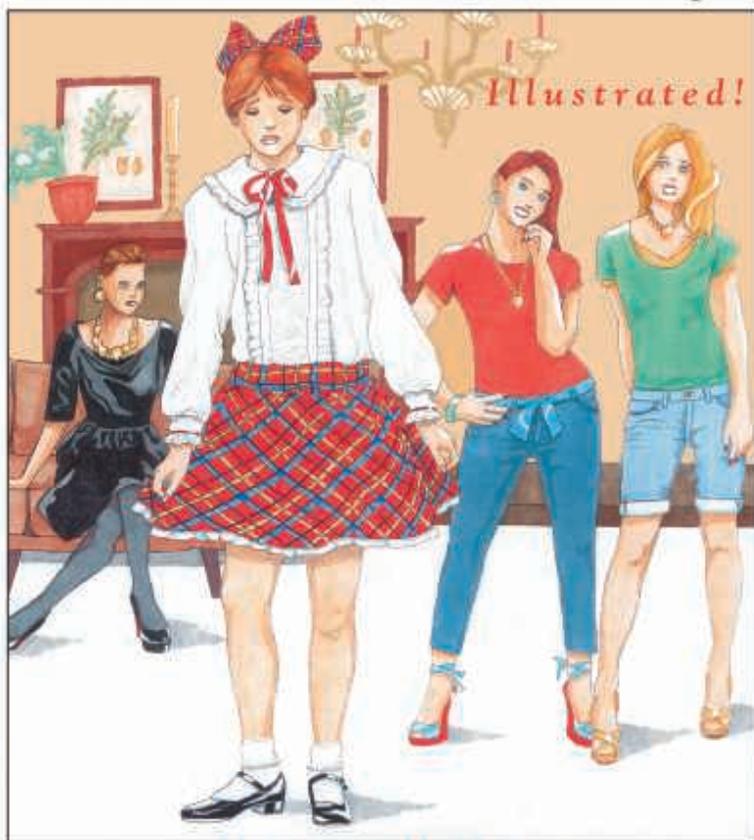


# Sissy In Kilts & Petticoats.

## Book 1

In **Book 1** a rebellious young male is sent to a distant aunt to be straightened out and educated. She declares he'll be treated the age he acts and is put in a childish bodice kilt and laughed at by her teenage daughters. He gradually becomes more sissified and turned into the oldest daughter's "groom." He's sent to beauticians' school, then mistaken for a maid he's turned into one, and then into a girl.



By Patricia Michelle

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# **Sissy In Kilts & Petticoats**

**Rebellious Young Male Sent To England To Be Turned Into  
A Sissy And Then A Little Girl.**

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter 1**

Veronica Taylor was the lawyer my mother had put in charge of the trust fund she'd set up for my education. As I sat across from her I could tell she was furious. I was nineteen years old and had just been thrown out of college for the second time.

Once again a sorority girl had claimed I'd been sexually harassing her. I called it simply trying "to put the make on her." What really set me off is when I proposed

we go back to my place “and get it on.” She just laughed in my face and said, “With you little boy? Are you even out of diapers?”

“Oh, I’ll show you something that will make your heart stop, babe,” I said, jamming my crotch into hers.

“Get lost shrimp,” she said, easily yanking my arm painfully behind me and shoving me out of the room.

The next day I got thrown out.

There was a reason why I was trying to nail every hot-tie on campus. A shrink would describe me as having “a Napoleon Complex.” Fancy words to describe a guy barely five foot two with a baby face that left me looking more like I belonged in junior high, not college. A shrink would say I was trying to prove my manhood over and over.

And why not, I might have been short but as far as I was concerned my cock was definitely not proportionate to my height. And the girls, few as they were, that I did get it on with were shocked and, and smugly I thought, left highly satisfied. Needless to say here I was, once again, being berated by the woman who controlled the purse strings in my life.

“I’m not releasing another nickel just to have you throw it away. I’ve decided to send you to my aunt in England for a year or so. I’ve instructed Aunt Olivia to straighten you out and once she does see that you’re properly educated. If you refuse to go all the money stops, permanently,” she proclaimed.

She really didn’t give me any choice, so a week later I arrived at her aunt’s, who was obviously extremely wealthy. If her house wasn’t a castle it was close to it. When I met her I was immediately intimidated. She was a tall woman, elegantly dressed and towered over me in her heels by a good foot. She regarded me coldly while intro-

ducing her son, Leslie. Who, of all things, was dressed in a kilt and looked quite juvenile. When I asked his age she said, "How a boy acts is all that's important and that all boys in her house were treated the age they acted."

Which should have given me a hint of what was to come. In the morning my clothes were gone and in their place was a kilted outfit.



