

Safe House

part two



by *Bea*

SAFE HOUSE PART TWO

CHAPTER 8

The days began to have a structure of their own. Not a rut perhaps, but a decided routine. Up in the morning, shower and put on fresh undies, report to Raquel for my outerwear. Put on whatever it was she gave me. Make my face up, Fix my hair. Go down to breakfast.

After breakfast, I'd give Rosalie a hand at whatever needed to be done. We still maintained the fiction that she reported to me but that was pure nonsense. I was her assistant. It didn't bother me. I found that the less decisions I had to make, the happier I was. She'd have me do some ironing, or laundry. Maybe some dusting. Maybe help Alicia or Yvonne at taking inventory or something like that. To tell the truth, I was happiest amongst the muchachas, it was SO much less competitive amongst them. I actually enjoyed modeling their ongoing alterations of my dresses and skirts - not that Raquel would ever let me WEAR any - but the embarrassment had practically disappeared.

In the afternoon, things slowed down considerably. Most of us that weren't assigned to getting dinner ready or served would nap or just sit around and chat. I became a regular visitor to the barracks. Got taught to crochet, and was getting quite good at embroidery. Sometimes would let one of the muchachas try her alterations on me, though theoretically that type of activity was supposed to be reserved for the sewing room. Maria had proved to be a little slow, but the other three were on their third or fourth project, and getting quite proficient. On a fairly regular basis I also joined the girls in the barracks for an hour or so in the evening for the (alleged) English tutoring.

Then Alicia and Yvonne got very friendly with me. Always greeting me with smiles and hugs - girlish kisses too. Complimenting me on how pretty I was becoming, or how nice my underwear showed

through my shirt. Making suggestions on how to improve my hair. Lending me their earrings or borrowing a lipstick from me.

To tell the truth, I was a little scared of them, so was pleased at their proffered friendship, but watchful at the same time. Tended to be nervous when they were around, sort of scared to give any offense - though they couldn't have been any nicer. Then one afternoon, Alicia came in to the room where I was working on my embroidery, looking for Juana. She was carrying a blouse in her hand.

"I can't find that silly girl anywhere!" she said, laughing. "Do you know where she is?"

"No. Can't say as I do." I replied. "What's the problem?" "Oh I just wanted her to fix this seam on my blouse and tighten up one of the buttons." she said. Then she saw the sewing kit on my lap. Smiled widely and came over to me. Put her arm around my shoulders, hugged me to her.

"Say muchacha? How would you like to help me out, eh? Be my little sweetie? Fix my blouse for me? Please?"

Not only was she calling me 'muchacha', she was talking to me in exactly the same manner as she did when asking a favor from Linda, Lucille, Juana, or Maria! I felt truly indignant, but was scared to speak my mind.

"Oh! You'd best wait for Juana! She's MUCH better at that kind of stuff than me. Honest!" I said, but shakily.

Gently, she took my embroidery from my suddenly weak fingers.

"C'mon my little muchacha. Don't be frightened. Alicia knows you'll do a good job. See? It's just a little tear at the seam. Just a teeny little bit of sewing. And the button? Sure you can do it. C'mon. Be a good girl."

It seemed like such a little repair. Not worth making a fuss over and, anyway, I DID have the repair tools in my hand. It only took

me a few minutes. Just as I finished and was handing the blouse back to Alicia, Maria and Linda came in. Alicia held the blouse up for them to see.

“Look girls! You have a new muchacha! Look what Daveed did. Such a pretty job for Alicia, Thank you **so** much!” With that she came and hugged me tightly. “See! You did a great job! Might even be better than Juana’s!”

The following day, I was checking the amount of bed linens we had. Raquel had asked me to do that as there was a slight chance that we’d be getting one or two ladies for the bedroom suites. Alicia came in, and crossed the room to me where she gave me a big hug.

“Got a few minutes?” she asked.

“Not really. I’m counting this stuff for Raquel. Sorry.”

“Oh, she’s in no hurry, and I really need a favor.”

“Maybe later? When I’ve finished this?”

“No. I don’t think so. I need my undies washed and a couple of blouses ironed.”

I was shocked. “Can’t you ask one of the muchachas?”

She took my arm and peered into my eyes. “But that is exactly what I am doing!” she said firmly. “I consider you my own personal little muchacha now. Isn’t that nice of me, or am I wrong?” a note of warning creeping into her voice.

“Oh Ha Ha!” I said, laughing weakly, trying to pass it off. Still holding me, she turned my head to look right into her mocking eyes. “Nothing I see to laugh about.” she said gently. “I want you to be my personal muchacha. Do nice things for me. Like a good girl should.”

“Oh Alicia! Please! I’m not a girl!” I pleaded, almost in tears.

She let go my head and hugged me around the waist, supremely confident of the outcome now. “Oh, you don’t need to apologize. I **know** you’re not a girl, but you’re soft and weak, and sweet, so you’re close enough. I just think we should be friends. You

do nice things for me? I do nice things for you. Just the way it should be, don't you think?" Then she seemed to relent a little.

"Okay. Tell you what. I'll wait until you're finished. Go and look out my undies for you to wash. Leave them on my bed along with the skirt and blouse. Just don't take any longer than fifteen minutes to get started."

She stared at me. "Aren't you going to say thanks?"
Intimidated totally, I answered weakly. "Thanks? For what, Alicia?"

"Why, for meeting you halfway you silly girl! I won't always be so accommodating. I expect sissy muchachas like you to do what I tell them to do - and when. Not stand around arguing with me. Well?"

I made another mistake. "But I've seen the other girls say they wouldn't do things for you."

"But that's all right." She replied quickly. "They're women and have the right to say 'no'. You're just a sissy muchacha. Of course..." She sneered.. "You could also refuse as well. Is that what you're doing?"

She took a small step towards me. Intimidated, I backed away. "No Alicia. I'm not refusing. Honest."

She stopped her advance. Gave me a gleaming smile. "Well? Isn't it nice of me to let you do my undies and ironing?"

"Yes Alicia. Thanks." I surrendered abjectly.

But it wasn't enough for her.

"You're sure you want to now? I mean you might not want to look after my clothes for me. Might feel it demeaning to take care of me?"

"Oh no Alicia." I answered.

"You don't seem very happy about it. Lots of sissies would just DIE to help a girl out with her undies. And you ARE a sissy, aren't you?"

"Yes Alicia."

"So smile and say 'thank you for letting me do your undies

Alicia' Maybe a little curtsy too?"

And, though cringing inside, I took the sides of my apron in my hands, curtsied to her and thanked her, a happy smile on my face.

"That's a girl! Much better, though you'd look better curtsying with a skirt on. Don't be late now! Fifteen minutes, no more!" She smiled tenderly at me and left.

The ironing board had been set up in the center of the barracks when I got down there ten minutes later. I was glad to see that Alicia had not left out a lot of underwear to wash. Just a few pair of panties, a half-slip, two bras, and a pair of pajamas. I used the sink in one of the bathrooms to wash them out quickly, then ran them in the dryer for a little while. Hurrying, because I didn't want any of the other muchachas to see me, I ironed the undies a little, then started on the skirt and blouse.

I had finished the skirt and was halfway finished with the blouse when Maria and Linda came in. They smiled pleasantly at me and sat down on one off their beds and chatted. A few moments later, Alicia appeared. She seemed pleased with what I'd done and gave me a big hug. Then, with the two girls looking on, she gave me a kiss, right on the lips. I couldn't stop her. Then, to my shame, I felt her hand work around to my backside and grab my right buttock proprietarily. Then with me still locked in her embrace, she asked the girls something in Spanish.

Both girls giggled and said "si". Then went to their respective drawers and came out with some articles of clothing - and I discovered that Alicia had asked them to give me some of their stuff for washing and ironing - "You're pretty good," she said "but you probably need the practice!"

She saw the look on my face. "Well! It's only fair after all. They've been doing your stuff all this time. Now you can pay your little friends back a little, eh?"

Over the next week or so, I don't know whether my fellow muchachas were embarrassed for me or scornful of my subservience to Alicia. They were just simple girls, but they all seemed to have the strength of character needed to stand up for themselves against either Alicia or Yvonne - if they wanted to. I couldn't. Alicia would walk right up to me and, in front of them, fondle my breasts or kiss me. Once or twice I went to pass her as she sat in a chair and find myself being grabbed and pulled down to sit on her lap. Then I'd be subjected to being kissed, fondled, and groped, with no attempt on her part to disguise what she was doing. The fact that I didn't fight her off confused them. They'd considered me as Raquel's 'girl', so my acceptance of Alicia's behavior seemed to indicate that I had loose morals.

At her insistence I began to spend practically all of my evenings down in the barracks running errands such as getting things for her, doing chores like washing and ironing her clothes or effecting sewing repairs or, most humiliating, either have to stand behind her chair and brush her hair, or sit in her lap and be fondled, while she chatted to the other girls. She started to refer to me as 'Christina' - her personal maid. Yvonne was the first to follow her lead, and soon I was generally known, and addressed in that manner by all of the girls, with the exception of Rosalie and Raquel.

Both of these ladies had been busy. As I indicated earlier, Raquel wasn't finding her way to my bed with the frequency that we'd started with. I was hurt, but knew she was very busy. Rosalie had also started to go and work on another house up in Los Angeles County a few days at a time. She was away more than home now. When she was around, Alicia pretty well left me alone - except for the evenings - when my attendance in the barracks gave the appearance of being voluntary.

Raquel didn't tell me where she was going, but she started leaving the house as well, for longer periods of time. The only idea I'd

get of how long she'd be gone was the amount of pants she'd leave out for me to wear.

Then came the day I'd been expecting I guess. Raquel called me upstairs to her room in the late afternoon. She smiled nicely at me. "Better have a seat... Is it 'Christina' now?"

I blushed under my makeup.

"Well, at least it's a pretty name. And you're more woman than man now, I guess, and you seem happy. I do want to apologize for one thing though.."

"Oh Raquel! You don't owe me any apologies." I said quickly.

"Yes I do. I've been mean, making you wear men's pants all the time. Your mother's clothes have just about all been changed over to fit you now, huh?"

