stop now. Once the exchange is made, we can get the entire network. We'll be saving a whole lot of kids in the future if we accomplish this," the man replied.

"It would be one thing if we were using a trained agent but that kid aint no volunteer," she snapped back.

"Look, Calvin had to be real. An agent's background check would have detectable flaws that group would have discovered. Trust me on this, we lost a very good agent because of that the last time we tried this. No, you have to stay the course and complete this mission. Once we get him back, I promise that the agency will do everything in its power to mitigate the circumstances," the man replied.

"You still haven't answered my question about this hypnosis and drug shit. What about that?" she demanded.

"We haven't analyzed those CD's yet and the drug...well...it is a powerful psychotic. You'll have to use them...for a while...only until that group is convinced you are following through. Give it two or three weeks then we'll supply you with a placebo and harmless CD's. That way the subliminal messages won't be as effective. The agency experts believe that short exposure can be completely reversed," he replies.

Ooo

Two months later a very docile and submissive Calvin was delivered to Maryland. He

was dressed in full Victorian housekeeper regalia. Leg of mutton white chiffon blouse over a tightly corseted torso, high waist brown woolen ankle length skirt covering a stiff white cotton and lace adorned petticoat and brown leather button up four inch heeled boots completed his dressing. His face had minimal makeup and his hair fashioned into a chignon style. As William speculated, Calvin's waist was a narrow eighteen inches giving him a classic hour glass appearance.

Mrs. Hildebrandt was off to the side, a briefcase filled with cash sitting on the table before her. William, Maryland and David watched as she counted out the bills. A tall dark skinned bewhiskered man was walking around Calvin grinning in satisfaction. His hand was stroking his beard as the room filled with armed men, FBI written in bright yellow letters on their chests.

Epilog:

The operation was a success and a major white slavery ring put away for good. Not only were Maryland and her cohorts taken but several other groups and some buyers as well. Mary Wells, aka, Mrs. Hildebrandt received a promotion and award for her service. Calvin, well when all was considered and done, became collateral damage. Maryland's assets were seized and a very large portion given to Calvin so that he would never have want again. However, much of the damage to his mind and body were irretrievable.

After much counseling and medical advice, he opted for SRS as his only recourse. His mind free of the psychotic drugs and adverse conditioning, he realized that his body would never be the same. His only knowledge was in feminine skills, feminine traits and mannerisms that would be extremely difficult to remove. Living as a rich full fledged woman would have been better than the alternative.

The End...