

Safe House

part one



by *Bea*

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Printed in the USA

SAFE HOUSE

By Bea

CHAPTER 1

“Come and sit here beside me on the couch darling.” Aunt Kate said patting the area beside her. “It’s time for us to have a nice chat.”

“Wouldn’t you like a cup of tea first?” I asked, slightly miffed at her bossing me around in my own house.

“Maybe later dear? It’s so nice of you to ask, but I’d really like to talk to you first. If you don’t mind?”

I sighed inwardly as I went and sat beside her. I must have this sort of ‘obedience’ gene I guess - and she had that same quiet air of authority that my mother, her sister, had used on me for years.

“It’s about Rosalie, isn’t it?” I said, as I lowered myself down. “Yes dear. I’ve been listening to the tapes you made for me, and though you’re tutoring her quite nicely, I just feel that you’re... well... I don’t know how to say this correctly ... but you’re talking DOWN to her an awful lot...”

“Well, she IS a servant, and she IS as thick as a plank.” I retorted. My aunt’s face got a strained expression, but before she could speak, I added. “And mom always said - and I’ve heard you say the same thing - that you shouldn’t familiarize yourself with maids or servants.”

“But she’s not YOUR maid. Not YOUR servant. Also? She’s a WOMAN deserving of respect!” Kate responded sternly. “You’re her tutor. Supposed to be helping her with her English. Not that you’re NOT” she added hastily. “I can see her improving a little all the time.”

“Well then. What’s the problem?” I asked tartly.

My aunt put her immaculately groomed hand lightly on my

thigh. “She IS improving darling. It’s just that my experience - and I’ve talked to some of the other tutors about this - tells me that she’s not progressing as fast as would normally be expected.”

“Well, I’m only a beginner at this tutoring game.” I protested.

“I know, I know.” she replied patiently. “I just thought I could make a few suggestions?”

“It was you that got me into this stuff in the first place.” I said defensively. “I mean, I didn’t come asking you for goodness sake, and...”

She interrupted quickly. “Oh dear, why are you being so DIFFICULT? I am not criticizing you. I am only trying to forward a few ideas that might help!”

Her rather long face was drawing up into what I privately considered her ‘haughty’ expression - one that usually indicated a storm in the offing.

I was speaking before I even knew it. “I’m sorry Aunt Kate. Truly I am. Please, if you have any ideas of how I can help Rosalie, please tell me.”

And I knew I had given in again. I had the spine of a jellyfish I thought to myself. After my mother had died, it was if aunt Kate was determined to take over the reins on my behavior that mother had used so effectively. At first I had been grateful but then, ashamed of my own weakness, had determined that I would stand up for my rights. Though I’d had some success - managing to stay in my own house by myself was a struggle I’d won - it gradually appeared though that I was incapable of doing much of anything else along these lines. Aunt Kate’s next ‘suggestion’ had been that I needed to do something other than mope about the house. As she was the local administrator for a literacy group within a National Women’s organization, she had roped me in.

I was a little put off by the fact that all of the other volunteers

in her group were women. On top of that, the only students they would accept were women also. As Aunt Kate had explained it to me, it had taken all of her political pull to have me accepted into such an 'elite' organization. Only the fact that my mother had been part of the same group had, finally, been the reason that quieted objections from the other members. In all honesty though, I had been very close to my mother before her accident and was probably more comfortable in the company of women than that of men. This, I think, showed and helped Kate a lot in having me accepted into the organization and then in the training I had to take to become a tutor.

North San Diego County is a lovely place to live. A wonderful climate, and a relatively high average income. Being near to the U.S. - Mexican border has its advantages and disadvantages. One of the facts here is that there is a high incidence: of illegal immigrants from Mexico, of both sexes, trying to get work. Accordingly, a large percentage of the female servants in the district are of Mexican origin. A lot of these are legal immigrants of course, but a high percentage are not.

Many of these girls are taken advantage of by unscrupulous people. At first I thought this of the ladies group I had joined, as many of them had such girls working for them as maids. I soon discovered that this was far from the truth. In effect, the group was trying to educate these girls in the English language and North American customs to increase their speed of assimilation into the workplace - and increase their earning power substantially. It was, therefore, no surprise then when, upon my 'graduation' as a tutor, the student assigned to my care was Rosalie, a rather large farm- girl type, with very little education in either Spanish or English.

She worked as a maid for one of my neighbors, a widow, Mrs. Johns, who lived about a half mile from me. Rosalie would come by my house three times every week on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from two pm until four thirty.

I know that this probably sounds silly, but I didn't know how to treat her. I'd been brought up by my mother - with her sister on the sidelines - in an environment that had very little of the masculine. To be honest, I was more scared of women than anything else. All of a sudden I had a position of some 'authority' over a rather large girl, and was totally unequipped to deal with it. To compensate, I had developed a rather distant patrician air with the poor girl, and as Kate had noticed, got in the habit of talking down to her.

I should have mentioned that, to help me in my debut as a tutor, my aunt had thoughtfully provided me with a tape recorder that I ran all the time my tutoring was in session. At first I had been veily aware of it but then,, shades of Dick Nixon, usually forgot all about it. Hence my aunts visit on this particular day.

Kate tapped my thigh again. "Yes David I do have a few ideas I'd like you to try."

I nodded, trying to evidence some enthusiasm.

"First of all? Try to be more nurturing. Friendly. More of an equal."

She held up her hand. "Yes! I KNOW David. This goes against what you've been taught, but please try. Just a little? For me?"

I took a deep breath. "OK. I'll try Aunt Kate. Honest."

"Very good David! Thank you." She let go a sigh of relief. "Whew! I wasn't overly keen on talking to you about this you know."

I shrugged. "No offense taken. But you said you had a few suggestions aunt. What else?"

"Oh yes. Thank you for reminding me. I've talked this over with some of the other ladies and we'd like to suggest that you take on another girl, her name is Raquel."

"But Aunt Kate? I'm having problems with Rosalie. Won't it just make matters worse if I've to train another girl?"

“Well, you probably won’t need to train her much, if at all. She’s far more advanced than Rosalie. You see, we’ve found that often pairing two students helps both. The least advanced gets the benefit of additional coaching, the more advanced student is forced to think a lot more about the why’s and wherefores of the new language.”

“Well, at least I hope she’s not a big cart horse like Rosalie.” I said unthinkingly.

“NO.” Kate paused, a peculiar glint showing in her eye for a split second. “I don’t think you’ll need to have any concerns along these lines.” She smiled a rather nasty little smile before adding. “So that’s all right David? You agree? You’ll try to be a little more ‘simpatico’ with the girls? You’ll take Raquel on along with Rosalie?”

I shrugged. “Guess I can at least give it a try.” I said, a trifle uneasily. “Though it sounds as if this new girl is more an auditor than anything else.”

My aunt nodded agreeably but didn’t answer. Then she smiled. Pleasantly now, but an edge of something there I couldn’t quite make out. “How nice of you to try. I’m SURE you won’t regret it.”

She left a few more blank tapes with me before leaving, and reminded me. “Don’t forget now sweetie. More simpatico. More nurturing.” Gave me a womanish peck on the cheek and a smile in farewell that had more than a tinge of mockery in it.

Raquel turned up with Rosalie that very afternoon. Kate had been right. She gave no indications of being any kind of cart horse. Plainly dressed in a white blouse, jeans and cowboy boots, she was absolutely gorgeous!

Not quite as tall as Rosalie, but a little taller than me, even in the low heeled boots she wore. Jet black wavy hair cascading down to her shoulders. A bright expression heightened by alert brown eyes that literally sparkled. Even white teeth that shone on a regular basis as she smiled often. Well built, but not heavy, she moved with an athletic

grace that accentuated her femininity. Rosalie wore her usual flounced skirt and ruffled white blouse, but even in these clothes she still looked like a cart horse compared to her companion.

Rosalie was obviously in awe of her and, in a very short while, was joined by me in this regard. I'd never, ever, met anyone with such looks, confidence, and elan in one beautiful package. Her English was accented, but excellent. Just flawed enough that I could bolster my position as 'tutor' with an occasional 'suggestion', although this didn't last too long as I fell into the web of her control quite quickly. Before the afternoon was over, I discovered that she had, confidently, taken over the session.

It started the moment they arrived. She held out her hand to introduce herself, Naturally, I took it and gave her my name. She flashed me a smile.

"I'm SO pleased to meet you, but oh! What SOFT hands you have!" And she chattered something in Spanish, turning to Rosalie. Who stood there dumb, shrugging.

"Here! Let Rosalie feel them!" Raquel laughed, pulling me towards her companion. She wasn't letting my hand go! I almost pulled it from her grasp but got the sudden strange sensation that maybe I didn't have the strength! Blushing, I allowed Rosalie to take a hold of my hand. She did so, then said something, laughing, back to Raquel.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"She doesn't know how you keep them like that, doing all the housework here the way you do." She looked at me, a question in her eyes. "Is that true? YOU do all the housework here! I can't believe it! It's so clean! IMMACULATE! Will you show me around? Please?"

And she linked her arm in mine - and started PULLING me! Then, to make matters worse, she chattered something to Rosalie, who came up and linked her arm through mine on my other side! I was then, literally, pulled through my own house by two laughing women!

I protested at first. “But girls! Raquel! We should be doing the lessons!”

“Certainly David!” Raquel replied. “But not until I’ve seen your lovely house. Come on! Don’t be a slowpoke!”

I was complimented and embarrassed. Mother had always stressed the need for an immaculate home. We could easily have afforded servants, but she wouldn’t hear of it. She and I spent many hours maintaining that place. Since her death I’d closed some of the rooms off to the extent that I only cleaned them every other week, but I spent a lot of time doing housework and was inwardly pleased to have people recognize how well I kept the place.

I had to show all of the four bedrooms with attached bathrooms then mine and mother’s, the sewing room, the library, the den, the bathrooms, the informal and formal dining rooms and, naturally the kitchen. She was very interested in what I called the “barracks”. I explained about mother’s remodeling of the old hacienda. “She practically razed everything to the ground, except for that huge room. I think it used to be the dining room for the workers on the farm.”

“But there’s two bathrooms connected, and they look new.” Raquel said. “Why would your mother want bathrooms on a room you weren’t using?”

“Well. Her idea was that we might have a Bed and Breakfast someday, and she felt that a room of that size could maybe be sold as a sort of ‘family’ or ‘group’ room. That’s why the two bathrooms. That’s why the four bedrooms with bathrooms en suite.” “Smart lady, your mother. Did you ever get around to setting up the B & B?”

“No. Not really. I’ve sort of thought of doing it, but don’t know if I’ve got the knowledge or drive to start.”

When we ended up back in the den, Raquel let out a sigh.

“What a beautiful home. Oh, how I’d LOVE to live in a place like this.” She said something to Rosalie, who nodded enthusiastically.

“She would like that too David.” she translated. “How would you like two beautiful women to come and keep you company here, huh?”

I blushed, not having a reply ready.

“Could we have a soft drink please?” she asked, letting me off the hook.

Instinctively I nodded and went to the fridge. “Coke OK?” I asked.

“A Seven Up or a Sprite would be better if you have it?” she called back.

There were two cans there, so I went and got some glasses and poured the drinks on ice. Got a tray, put three lace doilies on it, then put the drinks on top and served the girls.

“OH! How nice!” Raquel said. “Not too many men know how to serve a lady properly.” She said something to Rosalie who didn’t laugh this time. Just looked up at me as I stood with the tray in front of me, waiting for her to take her drink.

“Gracias.” She said, taking the glass from the tray.

I put the tray on the sideboard, took my drink and went and sat on the sofa beside Raquel.

“I suppose we’d better get started on the lesson.” I said reluctantly.

Raquel shrugged. “It’ll keep I guess. Tell me. Your room is that one looking out over the swimming pool. Si?”

“Yes. Why?” I replied.

“But the master bedroom. The pretty room with the beautiful view and the connecting door to your room? Why don’t you use it instead?”

“That was my mother’s room.” I said. “I’d feel strange in there.”

Raquel smiled gently. “Yes. I heard about your mother’s accident. I’m sorry. But wasn’t that a long time ago?”

“Yes. I suppose I could move in now. But it wouldn’t seem right somehow.”

“Because it is a woman’s room? Because of all the woman’s clothes in the closets?” she paused. “Can I ask why you keep them?” She was pressing me now, in some way that I didn’t know how to handle,

I shrugged. Blushing more.

“You DO know how to sew? Don’t you?” she asked.

“No, not really. What’s that got to do with it?”

She shrugged and took a drink from her glass “Just curious I guess. You seem to like looking after a house. Where Rosalie and me come from? That’s considered a woman’s work.” She shrugged again. “Thought maybe you liked to wear women’s clothes? Lots of pretty things collecting dust in her closets. Bet you’d look nice in them. Figured that if you could sew, you could change them to fit you.”

I know my mouth fell open. This girl - woman - was calmly suggesting that I wear my mother’s clothes! Now, it was true that I’d sometimes worn some of her feminine aprons while working with her around the house. It was also true, though I’d never admitted it to anyone that I sometimes grudged her the nicely colored and textured materials that women were allowed to wear, and that men couldn’t. Wondered how it would feel to wear such nice fabrics next to my skin. But I’d never, ever, worn any of her clothes.

“I wouldn’t - couldn’t - do THAT!” I stammered.

Her eyes opened wider in a sort of astonishment. “Why not? They looked to be about the right size for you. Just a little altering, maybe.”

“But: they’re WOMEN’S.” I blurted.

“But you never answered my question.” she said calmly. “If you’ve no use for them, how come you keep all these pretty clothes? Seems silly to me, the nicest bedroom with closets absolutely full of nice clothes - and none of it being used.”

“I think we should think about getting the lesson started.” I said, trying to inject: a little firmness into my voice and change the subject.

Raquel just smiled and looked at the clock. “It’s almost time to finish, no? And are you doing anything for dinner?”

I shook my head. “No. Was just going to have a light meal.”

“By yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Well? Why not let us repay you by letting me make dinner for all three of us? I’m a good cook. And? Maybe you and Rosalie could keep me company in the kitchen, sitting at the table. That why she could maybe help you learn to speak a little Spanish, yes?”

Actually, I was thrilled at having this beautiful young lady in my house. In another way, I felt intimidated as J normally was by a strong willed woman. Everything she said was just so reasonable and well thought out. It definitely was presumptuous on her part, but I couldn’t think of any way to negate her request. Five minutes later, I was sitting at his kitchen table with Rosalie, now effectively the student as she and Raquel teased me into learning some Spanish.