"Oh yes Raquel. Just about."

"Think you're ready for dresses and skirts now?"

I bowed my head. "Yes Raquel. Can I?"

"Then I'll make that my parting gift to you Christina."

"Oh please Raquel! What do you mean? You're not leaving, are you?"

She nodded. "Yes dear. I've been re-assigned to check out another house in Seattle."

"Take me with you Raquel? Please?" I wailed.

"Can't."

"Why not?" I said, starting to feel the tears come.

"That's my home town. It's where my 'significant other' stays and she says I've been away too long. Don't think she'd appreciate me bringing you along."

"You've got another girl?" I wailed.

Raquel smiled. "I wouldn't call her that, exactly."

"Well what is she?" I asked petulantly.

She looked at me warningly. “That’s not the proper tone to use Christina. But I’ll answer you anyway. I just said that because I’m the girl in the relationship. She’s the guy.”

I was truly astonished. Looked at her in disbelief. “But., But .. You’re so strong! So dominant! You made me ., Made me..”

“Act the woman’s part?” She answered. “Yes. That’s true, but you really are a sissy you know. Once I saw that, I knew how to treat you. Frankly? Having sex with you didn’t feel like I was two-timing her at all. I managed to get rid of some stress - and you enjoyed it too, didn’t you?”

I looked down at the floor, and heard her continue. “But don’t you have somebody else now? Aren’t you and Alicia becoming a twosome?”

I looked at her in horror. “She’s a bully. Always bossing me around! And she’s just a maid!”

“Not for much longer.” Raquel countered. “She’s taking over my job here. This room as well. Maybe it’ll do you some good to be her friend, eh?”

“But why not Rosalie? She’s been here longer.” I protested.

“Come on Christine! Her English is non-existent...”

“But she doesn’t need to talk English that much!” I protested some more.

“There’s a group of abused wives coming in a week or so. There must be someone who can interact between the maids and them.”

“But? What about me? I can do that. Surely?”

She leaned her head back and laughed. “Oh Christina! Are you going to tell me that you’re capable of bossing Alicia - or even Yvonne around? Good God! And? How do you think you’d be coordinating with women who have been beat up by men? Think they’ll take to you?” Here she paused. “Though now that I think on it?

Once you start dressing properly, I don't think anyone could tell..." Then she shook her head. Doesn't matter. Em leaving. Rosalie is leaving. Alicia's taking over my job. Yvonne is taking over Rosalie's. You're staying."

"When's this going to happen?" I asked sadly.

She got up from her chair and came over to me. Hugged me around the shoulders.

"Sorry sweetie. I'm all packed."

"You're leaving tomorrow?" I said, aghast.

"No. We're leaving tonight. Look. Don't cry. I didn't want to give you advance notice if I could help it, knowing you'd be upset. This way, it's quicker, cleaner."

I started to protest, but she placed a finger gently on my lips. "Christina? You've got friends now. Aren't I right? The muchachas? And you've got somebody else to take care of you. Alicia?"

"Well, you're right about the muchachas, but I told you already, Alicia just bosses me around all the time. She's mean."

"Sweetie? It's time you admitted that mean treatment is what you want. Tell the truth now. Aren't you attracted to Alicia? Don't you get a thrill when she's mean to you? C'mon now, admit it. Just a tiny thrill?"

I blushed, because what she said was very accurate. Many times I'd had erections when Alicia was treating me badly or had me doing little personal things for her. "Well, maybe a little, but I still think she doesn't have to be as mean as she is." I admitted.

Raquel chuckled and shook her head. "Maybe, but remember that everyone's not as nice as me. Oh god Christina, don't start crying!"

I cried, but not much. Raquel and Rosalie left less than an hour later. All the muchachas cried, and even Alicia and Yvonne looked downcast. Alicia had me pack all of her stuff and move them into Raquel's old room. This didn't take long, but it did take my mind

off the sadness of my friend's departure. Surprisingly, Alicia didn't want anything of me that night, so the rest of the evening was uneventful.

When I got up the following day, I was extremely careful in choosing my clothes for the day. After all, it was the first time in months that I had had the full responsibility for what I wore, and I very much wanted to look nice. For my lingerie, I picked a matching set in light blue - bra, panties, full slip, and garter belt. Dark, seamed hose. After a lot of thought I finally settled on a black pleated skirt that came down just below my knees and a dolman-sleeved, pink angora sweater that fastened with one button at the back of the neck. My shoes were a dark suede having a three inch heel.

I took my time with makeup. I'd done it often enough by then that I was quite expert at its application. I thought Alicia might like me done with a little more verve so went to a darker lipstick and heavier coating of a darker blush.

I put on a nice string of mother's pearls, then a pair of matching earrings. I wasn't sure, but finally decided to put a gold chain slave bracelet around my ankle, thinking that Alicia might pick up on the signal. I felt very pretty after I'd combed my hair and left the room to go downstairs.

Alicia's reaction was nothing like what I'd expected. She slept late (after all, she was the boss now, right?) and appeared in the kitchen ready for her breakfast looking as tidy as ever but rather crabby. When she saw me, she did a classic double take - but it wasn't out of enjoyment or appreciation.

“What the hell are **you** supposed to be? A lady?”

“I thought I'd try and look nice.” I answered, my lips trembling and feelings really hurt.

“Yeah, you do. If you're sixty five years old! What kind of outfit is that? Good grief! No wonder Raquel made you wear pants!”

Then she relented a little. “Well, it’s about time you were in skirts and anyone who didn’t know you would have a hard time taking you for anything but a woman. So after this I want to see you dressed properly. No more pants of any kind. I’m going to give all of your men’s clothes in my room to the Red Cross.”

“All of them?” I faltered.

“Of course! You have something in mind for them?”

“No. Not really Alicia. But just in case?”

“Never mind the ‘just in case’ nonsense. And the same goes for any men’s clothing you have in your room or in for laundry. And get them bundled together and done today. Understood?”

I curtsied. “Yes Alicia.”

Mollified, she smiled a little. “And after this? Try and dress your age. You’re not an old lady - not yet anyway.”

The muchachas were all impressed when they saw me, but more favorably. Linda preened visibly. She was the one who’d altered the skirt to fit me, and they all came up and fingered both the angora and the material of the skirt. I thought I saw some jealousy in the looks that they gave my pearls. It pleased them when I continued to do my normal daily chores, though I did go back to wearing my mother’s frillier, more feminine aprons. I say it pleased them, though they seemed to be somewhat more deferential towards me - the clothes obviously conferring some status back to me.

I’m sure that Alicia saw this as well and, being newly promoted to the highest level in the house was probably jealous. She found a new way to demote me and, at the same time deliver a message to me that night.

I had gone to my room after dinner with some sewing repairs to do. It had turned out that I had an aptitude for finer work, so the girls had been more than quick to ask for my assistance in making repairs or modification to their lingerie. As I’d learned to enjoy this, it

was actually a pleasure. They were happy to do little things for me in repayment so it was working out quite well. I'd just finished a repair to



one of Juana's bras when a knock came to my door and Lucille stuck her head in.

"Christina? Alicia want see you? Arriba!" I got the drift, so smiled sweetly, put my sewing down and accompanied her downstairs to the barracks. I got a shock when I saw Alicia.

She was wearing a very revealing black cocktail dress. I say revealing because it had very little front - and less back. I hadn't realized that she had such a voluptuous figure, her breasts straining to get out of the flimsy material holding them in. The skirt of the dress was of multi-layered tulle, with a bouffant petticoat under it. She was covered down to her knees, but the material stuck straight out, showing a very nice pair of legs going all the way down to black high heeled shoes. Yvonne was in the process of taking photographs of her from various angles. The muchachas were sitting around smiling, but with scandalized looks on their pretty faces. I couldn't figure out what was disturbing them.

"Aha! Christina! Just the girl I wanted. Like to be in some pictures with me? Show everyone how pretty you are in your mama's clothes?"

"I'm not really ready for being photographed." I protested. "My hair's a mess and I need to freshen up my makeup." "Don't be silly!" She admonished me. "Go and sit with Lucille and Juana. Yes!"

And I was photographed in varying groups, but always with the muchachas. They still had the strange expressions on their faces, but were starting to loosen up when Alicia called me over to her side. I saw my friends look sideways at each other, but went over to stand by her side.

"Now. Time to get photographed with Alicia. Okay Christina?"

I had the dreadful feeling that something was wrong, but managed a weak smile.

"Oh yes Alicia. That would be nice."

“You Alicia’s girl?”

It was the first time she’d referred to me in that way in public. I hoped the maids didn’t understand, but had the feeling that they did.

“Yes.” I whispered.

“Great! Now turn aside and look over there.”

“At the wall?”

“Yes. Now do it.”

“Okay Alicia” I said. What’s this? A profile shot?”

“Yes. Kinda.” She giggled. “Now lift your skirt up. Slip too. Up! Up! Let’s see your panties. There! That’s a girl! Hold your clothes up there. Now bend over a little. There! Just like the girls in the cheesecake pictures. Now purse your lips up, look at the camera, and smile for Yvonne. That’s it!”

I was so embarrassed, standing there, acting like a strumpet, bending over to display a goodly portion of my rear and showing off my garter belt and panties while smiling happily at Yvonne who was focusing in her camera. She looked doubtful for a moment then came and re-arranged my bunched up skirt and slip to a position that pleased her, making me hike the material up more.

Then I felt Alicia come and stand directly behind me. I started to move away to give her room.

“No. Just stay there sweetie. And keep bent over. That’s a girl!” She said, and clasped her arms around my tummy. It was strange. I could actually feel the tiers of her skirt and petticoat ride up over my backside but as she came closer pressing her tummy into my backside, there was something firm pressing against me, right in between my buttocks. A flash went off from the camera.

“Yvonne! Are you sure the dildo was visible?” Alicia asked. “Make sure it is. Take some more. C’mon Christina, smile for the camera!”

And, smiling prettily into the camera, lips pouting, I realized what was being recorded for posterity - the happy little sissy, lifting

his skirts and slip up as if to ease the penetration of a false penis, worn by a woman. In shame, I saw the faces of my friends looking on at my disgrace. To make matters worse, I started to cry.