## Chapter-2 "I'm not wearing a kilt!" Big Mistake.

"No way!" I thought to myself as a stern, forbidding woman, severely dressed and even more imposing than Aunt Olivia entered and informed me that she was my governess.

"Why aren't you up and dressed?" she demanded to know.

"I'm not wearing a damn kilt, where are my own clothes?" I belligerently hollered.

"These are the clothes the Mistress has ordered you dressed in. Now get out of bed."

"I told you..." I started to say when she yanked the covers off me and dragged me by the ear to a straight-backed chair. After seating herself she effortlessly put me over her knees and while holding me down produced a mean looking, wooden cane and began applying it to my rear end. God it hurt and I was soon begging, then pleading with her to stop. Which she paid not the least attention to. Stopping only when I was a sobbing, blubbing wreck. I offered no resistance as I was led by the ear into the bathroom and stripped naked. She then applied a foul smelling cream over my entire body from the neck down including my crotch. It quickly grew hot and I felt a burning sensation. My god, I wondered, what the hell was this stuff? I soon found out when she dumped me into a girlishly smelling bubble bath and began vigorously scrubbing me with the stiffest brush until I swear my whole body was pink. When I stepped out of the tub I discovered all my hair was gone! I looked like a little boy and most humiliating there wasn't a hair around my penis and balls.

Prodded back into the bedroom she menacingly said, "If you put up the least fuss or protest while I dress you, you'll find yourself back over my knees. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes.." was all I got out before she slapped my face as hard as she could.

"That's 'Yes Governess,'" she demanded I say, and thoroughly cowed I did, not daring to utter even a sound as she dressed me in the most horrible outfit.

"N-Noo, oh please I can't be seen like this," I pleaded, for I was dressed identically to the Aunt's son, Leslie, in a kilt, fussy shirt with lace and all too short velvet jacket.

To my surprise she actually agreed. She stripped and redressed me in a retched variation of a kilt called a bodice kilt, which I learned was only worn by little boys. The kilt hung from a frilly bodice which she buttoned up the back, making it impossible for me to remove. It came barely to mid thigh and was fluffed out by something called a kilt liner, but to me looked just like a girl's petticoat. My shorts were removed and I was made to step into what she called "trews" but looked to me like a pair of girl's panties trimmed in lace. Leslie wore mid calf socks, but now I wore short, turned down anklets trimmed in lace. The, to me, sissy blouse had a ruffled collar with a big prissy bow in front. Leslie wore double t-strap shoes, I now wore shiny mary janes, the kind only little girls and boys wore.

Yet she wasn't finished with me. For ordered to sit and hold my head very still she combed, trimmed and restyled my hair. When she let me look in a mirror I was devastated as it was now styled just like a little boy's!

The final insult was the big bow she attached to the top of my head.

“It’s your punishment bow, and you’ll wear it every time you break a rule or don’t act like I expect you to,” she said. To my sorrow I was to find that I was to adhere to dozens of rules and for the least infraction she put it back on.

With cane in hand I was delivered to my aunt. My face burned red with shame as her teen age daughters, dressed in tight jeans, tops and heels, were there and couldn’t stop laughing and jeering at me.

### **Chapter -3 Oh God, not a corset!**

“While you’re here boy you’ll be treated and dressed the age you act. From the letters I’ve received from Ms. Taylor you’re nothing but a disobedient, lazy, disrespectful child. So, I’d say, you’re dressed quite appropriately,” I was informed, then she added, “I’ve noticed what atrocious posture the boy has. Put him in one of Leslie’s old corsets, I’m sure that will improve his posture considerably, don’t you think girls?”

“Oh yes, nothing improved Leslie’s posture more than when you put him in his corsets. He does carry on so whenever his governess decides it’s time to tighten it, or put him in a new one. Always complaining that’s it’s too tight, but you’ve never fainted, as you keep saying you’ll do, do you?” she asked her brother.

“N-No sister dear,” he replied miserably. I couldn’t believe that it had been decided that I too was to wear a corset and wondered how such a garment would feel. I had the worst foreboding as I looked at Leslie who’s figure wasn’t just slim it was quite girlish.

But, all too soon I was to find out fore after being dismissed and I was back in the hands of the feared woman, who was to be my governess, I was dragged back to the

bedroom and stripped down to my trows or, to me, panties.

I was led over to what she called a lacing bar and with cords fastened my wrist to opposite ends before hauling me up till I was barely standing on my tiptoes. A fearsome looking corset was wrapped around me extending from my armpits to part way down my hips really pushing them out. Then she started tightening the laces in back. Which at first felt snug, but then she took up the laces and started all over, really yanking on them.

When I dared protest how tight it was getting to my shock she stepped in front of me and slapped my face.