Raquel was absolutely right. She was better than a good cook. I ate far more in one sitting than I had done in years. Afterwards, she claimed that as Rosalie and I had sat around ‘loafing’ while she worked, it was our turn to do the dishes. Rosalie was embarrassed at first having an ‘hombre’ working beside her even seeming to protest that I shouldn’t be doing such work, Raquel translated what Rosalie was saying but shook her head, then dug out two aprons - rather frilly ones - for us to wear. Rosalie giggled for a while after Raquel tied a

huge bow at my back but she soon got used to me being there, even handed me back some dishes I hadn't cleaned properly.

I cannot deny it. I had fun. For probably one of the first times in my life, I was working and fooling around with people of my own age. I knew the feminine picture I made. Not only was I the smallest of the three, my apron was decidedly more feminine than Rosalie's. Yet I just didn't care and was even somewhat dejected when they had to leave. Eagerly agreed to have them come back for the next session.

CHAPTER 2

I was even somewhat nervous on the Wednesday, two days later. I'd really given the occupied area of the house a good scrubbing and the whole place shone. I'd washed the windows and vacuumed all of the rooms, even the ones I hadn't been using.

I deliberated for just a little while before putting on an apron. Of course it was one of my mother's but it was quite plain. My reasoning was that if Raquel had got such a kick from getting me to wear one on her first visit, then she'd really enjoy me wearing one voluntarily.

When they arrived, she was wearing a short straight gray skirt and a pink angora sweater. Dark stockings and gray suede shoes with a fairly high heel. She seemed so much more in command. So efficient looking.

Rosalie surprised me by coming to me and giving me a kiss on the cheek. Raquel surprised me even more, she walked up to me, threw her arms around me and kissed me firmly on the mouth, leaving a waxy imprint on my lips and the taste of her lipstick in my mouth.

Then she pulled back, but kept her arms encircling my neck. "You look nice in your apron Daveed. But will you do me a VERY big favor if I ask nicely? Pretty please, with sugar on it?" her eyes were, huge and I could feel myself melting in them. In addition I had been

thrown into total confusion by her voluptuous kiss. I wanted to accede to her request, but tried to maintain some form of dignity.

“What do you want...” I started, but was halted by her pulling a hand back and placing a finger gently on my lips.

“No Daveed. Just say you’ll do me a favor. I promise, it’s just a little thing, you can do it in less than a minute, but it means an awful lot to me. And I PROMISE! I have a VERY good reason.

Please say you’ll do it. PLEASE?”

“Well. If it means that much to you. OK.” I said, smiling. “Promise?”

“Of course! I gave my word!” I said a little huffily.

“Oh! Em sorry sweetie. I didn’t mean to offend you.” she cooed, pulling me into her for another kiss. Then she whispered in my ear.

“I know you’ve got much prettier aprons than that one you’ve got on. So go and put on a nice frilly one. The prettiest one you see. Tie a nice big bow at the back: too. OK?”

I stared at her. “You’ve got to be kidding! What for?”

She smiled confidently. “Doesn’t matter what for, does it? You gave me your word. Now just take that one off and give it to Rosalie, and go and put another one on. Quick now! Like a bunny!”

Stunned, I took my apron off as she suggested. Rosalie got a puzzled look on her face when I handed it to her, but put it on immediately. As I went in search of my new apron, I heard Raquel say “The PRETTIEST now!”

The apron I wore when I returned was one of my mother’s ‘hostess’ aprons. Purely for decoration, not function. It was multicolored chiffon with a voluminous full skirt that totally encircled my waist and came down well below my knees. It was multi-layered and topped with a pink silk bodice, edged with a very full flounced ruffle

of pastel blue lace trim that came high up on my neck at the back and touched my jaw line at the front.

“OH! How nice” Raquel enthused. “Don’t you feel MUCH better now?”

I was embarrassed. It was almost like wearing a dress.

“No. Can’t say I do. You said you had a good reason for asking me to put something like this on?” I was mumbling out of sheer shame, because Rosalie had come up to me and was touching the skirt material, and was actually turning me around to how the apron looked at the back. Raquel said something to her, and she giggled. Then Raquel turned her attention back to me.

“Yes. I do have a reason. But I didn’t say that I’d tell you what it was, did I?”

“No. But...”

“Your hair isn’t right.” she said briskly. “Let me take that band off.” With that, she came and removed the band that I used for my pony tail. Then she pulled my hair out away from my neck so that it fell outside my apron ruffle. She made a little ‘tutting’ noise. “Such a waste of nice hair. You need a good hairdo. But we don’t have time. Just sit down on that chair, would you?”

I actually groaned as she started pleating my hair into a braid. “Raquel? What ARE you DOING?”

“Oh for goodness sake! I’ll just be a minute!” she said impatiently. “But why Raquel? Why are you doing this?”

She ‘tutted’ impatiently again, but didn’t stop working on my hair. “Why! Why! Why! Must you have a reason for everything?” She said it quickly, and I caught the depth of her Mexican accent for the first time.

“You are Rosalie’s tutor. Si?”

“What does that have to do with it?”

“Are you, or are you not, Rosalie’s tutor?””

“Yes.”

“Thank you for that. Now you want to do a good job for her, don’t you?” ’

“Of course, but...”

“Can’t you see? She’s scared of you. She’s not used to working WITH a man. Not even used to working FOR a man!”

“That’s crazy! You trying to tell me that she’s SCARED of me? That’s absurd!”

Raquel laughed. “Well., scared ... might be too strong a word. Let’s just say, uncomfortable?”

“So you’re making me wear women’s aprons and plaiting my hair to make Rosalie feel more ‘comfortable’?”

“Yes!” she said firmly. “And today? I want you to work as Rosalie’s student. I want you to learn some Spanish from her so, when I’m finished doing this, you can work with her in the kitchen, and start cementing your friendship.”

“Work? What do you mean ‘work with her in the kitchen’?”
“Well you’d think that would be obvious. She’s USED to working in a kitchen. It’s her domain.”

“So? You want me in a woman’s apron, my hair in a woman’s style, and doing work in a woman’s domain, FOR a woman, just so that she can feel comfortable?”

“That’s about it. Couldn’t have said it better myself.” she said brightly.

“You see? She felt out of it the other day. Me cooking while she had to sit with you, tutoring you - which she knows she’s not very good at. So today, SHE wants to cook dinner. I want to have a good look around your house - so you may as well give her a hand in the

kitchen. You don't mind. Do you?"

She looked at me, a laugh in her eyes. She seemed to know that I was incapable of denying her anything.

"Ok Raquel. But just this once. Hear!"

She advanced on me and pulled me to her. Kissed me fully on the lips again, then stepped back. Smiled. "You really have been very, very, nice. I think I'll give you a special reward before I leave." There was a wealth of promise in her voice. "What?" I croaked. "Never mind. You'll see. Now go and give Rosalie a hand." There was command in her tone now. Hastily, I joined Rosalie in the kitchen and went to work.

You're probably wondering why I was so totally subservient. In what was no more than a few hours, I had become subordinate to a young woman. There was no question about this. She knew it, as I did. Let me at least try to explain my spineless surrender to her.

I never knew my father, and was brought up by my mother who, undoubtedly loved me, but had no time for men or masculine characteristics. She was rich enough to send me to any school she wished but had me educated at home by a series of women tutors, all cast in her mold. Tall, self-confident. Totally in command. I was small and rather frail so missed out in the rough and tumble afforded by games with other boys. As a matter of fact, the few friends I was allowed to have were girls. Even then, they were usually older, bigger, and stronger than I was.

I wasn't forced into feminine clothes or behavior patterns but, let's face it, when a child is brought up being expected to do as women tell him, is rewarded for 'behaving' (doing things normally associated with girls) and punished for 'misbehaving' (doing boyish things) how do you think he's going to respond to female authority in adulthood?

I'd only started to get some idea that it WASN'T women who were the bosses after my mother died and I started watching TV,

which I'd never done while she was alive. There - despite the usual nonsense that permeated the screen, I learned that it was MEN who were the movers and shakers. As I indicated earlier, I had been trying to raise my own self-esteem, at least as far as aunt Kate was concerned.



Raquel had now appeared on the scene. A beautiful, self-assured, woman who was 'teasing' me into behaving as she wished.

For the first time in my life I was sexually fantasizing myself with a woman. If you combine this, with my innate submissiveness, how else would I be expected to act? Of course I was ashamed at my docile behavior, but I just could not raise the courage to stand against her. In being made to wear feminine aprons and perform what she regarded as ‘woman’s work’ I knew that I was not raising my level of masculinity in her eyes either.

I wanted, very much, to ask what she was doing. I saw her a few times with a notebook in her hand writing something or another. She was also carrying a large tape measure, though for what, I had no idea. Another reason I didn’t ask her? Rosalie kept me very, very busy. I don’t think I learned much Spanish, except that ‘Arriba’ means ‘Hurry!’ - and I did plenty of hurrying for her, sweeping up the kitchen. Wiping down the counters. Setting the table.

I did feel humiliated when Raquel “suggested” that, as I had only helped Rosalie to prepare the meal it was only fair that I serve it? Do the dishes afterwards? Naturally, I concurred. Again, the dinner was excellent. I felt a little strange serving dinner to the two women. Rosalie seemed embarrassed at first, but ended up having a couple of glasses of wine. Gave me strange glances at times.

She also left early as she didn’t have to help me with the cleanup. Raquel asked me to serve her a drink, which I did. She sat on the couch, a rather strange look on her face as I finished up my chores. I felt a level of nervousness rise within me. Finally, she crooked her finger at me and motioned me to go over to where she sat. “Aren’t you EVER going to ask me?” she whispered.

“Ask you what, Raquel?”

“Are you trying to tell me you don’t know? Or is it you don’t WANT the very special reward I promised you?”

I didn’t answer, just licked my lips and stared at the floor.

“Oh that’s all right sweetie.” she gurgled. “Raquel’s only

teasing you. Come and sit on Raquel's lap. C'mon now." She smiled up at me and opened her arms. Hesitantly, I lowered myself to sit across her knees. When I was settled, she put an arm around my shoulder and gently but firmly, pulled me back so that my head rested on her shoulder. Then she leaned over and kissed me. It was lovely. I snaked an arm around her neck.

"Oh, thees ees so Zudden, Daveed!" She spoke in an exaggerated Spanish accent after she lifted her lips from mine. "Are you taking advantage of a poor young Latina? Are your intentions honorable?"

"Oh please Raquel!" I giggled. "Don't tease me so much!"

She kissed me again, softly. Her hand caressed where my breasts would be if I were a girl.

"But it's SUCH fun!" she whispered. "You're so nice and soft. I just can't help teasing you. You're exactly the kind of boy that I like. Do as I tell you. Good around the house. Could be very pretty if you just took some interest in yourself. Wore proper clothes."

I actually did start to protest about the 'pretty' comment, but she kissed me again, and took my mind off my complaint.

Then came another distraction. She had taken her hand away from my 'breast' and was now slowly pulling the skirts of my apron upwards. Even though I had pants on underneath, I knew exactly how a girl must feel when some guy starts running his hand up under her skirts.

"Oh Raquel. Please stop." I mumbled.

"But you like it. Don't you? I was sure you'd like it. Really want me to stop?" She ceased what she was doing and made a very slight movement as if to pull my skirts back down.

Blushing furiously, I shook my head and burrowed my face into her shoulder.

She didn't continue. Raised my head so that I was looking directly into her eyes. "Want me to keep on doing it?" she asked. I nodded, speechless with shame.

"Say 'Pretty please'" she ordered.

"Pretty please." I said, then let out a little squeal as her hand moved quickly under my skirts, pulled my pants zipper down, then slid inside my jockey shorts to take a gentle hold of my erection.

I swooned. That's about the only word that describes what happened to me. Helplessly, I lay back into her embrace where, slowly, she alternately kissed my mouth and fondled my erection into an ejaculation, the likes of which I'd never even imagined.

"Oh, you silly!" she laughed. "What a mess you've made of your underwear and pants. Here, let me help..."

And, minutes later, I was still sitting on her lap, though now wearing what was basically a chiffon dress over my shirt, as my pants, underpants, shoes and socks removed and discarded in a pile on the floor.

And again, she started treating me just as if I were a girl. I did have a second or two where I thought I'd struggle and regain some of my male pride. She contained my futile arm waving effort easily, then looked down at me.

"Are you being naughty? Just don't! If you misbehave, Raquel is just going to have to put you over her knee, lift your skirt and give you a good spanking."

"I'm sorry. Honestly." I surrendered, settling weakly back into her encircling arms.

"THAT'S a good girl!" she said happily, rearranging the ruffle around my neck more to her satisfaction, and kissing me.

When her head rose again, she looked down on me, an amused smile playing around her lips. She knew she had called me a girl, and

she knew that I had definitely heard her. What was I supposed to do though, object? Lying there in the supine position normally taken by a girl. Being romanced as if I were a girl, practically wearing a DRESS? She even rubbed a finger over her lipsticked mouth, then carefully applied the lipstick on her fingertip to my lips.

I'd thought myself spineless up until then, but she discovered a new way to embarrass me even further.

“Sweetie? I want you to do something for Raquel. Please?”

I nodded.

“VERY good! Didn't even ASK 'why' this time! Oh, you're being so NICE! Here's what I want you to do. Go to your mother's room. OK? Get a pair of satin panties from her lingerie drawer and bring them back here for me, would you?” Nervously, I nodded my head in agreement. She helped me raise myself up from her lap.

“Any special color you want?” I asked, my voice shaking.

She shrugged. “No. Doesn't matter. Anything you like. Just make sure they're satin.”

I was SO sure she was going to make me wear them. I was actually trembling. Was I finally going to experience the feel of satin? What was I doing letting this relative stranger DO these things to me? Had I no shame? All these, and many more thoughts were crowding through my brain as I went to my mother's - my MOTHER'S bedroom - and picked a pair of satin, slate gray with black lace trim, panties from her lingerie drawer.

I found it hard to take a full breath on my trip back to Raquel. When I arrived, she was sitting where I'd left her. She gave me an inquiring look and I showed her the panties I'd picked.

“Very nice.” she said. “You made a good choice. Now come back to mummy.”

She held her hand out, and took the panties from me.

Nonplussed, I settled back into her arms. Again, her arm encircled my shoulder. Again, her free hand found its way up and under my skirt. This time there WAS a difference, however, as I felt the slide of satin panties she was holding against my thighs.