“Alicia? She’s crying now.” Yvonne said.

“Well, don’t waste any film taking shots of that.” Alicia replied, and backed away from me. “You can straighten up now Christina.” She added.

I did and, blinded by my tears, felt her come and hug me around the shoulders and lead me across the room. Then she sat down on it and pulled me down to sit on her lap. “Has Alicia been mean to poor Christina?” She whispered in my ear.

“YES!” I sobbed.

She kissed me firmly. I resisted at first, then responded greedily pressing my lips against hers. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth. I groaned in delight and opened my lips. I could feel her enter further, then retreat. Eyes closed, I wanted her to repeat this delightful sensation and pouting my lips said “mmmmm?”

Her tongue entered again, and I sucked it as it moved back and forward inside my mouth. It seemed bigger. Seemed to be filling me. I opened my eyes. She was smiling down at me. “Oh Yvonne? Get this, would you? Christina having such a great time with my dildo in her mouth.”

How could she possibly be talking, I thought in a haze Her ‘what’ in my mouth? A flash went off. I was blinded for a second, then saw what Alicia was holding in her hand now and forcing into my mouth. I tried to scream, but had it gagged by her forcing this ‘thing’ further down, almost back into my throat. “Just relax Christina. Almost finished.” She said. “Just open wide a little more. Yes. That’s a girl.”

Lying there, looking up at her I saw the look of total domination in her eyes. Started to weep in earnest, but did as she said. I felt the shaft of the thing slide gently in and out of my mouth now. Not

hurting any more.

“Christina? Just one more thing. I’m going to take it out now if you want. Okay?”

I nodded violently.

“But when I do? Will you smile nicely and give the tip of it a nice pouty kiss?”

“NO!” I got out, though it was difficult as she’d forced it back into my mouth as soon as I started to say the word. Again, it was being forced all the way back into my throat. I surrendered by nodding.

“Gonna give Alicia’s dildo a nice sweet kiss? Show how much you liked it?”

I nodded.

“Well, you were naughty. So tell you what. Just lie there for a second. Yvonne? Go get that nice red lipstick. The wet look, you know? Christina needs to freshen her makeup.”

A minute or so later, I was lying on my back on Alicia’s lap, looking into a compact mirror and applying scarlet, wet looking, lipstick - lots of it, with Yvonne snapping away with the camera as I did so. After I was finished, Alicia took the cosmetics away and I was photographed sequentially smiling at a dildo held a half inch from my mouth, kissing it tenderly, then as a finale, holding it myself with the shaft halfway into my mouth, still smiling happily.

I was allowed to go back up to my room after that. Ashamed and humiliated, I couldn’t look at any of my fellow muchachas as I left. In my room, I brushed my teeth and showered. Had a strange feeling about something, so paid particular attention to choosing a pretty pair of baby doll pajamas in yellow satin trimmed with blue lace. Also made sure that I had a nice perfume dabbed behind my ears and at my throat. Went to bed and fell asleep.

CHAPTER 9

I was awakened sometime after midnight by Alicia sliding into my bed.

“Hi Christina. Wake up. Alicia’s here. You my girl?” She slid an arm around my neck and pulled me into her. I snuggled my lips into her neck and nuzzled her warmth. “No.” I whispered in my best ‘little girl’ voice. “I’m not your girl. You were awful mean to me in front of my friends.”

“Yes I was. But I’m sorry. Don’t you see? I’m the boss here now. They were SO impressed by how you looked that I had to take you down a peg or two. Didn’t you like it?”

“That thing in my mouth. That was awful. I didn’t like that at all.”

“Are you absolutely sure? Some sissies like that kind of thing.” “Well I DON’T.” I said firmly.

“Okay. I won’t use it on you. I can take it or leave it alone. I just used it as a symbol that the muchachas would understand - you too.”

“Understand what?” I asked.

“Who the man of the house is.”

I couldn’t help it. Giggled a little. “Well I’m pretty sure they don’t think it’s me, not now.”

“And that’s the way I’m going to keep it,” she said seriously, raising herself on one elbow and, even in the darkness I knew she was looking down on me. “Us Latinas are very submissive to males. It was the way we were brought up, and the muchachas downstairs really do feel inferior to men. Even a sissy like you, dressed in women’s clothes and acting like a woman? Even you could probably be boss any time you put your mind to it...”

“But I don’t...”

“Don’t interrupt! That’s why I’m telling you that I’ll always take every opportunity to show them that you are MY girl, not the

other way around. Remember that and you'll feel a lot better the next time I chastise you or treat you meanly in front of them."

With that, she leaned her body on top of mine and proceeded to kiss me. I put my arms around her neck and pulled her down so that her full weight was on top of me. "Mmmm! You feel nice. Smell nice. Did you guess I was coming to your bed tonight?" She said softly.

Yes. Kinda." I admitted, just as she started to make love to me.

Our lovemaking - or should I say hers - was different than Raquel's. She wasn't as voluptuous, but more athletic, more demanding. She told me when, and where to kiss her. Where and when to caress her - and how. I was pretty certain that I was being taught how a woman pleases another, but was more than happy to be in such a learning position. A lot of movement was generated around the bed before she finally climbed on top of me, pinned my arms to the bed, and fitted herself onto my member. Despite both of our attempts to keep the pace of her thrusts slow her undulations kept increasing in vigor. We both climaxed at the same time. Shortly thereafter I fell asleep in her arms.

The alarm woke us both up at six in the morning. I started to get up but she held me in bed. "Just stay a while." She mumbled. "It's too early."

"But me and Juana were going to change linens..." I started. She sighed, yawned. "Gotta teach you not to argue. Tell you what. Run downstairs and tell Juana that you'll be late getting down. Tell her I said so. Then get your backside back here to bed. Okay?"

"Oh. Okay." I said, secretly flattered, and jumped out of bed. I started to take my baby doll top off.

"What do you think you're doing? Get downstairs and do what I told you."

"But this top isn't awfully warm," I remonstrated, suddenly figuring out how she meant to humiliate me some more. "Doesn't that

set of baby dolls have a pretty peignoir to match?"

"Yes. But..."

"Get it on. Not another word. Just get it on and go downstairs. Now! Bring up coffees for both of us on your way back."

In my pretty baby dolls and matching negligee, I wafted downstairs, to pass on Alicia's message. Both Lucille and Juana were together in the kitchen. The coffee wasn't quite ready, so there I stood with my friends examining me from the corners of their eyes, taking in, I'm sure, my mussed hair and smeared lipstick.

Lucille came in a little while later, grinning at my discomfiture. She was more forward than the others though. Came and untied the little lace bow that held the negligee closed at the neck. Pushed both sides back to expose the satin of the baby dolls underneath. Whistled in admiration as she stroked the material.

I couldn't help but smile in return. There wasn't any meanness in what she was doing, just one girl happy for another's good fortune in having such nice things to wear. Alicia, again, had put me in a position that demonstrated all too well my position in the hierarchy relative to her. Just the night before, she'd degraded and humiliated me in front of these very girls. Now I was standing there in feminine finery, obviously sated from sex, waiting for my chance to be her little serving girl, and happy about it to boot.

As I waited for the coffee to perk, I walked around the kitchen a little, wondering why the girls seemed to watch my movements very closely. As I left for upstairs with the coffees on a tray, it crossed my mind what they were looking for. How was I walking? As if sore? Had Alicia used the dildo on my backside? I blushed all the way back to the bedroom.

Alicia kept me busy in bed until almost eight o'clock. I never did get to drink my coffee - a fact that probably didn't escape the notice of my friends downstairs when I took the cups down later.

After I showered, I had put on a steel gray dress with some sequined insets something like musical clefs alongside the breasts to take away the severity. Underneath, I was wearing lustrous satin undies in a beautiful shade of hot pink. I was pretty certain that my mother had never worn them because I found the original price tag still on the full slip. I felt wonderful.

I knew by this time that I loved wearing women's clothes. The lovely colors and textures were marvelous, but I think it was the sensory sensations that were incredible. The tightness of a bra strap across my back. The feeling of straps of a bra, camisole, or slip on my shoulders. The hardly discernible, but wonderful, sound of nylon sheathed legs as they rubbed against each other - or the satin of a slip. The easily identifiable sound made by a swirling taffeta skirt, The feeling that the hem of a skirt generated as it moved over the lace trimmed edging of a slip. Dressing the way I did now, I felt I was living in an almost constant state of sensory overload.

Just before I put my dress on, Alicia propped herself up on one elbow in bed.

“Who taught you to walk?”

I looked at her as if she was crazy. “I taught myself. What do you think? Was practically walking before I was two years old. What do you think? I needed training wheels or something?”

She shook her head. “You walk like a girl. Not all ‘swish’ like some of these fags. You’re kinda skinny and could do with some hips, but walking around there in your undies, you’re just like any other girl.”

I started to blush but whether from shame or pleasure at the compliment I didn't get time to figure out.

“What size bra d’you wear?” She asked next.

“A 36 D.”

“Thought you looked top heavy. Did you pick that size?” “No.

Raquel did.”

“You like breast forms? Especially big like that?”

“No. Not really. They’re kinda awkward.”

She nodded. “Yeah. I can see that they would be. I’d figure you’d be better as what? A 34 C?”

“I think I’d like that, but the lingerie I have wouldn’t fit me anymore.”

“So what? You’ve got plenty of money.”

I looked at her, wondering what she was talking about. “What money? I haven’t seen a dollar bill or bank statement in months. I thought your organization had taken it all.”

She flushed a dark red. “We’re not thieves you know. You leased us this house to us for a nominal fee, but it’s not chickenfeed all together and it’s been paid into your account every month. You’re also getting paid the same as a muchacha every week. More probably, because we deduct the price of the uniforms and underwear we give them when they arrive, and some for their room and board.”

“I’m getting paid as a **maid?**” I asked indignantly.

She laughed. “You’re insulted that we pay you money? You can give your wages to me, if you want. **I’m** not proud.”

“No!” I said as saucily as I dared, flouncing to the closet to pick out my dress. “Not until you’re nicer, MUCH nicer, to me!”