"I'll tell you when it's too tight, is that understood?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes governess," I quickly said, more afraid of her now than ever. Ignoring my previous protest, to my disbelief, she proceeded to tighten it even more, till I felt like I was crushed in a vise. Then I was redressed in the little boy's kilt, shoes and socks that I couldn't bear to think how juvenile they made me look.

## **Chapter-4 You'll be treated the age you act.**

She then proceeded in inform me of how I was expected to act and what rules I must follow.

"However first you will learn how to stand," I as told

"Stand with feet together, hands folded in front of you, head bowed at all times in the presence of anyone older than you and girls of any age," she dictated. When I did she went on.

"Now you will learn how to curtsy."

I was so surprised I couldn't help blurting out, "Y-You want me t-to curtsy?" For which my face was slapped once again.

"Since a kilt is basically a skirt you'll naturally curtsy," she said, and after teaching me how to curtsy I cringed in shame at when I was expected to do so.

"You'll curtsy before and after you speak. You'll curtsy when introduced, when you enter or leave a room whether it is occupied or not. You'll curtsy whenever anyone tells you to do anything. You'll curtsy whenever anyone enters or leaves a room that you're in. And you'll stop and curtsy whenever you walk in front of anyone. Is that clear?" she demanded to know. Unfortunately I forgot to curtsy after I spoke.

"Bend over, lift your kilt up above your waist, bend over and grab your knees," she screamed at me, then proceeded to cane my poor behind several times.

"When you forget to curtsy you'll feel the cane four times. When you forget to curtsy properly you'll get two," she dictated, which was incentive enough to make absolutely certain I never forgot when to curtsy and to be very careful to do so exactly as demanded. However to make certain I learned she made me curtsy almost fifty times before she declared she was marginally satisfied.

"However you'll practice your curtsy every morning until you can do twenty in a row perfectly," I was told.

I found it unbearably humiliating. I was to put one foot precisely behind the other and as I curtsied raise it till only the toe touched. At the same time I was to daintily hold the edges of my kilt by just my thumb and forefinger, spread my kilt and liner and raise it until my panties were clearly displayed, while keeping my head bowed, eyes fixed to the toes of my shoes. I hated it, but what could I do?

After my legs were almost reduced to jelly after so many curtsies she informed me of how I would be expected to act, and, if anything, it was even more humiliating

“By your actions you’ve proved too immature to make any decisions, therefore all decisions will be made for you. You will not argue, contradict or question anything you are told, or told to do. If you do you’ll be punished. You will do absolutely nothing without permission. You will not sit or stand without permission. You are not to be caught doing anything you haven’t been given permission to do. If I tell you to stand and I leave for two hours you are not to have moved from that spot or so much as have moved one foot a fraction of an inch or even momentarily raise your head, am I clear,” she thundered.

Oh my god, I thought, but meekly said that it was.

“You are obviously too immature and irresponsible to have an opinion so you will never give one. Nobody is interested in what an immature, little boy has to say,” she harshly said.

“Along the same lines you are not to speak without permission, except when asked a question. If you wish to speak you will ask permission by raising your hand,” I was told. Imagine me, eighteen years old, having to raise my hand just to ask permission to speak like a little child did? It was just too horrible, I couldn’t believe how I would be expected to act. But, of course, it got worse.

I was expected to address the two daughters, aged fourteen and seventeen, as “Lady Elizabeth” and “Lady Alexandra” who was in college.

“In addition to addressing them properly they have full authority to punish you without having to get permission if you are not exceedingly polite, respectful, well-mannered or do not immediately do anything they

tell you do to," she added, which left me in total dread. Imagine, two girls, one four years younger than me, and the other two years younger having been granted permission to punish me! I remembered how they'd laugh and jeered at me when first introduced, now I was expected to do anything they told me to or what would they do, cane me? I just shuddered fearfully.

Miserably I found that she was far from finished with me. I was then taught how to walk, sit and bend. When I walked my hands were to be laced behind me. I was to place one foot precisely in front of the other and to walk more on my toes so I could do so quietly. She made me practice, like girls did, with a book on my head. I hated how I thought I must look, walking with dainty, mincing steps. I felt like a total sissy. Even more so when I was instructed in how I was to sit.

"When you're given permission to sit go to the chair you've been told to sit in. When you approach the chair first curtsy to it then pivot gracefully on your toes. When you sit do so on the lip of the seat. Once seated arrange your skirts evenly to either side. Knees together, ankles crossed right over left, then bring them under your seat until just the tip of your right toe is touching. Elbows in, hands folded nicely on your lap, head kept bowed and fixed on your hands. Once seated you will 'thank' the person who has permitted you to sit, if it is Lady Elizabeth, by saying, 'Thank you Lady Elizabeth for allowing me to sit.' You will also thank the person when allowed to stand. While sit-

ting you are not to annoy the adults or visitors, or bring attention to yourself, by

fidgeting or squirming in your seat. I don't want to see so much as a toe or finger move," she instructed, then made me practice over and over sitting just like the most

proper and prim little girl, only worse. Of course I was no longer in pants I was now in skirts.