For the second time that day, I was fondled into ejaculation. This time though, she wrapped my erection in the satin panties as she slowly stroked me. If the first time had been heaven, this was paradise! I sighed, cried, wiggled, squealed, pleaded with her to stop - of course I didn't mean it, and this time she paid me no attention. If anything, I ejected more fluid into the panties than I had jetted the first time.

I lay, totally exhausted in my mistress's arms.

"Like that, did we?" she asked fondly.

"Oh Raquel!" I sighed, lying fully back, exhausted. "That was lovely. Thank you very much."

"Was it a nice reward?" she teased.

"Oh yes! It was wonderful."

"See what happens when you please Raquel? She rewards you. Right?"

"Yes."

Her voice took on a more serious tone. "But do you know what happens when you don't please Raquel? When you're naughty?" "You spank me?" I answered tentatively.

"Of course! How quick you are to learn. Would you like a spanking just now? Find out how it feels to be put over my knee and disciplined?"

A thrill of excitement ran through me, but I was too exhausted. Plus? I was scared. Of my own weakness? At the growing power this woman was exerting over me? I don't know. But I shook my head.

"No Raquel. Please don't."

“OK. Seeing that you asked so nicely. Some other time then, when you’re either in the mood to find out how much I’m going to hurt you - or you’ve been naughty and deserve it. Right?”

I snuggled into her submissively. “Yes Raquel.” Then, thinking I’d better change the subject. I asked something that had been on my mind.

“Raquel? After you leave tonight? What do I do about my hair?”

“What do you mean? Don’t you like it?”

“I don’t know... I mean yes, I kinda like it - but it’s not, well, not exactly, a man’s hairstyle.” I gabbled.

“Well, of COURSE not. But I’ll admit I didn’t do a very good job.” She said defensively.

“Oh. I think you did a good job. Considering the amount of time you had.” I said trying very hard to placate her.

“Well then. If you think that? What do you mean by asking what you should do with it?”

“Well. Comb it out?”

“Please sweetie. Don’t be silly. Tell you what. I’ll tie a nice ribbon in it before I leave, then we’ll get Rosalie to work on a nicer style for you tomorrow. She’s very good with hair. At least I’ve been told that.”

I licked my lips nervously. “But suppose somebody comes Raquel? I can’t be seen with a ribbon in my hair.”

“That’s silly! It’ll look nice. And anyway, who comes around here to visit you, huh?”

“I... I don’t know.” I stammered.

“Well. Seems to me that if you don’t want someone to see you wearing a ribbon in your hair, just don’t answer the door. C’mon. Let’s

find you a pretty ribbon.”

She left me, about thirty minutes later, my braid decorated with a wide pink satin ribbon, tied with a large bow. It had taken her only a few minutes to find it, but she'd spent the rest of the time in teaching me how to re-braid my hair and how to tie the ribbon to her specifications.

“Seeing you're SO worried about getting caught.” she said. “But don't let me come here tomorrow and find your hair not properly done. Understand?”

I knew all too well the picture I made as she left. While we'd searched for a ribbon, she'd gone into one of mummy's lingerie drawers and pulled a pair of lacy pink panties. “Here.” she said. “Put these on. Can't have you walking about with no underwear. It's not ladylike.”

I hadn't argued, just slid them up my legs under my apron as she beamed her approval. So there I stood in my swirling, feminine apron, satin panties on my derriere, my hair braided into a plait and tied with a large pink ribbon. My lips carried a distinct coating of her red lipstick from the kisses she'd given me. She gave me one more at the door before she left.

“I had such a nice visit with you,” she said “Thanks.”

CHAPTER 3

That night I was engulfed in a torrent of nervous indecision. I wanted to take my hair down, but was frightened that Raquel might return to check up on me. I did change out of the panties, blushing as I removed them, but kept my apron on over my pants - just in case. At bedtime, I finally took the ribbon off, and my hair out of my braid, It was hard to comb out and, even when I was done, I re-plaited it a few times to make sure I wouldn't forget how to do it the following day. I slept poorly, tormented by strange, highly sexual, dreams though I'd

no memory of what they were when I woke in the morning.

I did laundry that day, washing and ironing all the aprons that me and Rosalie had used, I blushed often as I processed my mother's lacy finery through the laundry and back into her lingerie drawer. I wondered if I should wear panties for Raquel, but nervously decided against it - which I was very glad for not much later on.

My hair plaited properly and secured by a blue satin ribbon I waited for Rosalie and Raquel that afternoon. My apron was the one I'd worn on the first occasion, but it had been carefully ironed. I'd even starched the frills around the neck.

I don't think I'd have minded my appearance if the women had arrived together. After all, I WAS dressing for Raquel and I'd never really cared about Rosalie's reaction to what I wore, but I did feel embarrassed of the feminine picture I made in front of this serving girl when she arrived by herself. She again surprised me with a smile and a girlish kiss to my cheek, then had some difficulty in explaining to me that Raquel would be arriving later. She had two bags with her. One she laid down in the hall, the other she carried as she closed the door behind her and approached me, her eyes suddenly showing mocking highlights.

She didn't say much. Just tilted her head towards upstairs. An unspoken indication that I was to follow her.

"What do you want...?" I started to ask, but was surprised when she ignored me and started going upstairs. I followed her, all the way into mother's bedroom, then bathroom.

"We shouldn't be here Rosalie. What on earth do you...?"

She pulled a small bench type seat over to the front of one of the sinks. Pointed to it, obviously wanting me to sit there. Then, without waiting to see if I obeyed, started pulling a whole bunch of things from her bag.

My natural submissive nature had made me sit where she

pointed, but once I saw the pastel colored rollers and curlers, the lotions and bobby pins, I knew exactly what she had in mind.

“Oh no!” I said getting up from the bench, but smiled to show I wasn’t offended. She didn’t say anything, just took hold of my arm and pulled me back down again.

“Rosalie! I am NOT going to let you...” I said, starting to rise again. Then I saw the pink nylon smock she had pulled from the bag. “I am NOT going to wear that thing! Good grief!”

And, damned if she didn’t pull me back down again! Used a little more force so that I almost bounced when my backside hit the seat.

“This is too much!” I shouted angrily. “Stop it Rosalie! Stop this nonsense!” With that, I shot to my feet and started to walk out of the bathroom.

Her speed and strength surprised me. Before I’d got halfway to the door, she had come up behind me and grabbed my shoulder. With ease, she pulled me back towards the bench only, to my surprise, this time SHE sat on it, holding my arm so that I was turned to face her now. I was still sputtering indignantly when I realized that she’d undone the front of my pants and was pulling them down about my knees.

“What are you DOING!” I said, more surprise in my voice than anger. She didn’t reply, simply hooked a finger into the waistband of my jockeys and pulled them down as well! I hate to admit it, but this was more difficult as I’d suddenly acquired an erection, but it didn’t take long - then quickly, I was prone over her knees and she was SPANKING me!

I couldn’t move my legs as they were confined by the pants around my knees, but I writhed and bucked, pleaded, then laid still and cried as she blistered my rear end. Finally she let me up, silently running a face cloth under the cold water tap then handing it to me.

The cool felt lovely on my heated face. I took a minute or so to enjoy this, then stood and started to pull my pants up. She laid a hand on my arm and shook her head. Pointed downwards. Her meaning was clear. I took my shoes, socks, and pants off. She did let me pull my jockeys up.

She untied my apron and helped me out of it, then handed me the pink smock to put on. It wasn't satin, but some other silky fabric. Large patch pockets on each side with pale blue flowers embroidered on them. Three large shiny buttons closed it at the front, then there was a sort of hook-eye fastener to close it quite securely about my neck. A very wide Peter Pan collar and long, cuffed, sleeves fastened with matching large buttons made it an extremely feminine garment. She pointed to the bench. Meekly, I sat, making sure that the hem of my smock was under me. It was a little on the short side, ending about four inches above my knees. She stepped behind me then untied my ribbon, then undid my braid. Gently, she pushed my head forward over the sink, then started to wash my hair.

Her fingers were expert, quick and strong. She washed and rinsed my hair three times, then toweled a little of the moisture off. Sitting facing the mirror now, I saw the weak looking young man in his feminine finery having his hair combed forwards over his face, then having two parts about four inches apart, the hair in the center left to fall forward, the sides and back combed down.

Quickly, Rosalie took the ends of the forward facing hair and wrapped them around medium size rollers. Within a minute or two, I had five pink rollers paralleled across the top of my head. She then secured each with two or three bobby pins. Next she took a plastic bottle of a pale blue lotion and squeezed little slugs of the stuff over the top of each section of rolled hair. It disappeared quickly.

The sides and back didn't take her long either. She used larger rollers here, rolling the hair inwards towards my face, then pinning them and applying the lotion as before. She actually smiled as she

wrapped my hair in a gauzy green chiffon scarf and formed it into a turban.

How she knew where my mother's hair dryer was stored I've no idea. Somewhat amazed I watched her reflection in the mirror go to the closet and pull the fairly heavy contraption out and carry it over to where I sat. I knew the weight of it only too well having lugged it out for mother on more than one occasion. Rosalie lifted it with no exertion showing on her face whatsoever. Within minutes, I was ensconced in a hood, with the noise of the blower drowning out all other sounds.

Well, not ALL other sounds. I heard my own squeals of distress and pain when Rosalie started plucking my eyebrows. I haven't mentioned it before, but I have very little hair on my face or body - my scalp excepted, thank goodness. My eyebrows are, or rather, were, somewhat sparse. By the time she was finished I had only two very fine lines that arched over my eyes then flared out a little towards my temples.

I was so glad she had stopped this painful work that it was almost pleasant to have her work on filing my nails, and then applying coats of red polish,

I felt rather peculiar though when Raquel suddenly appeared, because I hadn't heard her approach with the noise in my ears from the dryer, and Rosalie had just finished applying a masque to my face. I knew immediately why Raquel smiled. I sat there in my little pink smock, the ends of my green chiffon scarf peeking out from under the dryer, my nails prettily polished in a bright red shade, and a cosmetic cleansing masque on my face - the epitome of any woman in a beauty shop.

Raquel beamed. Put two of her fingers together, kissed them, then touched my lightly on the ear with them, obviously transferring a kiss. I blushed a bright red. She said something to Rosalie - I couldn't hear what - and they both laughed. Raquel turned to me and mouthed

the word 'stay'. I nodded and they both left. I was alone then for about another thirty minutes, though it seemed much longer. Rosalie was the only one who came back. She seemed much happier, more confident.

She removed the hair dryer, then peeled the masque from my face. It came away quite easily, and I had to admit, even though it was only to myself, that my facial skin tone felt great. Then she turned me to face away from the mirror and removed all the rollers and bobbi pins from my hair. Next she combed it out, the comb tugging on my hair quite a lot. A slight look of dissatisfaction appeared on her face, then she applied a curling iron to the hair hanging over my brow. I could feel the heat from it, even though she just held it there for about twenty seconds.

She looked happier then and, fussily, ran the comb back through my hairdo a few times. Helped me to my feet and turned me to face the mirror. I gasped, looking at the "almost-girl" in the mirror. My hair looked more blonde (I discovered later that she'd tinted it about a shade lighter), with bangs running across my forehead and the sides curved in to frame my face, the ends just coming to the underside of my jaw line. I blanched; it was almost like looking at a younger version of my mother.

I was speechless, then Rosalie broke the spell by taking me gently by the arm and leading me back out of the room and down the hallway to where Raquel was in one of the bedroom suites measuring the floor. She looked up as we entered the room and gave me an expansive smile.

"My David! How pretty you are! Didn't Rosalie do a wonderful job on you? Told you she would, didn't I?"

I nodded, ashamed. Had the strongest feeling that I'd just entered a form of slavery. Being paraded around in front of my conqueror. But then a quizzical look crossed her face. "But your eyes are puffy David. Have you been crying? Surely you can't object to Rosalie doing such a good job?"

“I cried when she spanked me.” I said sheepishly

“She WHAT?”

“Spanked me.”

“Put you over her knee and SPANKED you?” The disbelieving tone in her voice made me blush even more.

“Yes.”

She turned to Rosalie and said something in Spanish. I didn't know what it was she said, but she was obviously angry. Rosalie interrupted in a placating manner, but it didn't stop the tirade. Finally Raquel finished, staring at Rosalie in a very angry way. Her expression softened though, when Rosalie curtsied to her, and said something apologetic.

I was feeling quite good to see Rosalie, my tormentor of not that long ago, being lectured. “Serve her right. She won't pull that stunt again.’ I thought to myself. Raquel turned to me and burst that little bubble immediately. “I'm SO sorry David. She should never have done that.”

I started to thank her, but she continued to speak “I told her it was okay to spank you, but only when I'm not here and she's had my permission beforehand! I'm the one that spansks you in this house. Nobody else gets to do it when I'm around.”

“Oh Raquel! You didn't.” I said despairingly.

“Of course I did! Can't have her taking over the disciplining of you now, can we? That's my job!” With that, she came towards me again. She hooked a finger into the hem of my smock and lifted it up an inch or so until she saw my underwear. Shook her head in disbelief.

“David! You're not dressed properly. Go and put on something more appropriate!”

“What?” I asked weakly, knowing full well what she meant. “Panties! Go and put your panties on. And don't let me catch you

wearing these stupid men's things again! Understand!"

"Okay." I said slowly and started to back away from her. Before I got any distance, Rosalie had come beside me and stopped me by taking hold of my arm. I looked at her in stupefaction. What did this woman want? She said something I didn't understand. I looked at Raquel who just smiled and didn't offer to translate. Rosalie took my right hand and guided it own my side to the hem of my smock, then closed my fingers around the material there. Then she took my left hand and repeated the process. She made me spread my hands, but continue holding on to the material.

I stood there, not knowing what she wanted me to do. She shook her head in an aggravated way, then put a hand on each of my shoulders and pressed me downwards, then stepped back. And I found myself in the position of having just curtsied Raquel! "OH how NICE David! You really shouldn't. But what a nice gesture! Do it again, please?"

Nervously, I took the sides of my smock and bobbed. She smiled broadly.

"LOVELY! But, if you don't mind me suggesting it? Put your right foot behind the left just before you dip. Yes, like that. Want to try again?"

And I was made to stand there curtsying about ten times until she was satisfied. "OOOH!" she cried. "You've no idea how good that makes me feel! So, now David, run along and put your panties on. There's a girl!"