She laughed and threw a pillow at me.

The dress opened down the back quite a ways. She got out of bed and held it open for me as I stepped into it, then zipped it up slowly, making sure that the hem of my slip was finally positioned down at the calves of my legs. Stood behind me and fastened a few tiny little hook and eye fasteners at the back of the neck. Then she started caressing my backside slowly, and moving her hand in a circular motion. It was very sexy. Then she slid an arm around my waist and cupped a breast, pulling me in and nuzzling the back of my

neck. "I'll need to get a little meat off your top, and add some to your backside. Then you'll be just about perfect for me. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes Alicia." I breathed.

"Need to see what we can do." She laughed. "Now get your ass downstairs. Time you earned your wages!"

Quickly, I sat at my dressing table and applied my makeup. Not a lot. A touch of foundation and a slight dusting of powder. A couple of brush strokes of blusher, a touch of mascara, same of eyeshadow. A few strokes of eyebrow pencil. Then, as I pouted my lips in the mirror for my lipstick, I saw her reflection shake her head in obvious amazement. I took my lipstick down from my mouth.

"What's up? What's the matter?" I asked nervously.

"You're better at putting makeup on than I am!" She said, half laughing, half unbelieving. "You must have dressed up as a kid. Had your mummy teach you how to make your face up? C'mon now. Admit it!"

"No," I said somewhat smugly, expertly stroking my lips with the cosmetic to get just the coverage I wanted. "A couple of cousins, Eloise and Frieda, my aunt Kate's daughters, made me wear dresses a couple of times and put lipstick on me, but never showed me how."

I rubbed my lips together just a bit, then closed them on a tissue to blot them. Checked my appearance in the mirror. Looking good! Picked out a gold chain and matching earrings from my jewelry box. Thought for a second then added a heavy knobby gold bracelet to the pile.

"Dear? Would you fasten my chain fastener for me?" I said sweetly as I expertly fitted the earring posts through my ear lobes and clipped them in place. "It's kinda awkward for me."

It wasn't really, but I had found a great delight in having Alicia do things for me. Sort of her being my maid, instead of the other

way around. She grumbled a bit, but did as I asked. I felt very much in command seeing our reflections. Me calmly fitting on my bracelet, her attentively fastening my gold chain. I batted my eyes at her seductively. "You'll make some lucky woman a fine husband one of these days." I said, ducking as she telegraphed a swing at my head.

"That's not exactly a good pair of shoes to go with that outfit." she said as I slipped my shoes on. "Don't you have a gray pair? These are too dark."

"I'm really short of shoes. These are the only ones that really fit me and feel comfortable on." I replied.

"I'm starting to think that I'll give you girls a day off soon." She said. "If I do? You can buy some shoes then."

She said this in such a neutral tone that I discounted it. But later on in the morning, I really started to think about things. Here I was, in actuality, the owner of the house and surroundings. And what was I? A maid? Everyone seemed to think so. Okay. Maybe I'd been weak and somewhat on the feminine side, but was that any reason that I should be lumped in with a bunch of young girls that could hardly speak English? That I should be denigrated and humiliated?

True, I had shown a need for being dominated that I'd never expected. Still, I thought, surely I had some rights? Maybe I should start looking for a higher degree of respect from the women who surrounded me?

This thinking didn't last too long though. Once I got busy working with the other girls, I got back to my normal happy disposition. But then Alicia decided to display her power again.

The other girls and I were having a coffee break. It was a beautiful morning and we decided to take our cups out to the deck so that we could enjoy the fresh air. Lucille and I stood at the rail, leaning against it, trying in our fractured languages to have a conversation. The other girls sat around the patio table, chattering away. I heard the patio

door slide open and heard Alicia's voice say something cheerful to the girls behind us. They all responded in kind. Then she joined me and Lucille, standing beside me at my left side, looking out over the view. Put an arm around my shoulder possessively,

"I cannot get over how smart and efficient you look in that dress." She cooed. "Bet all your little friends are impressed?"

Lucille didn't understand what Alicia was saying but probably figured that it was romantic, so said something and went back to join the other girls.

"Well, thank you kind sir." I said, then felt Alicia's fingers take hold of the zipper at the back of my dress and start to pull it down, slowly. "What are you doing Alicia? Would you stop fooling around? The girls are watching!"

I started to turn towards her but was told immediately to stay the way I was, and keep my hands up on the deck rail. Then she added. "I know the girls are there. Why do you think I'm doing this?" With that, she proceeded to pull the zipper all the way down until it stopped just above my buttocks, meaning that my dress was gaping open at the back, held closed by only the little hooks and eye fasteners at the collar.

Then I felt her start to pull the material of my slip up, up through the opening at the back of the dress. "Please Alicia" I whispered. "What are you doing to me?"

"Oh, don't worry sweetie, you'll like it. Trust me." She said, giggling, sliding her hand in through the part of the slip opening that was now outside the dress and in between my legs. Then, slowly, she masturbated me from the rear, caressing my backside, my breasts, my penis until I ejaculated. In total disarray, my knees buckling from the ecstasy and the shame of the orgasm, I could feel the hot cream spread all over my lingerie and dress at the front. Then, stain and all, I was turned around to face my friends, the stigma of Alicia's control over me visible to all. She put her arm back around my shoulders and, as if

nothing had happened at all, spoke to the girls in Spanish. They all cheered immediately and started to chatter. She then turned to me. “I just informed them that all you muchachas have been so good that I’ve decided to let you all have tomorrow off to go to town. I hope you don’t mind? But I sort of inferred that I made this decision because you had pleased me so much. After this? They might be more inclined to, sort of, try and talk you into being nicer to me?”

A few minutes later, I was allowed to go and get cleaned up and changed. I put on some sedate beige undies and a plain, pleated, Navy blue skirt and white blouse. I just wore some small pearl earrings, without the matching necklace - and no bracelet. As I went back downstairs, I met Aicia on her way up,

“That’s a nice outfit Christina.” She said, unsmiling. “Very dignified and proper.”

I was beginning to recognize the signs of upcoming embarrassments and this comment sounded dangerous.

“Alicia? Please! I don’t know what to do. My mother didn’t HAVE any girlish clothes. All of her stuff is for a woman who wanted to look stylish. I’ve no other clothes I can wear. I’m NOT trying to impress the muchachas. Honest!” “You’re not? How do I know you’re telling me the truth?” She asked coldly.

“I don’t know how to prove it to you Alicia. PLEASE believe me!”

“If that’s the case? How come you’re so ladylike with your makeup? All the other girls wear more - and brighter colors - than you do?”

“But I thought you liked me this way.” I bleated.

She shrugged. “Of course I do. I don’t mind you being ladylike. It’s how you impress the muchachas that worries me.” “I can redo my makeup if you want.” I said hopefully. “Good idea! And maybe borrow somebody’s jewelry? I’d bet they’d be glad to lend you some -

a little less subdued?”

To please her, I probably overdid it, but she was obviously mollified when I met her later, my eyes heavily outlined in green eyeshadow and mascara, my cheeks reddened and my lips scarlet. Heavy ball earrings, necklace, and bracelet in scarlet plastic to match my lips. “There!” She said, obviously pleased. “You’ll fit in much better now Christina.”

Then she paused, her face darkening again. “But these clothes? I still...”

“Maybe I could buy something more suitable tomorrow when I go to town?” I suggested eagerly, conscious suddenly of my earrings clacking against my cheeks as I spoke.

“And the other girls could help you! Good idea Christina! See what you can do when you try? Very good!”

I saw my reflection a number of times that day. Traces of shame coursed through my body from time to time. What had happened? Was *STILL* happening to me? A predilection for being psychologically dominated by women seemed to be taking me further and further away from any masculinity I’d ever possessed. While I had to admit that the process of becoming effeminized had been enjoyable in certain ways, I wasn’t sure where else it was taking me. I consoled myself with the idea that, it might be embarrassing to go out into the world and regenerate my lost gender, but it could be done. Running away would pose little or no problems. Buying the proper clothes might, but I was sure I could pretend they were for my husband or something, then change at a motel. Easy.

I truly didn’t see that much difference in the way the girls treated me that afternoon but, there again, I’d never thought that they really had the ‘respect’ for me that Alicia seemed so intent on destroying. I had been assigned to help Linda and Maria with the laundry that afternoon, but they really didn’t pay much attention to me chattering away happily about (I think) the excitement promised for

the following day. About three o'clock, Alicia came looking for Linda and took her away for some 'special' project. This didn't please Maria too much, but she and I managed to spend the remaining time getting on quite well. At dinner that night I was pleased to find myself on the 'serving' detail as versus the 'clean up'. For one thing, the serving aprons were much nicer than the ones we used for washing up, for another the girls that served could loaf at the table after dinner and chat with Yvonne and Alicia while the wash up crew had to hurry to the kitchen with the dirty dishes,

Well, I should say that this was the normal process. That night, however, all the muchachas were chattering like magpies and obviously wired, hurrying everything. I was amazed to find that even Lucille, my fellow 'server' was helping to clear off the table - and urging me to do the same!

"What's up?" I asked Alicia.

"Can't you see? The girls want to start getting ready for tomorrow. You should too."

"Start getting ready now? But it's only seven thirty. We're not leaving until tomorrow morning, surely?"

"That's true, but now that I think of it. Why don't you give the other girls a hand? I just had an idea."

With that, she called something out in Spanish to the girls. I didn't understand what she was saying, but a few answers came back after a second or two. She nodded her head in approval, then turned back to me.

"No. Don't bother with the dishes. Just hurry upstairs and draw a nice bath. Lots of that perfumed bath oil. Okay?" "You going to have a bath? Didn't know you liked them. Thought you preferred showers." I said this on my way out of the room.

"It's for you, dopey. Not me." She said, laughing. "Aid hurry up, because Juana and Maria want baths too, and I've yet to ask Linda."

"Having baths in my bathroom?" I was a little amazed.

"Yes. You know that there are only showers in their bath-

rooms. This'll be a real treat for them.”

I knew better than to argue, and actually didn't care one way or the other, so left to do as I was bid. Just as I got to the stairs, I heard Aicia call out “Christina? Come back for a second would you please?”