From then on my days were spent endlessly practicing walking, sitting and curtsying.

Then to teach me the value of hard work, which I admit I sorely lacked, an awful, frilly pinafore was put on me and with Leslie we cleaned, dusted, and scrubbed for hours. Several times a week we were consigned to the laundry room where we might spend all day washing, ironing and folding.

## **Chapter-5 Teased by teenage girls.**

Most humiliating was having to tidy up and clean Lady Elizabeth's or Lady Alexandra's room each morning. I had to make their beds for them, pick up and put away everything they'd thrown on the floor, I think purposefully. I dusted and vacuumed and put away their clothes and even their shoes. And all the time I had to act so respectfully and polite to them, never daring to contradict or question anything for I knew they were just looking for any excuse to punish me. Like the time I hung one of Lady Elizabeth's skirts with her pants.

"Oh my, you know where I expect my skirts to be. Very well, bend over, I don't think you'll forget again," she assured me, gleefully finding her cane and giving me four good ones. It was so unfair, but like the cowed, brow beaten person I'd become I had to "thank" her for punishing me and admit I deserved it before she'd allow me to stand and pull my skirts down.

Even when she couldn't find anything I'd done wrong she'd still taunt and goad me.

“My goodness, wouldn’t you make just the most perfect little, sissy housewife, wouldn’t you?” she demanded to know.

And, of course, hanging my head I’d meekly replied, “Yes L-Lady Elizabeth.”

When I wasn’t being worked to the bone my afternoons might be spent sitting, with Leslie, so correctly and sedately, not daring to move a muscle doing needlepoint or coloring or playing games meant for little children. All the while I could see the two daughters playing tennis, which I’d once so enjoyed, or out riding their horses. I was always dismayed when I saw them riding for when they were finished they’d bring their boots to us and demand that we clean and polish them. “And they’d better look like they’re brand new boys, or else.” Naturally we knew what “or else” meant.

The most humiliating was when they had their friends over. Lady Elizabeth, especially enjoyed ordering me around and when I’d meekly do her bidding she’d laugh and tauntingly say, “Wouldn’t he make a great maid?” And everybody would laugh with her.

When the governess allowed us outside for what she called, “supervised play” she’d have us swinging on swings, or on a teeter-totter, or jumping rope or playing hopscotch.

I always prayed the two daughters would be out with their friends for if they caught us jumping rope or playing hopscotch they’d laugh themselves silly, point and scream, “On my god, look they’re showing off their panties!”

After several months Leslie turned sixteen. He was so excited for he’d graduated to a grown up kilt. He no longer had to wear a pinafore, nor did he have to raise his hand, as I still did, to ask permission to speak. And while

I was put to bed at the early hour of eight o'clock, Leslie was now allowed to stay up till nine. More shameful was that he no longer had to play with me. I was crushed for nothing changed for me. Here I was nineteen years old still forced to wear my little boy's sissy kilt and still treated like one.

## **Chapter -6 Dealing with my filthy, disgusting habit.**

However the most humiliating thing that occurred after I'd been there several months was one morning when the governess discovered I'd soiled my trews sometime during the night. I was mortified of what had happened, but even more so when dragged in front of Aunt Olivia who was informed of what I'd done.

Disgustedly she said, "Well, we can't have the boy developing such filthy, nasty habits obviously. You'll deal with him as you dealt with Leslie, of course."

That night standing naked I was ordered to spread my legs. "Don't so much as move a muscle boy while I tie this around your little thing," she ordered. I cringed when she took a length of pink ribbon, wrapped it tightly around my penis then tied it in a big bow. From then on, every morning, she closely inspected it to see if I'd tampered with it in any way. Then before dressing me she would yank my organs up between my legs and was told that if she ever saw them poking out I would deeply regret it. From then on I had to use the toilet sitting like a girl for I was expressly forbidden to even look at them let alone touch them.

If that wasn't humiliating enough what occurred every Friday at precisely eight o'clock in the evening was beyond mortifying. Remember I was eighteen and just a few months ago I'd spent my time trying to lay every hot

chick on campus. Yet every Friday night I stood in front of the governess with my panties down to my ankles and holding my skirts up to my waist. As I did she impersonally masturbated me while firmly holding my balls in her other hand and as she did so I was under strict orders not to move a muscle or to even utter a sound. If I did she'd painfully squeeze and twist my balls. Nor was she quick about it, often prolonging it by a half an hour or even more.