"Okay Raquel." I said and started to go away. Saw the flash of aggravation cross her eyes. Curtsied prettily. She smiled, but some temper still showed. "And David? Put a skirt on while you're at it. The hem length on your smock is not ladylike at all, and maybe wearing a skirt with a longer hemline will remind you to curtsy in the future?"

I wasn't about to argue with her. Curtsied again and went to

mother's room. There, I found a skirt with an elasticized waist band that wasn't too big for me and came down to just below my knees after I pulled it up under my smock. It was made of rayon,

I think - a rather shiny fabric, having pink flowers on a navy blue background. It went quite well with my pink smock. Then, I removed my under shorts and replaced them with a pair of navy blue panties edged in black lace.

On my way back to Raquel, I met Rosalie. She motioned for me to follow her. I didn't want to, but had this fear of appearing before Raquel, wearing a skirt. I mean, I knew she had told me to put one on, but I think I was more embarrassed by my own spinelessness than anything else. Anyway, I was learning, only too quickly, that disputing what I was told to do by a woman - any woman - could generate difficulties for me.

She led me to the hall where she'd deposited her other bag when she'd arrived. From it, she pulled two white, full, aprons with wide frilled shoulder straps - and matching mob caps. She started to put one on herself and gave the smaller set to me. I didn't even hesitate in putting it on and tying myself in at the back. She'd brought two aprons, and one was obviously intended for me, so there was no room for discussion that I could see. She pulled some pins from her apron pocket and secured her cap in place. Then she pulled some of my hair down to show over my brow, then pinned my cap on as well. She checked the bow I'd tied at the back of the apron and nodded her head in approval, then led me to Raquel, our apron skirts flouncing as she hurried me along. The cap on my head felt strange too. It was very light and I could actually feel it move up and down as I walked.

Raquel was in the 'barracks', measuring the floor and writing something down in a small notebook when we arrived. She looked a little distracted, hardly paying any attention to me at all. She said something to Rosalie in Spanish, and then got into a short conversation. When she was finished, Rosalie curtsied her. "Si Senora" she

said.

Raquel then turned to me. “I want you to go and give Rosalie a hand to clean out the bathrooms for this room. I should be finished measuring pretty soon, so can get out of your way, and you two can then come back in here give this place a good cleaning. Now, I don’t want you to worry. I’ve told her that she’s not to spank you under ANY circumstances. If you’re naughty and don’t do as she tells you, you’ll be sent to me.”

Here, she paused and a feral glint game into her eye. “If that does happen? Well then, you’d BETTER worry, because it won’t be pleasant for you. I’ve got a lot to do, and I don’t want to be bothered because a couple of maids can’t get along. So, do you understand what you’ve to do? Have any questions?”

I could say that being called, talked to, and treated like a maid was unexpected. Angered me, humiliated me. I could tell of the tide of anger that swelled in my breast. None of these comes close to the truth. It is true that I did feel the flush of some embarrassment, but knew better than to even pretend a level of indignation. Instead, I did what was becoming second nature. Took the sides of my frilled apron skirt in my hands and, with my mob cap flouncing a little on top of my bouffant hair style, curtsied prettily. “Yes ma’am.” I said.

Raquel nodded and turned away, leaving Rosalie and me to our cleaning.

CHAPTER 4

It was after our normal dinner time when we finished. I was tired and hungry as Rosalie had worked me quite hard. Surprisingly, we’d gotten along very well. Couldn’t talk too much because of the language barrier but she had started singing in a very pleasant voice. Some of the songs she sang had words in English, so I joined her. To tell the truth, I think we sounded rather nice, and the rest of the afternoon flew past.

I think it shows my increasing acceptance of my relationship to Raquel when I actually found myself embarrassed to discover that she'd 'lowered' herself to make dinner for all of us. It was nothing much really - a simple quiche and salad, but it was just perfect. Rosalie seemed a bit shy at the table and, truthfully, I also picked up on that as well - like two servants being graced with the lady of the house at their meal. I was only too pleased when Rosalie indicated that she and I should do the dishes.

Rosalie left shortly after that. I poured Raquel an after-dinner drink, then joined her on the sitting room sofa for my 'reward'. Neither of us said anything about it, but the pressure hung heavy in the air - at least as far as I was concerned. I found it more and more difficult to breathe through my nostrils, and had to take deep breaths through an open mouth instead. Raquel lay back, an amused, tolerant smile on her face.

"Well come on then sweetie. You've been very, very, good. So come to Raquel. But first? Did you bring a spare pair of panties?"

Blushing, I shook my head. She simply cocked her head to one side in an obvious question and I hurried away to get the necessary article. When I returned, she twisted herself on the sofa a little, to make room for me to sit beside her. "Why don't you take your apron and cap off?" she suggested. "You've been in them all day. Must be getting tired of them, eh?"

I wasn't particularly tired of them, but was in too much of a hurry to get into any extended conversation on that particular subject. When I removed them though, I became really conscious of the fact that they had somewhat disguised the extent to which I was almost entirely in women's clothes - and my girl's hairdo. As I walked towards her, I could sense the feminine picture I made in my skirt and smock. When I sat beside her, and felt myself being pulled back so that my head was resting on her shoulder, I knew how much my behavior was starting to conform to my appearance.

Slowly she worked her hand under my skirt and pulled my panties down. Very slowly, she brought me to orgasm, never once allowing me to touch her anywhere. After I finished, I lay exhausted in her embrace. She smiled down at me.

“I’m thinking of moving in with you. Would you like that? Bring Rosalie as well? We could have SUCH fun the three of us, couldn’t we?”

I could do nothing but stare back at her, breathless with shock. Pure delight at the thought of having this heavenly creature living with me. Pure fear at the almost certain knowledge of the changes she’d wreak in my life. Concerned that someone else would witness the possible abject humiliation I would undergo.

“Oh! That would be wonderful! But Rosalie? Wouldn’t Mrs. Johns object? After all, Rosalie is her maid. She’s probably raise Cain if I stole her.”

I breathed all of this quickly.

“Oh Mrs. Johns wouldn’t mind at all. I really need Rosalie here and the organization would get her another girl in a flash. No problem there.”

“Why do you really need Rosalie here?” I asked. “The house is quite clean, and..”

“Oh there’s nothing definite yet, but an AWFUL lot of work might be needed. I won’t know until Saturday...”

“You won’t know ‘what’ until...” I interrupted.

Please don’t interrupt me please.” she said firmly. “It’s nothing you have to worry your pretty little head about.”

“I’m sorry Raquel.” I said, sincerely. She smiled.

“That’s okay. I’ll forgive you this time. But I’ve got to go now. Still a lot of work I’ve to do tonight,, but here, I want to tell you what I’d like you to do tomorrow. Okay?”

I nodded obediently. She continued.

“I’d like your bedroom and your mother’s bedroom cleaned spic and span for Saturday. I’d like everything - windows, bathtubs, light fixtures - everything to SHINE. Understand?”

The gleam in her eye brooked no argument. I thought it best to nod a hearty agreement and turn on my happiest smile. This appeased her somewhat.

She continued. “Saturday? I want you in a nice apron. You don’t have to wear a skirt, but I’d appreciate it...” she paused meaningfully “VERY much..?” and looked at me severely. I nodded my acceptance, of whatever it was she was going to ask me. “...If you’d wear a nice blouse under your apron. Doesn’t HAVE to be frilly and feminine, but I want you wearing something that no-one would ever take to be a man’s shirt. Understand?”

I swallowed, and nodded again. “Would you like me to... to...” I faltered. “Wear a little lipstick?”

She smiled and gave me a light kiss. “How SWEET you are! But no. Don’t think so. I’m bringing some ladies over to see the place and...”

“You’re WHAT!” came out of me before I could stop it. She looked at me sternly.

“If you hadn’t been so nice just a minute ago, I’d have given you a good spanking for that. Don’t you DARE question me, or talk to me in that tone of voice, ever again. Understand!”

I nodded.

“SAY IT!” Do you understand?”

“Yes. I understand.” I said, almost weeping in shame.

“YES WHAT!”

“Yes Mistress.” I whispered.



She nodded, appeased, and accepted my unconditional surrender. “Rosalie will be over tomorrow night after dinner to do your hair. I don’t trust you with it yet. Don’t be giving her any problems

now. Hear?”

I nodded, and she continued. “Just make sure that you know how to take it out of the curlers and make it nice yourself on Saturday. Got it?”

The Friday passed uneventfully. I worked very hard in getting the rooms ready as Raquel had said. I took special care with Mother’s room, knowing that Raquel would be taking it over. Considered removing the clothes from the closet and storing them somewhere, but decided against that as I hadn’t been given instructions to do this - just as well as it turned out.

I was somewhat embarrassed by the critical glance that Rosalie gave me when she arrived that night. She did give me the girlish ‘kiss’ greeting I’d come to expect, but got to work on my hair quickly. It didn’t take too long, and she was gone after showing me (in mime) how to take the rollers off and comb it out. In my curlers and chiffon scarf, I watched TV for a while, then went to bed.

I overslept a little on Saturday morning, which heightened my nervousness just a tad. My hair didn’t seem to want to behave. I was sure I had followed Rosalie’s directions exactly, but after it was all combed out - well, it looked ‘okay’, but not as nice as before. I finally made up my mind and, after showering, went and pulled a half dozen or so panties from mother’s lingerie drawer, and took them to my own room.

I put on a pretty yellow pair with white lace trim, then a pair of dark pants over them. Went back into mother’s room and looked through her closet, very mindful of what Raquel had instructed me to wear. I decided on a white silk blouse, long sleeved with plain cuffs that fastened with four small faux pearl buttons. There was a wide tie, around a plain neckline, which I tied into a flowing bow. I was surprised at not having to do it again. Decided to leave the blouse on.

I put on dark shoes and socks, then went downstairs where I

had left the apron I was going to wear the night before. Checked it thoroughly for any spots or marks. It was pristine - just as it had been the night before.

Put it on, tied it nicely at the back - checked it in a mirror just to make sure. Pulled the bow from my blouse out from under the apron bib, and arranged it so that it sat nice and evenly on my chest.

I was very nervous. Far too excited to eat. That, plus the fear of spotting my apron or blouse, made me skip breakfast. It was probably just as well as a large car drew up about a half hour later - far earlier than I'd expected, and Raquel and three other ladies got out and started walking towards the door. They were all well dressed, Raquel the only one wearing a pant suit. It was dark colored and very businesslike though, a white silk-'t' showing at the neckline. The other ladies all wore tailored suits with skirts. I went to the door and opened it when the bell rang. Almost forgot to curtsy, but remembered just in time.

Raquel introduced me to all three as "David, the owner of this lovely home". I blushed at the compliment and because I'd recognized one of the ladies as a member of the women's organization to which my mother had belonged, and for which I tutored.

My feminine clothing and hairdo didn't seem to be noticed. The woman I knew did have a sort of mocking tone in her voice when she talked to me, but other than that they paid me no attention at all as I trailed behind them. Raquel was answering a lot of questions regarding the area of the rooms, the availability of hot water, the size of the refrigerator, the electrical usage - a whole bunch of stuff that I didn't have a clue about. She kept referring to the little notebook I'd seen her make entries in.

The women were all impressed by the four suites with bathrooms, but they damn near went into hysterics about the barracks, oohing and aahing all over the place. All of a sudden, I realized that Raquel, who had been very formal and efficient, had lightened up. She was smiling a lot, even making little jokes with the women. She

seemed relieved. Offered the women lunch, which they refused, then walked with them out to the car.

Before they left though, each and every one of the ladies thanked me very graciously for my 'generosity'. I didn't have any idea as to what they were talking about, but thanked them all the same, curtsying at the same time. The lady who had known my mother made a nice comment about how pleased my mother would have been with me, fingering the bib of my apron between her finger and thumb as she did so, but she said it pleasantly, so I didn't mind.

As they were on the point of leaving, I saw Raquel say something to the rest of the group, get their obvious approval, then turn around and hurry back to me.

"You were GREAT!" She enthused before she even reached me. "Everything went like a charm! If you've no objection?" She paused.

I had no idea what she was talking about, but shook my head. She smiled sweetly. "Then I'll move in here sometime this afternoon. I'll have to escort these ladies some more, so I'm not sure how long. But I'll be here for dinner - at the absolute latest. OK?"

My heart started racing. "Oooh!" I exclaimed, "Great! I've got your room all ready. I'll just air it before you get here, and make us a nice dinner. Oooh!"

She smiled, and leaned forward to whisper in my ear. "You liked the rewards I gave you before? Just wait for what I'm gonna do to you tonight! Just wait!"

I could almost feel my knees buckle as she turned around and headed back to the car, got into the driver's seat and drove off. I waved, but don't think anyone noticed, and they drove off,

I was in a fever of anticipation all afternoon. I did manage to force some lunch down, but it was more of a device to kill time than to stave off hunger. It was lucky I did, because she arrived about three

o'clock, She drove up in an unfamiliar car, a fairly late model. I was surprised later to discover it was hers. I hurried out to meet her and help with her luggage - two fairly large suitcases and a large black plastic trash bag closed with a yellow metallic tie at the neck. She kissed me joyfully, and complimented me on my apron - I'd put on a prettier one for her arrival. I blushed, and she laughed,

I blushed even more when I had difficulty carrying one of her suitcases. She smiled sympathetically. "It IS rather heavy. I'm afraid I have a lot of clothes and stuff. Why don't you be a dear and take the plastic bag."

She then picked up the suitcase I'd been struggling with, and easily hoisted it, along with the other, while I led the way upstairs, carrying the surprisingly lightweight black bag.

"I've turned your bed down for you." I said, leading the way into mother's room, hoping she'd see the pink satin sheets I'd used on her bed. If she did, she made no sign, but her next words floored me.

"Oh, I'm not sleeping in HERE David. This is the prettiest room in the house, I couldn't take this."

I looked at her astounded. "But I thought ... I thought.,, you'd want the room next to me...?"

"But I DO!" she said. That's why I want YOUR room. You can move in HERE! It's much nicer, and it IS your house after all. You should have the best room."

I smiled hesitantly. "But that would be an awful lot of bother." "What bother?" she asked, shrugging and taking her bags through the connecting door into my room and laying them down on the floor with a thump of finality. "That didn't take much, did it?" she said.

"Well..? I meant, having to move all of my clothes."

"Why would you want to do THAT? The closets and drawers in your mother's room are all full with her stuff, and there's still

TONS of room in your closets for my stuff.”