I hurried back to the room. “Forgot to tell you,” she said “When you're finished your bath, just put your jammies on.”

“That early in the evening?” I asked.

“Yes? Do you have a problem with that?” She answered, her voice dropping.

“Oh no! Not at all. No problem!” I babbled, very much aware of the dangerous ground I was on.

“And make sure you put on a nice pretty set!” She added as I turned to go back upstairs.

When I got into my room, I hastily started running the water for my bath. Put lots of bath oil and bubble bath soap in. As the bath filled, I looked out a pair of green baby dolls and a yellow chiffon peignoir I liked. I then undressed and thought it a good idea to put a shower cap on, just in case the steam ruined my hair do. Then I took my pajamas and robe into the bathroom with me.

I adjusted the water temperature to my liking, then slipped into the hot, scented bath. It felt really great, but I didn't want to be getting yelled at for taking too long, so climbed out after about five minutes. I started draining the bath, dried myself then powdered myself with the large applicator puff. Last I put my baby dolls and robe on. Just in time, as a gentle knock came to the bathroom door, and I heard Juana call something out.

“I'll be right there.” I answered, using the portable shower head to wash the last of the soapsuds away. I then started the water again to re-fill the bath.

Juana showed no embarrassment at being undressed in front of me. She wasn't nude, just stripped down to her panties and bra. She

fingering the material of my robe and said something complimentary. I just blushed and said “Gracias.” She smiled and went into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. I went and got a bunch of dry towels and put them into the bathroom, just behind the door. Not ten minutes later Maria and Linda showed up, all smiles. They didn’t hesitate for a minute, went right into the bathroom and from the sounds that came from there I knew they were heckling Juana to hurry up, in good humor of course. They came out laughing a few minutes later, then started to get out of their uniforms. Linda even asked me to undo the back of her dress, which I did, rather self-consciously. Again, neither girl seemed embarrassed in the slightest, walking around in their undies in front of me. Then, just as Juana came out, wrapped in a towel, Lucille came into the room. She had already showered and was in a nightgown and a robe. I didn’t understand at first, but then I caught ‘on - she didn’t want to be downstairs all by herself when her friends were all in my room.

Still laughing, Maria and Linda decided to bathe together and, from the splashing noises I heard, had a great time. While they were there, Lucille evidenced an interest in my baby dolls and robe, then indicated that she’d very much like to see the rest of my lingerie. As she went through my collection, her eyes grew wide and more than once, she’d pick up something nice and hold it gently to her cheek.

Then all at once Maria and Linda had re-joined us, scrubbed and shiny looking, and the room was filled with the perfume of the bath oil that all of us, except Lucille, had used. And the room seemed crammed full of femininity with young women in various degrees of undress wandering about, looking at my makeup and lingerie - and I was an integral part of it! I wasn’t even surprised when Juana came and pulled me out of the chair I was sitting in, took me to the bathroom, wrapped a towel around my shoulders and proceeded to shampoo my hair. I would be lying if I even tried to pretend that I didn’t know that she intended to re-style my hair when she finished.

Then I was back in the bedroom, having rollers placed in my hair and pinned in place. While I was being treated this way, Lucille started working on Linda's hair. Finally, Juana wrapped her handiwork in a pink chiffon scarf and turned me loose. By this time everyone was chattering away, even me - because I was starting to get a glimmer of what was said to me, if it was said slowly enough - and often enough. I guess we were making too much din because the next thing I knew was that Alicia had come in and I heard her say something in Spanish, then to me. "Would you girls be quiet? Yvonne and I are trying to get some work done in the next room."

She was obviously not too upset, because the girls basically laughed in a 'yeah yeah yeah' sort of fashion, but we did quieten down a little. Then we talked makeup for a while. None of them seemed to like any of mine, except the more striking shades, but they tried them anyway. Lucille fell in love with a small bottle of Shalimar perfume. I've never cared for it too much, so gave it to her. She came over and gave me a huge kiss, but it felt strange somehow. Then it dawned on me that I'd just been kissed - AS a girl, BY a girl.

About nine o'clock, I guess we got noisy again, because Alicia came in, waving her arms and pointing at my door. Not fooling about this time. "A1 right girls! OUT! Downstairs with the lot of you." Giggling into their hands, my companions started to gather up their belongings and leave the room. "But it's too early for me to go to bed Alicia." I whined. "Who said anything about that?" She snapped. "Get downstairs as well!"

"How will I know when it's time to come back?" I asked. "I'll let you know." She said shortly, and left the room.

Downstairs the girls were a little abashed at first, but soon got back their boisterous good humor. Taught me to play dominoes. After a while, the game got fast and furious, with a lot of squealing and teasing. To tell the truth, when Yvonne finally came downstairs and motioned that I was to go up, I felt a trifle sad. I really had been

enjoying myself.

CHAPTER 10

In bed that night Alicia just teased me a little about fitting in so well with the girls, but she wasn't mean, so I just snuggled into her side and we both fell asleep.

In the morning, I was surprised to discover that she and Yvonne were going to make their own breakfast so that we girls could get off to an early start.

I was also confused when she told me to wear my best black underwear. It was unusual for her to tell me what to wear - she seemed to like seeing me pick, then teasing me about my good taste. I was also a little concerned. I'd intended to wear a white silk blouse and pale blue linen skirt. I knew the underwear would show through the blouse fabric - and that I could live with. But I wasn't sure about the skirt. I knew better than say anything though, so gradually put everything on. Just as I went to put on the garter belt, she spoke up.

"No. Not that one. I bought you one for today, and stockings too. They're in the second drawer down on the right. Try them on, eh?"

"Oh Alicia! Thank you so much." I said starting to look for the items. Then I got puzzled. The straps on the garter belt seemed awfully long. Not only that, they didn't seem to have any way of adjusting the length. In addition, the clips for holding the stocking tops were made of a shiny material. Then I saw the stockings. Black net, with a definite seam in the back!

"Ooooh! That's sexy!" I said. Went over to the bed and gave Alicia a big smooch. She grinned. "Well? Get them on, eh?"

Carefully, I lifted the hem of my slip and put the garter belt on. The clips were away too long, just as I thought, actually showing about an inch under the hem of my slip. But I knew I had another

black slip to match that was quite a bit longer. “Yummm!” Said Alicia. “Get these stockings on, you sexy thing!”

I giggled, hoping that the stockings would end far up my thigh and let Alicia see the mistake she’d made in buying the garter belt. But, surprisingly, the stockings ended just a few inches above my knees - and the clips from the garter belt were a perfect length for them! I clipped all of the suspender straps to the stockings then checked to make absolutely sure that my seams were straight. Perfect! Went and pulled my longer slip from the drawer.

“What’s that for?” Alicia asked.

“Well, I think the garter belt straps are a wee bit too long. This slip will cover them better and...”

“Hike it just the way you are. Put it back.” She said this in a tone that brooked no argument.

Okay.” I said meekly and folded my slip neatly and put it back in the drawer. Then I saw that Alicia had got up out of bed and was putting her robe on.

“My god!” I laughed. “This must be a first!”

She grinned with a shamefaced look to it, but then pulled a peignoir from my closet and handed it to me. “Here. Get this on and we’ll go downstairs.”

What’s going on?” I asked, slipping my way into the negligee and fastening the delicate tie at the neck into a nice bow.

“Oh, nothing much.” She said. “But you’d better hurry up. I hear the girls moving around downstairs and I think the last one to get ready is going to hear all about it from the rest of you.”

“I CAN brush out my own hair from curlers now, you know - if that’s what this is about.” I said.

“It’s not.” She answered, “C’mon.”

I was taken aback when we got into the barracks. The girls were mostly dressed, with Lucille already putting on her makeup. They made a pretty picture in their go-to-town clothes. Lots of bright, satiny, colors. Short skirts. High heels. Chunky jewelry. Hair done,

and lacquered firmly in place. “Okay Linda. Christina’s here!” Alicia called out.



I wondered what was going on when Linda appeared, face glowing with suppressed excitement and some bright colored clothes over her arms. Came and stood in front of me. “Guess what Linda’s done for you Christina? She’s made you some PRETTY clothes. Just for you!” Alicia said excitedly (Though I doubted the sincerity).

And Linda was handing me a black satin skirt that looked like a straight short tube, and a bright yellow satin blouse with up front buttoning, large collar and long sleeves ending in huge cuffs!

“Now you can look like the other girls, not all snooty or ladylike! Isn’t that GREAT!” Alicia was enthusing in my ear.

What was I to do? Here, one of my recently made friends was offering me up something she’d put her time and love into making. On the other side? My mistress was enthusing about something that had been made specifically for me. I was sure that she didn’t care for these clothes - was just ensuring that I would be more in accord with what appeared to be becoming my new social hierarchy.

“Oooh! They’re lovely! Thank you Linda!” I exclaimed delightedly, though with less than one hundred percent sincerity. “Oooh! I just can’t wait to try them on!”

“Well, there’s no time like the present.” Alicia said, taking them from Linda and handing them to me, and I realized just what I was going to be wearing on my trip into town.

I was sure that the skirt was far too short as I pulled it up, under my peignoir. I fastened the waistband and found that though it fitted me around the waist perfectly, the hem only came halfway down my thighs, meaning that the clips of my suspenders and tops of my stockings were visible when I moved. But the muchachas all oohed and aahed, and it was finally explained to me that this was the very latest in fashion for young women. Then I took off the peignoir and slid my arms and body into the blouse. It was very full, floppy and feminine, with the black lace edging of my slip and bra just showing at the V of the neckline. Linda came and proudly arranged the lace to

show a little more.

I was given a peculiar belt comprised of shiny black plastic disks about two inches in diameter. Then a necklace, smaller disks of course, then a bracelet - and then the sleeves of my blouse were fastened with what were basically cufflinks to match.

Juana took my hair out of rollers. She'd made it into a new style, curlier and further up on my head. Once she was satisfied, she lacquered it firmly in place, then tied a yellow and black bandana around it. All the other girls clapped.