"You need to learn self discipline to control your childish, immature urges. Therefore your little dickie will not do spurties for me until I give you permission. When you feel you're about to do spurties you'll say, "Please governess, my little dickie is about to do spurties," she instructed me. God, how humiliating and insulting. I never thought of my cock as a little. I was proud of my cock, and actually thought it bigger than everyone else's on campus. Now, to her, I didn't have a cock but a little dickie as you might refer to a little boy's penis, and I had to ask permission "to do spurties."

The one time I just couldn't control myself and squirted without permission I learned never, ever to it again.

Furious with me she angrily said, "You were told not to do squirties without permission weren't you?"

"Y-Yes governess," I said shamefully, fearing the worst. Leaving me holding my skirts up she left momentarily then returned holding something behind her back and ordered me to close my eyes.

When I did I suddenly yelled in shock as she wrapped a freezing ice pack around my organs and held it there despite my pleading to take it away. When she did my punishment wasn't over. For she smacked my poor dickie with a ruler several times, each time saying,

*“Bad boy, bad boy.”*

I'd learned my lesson and there after would immediately call out that my little dickie was about to do squirties.

You can't imagine how hard, pardon the pun, it was to stand there not daring to move a muscle or to even utter a sound. It was pure torture, but she seemed totally indifferent to the excruciating torment she was putting me through. So every Friday as she held a panty wrapped around me I spurted forcefully into it with the express purpose of ridding me of my nasty, childish urges.

## **Chapter-7 I'm turned into a teen girl's groom.**

I had fully expected that when I turned nineteen a few months after I'd been sent to England I'd be put into a grown-ups kilt and treated more as an adult as Leslie had been. However my birthday was not even brought up and I found myself treated no differently, nor any more grown-up and to my great distress still dressed in my childish, sissy attire.

It was at the beginning of summer that I sat daintily on a sofa in a ridiculously short skirt, red velvet, little boy's bolero jacket, the tightest white gloves, mid-calf white socks with lace trim, and red, patent leather "dress" shoes with dainty, sissy heels and floppy bows on each toe. On my head was a matching red bow as I was being punished by the fourteen year old daughter, Lady Alexandra, who had ordered me to polish all the shoes in her closet and had caned me because I'd missed polishing just one sole.

To my horror I heard Aunt Olivia say that she felt that since Elizabeth had turned eighteen that she was entitled to a groom and stating that I might make her an excellent

one. Feeling, I heard her say, that it would be an excellent test to see if I was developing a proper attitude, work ethic and discipline.



In dread I was called into the room, and after curtsy-ing, was informed that I was now to be Lady Elizabeth's groom.

To her she said, "I don't expect you to show the boy any slack. You're to expect him to do as you tell him without question or argument. To be at all times perfectly well-mannered and respectful and to show you a new found work ethic. Anything less I'll expect you to deal with as you see fit."

Giving me the sternest look that made my heart sink, she said, "Oh I absolutely agree mother. Showing the boy any leniency at all would really be counter productive, wouldn't it?"

"Come with me boy," she ordered as I followed her up to her room. When we got there she said, "I really feel it's necessary to have a little talk so we'll both understand how you'll be expected to act, don't you?"

"Y-Yes Lady E-Elizabeth," I replied, what else could I say.

"Oh, I'm so glad you agree. So, go over to the stand and fetch my cane," she said cheerfully and when I had she ordered, "Hands on knees, skirts up, please."

She then proceeded to give me five really hard smacks with the cane.

"Well, what do you say?" she demanded to know.

"T-Thank you for disciplining me, Lady Elizabeth," I sobbed out.

"Do you think our little talk has helped in understanding your position as my groom?" she asked.

"Y-Yes Lady Elizabeth, it, it has," I answered despondently, fully resigned to a terrified existence as her groom. Worse, I had no idea if this was for a couple of weeks, or

months or, what I couldn't bring myself to even conceive of, permanently.

The seventeen year old girl had obviously grown up with servants all her life. She fully expected them to do her bidding regardless of what it was. And to pamper her in the style she was accustomed to. She never regarded me as anything but her servant, and fully expected me to act like one. She never spoke a word to me except to order me around and I eventually realized she thought of me more as her maid than a groom. I was required to wear an apron at all times, and these could be, to my shame, exceedingly frilly. And true to her word she showed me no leniency whatsoever and would often find myself bent over and caned two or three times a day for the most minor of faults. Such as the day I failed to line her shoes up perfectly. Or the day I sloppily tied the bow at the back of my apron. Then there was the time, after hours of exhausting ironing, I dared raise my voice. For that I had my face slapped and was made to stand in the corner for four hours to reconsider my attitude.

## **Chapter-8 Furthering my education at a beautician's school!**

It was at the end of summer, as I stood in front of Aunt Olivia, that she asked her daughter what her opinion of me was as a groom.