“But? I’ll have to be coming in there all the time for clothes and stuff.” I protested, but mildly - thinking of the fun in being able to go in and out of Raquel’s bedroom with some degree of impunity. She doused the fires of that hope quickly.

A slight frown crossed her face. “Well I’m sure we can come to some arrangement, but I want you to know that I’ve got a very big thing about privacy. Don’t want you coming into my room anytime without my permission. And I mean ANYTIME! Understand?”

I licked my lips nervously. “But Raquel..?”

She interrupted me imperiously. “I liked it much better when you had better manners! Showed some respect! Is this how you act when I’m nice to you? Show consideration and friendship?”

I cringed, knowing what was expected of me now. Upset with myself because I’d angered her. I curtsied deeply. “I’m sorry ma’am” I said, blushing.

“Well I’m sorry too.” she said crisply. “I didn’t want to be chastising you right off the bat. Especially this afternoon, when I’ve been so pleased with you. But I’m not going to have you think you can just run in and out of my room every time you want to. I’ll be very upset if I ever find that you’ve been there without my permission. I’ll ask you again... Do you understand?”

I curtsied again, eyes filling. “Yes Raquel. I’m sorry. I understand.”

She smiled, mollified. “Tell you what, David? Run down and get me a drink. Scotch? Bourbon? A little water. Bring one for yourself if you want. Then you can help me unpack. It’s been a long day, and I’m a little bit frazzled.” She lifted an eyebrow and smiled reassuringly. “But I haven’t forgotten YOU! You’ve got a BIG reward coming tonight! I said I would, and I never forget a promise. But a drink would help a lot, so be a good girl and get one for me, huh?”

Happily, knowing I was back in her good graces again, I went to get the drinks. I then discovered that her idea of me helping her entailed me doing all the work while she sat and chatted. It felt strange handling her lingerie and clothes, putting her underwear into my chest of drawers (after I'd moved mine to less convenient drawers) and hanging her dresses, blouses, and skirts in my closet - after pushing my stuff deeper in the closet.

She had me pull some of her panties and bras aside - felt they could use a wash and a touch up with an iron. When all her worldly goods had been unpacked and stowed, she had me go and get her another drink, then she sat in front of my dressing table mirror and asked me to brush her hair, while she 'explained' what had been going on.

"You see David," she'd started, "Our organization is growing all of the time and we're constantly looking for living quarters, After your mother died, your aunt Kate thought for a while that you might want to go and stay with her. If you had, she was going to suggest that you offer to lease this place to us for some nominal fee."

"She never said anything to me about it." I said, puzzled, pulling the brush carefully down Raquel's hair.

"Well, you made it pretty obvious that you weren't too keen on the idea, so we were about to drop it, when Rosalie suggested that you might not feel too bad about staying on in the place," "Rosalie? I wouldn't have thought..."

"Well, you know, she's not stupid. Saw that you seemed to like the company of women. Didn't seem to have any men friends. It seemed a good possibility to explore."

"But why didn't the organization just come out and ask me?" I said.

I saw her grimace slightly in the mirror.

Well. It's like this. They categorically don't like men. Don't

want any dealings with them at all.”

“But I don’t understand. I’m a man, and they don’t seem to have any problems working with me.”

She laughed. “Well. You’re not EXACTLY macho man, are you David? Actually? You’re a sissy, and they don’t mind dealing with sissies at all. Kinda like them, as a matter of fact.”

“I can see how they might think that now. But they didn’t know before...”

I admitted, blushing at my aproned reflection, brushing milady’s hair.

“That’s why they wanted me in here.” she said “See if I could spy out the land sort of thing.”

“Aunt Kate said it was to help me with Rosalie.” I blurted.

Raquel had the grace to look embarrassed. “Yeah... That too. But the organization uses me to evaluate houses for our use, and I was in this area, so it was like killing two birds with one stone. I saw almost right away that the house is absolutely perfect. Just couldn’t be better for our current needs.”

“How come?” I asked.

“Well, to begin with we’ve a lot of Mexican girls that we could train as maids - the room you call the barracks would be perfect for about five or six girls. Another area where we have problems is battered wives. See, that is a problem because it crosses over all social lines. Some of these women are quite well off, and putting them in a ‘standard’ type place just doesn’t work too well. You’ve got four suites that would be just perfect for them. This way, there would be accommodation for the girls who need training as maids and, in all probability a group of well to do women who would be potential hirers for these girls.”

She winked at me. “And it was also easy to see that you didn’t

object to being bossed around by women and, not only that? You've been getting some experience as a tutor for the girls. You'd be a big help there as well. You're becoming nice and feminine, so you won't scare anybody."

"But if that's the case, how come you didn't want me to be all pretty for the women this morning?" I asked bitterly. "Show them how much I was under your thumb?"

She sighed. "David? I'll be honest here. I've been running around like crazy for a year now, always putting the organization first. I felt I was due a break, and the idea of having a little sweetie like you to break in was awfully tempting." She paused, thinking. "But if you'd been all pretty and feminine this morning my bosses might have thought my services weren't needed here. Maybe put somebody else in to head up the house. I didn't want to take that chance."

"You seem awful certain that you're going to GET the house." I said tartly. "Considering you've never asked, or even discussed it with me until now."

She grinned confidently. "Didn't think I needed to, to tell you the truth. But tell you what?" She looked at the clock on my - her - table. "Let's see. It's just after four o'clock, Lots of time to have a little fun. You wearing nice panties like I told you?"

I blushed, which made her laugh, and nodded.

"What color?"

"Sort of beige. I think mother called them 'oyster' but I'm not sure."

"That sounds about right. Nice neutral shade. But let's see them. Take your shoes and socks off and your pants down."

"Aw Raquel. Please..."

"Sissy! Do as you're told!"

I kicked my shoes off and hopping on each leg alternately,

pulled my socks off. Undid my belt buckle, pulled my zipper down, then stepped out of my pants. She lifted the hem of my apron. “Yes. That’s the Oyster shade all right. And I’m pleased to see that you picked some nice lacy ones. Very pretty. Your mother had nice taste in undies.” She dropped my hem and looked directly at me. “Now, tell you what. Go back into your room. Find a bra and camisole to match your panties. If you can’t, put on a matching set in another color. Got it?”

I nodded, speechless with shame. Shamed at allowing myself to be ordered about in such a fashion, and humiliated at the obvious sign of how much I was enjoying it - the swelling in the front of my apron, caused by my erection, not in the slightest constrained by the flimsy material of my panties.

She nodded, enjoying her power I think. “Then? After you’ve put them on, I want you to go downstairs and find a nice fresh apron. A white lace one if possible. Put that on over your undies, then report back here to me. Have I made my desires clear enough to you Sissy?”

I curtsied. “Yes ma’am.”

“THAT’S a good girl. Now run along and, tell you what? Bring me another drink when you come back. Just a little stronger than the last one if you will.”

I bobbed a quick curtsy and scurried into mother’s - my - room. In my lingerie drawer had no problems in finding a bra and camisole that matched my panties. Hurriedly, I took my apron and shirt off, then slid into the new articles of women’s underwear. It didn’t take me long to figure out how to adjust the bra and camisole straps to give me a better fit. Then I put the apron back on and went downstairs.

CHAPTER 5

I hurried back upstairs, the floors cold on my bare feet being

one reason. Being scared to keep Raquel waiting another minute, because it had taken me longer than I'd thought to find the dainty apron I was wearing - it hadn't been where I'd thought it would be. I took the drink in to her on the tray. She was where I'd left her, sitting on the bench in front of the mirror. Took the drink from the tray with a smile, then raised her finger in the air and twirled it, an obvious command for me to turn around. I turned to face away from her. Could sense her rising and coming up behind me. Jumped a little when her cool hand caressed my backside gently.

“Don't be scared.” she said. “You really do look quite cute. From the back you could easily pass for a girl. No hips to speak of, but a lot of girls would die to be that slim. Don't have much hair on your body, do you? Been shaving?”

“Oh no!” I said indignantly. “Just my face.”

Not too often I'd imagine. What? Two or three times a week?”
“Actually, about once every ten days.”

“That'll be nice then. Though you WILL have to shave under your arms. But later. There's a few things you need. Here, put these on.” From somewhere she'd got what looked like nylon stockings and was holding them out towards me. “Frankly, I'd rather have you in a garter belt and nylons, but these will do for now.”

At my puzzled look as I took them from her, she explained. “Probably, your mother wouldn't have worn such things. They're called 'thigh-highs'. But they'll do nicely for what I have in mind. Sit down at the bench and put them on. Be careful now! Don't get runs in them. I've got more, but I don't want to see any getting wasted.”

I was watching what I was doing too intently to actually see Raquel looking at me as I, so carefully, opened up the tops of the stockings and gently slid my feet, then legs, into each. The sensation was indescribable as the silken material gradually cocooned each of my legs. I swallowed and took deep breaths to try and assuage my

excitement when I stood to pull them up into place, but my knees felt as if they were turning to jelly.

Then Raquel was standing beside me again. Without asking, she opened up the front of my camisole at the top, then started gently stuffing tissues into the cups of my bra. “Have to get you nice breast forms later. But these will do for now, eh?”

I couldn’t answer. The tightness of the stocking tops around my thighs were now adding more tactile signals to these generated by the feelings from the newly-filled bra. I just had to sit down, I was so overcome.

“Now don’t you be getting too excited!” Raquel cautioned me. “Don’t you DARE come! I’ll be really upset with you. Take your mind off whatever it is you’re thinking. Help me out of this dress, like a good maid should!”

And seconds later, still excited, but somewhat calmer, I was unfastening my mistress’s dress and helping her step out of it. She was absolutely gorgeous! Even after she kicked off her shoes, she was still taller than me. Full bodied, but lithe. Bursting with vibrant good health, she made me look like a frail schoolgirl beside her. She saw my awe. Was complimented by it. Preened in front of the mirror. Took a sip from her drink.

(Well! Hang up that dress girl! Don’t just stand gawking all day! And be careful with it!” She talked firmly, but she was smiling at me the whole time. Quickly, I did as she told me.

“You know? There’s something still missing.” she said. “Why don’t you go and open that trash bag in your room. Bring the smallest box inside it in here. Leave the bigger one on top of your bed. Go on!”

Inside the plastic bag were two presents. I knew they were presents because they were wrapped in frilled pink paper and had large hot pink bows. I was sure they were for me, even though there were no gift tags attached. The smaller one was about the size of a shoe box.

After shoving the plastic bag into my waste basket, and putting the larger present on top of my bed (It was surprisingly light), I took it back into Raquel.

“It’s for you. Go ahead and open it. Hope you like it.” She was grinning as she said this, sipping at her drink again.

Nervously, I took the wrapping paper off, and lifted the top of the box off.

“But I don’t know HOW to wear these!” I wailed, looking at the high heeled slippers in the box.

“Don’t you think they’re pretty?” Raquel asked. “Aren’t you going to thank me for the pretty slippers?”

“Oh, I’m sorry.” I gasped. “I didn’t MEAN to be rude. But I’ve never worn heels before...”

“That’s all right Sissy.” she said. “The heels aren’t that high, just two inches. Try them on. See how they fit. Then walk about a little. See how you do. Trust me, I don’t think you’ll have a problem.”

I looked at my new footwear nervously. The heels looked a lot more than two inches. Not only that? There were no backs to them. Just what looked like a black satiny instep, and a broad band running across the top trimmed in a sort of multicolored feathery trim. In a daze, I slid them onto my feet then stood up. “There’s a girl!” Raquel enthused. “Now just walk over to the wall there, then back. Okay?”

I nodded shakily, then proceeded to walk to the wall - and back - without the slightest problem! Actually, they felt great! My leg muscles were a little taut perhaps, but the shorter steps I had to take made my pelvis thrust forward, and I could actually feel my apron skirts sway about me. Just a little perhaps, but I could feel them!

Raquel clapped her hands in delight. “OH good! I guess it’s true!” “What’s is?” I asked, still surprised.

“That some sissy’s take to high heels like ducks to water! I’d

never have believed it if I hadn't just seen it! How do they feel?"

"Pretty good." I said shyly, somewhat amazed myself "C'mon then, over here. Sit on the chair." she said, pointing to where she'd sat just moments before. "But look out, away from the mirror."

Curious, I did what I was told. Found out quickly why she wanted me there.

"Great! Let's get you looking nice, shall we? A little lipstick and a touch of blush? Maybe just a dab of perfume?"

Grinning, with just a slight trace of mockery at my servile obedience, she carefully outlined my lips with a pencil, then filled in the space by brushing in lip rouge. Then, she applied some blush to my cheeks with a large, soft, brush. Had me take my finger and dab perfume behind my ears, and down in the nape of my neck.

"I think that'll do for now. Don't want you looking all slutty, do we? At least, not right now, eh? Want to see?" she added brightly, She didn't wait for an answer, just twirled me around to see the girl in the mirror. I was still almost recognizable as a man I guess, but probably only to people who knew me. Anyone else might have easily mistaken me for a rather weak, frightened looking girl.

Standing, looking over my shoulder, she quickly repaired her own makeup a little, smiling at me in the mirror as she did so. "Pretty soon you'll be able to do your makeup, just like me. That'll be fun, huh?"

I blushed furiously and she laughed, "Maybe I made a mistake putting blush on you. Your face keeps getting red all the time."

As she spoke, she stroked my shoulder possessively, then slid her hand down my back and under my arm to cup one of my 'breasts'. I leaned back, sighing in surrender. "Mmmmm! You feel nice." she said, caressing me. "But let's go downstairs. I'm getting hungry. Think you can maybe wrassle up something for our dinner?"

She made an experience of dinner that I'd never have imagined. Joining me in the kitchen she sat on one of the chairs there, sometimes stroking me as I passed, sometimes pulling me onto her lap for some torrid kissing. For a change though, she allowed me to caress her, telling me where to touch her in return. She felt lovely under my hands. I gradually settled into a haze of sexuality, though every so often, she'd chide me gently for getting too excited, then leave me alone for a while.

In time, I finally made a nice omelet. She helped by setting the table, but only set one place there. I was quite hurt, though I didn't say anything, thinking that she was considering me as her maid and therefore not fit to join her at the table. I couldn't have been more mistaken. She had me put the entire omelet on one plate, then had me sit on her lap at the table, while she fed me tidbits of the omelet and sips of wine, nuzzling my neck and, every so often, pulling my bra strap and letting it snap back into place. I was thoroughly intimidated and sexually aroused by Raquel long before the meal was over. To tell the truth, I think that she was having some sexual urges of her own, the delighted way she squirmed underneath my backside, the sleekness of our respective undies making the whole thing highly erotic. I was also still allowed to caress her, which got a few amorous sighs from her now and then.