Then it was time to apply our makeup. Alicia stood watching me, smiling as I sat at the bench with Linda at my side, putting our cosmetics on. Just before I put on the black disk earrings that matched the rest of my ensemble she came and whispered in my ear. "You look SO pretty! Better stay with the girls all the time. Don't want some big ugly man running away with you!"

I looked at the rather flashy appearing young woman in the mirror, and knew that she wasn't speaking altogether in jest.

I was then given a pair of high-heeled black shoes to put on. With a four inch heel, they were more than I was accustomed to, but it didn't take me long to get used to them. It didn't take long either for me to discover that my tight skirt made me take much smaller steps, which evolved into a rather mincing gait.

I was then given a small black, plastic handbag. I stocked it with lipstick, mascara, blusher and eyeshadow. Also threw in some facial tissues. I finished, just ahead of Maria, and we were all ready to have a quick breakfast. I was beginning to feel nervous about my upcoming debut as a girl in public, so only had a few sips of coffee and one slice of toast. The other girls were just as excited, so the meal was eaten somewhat hastily. Then Alicia came to the table and gave us all twenty dollars apiece. Then she spoke to me.

"Christina? This is just mad money for buying little things -

like lipstick or nail polish. You're going to buy clothes and shoes, so make sure that Lucille is with you any time you're shopping for that kind of stuff."

"How come?" I asked.

"Well, she's the senior girl, so I've given her control of the credit card you'll use for your big purchases. She's the control I've decided on to stop you and the other girls from spending too much. She knows how much each of you has been authorized and will stop you if you spend too much."

"How much am I getting?" I inquired.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about that. Though there is one more thing. I'd like you to take Linda into a fabric store and buy dress material for her."

"You want me to pay for it?"

"Yes. I want you to make her a dress to repay her for making your outfit."

"I don't mind buying the stuff, but I can't sew." I laughed at the thought.

"That's no problem. It's about time you learned and I'm sure the other girls will be more than glad to teach you. And I'll bet you'll be good at it. I just have that feeling."

Just then, we heard the van pull up in the driveway, and the sound of the horn.

Yvonne said something and the girls all laughed, excitedly. Alicia spoke to me. "Okay Christina. Have a good time. Off with you now!" With that, she gave me a girlish peck on the cheek and helped me rise from the table. A few seconds later I was an integral part of the feminine group mincing outside in my satins, my skirt riding up as I moved displaying the tops of my black fishnet stockings, my costume jewelry clattering, my handbag clutched nervously under my arm.

The large woman who had driven the girls to the house was

the driver. She held the side door to the van open and smiled at us.

“C’mon ladies. Here, let me help you.” With that, she proceeded to gently take our arms and help us, in turn, up into the interior of the van. Her hand felt nice and strong as she took my arm and assisted me. I felt truly embarrassed at the amount of thigh I was displaying as I stepped up.

“Thank you very much,” I said softly.

I think I startled her by speaking English, my dress and companions probably making her think that I was Mexican, but she smiled pleasantly.

“You’re welcome miss.”

It was a lovely day and the drive didn’t take long, arriving in the center of the small town at about nine thirty. Again, she came to the side of the van, opened the door and assisted us to step down. All right ladies. Call the house about a half hour before you’re ready to come home and I’ll pick you up right here. Okay?”

I could tell that the girls didn’t understand, so asked her if she could tell them in Spanish. “Sure!” She grinned and did so.

We all stood and watched the van drive away. Some of the stores didn’t open until ten, but a drugstore was open, so in we went. Naturally, the first stop was the cosmetics. I felt strange buying lipstick and blush. Even stranger trying on a sample of a new mascara, but all my friends were doing it, so I had to join them. I really was quite impressed with it as it didn’t seem to clot as much as my normal stuff did, so bought it as well.

The rest of the morning went past in a flash. We split up for a while when Lucille, Linda and myself went into the fabric store. Linda picked a fairly conservative material, indicating that she would rather I made her a skirt as it would probably be easier on me. I was a little scared because Alicia had said “dress” and I had learned not to go against her. Accordingly, I suggested that I make her another skirt as well - which she approved heartily..

We met up with the other girls in a boutique a short time afterwards. Again, Lucille stayed with me as I went through the racks of lingerie and outerwear. I bought two skirts - both straight and tight on me, one green, and the other blue. Four blouses, all very feminine in bright colors. I tried on about four dresses before I found one I liked - a short, flirty one in very silky fabric. The shop also had a shoe department, so I spent a while there, ending up with three pairs of high heels. One pair gray, one scarlet, and the other brown. After Lucille paid for them, she made a throat cutting gesture, so I knew that I was approaching my limit. Just as we were about to leave, the phone rang. The lady who had been assisting us answered then said aloud. "Is there a Christina here?" I nodded and she held the phone out to me.

"Hi Christina? This is Alicia."

"Oh hi!" I said. "You're lucky you caught us. We were just on the point of leaving."

"Yeah. I want you to do something for lunch."

"I don't know if the girls are ready to eat yet." I said. "Having too good a time!" And laughed.

"That doesn't matter. Now listen up." She said. "Did you see that restaurant Freddie's Patio on Main St? "

"Has all the bright umbrellas?"

"Yes."

"You want me to go there?"

"Yes. Are you finished shopping yet?"

"Yes. I got a couple of skirts and..."

"Never mind that. You can tell me later. Go to Freddie's quickly and make sure you get an outside table. If you don't hurry, you'll have to wait until you get one - and I don't want that. "

"But I've spent all my money and..."

"Lucille there?"

"Yes."

"Put her on the phone please."

I didn't hesitate, Alicia was starting to get short with me, and I

felt much safer with Lucille taking the phone. Handed it to her immediately. She put it to her ear and said “Si?”

I didn’t hear what was said, but she listened for a few minutes, nodding, then handed it back to me. .

“Christina? Don’t worry about the money. Order a glass of wine or something. Don’t order anything to eat.”

“But how will I pay for it.”

“Don’t worry. It’ll get taken care of. Just get going. When you’re finished with what’s going to happen, meet Lucille back at the boutique. She’ll wait for you to show up.”

“But what..?”

“Christina! Get your ass in gear! Quick, like a bunny!”

Lucille agreed to hold my packages for me and I took off for the restaurant. I was slowed some by the tightness of my skirt but did hurry as I could see that the restaurant already had some people lined up at the entrance, though there seemed to be quite a few tables vacant. Panting a little and flushed, whether from having drawn a few wolf whistles from a men working on the road, or exertion, I couldn’t say. In any case I got my table with about three left vacant, then saw them fill almost immediately.

As the waitress took my order for the glass of wine, I got a chance to look around me. A few men were evident sitting with wives or girlfriends, but the customers were primarily women. I stood out amongst them like a parrot in a flock of sparrows. Nervously, I kept trying to pull my skirt down to cover my thighs a little better. Not too successfully I may add. I had been sitting drinking my wine for just a moment when a young, pleasant featured woman came to my table. “Christina?” She asked.

“Yes?”

I hope I didn’t keep you waiting?” She said, sitting down across the table from me. “This consultation just came up at the last moment. Caught me and Doctor McRae flat footed.” “I don’t understand.” I said. “I’m not sick.”

She tilted her head back and laughed gently. “Of course not! But we are in a bit of a hurry. Would you mind leaving your wine?”

“No. But I don’t have any money to pay for it.”

“Oh please. Allow me.” She said putting a ten dollar bill on the table. “That take care of it do you think?”

“Oh yes. Sure.” I said, picking up my handbag and following her.

She took me to a small hotel just down the street, then up one flight to room 114. She knocked, then opened the door. A small, distinguished lady was standing in the middle of the room. She was dressed in pale pink. Wool skirt, and a twin set in cashmere to match. A single strand of pearls. Hair graying, but immaculate. Her eyes were a bright blue, but very cold. She walked towards me, her hand held out in greeting.

“Well hello David... Or should I say Christina? You make a very pretty girl. I’m Doctor McCrae.”

And I felt so intimidated by this ladylike woman with the bluest of eyes that - I CURTSIED! Tight skirt, teetering high heels, floppy blouse and all! Took the sides of the skirt in my hands and actually bobbed!

She pulled her hand back, smiling. “I guess you’re telling me that it’s Christina. Right?”

When I didn’t answer, she said. “All right Christina. Get your blouse and skirt off. Quickly please, June and I have a plane to catch in a few hours and we’re a little tight for time.”

“But I’m not sick, doctor McCrae” I said, starting to undo the waistband of my skirt, then pulling it down to floor level and stepping daintily out of it, extremely conscious of my appearance in the net stockings and garter belt. “Nice legs!” June said, picking my skirt up off the floor and putting it over the back of a chair. Then as I removed my blouse she looked at my breasts and said “What kind of adhesive

are you using. Do you know?"

I looked at her in dumb astonishment. She just patted my arm sympathetically. "Don't worry about it Christina, just take your bra off. You can leave your slip on if you want. You don't care if it's on, do you doctor?"

The doctor had been looking in a large book, placing markers in it at various places. She looked up for a second and shook her head. "No. That's fine. But I do need those breasts off."

June left the room for just a few seconds as I removed my bra. She came back with something like a salve that she just held out to me. "Put a little on your fingers and work into the joint. You'll feel the form coming off quite easily. Just don't pull on it too hard. Okay?"

"Are you taking them off for good?" I asked.

"No. Well, not just now. Don't worry dear, we'll set them back on you before you leave. We just want to measure you."

A few minutes later, I had removed the forms. It felt strange after all that time. June gave me a washcloth to wash my breast area down a little. "There! That'll feel better when we put them back on for you." She said kindly. Then she picked up a book and a pencil.

"I'm ready doctor." She said.

I didn't know what to think when the doctor advanced on me with a measuring tape and some strange looking caliper things. She started measuring me in all sorts of places, calling out some names that Sounded like Latin, then dimensions in centimeters. She did this around my breasts, my back, my sides - and then my buttocks, sometimes using the tape, sometimes the calipers. June, in the meanwhile would repeat exactly what the doctor called Out then record it in her book.

"Doctor? Please? What's this all about?" I said in a pleading tone.

"Well, I guess you'll be an easy subject. Very nice base

material to work with. Guess I can tell you.” As she said this, she put the measuring tools down and picked up the big book. Opened it to one of the marked pages. Showed it to me. It looked like pictures of women’s breasts. It was.