"Well, I think he's developed a greater appreciation of the value of hard work. Although if I work him more than say, fourteen hours in a day his work begins to suffer," she remarked, which was so unfair! Who's work wouldn't suffer if they were worked fourteen hours without being allowed even a moments rest.

"I do feel I did what I could in demanding a more respectful attitude and developing a servant's mentality in

him, which frankly I initially found lacking. I'd suggest that he could be made more useful and valuable if he was further trained and educated to perform more, shall we say, personal duties in the area of cosmetology for example. Then I'm sure you could find just the right position for him," she remarked, and I'll have to be honest I had no idea what she was talking about.

And so it was decided, with no input from me, that I would be further educated.

Two days later I was gotten up by the governess, dressed in my best sissy outfit and informed that she was to drive me to the school I'd been enrolled in. As we pulled up in front of a red, brick building I couldn't have been more shocked, or dismayed, when I read the sign above the door. For it read, "The Swish School of Beauty."

"This will be so perfect for you, have fun," the governess mockingly laughed.

As she firmly led me in by the arm we were met by the most femininely dressed woman who welcomed me with the simple remark, "So, this is the boy Olivia has discussed with me? I understand he's to be put in the special program?"

"Yes, she feels a more specialized education will make it easier for her to find a suitably permanent position," the governess answered.

"Oh, I'm sure it will. In fact you might inform Olivia that at just this moment I have two wealthy women looking for a graduate from our specialized program," she stated. Totally ignoring my presence I had no idea what they were talking about I was left totally in the dark about what it meant to be enroll in her specialized program.

However, I was soon to find out.

As soon as the governess left the woman turned to me and said, "My name is Ms. Conners, I'm the head of our fine school. Now you've been placed in a special program which Olivia Windsor has paid a great deal of money to put you in. I know her reputation and I wouldn't like to be in your shoes if I send in a report of anything less than an 'Excellent' in the various areas you'll be trained and educated in," she warned, and I could well believe her so I naively said, "Yes Ma'am, I'll study as hard as I can."

"Good, well then I'll turn you over to Katy, our nail technician, who you'll address as 'Miss Katy'" she said, who was a friendly, bubbly girl a couple years younger than me.

"Oh my, a boy student. I understand you've been enrolled in our special program."

"Yes, Miss Katy, that's what I heard," I replied, embarrassing myself, for without thinking, I curtsied before and after I spoke.

"You do that quite nicely, obviously you've been well trained. I've only had one other boy who was enrolled in our special program. You're really so lucky, you'll be quite valuable when you graduate," she said cheerfully.

I wondered about describing me as 'valuable,' it was a rather odd comment I thought as she got down to business.

I spent the day learning how to give pedicures. Trimming toes, buffing and polishing them. I guess about what I expected to learn at a school of beauty. Certainly it wasn't anywhere near the education I'd expected.

After several days of tutoring I was to practice on the clientele who were being attended to by their professional beauticians. There were a dozen chairs and I was to go to each and politely ask if I could give them a pedicure. Which they were asked to grade me on. When I received

ten “Excellents” in a row I was turned back over to Miss Katy who then proceeded to teach me the art of manicuring. Again, when she thought I was ready I was sent to practice on their lady customers.

It was the third day that the obviously wealthy woman who’d nails I was, at the time, carefully polishing had the strangest conversation with the owner.

“I’m really quite impressed with the way the boy is attending to my nails. Very careful and excellent concentration. He isn’t, by any chance, in your special program is he?”

“Why yes, in fact he is,” the owner replied.

“Who does he belong to?” the woman asked.

“He belongs to Olivia Windsor, who’s in charge of him and seeing to his education.”

“Olivia Windsor? Yes, if he belongs to her then I’m sure she’s ingrained just the right attitude and mentality in the kind of boy I’d be most interested in. I think I’ll give her a ring to see if I could acquire him when he graduates,” she stated.

Such an odd conversation. Asking who I “belonged to” and if she could “acquire” me when I graduated.

When I finished she examined her nails and said, “These are really perfect. I can see you’d make an excellent acquisition. Just what I’ve been looking for, although I dare say you’ll need to be sharpened up quite a bit.” Good grief, I thought, now what the heck did that mean?

From manicuring and pedicuring I went on to Hair Care. Where I was first taught how to wash and shampoo, then to blow dry, then how to brush and comb out.

That was all part of what she described as part of my basic education. “Now we’ll go on to your more specialized training,” she said brightly, introducing me to a girl

named Brittany, who immediately had my poor dickie trying to stand at attention. I couldn't help it, she was absolutely one of the most gorgeous and sexy girls I'd ever laid eyes on.