Finally, just about when I don't think I could have lasted another minute, she gave a short laugh. "Hey! I think we've both had about as much as we can stand. Why don't you be a sweet thing and do the dishes, then come back up to your room. Okay? If I'm gonna give you that super-duper reward I promised you, I'd better get a move on."

I felt my heart lurch within me. All along, I'd been waiting for the promised 'reward' but hardly dared to think of it as anything much more than the sexual arousing I was experiencing under Raquel's control. Now she was telling me that there definitely WAS something else, and gave every indication that, whatever it was, I had to expect something completely different. Happily, I nodded and slithered off

her lap. She gave me a resounding smack on my backside. “Just can’t wait, huh?” she laughed.

I giggled and scurried into the kitchen to start getting the dishes cleaned for the dishwasher. Heard her go upstairs.

It took me just less than fifteen minutes to clear the table, get the dishes in the dishwasher, and the pots and pans I’d used washed by hand - mother had always maintained that these utensils lost their finish if washed in the dishwasher - and old habits die hard.

As I climbed the stairs towards mother’s -I mean MY room -I could hear the water running in the bathroom. It was cut off just as I entered. I could see Raquel, down on her knees, testing the temperature of the water in the bathtub with her hand. The tub was well filled, with what looked to be a thick layer of bubbles and, even though the door was open, a thick cloud of redolent steam was floating about the ceiling and coating all the mirrors, pven misting Raquel’s hair a little.

“Ah! There you are! And about time too!” she said with mock severity. “Must admit. I just love your mother’s taste in cosmetics and bath oils. Get these clothes off and in here. We’ll have you smelling lovely before long. Hurry up now!”

Shyly, I undressed and entered the water - slowly because it was quite hot. Raquel did me the favor of not watching me, guessing correctly that I was shy of my underdeveloped body. She busied herself looking for a shower cap, finally finding one and bringing it to me almost as soon as I was ensconced in the tub. “Here! Let’s get this thing on. Don’t want to spend time on your hair tonight. This will protect the curl a little bit.” With that, she put it over my head, then tucked some of the tendrils up underneath it.

I took deep breaths, getting used to the heat and becoming even more aware of the strong perfumed water rising up over my body. It may sound strange. Raquel was converting me into a woman more and

more, and I wasn't even dreaming of making any complaint. Far from it. I was embarrassed it's true, but was also totally infatuated with the woman. If she'd ordered me to run outside nude, I'd have done it.

She handed me a small pink razor. "Okay then. Use this to get some of that hair off, particularly on the chest, underarms, and legs. Never mind the pubic hair for now. I'll give you fifteen minutes." She also handed me a paper towel. "Use this to wipe your razor on. Not that I think you'll have that much, but it's better using this than having to wash the razor off in your nice bath water."

It didn't take me the fifteen minutes to rid myself of the hair on the areas she'd ordered. Silky smooth, I wrapped the razor in the paper and laid it at the side of the bath, then slid into a state that was close to being drug induced languor. I didn't raise the slightest complaint when she returned and used some remover to take the polish from my fingernails, then reapply a shade that was a tad more crimson. She explained that the new polish was extremely fast drying. She also did my toenails, sticking little balls of cotton wool between the toes as she completed them. When she finished, she looked down on me and laughed.

"You look funny. Your head, feet, and hands sticking out of the suds like that. Almost as if you were in bits." she said, grinning.

"It should just take a few more minutes. Are you quite comfortable?"

"I guess so." I answered lazily.

She nodded then left.

A few minutes later she shouted through. "Okay sweetie. Wash yourself, especially your face. I want you all squeaky clean. Then pull the plug and let the water out. Use the shower to wash off most of the suds. Let me know when you're done. Got it?"

"Okay Raquel." I called back happily. A few minutes later I was turning on the shower and standing up.

The shower water was cool on my skin, but she was back before I'd even finished, carrying a huge fluffy towel for me to step into. She removed my shower cap and dried a few tendrils of my hair that had got wet with the towel, then dried me competently and quickly. Took the towel away and dusted me with a large fluffy applicator, both of us coughing with the amount of scented powder that was fluffed into the air around me.

She wrapped the towel about my chest and led me into the bedroom. My unopened present laid on the bed, but she had me go through a slight ordeal before I got to open it.

She pulled a bra from the drawer and held it for me to put on. Nodded her head approvingly. "Yes!" She said after I'd fastened myself into it. "Thought this'd fit you just fine. Now just hold on a minute. I want to make sure." With that, she undid the fastener at the back of the bra then filled both cups with strange looking things, then fastened my bra at the back again. I started to ask what they were, then realized how stupid a question it was. She had fitted breast forms into my bra! I couldn't figure out why she took an eyebrow pencil and made a few tiny marks above both of the breasts on my skin, and was even more confused when she took the bra and forms off me again.

I did react with some horror though when she proceeded to strip some sort of backing from the forms, then apply some sort of paste to them. Then she advanced on me holding one in her hands. "What are you DOING Raquel?" I moaned, knowing full well all of a sudden.

"David! Just stand still now! Can't be making mistakes now!" and, lining up to the marks she'd made earlier, she pressed the form against my chest. Then she pulled my hand up to this new appendage. "Hold this here sweetie, don't let it slip."

"Aw PLEASE Raquel!" I moaned feeling the almost realistic breast under my fingers.

“Just a few minutes more sweetie.” she said, advancing on me with the other.

It felt so strange, opening my other present a few moments later, with the towel wrapped around my breasts and them bobbing slightly in front of me. I was so embarrassed by this new development that all I could think of when I saw the Lime-green satin nightgown and Raspberry colored silk robe, was to get them on as quickly as possible so that I could recover some of my modesty.

“Wow! I thought you’d like them, but you must REALLY love them to get them on so quick!” Raquel teased. “Aren’t you going to say thank-you?”

“Ooh Raquel! I’m sorry. They really ARE lovely. But I wanted to get some clothes on. I’m sorry for my bad manners...”

She walked right up to me. Smiled gently. “You don’t need to be so shy, especially in front of me. I didn’t think to bring the stuff I need to blend your breasts into your skin tone, but they look very nice. Very real. Now let’s get your hair fixed up and some makeup on you. Bet you’ll be pleased with how you look then.”

At one point, she had changed into her own pajamas, fairly plain and dark blue in color. Over them she wore a white terry robe. Her face had had all makeup removed and she had her hair pulled back in a fairly severe manner, with one of those ribbon ties that matched her pajamas.

No one in their right mind would ever have described her as masculine, but seeing her make me up and fix my hair in the dressing mirror brought it home clearly who the ‘girl’ was in the reflection - and it wasn’t her.

She didn’t use a lot of cosmetics and was very careful. Nevertheless, before she was finished with me, I had been lipsticked, blushed, mascaraed, eye shadowed and perfumed. My hair had been puffed up a little and been secured with two small barrettes, each deco-

rated with small silk flowers to match my nightgown. She had me put my slippers on, then led me downstairs to watch TV.



Not that we watched much of anything. It wasn't too long before she was busily engaged in raising my level of sexual desire to a height where it had never been before. Again though, she demanded that I not eject, and I obeyed. We'd both get so excited that we'd be writhing together on the sofa, then she'd stop and calm us down by suggesting that I pour drinks, or actually go and get them herself. Finally, I think she was just as frustrated as I was, and decided to pull the plug in a way that I'd never have conceived.

I was lying on the sofa underneath her, being thoroughly kissed, All of a sudden, she raised her head and looked down at me with smoky, smoldering, unfocused eyes. "Ahh! The hell with it!" she said loudly. With that, she slithered off me and stood up. I didn't know what was on her mind, and just lay there for about two seconds, looking up at her. Then, unbelievably, I saw her lean over towards me and, before I knew it, she had picked me up in her arms and was carrying me upstairs showing no effort whatsoever! Astonished, I lay in her arms, my nightgown and robe loosely hanging down and floating behind us. And it dawned on me what I'd become.

I wailed in shame and actually flailed my arms, but it was a futile gesture and I knew it. "Oh please Raquel! Don't! Please! Don't treat me this way, I'm not a woman!"

She smiled down at me, but it wasn't the kind friendly smile that she'd been using not too long before. "Maybe not," she growled "but you'll do for now!"

She carried me into my new, feminine room. Laid me down on my feminine bed and pulled the covers back to reveal the satin sheets I'd put on there that very day. Leaned over me again and untied the sash of my robe. Pushed me over onto one side and removed the robe sleeve from my arm. Repeated the process on the other side. Threw the robe over the end of the bed, tugged at the sash of her own robe and let it drop to the floor.

"You my girl?" she said softly advancing towards me and

climbing on top of my body. “Gonna be my girl?” Hypnotized, I gazed at her and nodded.

It didn't take her very long to lay put a condom on me, then get on top of me, lift the hem of my gown, pull down my panties and fit herself over my straining erection.

It was my first experience of full sex, and I delighted in every second of it, climaxing with her at the almost identical moment. Woke up in the middle of the night and started caressing her. She understood only too well what I wanted and made sweet love to me all over again,

CHAPTER 6

I woke up with a start. I was lying in Raquel's arms, my night-gown bunched up around my thighs, the covers barely on top of the bed now, most of them on the floor. She was snoring in little soft breaths. What startled me wasn't that though. It was Rosalie's smiling face looking down on us. Nervously, I pushed the hems of my gown down a little. Put a tentative hand to my hair and discovered that only one of my barrettes remained, and was barely holding on at that. Then, with a terrible shock realized that with me raising my arm, my breasts were doing their best to burst out of my nightgown! Quickly, I pulled my arm down and tried to readjust my clothing to a more respectable level.

Her eyes widened a little - but it seemed more in surprise that one 'lady' should be shy in front of another, sort of thing. I found myself blushing again. My moving had disturbed Raquel. She stirred and grumbled something that sounded suspiciously like 'what the hell? Then her eyes opened and she recognized Rosalie. Smiled sleepily, then mumbled something in Spanish. Rosalie paused, then a delighted grin covered her face.

“Si Senora!” she said, curtsying deeply, then turning and hurrying from the room.

Raquel came awake then in a hurry. “AW shit!” she said. “David? Be a pet and go tell her that we’ll eat downstairs, not here. Don’t know what I could have been thinking of just now. I’ve got too much to do today and if we have breakfast here, I’ll get all distracted again.”

“But I don’t speak Spanish dear,” I offered “and I don’t want to change just yet. Can’t we have it here in bed?” I stroked her thigh.

“No. ‘Afraid not, sweetie. Just put your robe on and go downstairs. Say to her “Koh-may la ko-see-nah”. She’ll understand. Go on now be a good girl. Do what Raquel says, please?”

“But what will she think...”

“About you in a nightgown and peignoir?”

“Yes.”

“Hasn’t she already seen you in them, the nightgown anyway?”
“Yes. But...”

“Please don’t argue David? It’s far too early in the morning. Just go and tell her - but run a comb through your hair and freshen up your lipstick. You look like a wanton!” she laughed, taking the sting out of the order.

With her eyes on me I slid out of bed, adjusted my nightgown, then picked up my robe and put it on. I was sexually excited again but whether this was caused by the textures of the clothes against my body, or by being made subservient to Raquel, I don’t know. I found my slippers, put them on and walked over to the dressing table. Sat in front of the mirror and evaluated the damage.

There was a happy glow to my face that the makeup - what was left of it anyway - couldn’t hide. My hair was in disarray, so I took the barrette off then brushed and combed my hair into a reasonable semblance of neatness. Wasn’t sure I could replace the barrette with any degree of style so left it off. Then I used a tissue to wipe most of

the smeared lipstick from around my mouth, then reapplied a thin coat of a lighter shade. Rubbed my lips together as I've seen countless women do, then got up and started walking to the door.

“What was that I've got to say again? Koh may la coseeah?” I asked.

She laughed. “Close enough! I'll be down in a minute, so there's no need for you to come back again. But don't be giving Rosalie any help now. I don't want you getting stains on your nice new outfit.”

The thought of offering to help Rosalie hadn't even crossed my mind, but neither had the idea of eating breakfast in front of her while wearing my nightwear. I was about to make a comment along these lines, but discretion being the better part of valor, decided to go and do what Raquel had said.

I drifted downstairs, my robe ballooning out behind me as I went. Rosalie saw me coming and gave me a quizzical look. I repeated what I'd been told to say, She looked a little puzzled. I pointed to my mouth and mimed eating something, then pointed to the dining room table and repeated the phrase. She grinned. “Si señorita.” she said, understanding, and curtsayed me! At first I couldn't understand why she was being so respectful of me so suddenly, when it dawned on me - she saw me as Raquel's girlfriend!

I did give her hand to set the table, being very careful of my clothes. Raquel came downstairs as promised, a few minutes later. Though I'd disobeyed her in the regard of helping Rosalie, I could tell she was pleased as she smiled and taking me by the arm, led me to my seat at the table.

Rosalie served up orange juice and coffee right away. Raquel said something rapidly in Spanish to her. Rosalie questioned her and Raquel pointed at me, when she saw my questioning look she translated.

“Just two slices of toast for you sweets. Dry or with marmalade if you prefer. No butter.”

I was about to object when she reached across the table and laid her hand on my arm before explaining. “You need to cut back on the food a little David. I like my girls on the slim side.”

Even though I knew that Rosalie wouldn’t understand the words, the idea of being addressed as a ‘girl’ in front of her embarrassed me, so I blushed.

“You’re so SWEET!” Raquel laughed. “Honestly, you’re going to have to learn not to blush so prettily. You just tempt me to tease you more!”

Then she got serious. “I’m not letting you help Rosalie because we have to talk. Get some things straightened out. Let you know where you stand.”

“You’re serious?” I asked.

“Yes. I’m afraid so.”

I couldn’t help smiling, she just looked so concentrated. “Okay. Guess you’d better tell me where I am.” I said lightly. “Here I was, stupid old me, thinking I was here in my own house.”

She grimaced a little. “Thanks for reminding me.” Then she called out for Rosalie. When she appeared, Raquel gave her some instructions. Rosalie bobbed a quick curtsy then left the room. Returned in about thirty seconds with some legal looking papers. Raquel spread them out a little on the table. “Now dear, if you’ll just sign these three sheets, there, there, and there? That’ll get that out of the way.”