“What size forms are you using?” She asked.

“36 D” I answered.

“Far too large for your frame. What was it you said you wanted again? A 34 C?”

“Eh? I never....”

“Alicia said you specifically requested that size one night when you were talking. Are you saying she lied?”

“Oh no. It’s just..”

Please don’t waste my time!” She snapped. “I’m going to make you into a 34C. If that’s all right with you.” She added sarcastically.

“It seems like you’re going to an awful lot of trouble doctor” I held up my hand. “Honest! It’s not that I don’t appreciate it, but Raquel? She put these forms on me in minutes. Aren’t you doing something the same?”

“Oh dammit! These stupid sissies they give me to work with!” The doctor exploded to nobody in particular, then turned her impatient stare in my direction. “I’m doing surgical implants you stupid thing! You’ll have pretty breasts that any woman would be proud of! Won’t need to worry about adhesives or skin allergies, ever again.”

“Yes Christina” June said softly. “You’ll love them. You’ll look just like a real woman. Won’t that be nice?”

I stared in horror at both of them. But worse was coming.

“And, while we’re at it,” the doctor continued “We’ll enhance your buttocks. Make them nice and plump. Then,” she laughed sarcastically, “we’ll do the same for your lips.. Make them nice and kissable.”

“Yes.” June said softly. “You’ll just love what collagen will do to fill your lips out. Honestly? You’re going to be SO thrilled at how you look!”

“But? Buttocks? Lips? I never asked for anything like that.” I protested.

“We’ve learned that sissies just can’t resist these enhancements.” Doctor McRae added. “First the breasts, then ALWAYS they want the others. We’re not in this area too much, so we’ll kill all the birds with one stone. As a matter of fact, you’re really lucky. If Alicia hadn’t found out about us being in the area just today, we might have missed you for months. As it is, we’ll schedule you for next week. Just wait. You’ll love the way we make you look. And if you don’t? Well, I’m sure Alicia will.” She then went on to explain, in a little kinder tone that she was a plastic surgeon on ‘retainer’ to the woman’s organization. Mostly, she worked on battered women - which hadn’t given her too high an opinion of men. Sometimes, as in my case, a sissy would have done something ‘nice’ for the organization, and they repaid him this way.

In a daze of horror, I was shown the buttock and lip enhancements they’d determined would suit me. A little while later, June helped to re-affix my breasts, then helped me dress. She really was very nice. Even walked me back down to the hotel entrance. “Don’t look so shocked Christina. “You’re going to love the new you. Just wait!” Then she gave me a light kiss on the cheek and we parted.

CHAPTER 11

I actually started walking the wrong way - away from where I was to meet Lucille. I was totally at a loss. They were going to change my body, surgically! I was to have breasts, and the ass of a woman! I was to have ‘kissable’ lips. Yes, I’d agreed that the forms were awkward and yes, I’d liked the idea of a smaller, more controllable bust - but all this other stuff? I was pretty certain that once I was back with Alicia, I wouldn’t have any say in what was going to happen. Also knew that if I had surgery like this, there was no way of turning back into a man. I would play a woman’s role for the rest of my life! Then, panicked, I thought up a plan.

I hurried back down to the boutique. The girls were all there deciding where to go next. They were arguing as to whether we should call for the van in two, or three, hours - at least, that was the impression I got. I hurried to Lucille. "Hi Lucille!" I said brightly. "Can I borrow ten dollars? I know I've spent all my money but there's a lipstick I saw?"

She didn't know what I was talking about but after a few minutes of pleading with her she got the idea. I know she was lecturing me on my spendthrift ways as she gave me the money. Terrified that any of the other girls would join me, I hurried back towards the drug store.

There, I used some change I had in my purse to call for a taxi, to pick me up at the front door. Luckily, the dispatcher told me that he had a cab just a minute away. As soon as I saw it pull up at the front door, I minced out as quickly as I could, opened the door and slid in. Gave him the address of my aunt Kate. As I looked out the rear window, sure enough, there were Juana and Linda staring after the cab. They had obviously seen me and were staring open mouthed at the retreating vehicle carrying me off. I felt horrid, leaving my friends who I knew I'd never see again. But I just had to get out of the web I'd got myself ensnared in.

The ten dollars I had was enough to pay the fare and give the driver a tip. He thanked me pleasantly and drove off. On the long pathway to Aunt Kate's front door I felt eyes on me, knowing full well of the disapproval my high heels, net stockings, short skirt, display of lingerie and stockings, and cheap satin blouse were making. But I'll soon be free of this I thought, not without a tinge of remorse. Veronica, Aunt Kate's maid answered the door, but did not step aside. "Yes?" She said disapprovingly.

"Veronica? It's me. David. I need to speak to Aunt Kate please."

She stared down at me. "David? Yes. I can see how it could be. But if you want to speak to the mistress, go around back and

through the servant's entrance. Go on with you now!" And she shut the door in my face!

I felt tears actually come to my eyes, but by this time I was so used to obeying what any woman told me, I minced around to the back door where she was waiting for me impatiently. "Yes! And what do you want to see the mistress about, MASTER David?"

"It's... It's a... A personal matter Veronica." I stammered. "Very well! Just stay here and I'll go and see if she'll talk to you. Don't move, mind!"

A few minutes later, she returned obviously disapproving. "The mistress will see you. Follow me. And make sure you pay your respects now. If you don't I'll be very upset with you!" "I don't know what you mean Veronica." I said softly.

"When she talks to you, you curtsy you fool! What do you think?"

Shocked, I followed her into Aunt Kate's study where she sat at her desk. She looked up and smiled.

"My David! How pretty you've become..."

"Thank you Aunt Kate," I said, curtsying "but..." "Please don't interrupt me young lady. You're pretty, like I said. But your outfit IS a little on the tawdry side. If this is how you have opted to dress, I must say I think your mother would be very disturbed. I was always more liberal than her in that respect, but even I can't say that I like you visiting dressed like that. Now WHAT is your problem? Quickly now, I don't have a great deal of time."

"Please Aunt Kate? Alicia, and a Doctor McRae that I met this morning. They want to change me."

"It looks as if they already have, David, Change you more?" I licked my lips nervously. "Yes. They want to give me breasts and build up my backside and..."

"Are you saying you don't want this?" Here she picked a

sheet of paper from her desk and looked at it. “Says here that you seem most comfortable dressing, acting and - particularly - being TREATED like a girl. Is this wrong? Is that what you are saying? If it is, you are certainly dressed in a way that would give credence to what is written.” “Aunt Kate? I don’t want to be operated on...”

“Wait. Let me see here.” She interrupted. “I wanted you to come and stay with me. You declined - in a most ungracious manner I may add. If you had come and stayed, you could have continued the kind of feminized life you had with your mother, helping to clean house, cook, doing nothing worthwhile - but I don’t think you’d have ended up dressed the way you are. Oh, certainly Eloise and Frieda might have put you in dresses when they visited, but at least you’d have been more ladylike than what you’re wearing now.”

I opened my mouth in astonishment, but she took it as a sign that I wanted to speak and held up her hand to stop me, then continued. “And you ignored other advice. Didn’t want to wear a bra at first, right? Got sore muscles, didn’t you? Then you refused to wear your mother’s clothes. Didn’t take you long to want to put her dresses and skirts on after you knew how ridiculous you looked in her blouses and lingerie along with male pants and shoes, did it?” Protested about taking your mother’s room knowing full well that the femininity there was more in line with your needs. You just have protested all down the line and frankly, I for one am getting sick and tired of it. It’s time you learned to do just what you’re told, when a woman tells you.”

Just then, the phone rang on her desk. She picked it up. “Yes? All right, put her on.” She paused for a second. ”Yes Alicia, she’s here. Why, I don’t know. Okay. An hour? Fine.” She hung up the phone. Looked at her watch. “No sense in having you sit around for an hour doing nothing. Leave your handbag here, then go and ask Veronica for an apron. She can give you some chores to do.”

“But aunt? Won’t you help me?”

She leaned back in her chair. “Help you to do what, exactly?”

“I’m frightened of them changing me. I don’t want them to operate on me.” I stammered.

“OH. Let me see now. You don’t mind them dressing you like a woman or making you walk and talk and ACT as a woman. You just don’t want them to make you look more like a woman? You don’t mind wearing breast forms - that are far too big for you by the way. You don’t want to have life made easier for you. Don’t want to reduce the risk of skin infection from the adhesives you are using. What is it? Frightened of a minor, painless piece of laser surgery?” She scribbled something on the paper for a minute “There! I’ve put you down for cosmetic enhancement as well. Something else, you’ll probably complain about!”

“Cosmetic enhancement?”

“Yes. It’s a kind of permanent tattooing. Give you a nice red lip outline, some color on your cheek bones. Do your eyelids to make them look dark and sultry. Save you a lot of time when you’re putting your makeup on.”

I looked at her helplessly, tears starting to form in my eyes. “Don’t look at me like that!” She snapped. “How much help did you give me, huh? How helpful were you when I could have been made one of the leaders in the organization, just if you leased your house, huh?”

“I don’t understand, aunt. Don’t know what you’re talking about.” I pleaded.

“If you’d come and stayed with me, then leased your house, I’d have been given all the credit. But NO! For once in your life you showed a little backbone. I reported that you were a lost cause - then that interloper Raquel, she listened to what Rosalie thought about you, and SHE ended up getting all the credit! Now look at you! Practically a woman! Practically a servant! Do as maids - MAIDS - tell you to do! How do you think that makes ME look?” She leaned over the desk and pointed at me. “I’m not going to tell you again! Have Veronica give you an apron and some chores. Tell her I said not to have you in any of

the front rooms where someone might see you. Don't want anyone I know think I'd hire a maid who dresses like you! Now go!"

Actually I didn't have to spend too much time on chores. Veronica just put me in the kitchen, where nobody would see me and had me restack some sets of plates and glasses into different cupboards. It wasn't quite an hour when Yvonne came walking in there. Looked at me with practically no expression. I tried to ingratiate myself.