And just as friendly and outgoing as Miss Kate.

"I'll be your special program instructor honey," she said, giving me a warm hug that made me melt.

"Now the first thing I'll be teaching you is what's called Proper Foot Care. I'll sit here and kneel in front of me. When I extend a foot take off my shoe, reach under my skirt and very carefully remove my nylons," she said.

Then I was instructed to fill a bowl with warm water and with soap and towel taught me how to first bath her feet, then dry, powder and perfume them, which I found intoxicating as I inhaled it.

"Now comes the part I really love. You're going to learn how to give me a wonderful foot massage," she declared, and concentrating as hard as my tormented dickie would allow me I followed her instructions. I never believed that massaging women's feet could be so exotic.

"That was really quite good for the first time. I think you have a natural talent for this," she said, causing me to beam at her approval.

Of course once she was satisfied with my progress I was sent to practice on the customers in the salon where I received many compliments.

One woman who was especially complimentary was the same woman who had strangely asked the owner who I belonged to and would call to see if I could be acquired.

"My goodness you really are talented. I just know you'd make a great addition," she commented.

"Thank you, Ma'am," I said, still having no idea what she was talking about.

## Chapter-9 Hired, as a Junior Groom.

I graduated six months later after being tutored in giving neck, shoulder and back massages receiving an "Excellent" in all areas.

I'll have to admit I had mixed feelings as I walked up on stage to receive my diploma. I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride on one hand. On the other here I was twenty years old graduating from a beautician's school. I was just thankful that none of my frat buddies were here to witness it.

It was an unusual graduation ceremony. After I received my diploma I had to walk down a runway while the owner announced to everyone, and oddly there were only women in attendance, "This is our latest graduate, a boy, and from our special program."

Which drew many appreciative mummings and even some applause.

"If anyone has an interest please see Olivia Windsor to put in your offer," she said, which left me frankly puzzled. Whatever did she mean by that?

When I returned home I was sent to Aunt Olivia who was in the sitting room with the very same lady who'd expressed an interest in acquiring me. With her was a very stern looking woman who immediately intimidated me.

"This is Ms. Hanover. She is in need of a junior maid. And while not a maid you are ideally trained to assume many of those duties. Your official title will be Junior Ladies Groom," I was told. I was stunned, but to my great shame I was too well trained by now to dare utter a word of protest. Besides it was obvious I had no say in the matter.

“Oh no Ma’am, I think he’d make a perfect junior maid, don’t you think Liz? Why I don’t remember the last time I actually shined a shoe or washed my panties,” Lady Alexandra giggled.

“I absolutely agree. I just love how he does my nails and toes, and massages my feet,” Lady Elizabeth added, turning my face red in absolute shame.

“Now, now girls, it’s not kind to tease him. No, he’s to be Ms. Hanover’s Junior Groom,” their mother said.

“I assume since he’s been under your supervision he’s been well trained. I do hope I won’t have a discipline problem with him,” the woman said to the governess.

“Oh no Ma’am. I think I’ve been quite successful creating a proper servant’s mentality in him. The thought of ever questioning anything you tell him to do won’t even occur to him, will it?” she demanded of me.

“N-No governess,” I replied hanging my head. For she was right. Any thought of questioning anything I was told, or told to do, she’d thoroughly beaten out of me.

God, I hated her and even more, when looking straight at me with a cold expression added, “I would, however, suggest giving him a good caning first thing in the morning, for say a week, so that it’s quite clear you won’t hesitate to discipline him for the slightest fault.”

“Yes, an excellent suggestion. Mrs. Marks please make a note of that,” the woman dictated.

I was then handed a contract and told to sign it. When I started to read it Aunt Olivia got upset. “Just sign it, it’s a standard employment contract.

So I did, and since I wasn’t given the opportunity to read it, I had no idea of what I’d signed. Much later, and sadder, I realize I should have insisted on reading it.

“Now then, let me take a better look at him. When I first saw him my thought, if I acquired him, was that he could definitely be prettied up and made more attractive,” she remarked, leaving me to wonder what the heck “prettied up” meant. I was a guy, I didn’t want to be prettied up for god’s sake!

“Well, let’s take a look, once I decide what needs to be done I’ll call my beautician for her to work her magic and you can take him when we’re finished here,” she said, walking around me, inspecting me like I was some horse she was considering purchasing. I even had to bend over to her so she could take a closer look at my face.

“Quite attractive blue eyes. See what Monique can do to enhance them. Hi complexion looks really quite pale. Perhaps a bit of complexion cream and rouge on the cheeks and some gloss of his lips might solve that. As to his hair, this style definitely does nothing for him. Have it restyled so that it better frames his face,” she instructed, then running her hands around my waist added, “I always like my staff to have very attractive figures. Do you think you can improve on his figure?” she asked her housekeeper.