“Get WHAT out of the way?” I asked, but still picking up the pen she had placed on the table.

“Why, like I said before. You’re leasing this house to my woman’s organization - at a very generous lease, for which I thank

you. Sign this one first please.”

A worried thought crossed my mind as I signed the first. “But where am I going to stay if I lease a bunch of women my home?” “Right HERE silly!” she laughed. “We sure can use someone with your talents. Not going to let YOU get away! Now sign this one please.”

“What talents, especially?” I asked, signing the second.

“Well, as I told you before, a tutor for one. And I think you’ll make a swell coordinator. Now this last one here - and initial that Jine there?”

I finished signing the papers. “But why do you need a tutor here? What do you mean by ‘coordinator’?”

“Well, six young ladies of Mexican descent will be arriving tomorrow. None of them can talk English - at least I don’t think any of them can. You’ll be invaluable as an English instructor.”

I couldn’t help it. I giggled. “You’re nuts! SIX! There’s nowhere for six young women to sleep here!”

“Oh, I guess I should have told you. Beds and some other stuff will be delivered here today. We’ll put them up in the barracks. It’s a great layout.”

“But what are they going to be doing here?” I asked slowly. “Trainee maids. Told you, it’s a perfect layout.” she smiled enthusiastically.

“But there’s nowhere near enough work here for them to train on, surely?” I argued weakly.

“Well, maybe not to begin with, but in another couple of months or so, we’re going to start moving women into the suites.”

“The house is going to be choc-a-bloc with women!” I said mournfully.

“AND, don’t forget, ONE sissy as well!” she laughed, then added. “Who are you trying to kid, eh? All of these women around, and just sweet little you? Might even give you a ladies maid all of your own, eh? How’d you like that? She could pick out your dresses for you, hand wash your undies...”

“DRESSES! What are you saying! I’m not going to wear dresses in front of a bunch of women I don’t know!” I interrupted heatedly.

She leaned back in her chair, her eyes frosting a little. “Well, to begin with David? If I WANTED you in dresses?” She said dangerously. Paused.

I looked down at the table. “Yes Raquel. You could. But please don’t,”

She sighed. “Such a waste! Lovely clothes just lying there unused. But, okay. I won’t make you wear them. Not yet, anyway.”

“Oh THANKS Raquel! Thanks!”

“BUT I want you to start using the lingerie. I’ll not take any arguments here. Full underwear. Bras, panties, garter belts, nylons, camisoles. From this moment on.”

She glared at the expression of horror that must have shown on my face.

“What are you complaining about NOW?”

“Oh Raquel! Bras and camisoles? Oh c’mon!”

She started to say something, then a sly look crossed her face. “Okay! You want to go braless? OK! But that’s the only point I’ll give on. One more word from you and I make you wear them. Nod if you agree.”

I took a deep breath, Nodded. Decided to chance another question.

“You said something about being a coordinator? What does that entail?”

She grinned a little, and I relaxed. “I hate these buzz words myself.” she admitted. “Especially when I don’t know quite what they mean. But,” she continued, “I’m going to be busy. Rosalie is going to be head maid, but reporting to you .. when I’m not here. You’ll be able to communicate with the ladies in the suites much better than her. So I see you, sort of, setting up activities for the ladies? Training programs for the girls?”

“Rosalie’s BOSS? A sort of tour guide for women?” I asked incredulously.

She shrugged. “I can make you HER assistant, if you’d rather?” I gulped. “No. I guess that’s okay.”

She patted my hand lightly. “David dear?” I’d like to suggest that you learn to appreciate what you have.”

“What do you mean Raquel?” I asked.

“Well, for example, you got me to deal with. You’re what is commonly known as a submissive. There’s lots of women in my organization who would have been MUCH meaner to you than I’ve been. For example, you’ll be getting pocket money from your leasing the house. The rest is being put in trust for you - and I’ve set it up that it’ll be extremely difficult for anyone to take advantage of you financially.”

“I think I’m capable of handling my own money...” I started, stiffly.

She sighed patiently. “These papers you just signed? What were they?”

I licked my lips. “Well, I don’t know for sure. But I trust you!” She shook her head. “These papers defined how much you get for the lease, the term of the lease, and how much is going into trust for you.

If I'd wanted, you'd be penniless right now. If it had been another woman? One that REALLY hated men? How well off do you think you'd be right now?"

I didn't have to answer that question because Rosalie appeared with our food. I pretended to concentrate on spreading marmalade on my toast and she started eating her omelet. "I'm starving!" she announced, and the subject was dropped.

I finished my toast, then something crossed my mind. "Raquel?" I said. "How do I get these breast forms off?"

"There's a special solvent that you use," she said, taking a sip of her coffee.

"I hope you've got some I can use." I said.

"What for?"

"To get them off, of course."

Her fork poised on its way to her mouth. "You're not thinking of taking them off, are you?"

"Of course I was. I can't go around like this all the time." Then I saw the expression on her face. "Oh GOD Raquel! You can't mean this!"

"I most certainly can - and most certainly DO" she retorted quickly. "And? Don't even THINK of arguing! I've had all I can take from you this morning! Just behave!"

I was devastated. I'd taken the breasts as an adjunct to my "special" reward. Had never even considered being made to keep them attached to me. I looked down at the feminine orbs nestled within the loose confines of my nightgown. Wanted to protest, but managed to stifle the words that came into my mouth.

"Are you finished eating?" she asked.

I nodded.

“Then, why don’t you get your little tush upstairs and get out of your nightdress and into your lingerie. You can shower if you wish, but do it quickly. I’ve a few phone calls to make, but I’ll be upstairs in time to give you your pants and shirt for today. Do not go into my room. Remember what I said?”

I nodded again, getting up from the table. “Yes Raquel.” I said meekly.

“Okay. You can go now.”

I could see that she was still upset with me, so made her a nice curtsy.

“Thank you Raquel.”

She nodded brusquely, but I sensed that I’d repaired some fences, so hurried away upstairs.

I used the shower cap to protect my hair, This gave a strange feeling to the shower, but the breasts bobbing in front of me were even more impossible to ignore and raised my perception of what I was rapidly becoming. It felt strange drying myself. I used the applicator from the night before to dust myself with the scented talc, then slipped my robe back on to go and pick out my lingerie for the day, I chose a matching set in pale yellow satin with brown lace trim, and a pair of tan nylons. Put on everything except the bra. It was all a little big for me, but not much. I then put my robe back on over it. Raquel came in as I was sitting, brushing my hair out in front of the mirror.

“Very nice picture you make there David. Most feminine! For being so good, I’ll let you wear a nice blouse instead of a shirt. Won’t that be nice?” With that, she went to my closet and pulled out a blouse that was an almost transparent chiffon in light blue. “A little dressy for housework, but it’ll be pretty on you.”

She was mocking me again, and I hung my head in shame as she fitted my arms in through the sleeves and buttoned me in.

“Yes. You HAVE been a naughty girl, but Em not going to spank you.” she said. “Come into my room and I’ll give you pants to wear

In my old room she found a pair of dark pants to wear and handed me a pair of dark loafers. Quickly, I put them on. The shoes felt rather big. She was grinning. Why, I didn’t know. Frankly I looked somewhat disorganized, neither male nor female - though more of the latter.

“OK then.” she said “Run down and report to Rosalie. I’ve told her that you haven’t to wear an apron today, and to have you dust. If the beds aren’t too heavy, you can help her though.” here she stroked my arms through the chiffon sleeves..” with pretty girlish arms like these I don’t see you as being of much help. But anyway. Let’s get your makeup on.”

She was satisfied at the way I applied the lipstick, blusher, and perfume, but put my mascara on for me, just in case I put too much on. With a pat on my backside I was dismissed downstairs. Rosalie looked at me with some astonishment, my utilitarian pants and shoes being highly contrasted by the filmy, feminine blouse, my hairdo, and my makeup. She looked at me peculiarly and mimed the absence of my bra with a questioning look. I shrugged, then took the dusters and started working on the furniture.

I learned quickly why women wear bras, especially if they’re as big busted as I am - a 36d. With all of the arm motions needed for dusting, my breasts bounced, dipped, orbited. I found it most difficult to get accustomed to. Then, another problem arose.

The breasts weren’t heavy. At least hadn’t felt that way at first, but they did change my center of gravity and I guess I was using different muscles to compensate. After an hour, my back was extremely sore and I was feeling increasingly wretched as I worked.

Near tears, I had to quit dusting and stretch my back with

increasing frequency.

Raquel appeared from nowhere, smiling sarcastically, holding a hand behind her back. “How are you doing David?” she asked in an over-sweet tone.

I worked my shoulders a little. “Not good. I’m kinda sore.”

She pulled her hand out from behind her. She was holding the bra that matched the rest of his undies. “Like to put it on now? Maybe it would help?”

I gazed at her uncertainly. She shook her head. “This is your last chance

David. If you want to put your pretty bra on, just ask me nicely. If not? Why I’ll just wait for a week or so before asking you again.”

“Can I have the bra please?” I said.

“A big strong man like you wanting to wear a ladies bra? Ask me nicer than that.” she taunted.

“Please Raquel. Can I wear the pretty bra?”

“Of COURSE sweetie!” Undo your nice blouse and we’ll get it on you.”

Shamefaced, I took my blouse off, then stood patiently as she fitted the bra over my arms and under my camisole straps, gently eased my breasts into the cups, then pulled the bra at the back and fastened me in securely.

“Going to wear a bra all the time now, aren’t we sissy? Just like all the other girls do.”

“Yes Raquel. Thank you.” I murmured, putting my blouse back on and doing up the buttons. She nodded agreeably and left.

Immediately, I received the benefits of wearing the bra. My upfront weight seemed better distributed, and the posture changes I’d been subconsciously making to compensate for the ‘new’ additions

were no longer required. Within a half hour I felt much better and much more able to get on with my dusting. I also suffered some pangs of remorse at how I'd defied Raquel when she'd wanted me to wear it. She had just been looking out for my well-being I thought. Perhaps I should wear my mother's outer wear also? But that idea frightened me, so I let it fade from my mind. '

The beds and mattresses arrived in a truck driven by two very large women. Raquel gave them a hand to set them up them in the barracks. I was told to make some iced tea for them and serve it. They looked at me with peculiar looks in their eyes, but didn't say anything. One called me 'girlie' but Rosalie, though not knowing what was meant, caught the mocking tone and turned on the woman with a torrent of Spanish. Neither of the movers talked to me at all after that.

Along with the beds and bed linens, they delivered six small bedside tables, two large wardrobes, a huge chest of drawers and a large trunk full of utilitarian women's underwear: bras, slips, panties, garter belts, petticoats, stockings, aprons - and a lot of maid's uniforms. Black, slate blue, and russet. I thought it was an awful lot, but on asking Raquel later on, was told that each maid would be issued three uniforms and sufficient underwear.

"Remember David, all of these girls have been as poor as church mice. They could not afford to buy the kind of uniforms that we deem appropriate and, at the same time, we don't want them to have any excuses for them wearing underwear that isn't up to our standards. Each girl will be assigned a bed, a bedside table, some room in the wardrobes, and some drawers in the dresser for her personal use." She smiled. "Being women, I'd imagine there'll be some problems in only having two bathrooms, but this situation is probably the height of luxury to them, so I'm not anticipating too many complaints."

I was impressed to say the least. Raquel went on to describe the imposing amount of good works and charities supported by the

organization. They were extremely generous as far as women were concerned - "And as tight as can be with males" she laughed, "see men as people to be taken advantage of at every opportunity."

"But that's not very fair." I protested. "Men aren't ALL bad." "Maybe." She conceded. "But we even back away from assisting women that are too fond of men. Have boyfriends, that kind of thing."

"Must limit you then." I said.

She thought for a second. "Don't think so. At least not as far as I've seen." Then she added. "Think about it. Our MAIN objective is to provide a safe house for women who have been abused by men. A secondary thing is to help women new to this society who could be taken advantage of. We provide a haven for both. One where the abused girl is being pampered a little, and the girls doing the pampering are being trained for worthwhile jobs at the same time. Men are not allowed in these houses - they're just too damned disruptive."

"So you're saying that your whole organization - and the girls or women they help are men-haters?"

"Don't know about the 'hating' part. 'Dislikes' is probably more like it." She saw my face. "David? Don't worry. Some of the women that come here may give you a bad time, but once they see how sweet and submissive you are? Why I'll bet that they'll just consider you one of the girls in no time."

This did my ego no good, but Raquel spoke with a confident honesty that brooked no argument - especially from me. That night, she visited my bed again. Complimented me on my choice of nightgowns, then made love to me most tenderly. When I awoke the following morning, she was just coming out her bedroom into mine, obviously showered, dressed and ready for the day. She was carrying some clothes over her arm. Put them down at the end of my bed.

"All right David. Think you've slumbered enough. We have a lot to do today. The girls should be arriving around ten o'clock so

here's what I want you to wear. These black pants and shoes. This white blouse. Black undies and hose. Over on your dressing table I've laid out a necklace, earrings, and bracelet I want you to wear..."

I held up my hand like a student in a classroom.

"Yes?" she said.

"I was sort of thinking about what you said about me wearing my mothers' clothes, and it would be okay... if you wanted me to... that is.." I faltered.

"No. Don't think so. You had your chance. I've thought of something else, so it's maybe just as well that you don't." she said briskly. "And anyway? I'm sure the lingerie will fit you, but the outerwear will probably need to be altered to fit, so don't be trying any on until I tell you. Okay?"

I blushed anew at this woman's power over me. She was talking to me like I was some kind of servant again but I nodded in agreement.

"Good! Come and see me when you get downstairs, and don't you dare get your hair wet in the shower. It's getting untidy enough as it is, and I don't want these girls getting any wrong ideas of what appearance will be accepted here. I'll have Rosalie give you a perm I think, but not today. If you're nervous about your makeup, bring some down with you and either Rosalie or I will put it on for you."

CHAPTER 7

I showered and put my clothes on. I still felt strange in the mixture of male and female clothes. Male pants and shoes. Female everything else.

The blouse was fairly plain. Pristine white silk bodice, lined to allow only a trace of my black lingerie to show underneath it. 'V' necked with pointed lapels. Long sleeves in chiffon, with satin cuffs,

buttoned by discreet pearl-type buttons, matching the ones at the front. My jewelry consisted of earrings, necklace, and bracelet all in jet black coral, which set off the whiteness of the blouse just nicely.