"Oh hi Yvonne!" I said girlishly. "That's a nice jacket you have on. Never saw it before."

She just gave me a blank look.

Veronica introduced herself, then said something in Spanish. Yvonne smiled an acceptance and two minutes later I was serving them both tea.

When I'd finished, Veronica made me wait until she had gone and got my handbag. Sniffing her distaste, she handed it back to me. I thanked her humbly and, while my attention was on her, Yvonne did something that surprised me. Came and fitted something around my neck, almost like a collar, I thought, wondering what she was doing but certainly not about to ask. Then I discovered that what she had put on me was, in actuality, a collar! With a feeling of true dread, I saw her approach me again and attach a velvet leash to a ring on the collar. Once she snapped the fastener in place, she tugged the leash. "Venga aqui!" She said, grinning.

Veronica stood watching, a disdainful sneer on her face as I was led out of the back door, weeping in shame.

It took over an hour to get home again as Yvonne had some errand in town. She tied my leash to the steering wheel of the car so that I would not run away but, by that time, I knew it was hopeless and just sat there, eyes downcast not wanting to be aware of anyone seeing my shame. When we finally drove up the driveway at the house, she

honked the horn twice, then stopped the car at the front door. As I was being led out of the car, the house door opened and all the muchachos and Alicia came out and stood in two lines staring at me as Yvonne led me through the lines and into the house. There were no smiles of welcome. Then the door closed behind us and I was a prisoner in my own home again. No one said a word as Yvonne led me down to the barracks. They just padded along noiselessly behind us.

There was a straight back chair in the center of the room, but other than that nothing was changed. Alicia then surprised me by coming up to me and gently unbuckling my collar, after she removed the leash. Spoke kindly. "You were a very naughty girl, weren't you Christina?"

"Oh yes Alicia! Honest. I didn't mean it! I'm very, very, sorry! Please forgive me?"

She shook her head. "You don't understand dear. You did let me down, but I can understand. It's your friends that might be upset."

"What? I don't understand. How come they're mad at me?" "Didn't you lie to Lucille? Or did you really want her money to buy lipstick?"

"Well. Yes. I did lie to her, I guess . . ."

"And did you think about cutting the girl's day short? The only day they've had off in a long time? Did you think about that?"

"I didn't know..."

"You didn't hear me tell all you girls the night before to stay together?"

"Yes, but..."

"Christina! Do you agree that you should get punished for being a naughty little girl?"

"Yes." I agreed abjectly.

"That's better. Much better." She then rattled something off in Spanish. I saw Linda go and sit in the chair. She had a strange look on her face. Half laughing, half ashamed. "Christina? Take this in your hand. Go and stand in front of Linda and say 'Lo Siento' Can you say that?"

“Yes. It means “sorry” doesn’t it?” I said, taking the object from her hand before realizing it was a long handled hairbrush.



“Very good! Now go and do what I told you.”

I minced over to where Linda sat staring up at me, her eyes large, but no longer amused. Said what I’d been instructed to say. She held her hand out for the brush. I gave it to her. Then she said something that I couldn’t fathom. She saw my puzzlement, put the brush in her left hand then reached out for me to take her hand. When I took it she started pulling me gently towards her, and downwards.

“Oh no!” I groaned finding myself being put, face down, over her knees. “Oh PLEASE Linda, don’t!”

But my skirt and slip were being forced upwards to display my panties and rear end. And I was spanked. Spanked thoroughly by Linda, then all my muchacha friends, especially by Lucille. Weeping and wailing and pleading I was finally set free.

“Now Christina? Don’t you feel better. The girls don’t have any hard feelings for you now. They’re really SORRY they had to discipline you. But you agree it had to be done, don’t you. They are your friends, aren’t they?”

“Yes.” I bubbled.

“And you really are one of them, one of the muchachas, aren’t you?”

I nodded, still weeping.

“Very good Christina! You are being an especially good little girl now. Tell you what? Why don’t you hold your arms out straight in front of you? Keep them like that for a little while. We’re not going to hurt you, Honest!”

Grateful for any kind of respite, I did as Alicia had told me.

It was hard for me to identify what they were laying over my arms because my eyes were so puffed up from weeping. It looked black. Then a gray blue ‘something’ then a russet. Next, all the girls were laughing and bringing things to add to the pile on my arms. Then I knew. I had been issued my three uniforms, my aprons and sets of

white underwear. I wasn't surprised then when they led me to the closet and showed me "my" assigned area - my purchases of that afternoon already hanging there and helped me hang up my stuff.

"That's my old bed you're getting." Alicia said. "I'm sure you'll like it - my little muchacha!"

And everyone laughed. I was no longer an 'honorary' muchacha. I was the real thing!

That evening I got the first taste of how territorial women can be when showering, changing and taking control of a mirror to put makeup on. I was shy changing into my new white undies until I realized that nobody was paying the slightest attention. Along with Linda and Juana, I changed into the Russet uniform and the white lace serving aprons, and ribboned caps - we were the serving girls that night,

After the meal and clean up were over, I discovered that one more ceremony had been planned.

I was sitting on my bed giving my feet a rest when Yvonne walked right up to me. She had a fairly large bag with her that she set down on Linda's bed next to mine. Then she crooked her finger indicating that I was to stand up. I was truly scared of this woman, so I did so. Didn't protest as she turned me around and started unfastening the buttons that closed my uniform. Stood mute in front of her in my undies a few minutes later. She handed me a white satin bra that she pulled from the bag. I didn't know why, but the inference was clear. I took the one I had on off, pulling it free from my slip straps, then inserted the new one inside my slip straps and around my breast forms then fastened myself in. The other girls continued what they were doing but I knew from the cessation of the normal chatter that what Yvonne was doing to me was being watched.

A pair of satin panties were put in my hands next. Quickly, I pulled the others off under my slip and put the new ones in place. She

made an indication that I interpreted as meaning to remove my garter belt and stockings, so I did so. Was ridiculously complimented when she smiled at my understanding. She left for a second and went to one of her own storage drawers. Came back with a long white satin gown. Handed it to me. I mimed removing my slip, with a questioning look. She nodded and smiled, so I pulled it off over my head, then slipped into the nightgown, feeling a terrific thrill as the cool material cascaded down over my body. Then she handed me a pair of white hose that I recognized as being 'thigh highs', and a blue elasticized garter - just one. I put the stockings on quickly but didn't know what leg to put the garter on, but a mimed question just got me an impatient look, so I slid it up my right leg. She shrugged, so I guessed that the leg I picked was immaterial.

I was starting to feel somewhat like the sacrificial lamb - or virgin, if you will - the significance of the white becoming clearer to me as other articles appeared: A white chiffon peignoir with beautiful lace insets, and white satin slippers. I wasn't positive until the last article appeared - a long white veil, with a circlet of silk flowers at the band. Trembling, I stood while Juana came and fixed it on my hair, then let it fall down over my face. All the girls were lively and giggling now, beginning to stand around me, touching my clothes in jealous admiration or stroking my arms - to ease my obvious nervousness I guess.

Then Linda came and lifted my veil up and off my face. Proceeded to apply lipstick. I could sense that it was of the scarlet, wet variety, but didn't protest. As she pulled my veil back down over my face, I heard the girls mutter and knew that Alicia - my groom to be - had arrived. She came and stood beside me. It was hard to see clearly through the veil material, but she seemed to have a red terry robe on over dark blue pajamas. Her hair was combed close to her head and I thought she looked quite dashing. She was carrying a small white box in her hands. She slipped one of her arms through mine, then turned us both to face the girls.

Then, amidst a lot of laughter, the girls all started shouting out questions to her. She'd laugh and say "Si" or shrug her shoulders, and they'd laugh harder than ever. Then she said to me "Your turn Christina. Just answer 'Si' - nothing else. There's a girl!"

And the laughter grew in volume as they asked all sorts of questions - to which I answered "yes". God knows what I avowed to.

Then, before I knew it, to a barrage of whistling and bawdy comments, Alicia turned to face me, lifted my veil up and over the back of my head, then kissed me firmly.

Then she said "Darling wife? Just a little more indignity for you and it's all over. Honest. Listen up, real close. Okay?" I nodded.

"I want you to take this box in my hand. Open it. Make sure you smile nicely when you see what's in it. Understand?"

I nodded and took the box from her. Opened it slowly. Wasn't surprised in the slightest to see the white ivory dildo resting in the red velvet lining. There was a pink tissue there as well, that I wasn't sure about, but I smiled.

"Take it out. Make sure the girls all see it now! Give it a delicate kiss. Right on the tip. There! I knew you could do it! Once again please. And again? Yes, keep looking like you're enjoying it! Wonderful! Now? Just take your tongue and gently lick the bottom of the tip, just like you'd like a delicious ice cream cone. No, that's too far down. Yes, just the tip. Good! Just a few more licks. I want to see that DELIGHT on your face now! Yes better! Now for the last thing. Just think of it as the most delicious lollypop you've ever sucked. Put it in your mouth darling. SUCK! SMILE! A little further in, perfect! Now open your eyes and make sure the enjoyment's showing there for all your little muchacha friends to see! And look at them all in turn. I don't want any of them to think that you're ignoring them. Slowly now! Let's see these pretty plump cheeks CAVE in! Oh yes. I can just see what a great delight you're taking in doing this. Just a tad faster

please?”

And, sucking the white smooth thing in my mouth, I made eye contact with all the girls one at a time, smiling coyly at each of them. Alicia said something to them in Spanish which made them all clap. When I was done, Alicia tugged gently on my arm. “Hate to drag you away darling, but just keep doing as you are until we get to the stairway. There, you can take it out and wipe your lipstick off of it with that tissue. Got it?”

Still sucking, like a hungry baby on a teat, I nodded.

When we got to the stairs, I looked enquiringly at her. She laughed. “Just don’t want to give it up now, do you? But that’s all right, I’ll let you have it some more in no time at all. Just wipe it off, then hand it to me, but don’t let go of it. Understand?”

I nodded, and did as ordered,

She took the other end, then leading me, she climbed the stairs, the false penis, warm in my hand, linking me irrevocably to her.

And I went to my wedding bed.

The End