I had applied my own lipstick and blush fairly successfully. Also lined in my eyebrows a touch. I did leave the eye shadow, liner, and mascara up to Rosalie. I think she was complimented at my trust in her skills. She did redo my hair a little, but apologetically. I had to admit, however, that when she had finished there was a decided improvement.

She and I put on our aprons and cleared away the breakfast dishes. Then we went to the barracks and started putting the bed linens and blankets on to each bed. We then started arranging all the lingerie by size. This was more time consuming than I'd thought it would be, and we were just finishing when I heard a van pull up to the front of the house.

The two of us grinned slyly at each other then, like a pair of schoolgirls, ran to a doorway where we could see the new arrivals, without being seen.

. There were six of them. All quite young and pretty with the dark coloring and eyes that bespoke their ethnic heritage. Five brunettes and one blonde. They all looked quite impressed, a few of them turning to take in the house and grounds while Raquel approached them. First of all, she spoke to the driver, a fairly heavysset young Caucasian woman. They both laughed, then the woman got back in the van and drove away. Raquel then smiled nicely at the assembled girls then said something. I assumed it was a welcome, because several of the girls clapped their hands happily.

Then Raquel herded them into the house through the front door. Rosalie and I hurried back to the barracks but hadn't quite managed to finish categorizing the undies when Raquel appeared in the room, the girls trailing behind her, all eyes and smiles. It didn't dawn on me that I was in a frilled white apron, just like Rosalie, until it was

too late to remove it.

Raquel introduced Rosalie first. The girls all curtsied and smiled shyly before taking her hand, calling her 'senorita Rosalie'. Then Raquel introduced me simply as David.

The first girl curtsied and held out her hand. Looked puzzled. "Senorita Daveed or Senora Daveed?" she asked.

"SEÑOR Daveed!" Raquel said firmly.

"Senor?"

"Si!"

And flushing even more, I put down the bra I'd been checking and started shaking hands. My Spanish was rudimentary to say the least, but I knew that the girl had just called my gender into question.

And I was put through the embarrassment of being introduced to six young girls who were either round eyed with astonishment at the womanish, aproned, man in front of them, or grinning slyly with amusement as they took my hand. And then I noticed something that had slipped past me.

The six maids, Rosalie, and me? All of us in black bottoms and white tops. Them in scalloped necked, heavily ruffled white blouses and equally fancy black skirts. No jewelry. Rosalie in a less flounced white blouse and black skirt. Earrings, and necklace in chunky black coral - larger than mine, but similar. Me - black pants, white blouse, black jewelry. A higher ranked servant, but a servant, just like the other girls. Maybe even more so because I was wearing an apron, they weren't. Raquel, of course, was separated from us serving women by her clothes - a lightweight, yellow, linen dress.

A phone rang in the house. Raquel shook her head. "That'll be for me. David? Rosalie? Why don't you give the girls a hand to settle in? Issue them with their uniforms and their underwear? Assign them their beds. Then we all can have lunch together." Rosalie said

something in Spanish back to her, Raquel nodded in agreement, then turned to me. “Rosalie will stay with you until you know what to do. Then she’s going to go to the kitchen and make lunch.”

“Leave me by myself?” I stammered.

She laughed, “They’re not going to EAT you David. Now don’t be SILLY! I can’t expect you to make lunch for everyone now, can I?”

“No. I guess not.” I mumbled.

“Very good then! Get on with it!”

And, to my everlasting shame, and accompanied by girlish giggles from a couple of the maids, I took the sides of my apron in my hands - and curtsied to her!

Raquel nodded, pleased - and left. It didn’t take long before the lines of authority were starting to be finalized. Raquel, as was obvious, was the ‘big boss’. Rosalie was the next level down. Me? They weren’t certain, but once they discovered that I was the one who was handling their uniforms and underwear, they became VERY friendly, surging around me in attempts to get more. I’ll never forget though, the expressions on their faces as I made a little ceremony out of having them stretch their arms straight out in front of them, laying their uniforms one at a time over them - the black, then the slate blue, then the russet, then their aprons, then their undies, then leading them to their assigned bed and personal storage spaces. They just beamed with delight. Then, with a horrible shock, I realized they were actually trying on their uniforms and underwear in FRONT of me!’ By that time of course, Rosalie had gone to make lunch.

Not all of them did this of course. The blonde - Alicia - was one. She was sharper featured than the rest with a wedge shaped face. Her hair was obviously dyed. She seemed harder than the rest, and had good English speaking capability, so there was easy communication between us. At first she was somewhat deferential, but this seemed to

reduce gradually until, after Rosalie had gone, she was talking to me as an equal more than anything else.

She had asked, with a big grin on her face, if I'd give her my opinion as to what bra size she needed. Naturally, Raquel chose the particular moment when I was actually standing in a circle of women, adjusting one of Alicia's bra straps to check the fit. Raquel didn't comment except to say how nice it was for me to be 'coordinating' so well with the girls and, hadn't she told me how good I'd be? Then she added that Rosalie just had about finished making lunch and if we wanted to eat, we should make our way to the kitchen.

She, naturally, headed the table. Just as we were about to be seated, me on her right hand side, Rosalie at her left, she suddenly thought how 'nice' it'd be if I continued my efforts to make the girls feel welcome by sitting more in amongst them? And, damned if Alicia didn't end up getting MY seat at the table, while I was inserted below the salt with the maids! And a feminine picture I knew I made now. With my pants out of sight under the table, all that was visible of me was my top half. White blouse, black jewelry, Delicate chiffon sleeves showing of my thin white arms. Girlish hairdo, touch of cosmetics. Hints of lacy black lingerie under my blouse.

An announcement was made by Rosalie which seemed to generate some not-too-enthusiastic response, though there were a lot of phony smiles from the girls around me. Raquel didn't seem to notice the lukewarm reception the announcement generated and translated for me how "thrilled" the girls were to discover that I'd be teaching them English every night.

"Every night? You can't mean that. Surely!" I protested, though not too pushily, not wanting to be chided again in front of the girls.

"But dear! These young women MUST learn English if they are to succeed in this country, and our National Women's organization - of which you are a part - is committed to assisting in any way

possible. You wouldn't want to be letting your sisters down now, would you?"



While she was speaking, Alicia was translating for my companions. When it got to the part where I was identified as being a member of a woman's organization, there was a flurry of stifled laughs and titters from the girls. One even batted her eyelashes at me from across the table!

Then, from both sides I felt cool, soft hands tentatively stroke the back of my blouse, just above the top of my pants. One fingernail traced a lazy path upwards then paused at the obstruction caused by my horizontal bra strap. I didn't know what to do! Then, with a slight snap, the strap was pulled away from my back then released. It was loud enough that the whole table must have heard it - there was a pause for a micro second - but nobody made any comment.

And, from that point on, I became a figure of fun, someone that the girls paid attention to, respected, obeyed - but on the surface only. In reality, I became nothing much less than their plaything. Every day, Raquel would make me 'mix' my clothes in a ridiculous mix of male and female - and everyone else would pretend not to notice.

My English 'lessons' became a farce. It had been figured that, after a hard days work, the girls would appreciate the lessons being given in their own area - where they felt more 'comfortable'. This meant that I had to find a place - in the center of their space, naturally, where they could all hear me. It also meant that I had to sit in the middle of the barracks, surrounded by girls in various levels of undress who cared absolutely nothing about what I was supposed to be teaching.

The second evening, someone started working on my nails. I tried to protest but was ignored. After that, anything they wanted to do was fine. At various times, I was made-up, had my hair shampooed, curled, dyed, permed. My ears were pierced and I was introduced to the feminine delights of long, dangling earrings. To exacerbate my shame, there was always at least one of the girls would make a great pretense of being interested in what I was supposed to be teaching.

Raquel ‘visited’ us the night I was having my hair permed, with one of the girls practicing short vowel sounds diligently, while three others worked on my hair laughing and joking, as I wept at the indignity of it all. Raquel didn’t notice my tears, naturally.

And more shame was to come. One night in my own room, Rosalie had me take my blouse off then measured me with a tape measure from all sorts of angles, writing down the results. I didn’t think anything of it until about a week later at dinner when the results from that measuring became evident.

I had ‘volunteered’ to be one of the serving girls that night, so wasn’t paying too much attention as to what was happening at the table. I did notice a sort of heightened expectation in the air, but couldn’t relate it to anything concerning me, so just concentrated on getting the food served up properly. As dessert was finished, Raquel stood and addressed the girls at the table. By then, I was getting a slight idea of Spanish and figured she was thanking someone for ‘their wonderful sense of assistance to the young ladies of Spanish extraction!’ Everyone clapped most enthusiastically, then I saw Raquel motioning for me to come forward. She put her arm around my shoulder protectively and pulled me in for a soft kiss on the cheek. “I’ve told all the girls how generous you’ve been.” she whispered.

“Oh, thank you Raquel” I replied softly, not having a clue as to what she was talking about.

By this time, of course, everyone at that table knew of my relationship with Raquel -I was her ‘girlfriend’. Language was, most certainly, a problem in communications, but I don’t think the young women held this against me. If they had a boss that would help make their life easier by bedding them? What the hell, eh? Pragmatism was meat and drink to them.

By this time though, her visits to me bed were becoming less and less frequent.

Then I actually heard what Raquel was saying. “This! This is for you! And some of the other girls in this house. Through teamwork, we all can advance!”

And she was pushing a sort of wire-framed ‘shape’ at me. “I think you should have the honor of presenting it to the girls.” she said.

“It’s very nice Raquel. But what’ll they DO with it?” I stammered.

“It’s a dress form. Of you!” she said this as if it explained everything.

“Oh?” I managed.

She sighed loudly. “Sweetness? There’s a large closet of lovely clothes that could be altered to fit you in your room. Right?”

I looked at her blankly. “So?”

And there’s a group of girls here who MUST learn to sew if they ever wish to become proper lady’s maids!”

I shook my head. “I’m sorry Raquel, but you lost me.”

What we’re going to do is give each girl one article from your closet - dress, skirt, or blouse - and have them alter it to fit you! If they do a good job they get another, See, that way they get practical experience, and you get your wardrobe changed to fit you!

I finally saw what she was getting at. Knew that another angle had been found to decrease what masculinity I had remaining. At the same time, knew that there was no way for me to fight it. Even managed to show a little enthusiasm. “Oh! That’s a super idea Raquel! Are all the girls going to be involved?”

She smiled. “No. Just you dear, and the - what do you call them - muchachas?”

That made sense. I’d gradually noticed a ‘split’ in the girls. Two of them: Alicia (the blonde) and Yvonne were kind of aggressive

and masculine in behavior. The other four: Linda, Lucille, Juana, and Maria were more feminine. They had banded themselves into a foursome called 'The muchachas'. It was them that did the more feminine tasks, laundry, ironing, clothes repairs for the whole house including me, Rosalie, Raquel (of course) and Alicia and Yvonne. As far as I could gather, the muchachas were effectively being trained as house maids, the other two and Rosalie as housekeepers - a sort of step up the ladder. It was quite common to see Alicia or Yvonne go and sweet talk any of the other girls into doing an extra piece of ironing or effecting sewing repairs, that sort of thing. They'd also pat them on the rear or put arms around their shoulders as they poured on the honey. Once or twice I even saw what looked like more than platonic kisses being exchanged.

The sewing room became an activity center for me, Rosalie (at first), and the muchachas. Rosalie introduced them to the sewing machine, which was probably the thing that impressed them more than anything else. She was a capable seamstress but even she admitted that the machine could do things that she'd never thought of attempting. Again, I was impressed at my mother's skills in just about everything she had done.

I had thought originally that the dress form would be a sort of 'stand-in' for me, thereby excluding me from the activity. This was not to be, however, as Rosalie was wanting my attendance to demonstrate how to do the preliminary work on the form - but to keep in mind that their work had to fit a human figure, namely mine. That evening she led us to my bedroom, the muchachas' and me trailing her. When she opened the closet doors where all of my mother's clothes hung, the girls let out a gasp, and looked at me with envious eyes. Then she let them go and pick one garment each for their initial, project. Linda picked an evening gown, but Rosalie shook her head saying, I think, that she wasn't experienced enough to tackle something like that yet. Linda then picked a rather conservative wool dress, Lucille chose an evening skirt in deep -blue velvet. Both Juana and Maria chose

blouses. We then returned to the sewing room.

Rosalie had picked a tiered skirt and a tailored blouse as examples of what should be done in the alteration phases. The first thing she did was fit them to the dress form and pointed' out in what ways they looked bad and why. Then, she had me undress and put both articles on in front of the girls. This caused me no end of embarrassment as there was no way of disguising the feminine lingerie I was wearing under my pants.

Now, common sense told me that the girls were well aware that I wore bras and camisoles under my blouses or shirts knowing full well that the straps and lace edgings were far too easy to see under some of the tops I wore. They also had to know that I wore nylons at all times as they were easily seen between the tops of my shoes and hems of the pant legs. These articles could all be seen, but I still had this stupid hope that the girls wouldn't know I wore lacy panties and garter belts under my pants. There was no screen to hide behind, and none of these girls had been shy about undressing in front of me, so any attempt on my part for privacy would have been laughed at. I did managed to maintain some by putting the skirt on over my pants, then removing them from underneath but, to be honest, don't think the girls cared one iota, quickly then, I stripped off my shirt and donned the blouse.

Then I had to stand there in front of them all while Rosalie explained just why the articles were too big, and the areas that would have to be reworked. This necessitated me standing on a soil of pedestal while she pointed one thing out .after another. It took a while, especially when she deemed, it necessary that I should wear high heels. After some checking, it was found that Linda's shoes, though a trifle big, fitted just fine. She refused to let me have the ones she had been wearing all day, opting to go for another pair. This meant a delay during which the other girls had me try on their 'projects'- another embarrassment, especially the long velvet skirt..

Looking back, I think that Rosalie and I had become friends by that time. We never had a discussion that would have confirmed this but, at the same time, I think she felt some of the shame for me that I should have felt for myself. After all, she HAD known me when I had some pride, some vestiges of masculinity. Now, all that everyone else seemed to see me (including myself) was as someone totally powerless - and CERTAINLY not masculine.

Standing in that sewing room - not for the first time - modeling a series of women's clothes for a group of women, who totally accepted that it was natural for me to do so was just another step into total effeminacy.

Continued in Part 2