“Oh yes Ma’am, I’ll see to it as soon as I get him back to the estate,” she assured her.

“Now, let’s see your legs. Raise your kilt up. No, no, to your waist,” she ordered, which I did blushing to my roots at showing off my panties.

“Well, I must say very attractive and shapely legs. Have his kilts shortened so that everyone can admire them,” she ordered, which appeared to finally put an end to my humiliating inspection.

However the subject she brought up next left me shocked and mortified.

"I understand you've had to ribbon, ah, his dickie," she said.

"Yes Ma'am. Unfortunately we found the boy indulging in some vulgar activities and all too often displaying himself in a most unseemly and embarrassing manner. To limit these immature urges to a minimum I've had to set up a schedule of relieving him of them once a week. I'm afraid you'll have to assign someone to continue dealing with this matter," the governess said, as all I wanted to do was crawl in a hole and disappear. I couldn't believe they were discussing how she dealt with me so openly.

"Yes, I suppose you'll have to deal with the issue Mrs. Marks. Although frankly I feel a more permanent solution might be called for," she stated.

"Yes Ma'am, I'll see to it," she replied with obvious disgust in her voice.

"No then, has he been trained to provide more, ah, intimate duties?" she asked, which I clearly didn't comprehend. I thought I'd been taught everything.

"No, we felt that as his employer you might like to have him trained to the more personal duties you'll undoubtedly require of him," Aunt Olivia commented, grinning wolfishly at me, as if she knew something that I didn't. Which, of course, was true. I had no idea what they were talking about.

"Excuse me Ma'am, but what are your instructions regarding uniforms for him?" the housekeeper asked.

"Does he have a variety of kilts?" the woman asked the governess.

"Yes Ma'am, in several different colors."

"Well then, he can keep his kilts, but I prefer my staff dressed conservatively, nothing flashy. However I see no reason to spend money buying a whole new set of uni-

forms for a Junior Lady's boy. See what will fit him from the servant's wardrobe," she dictated.

## **Chapter-10 I'm "prettied" up.**

Finally it appeared to be over and thirty minutes later I was sitting in a beautician's chair. My hair had been washed, shampooed, permed and put in rollers. As she worked on my hair an assistant was doing something with my eyes, and when finished started plucking my eyebrows.

As ordered I was to sit there, "like a good boy" and told not to bother them with any questions. So, I didn't, but had the sinking feeling I wasn't going to like what they were doing.

When they were finished doing god knows what to me the housekeeper was asked to come and look me over.

"Oh my yes, a definite improvement," she smiled, so I got my hopes up. Which crumbled when they turned me to a mirror. I was shocked. I thought I'd look more grown-up, maybe even my age. Instead, I couldn't believe it I actually looked younger and more juvenile than before. My hair had been bobbed and I now had long, childish bangs that just touched my eyebrows. Whatever they'd done to my eyes they looked huge, perhaps due to the much longer, curled eyelashes I now possessed, and the more delicately arched eyebrows. All that combined with the powder they'd patted on me, the rouge they'd rubbed into my cheeks and the gloss they'd put on my lips made me want to positively cringe. They'd done exactly what the woman had directed, they'd prettied me up and it was awful!

After one of the assistants, who couldn't have been more than eighteen, had patiently instructed me in pow-

dering my face, rouging my cheeks and glossing my lips she exclaimed, "I simply loved prettying you up. You look so cute!"

Swell, just what I didn't want to hear, and then I had to thank her and all the other women for "sharpening" me up.

After I'd dejectedly said my "thanks" the housekeeper propelled me into the back seat of her car and we were off to, well, I really didn't know where.

Eventually we passed through some gates and up a long driveway to what appeared to be a huge estate. I was ushered down a long hallway finally coming to a door marker, "Maid's Quarters." After passing several rooms she opened one and said, "This one is your room. We don't have quarters for a Lady's Boy so you'll stay in the Maid's Quarters."

"T-This is my room?" I said, more to myself, in disbelief as what I beheld was one of the most frill and feminine of rooms. All in pink with the daintiest of furniture including a canopy bed.

For my outburst I was ordered to lean forward, and when I did I had my face slapped hard several times.

"Apparently you're not as well trained as I'd been led to believe. Servants don't speak except to acknowledge an order and to answer a question. You will also address me as 'housekeeper.' Now do you need an additional reminder?" she asked sternly.

"N-No housekeeper," I sobbed out.

"In this house I expect a servant to instantly and without the slightest hesitation to obey any order given them. Knees!" she suddenly ordered, and while I knew what was to come I immediately bent forward, raised my skirts and grasped my knees. When she finished spanking me

with the fearsome, wooden paddle she wielded there was no other thought but that if ordered to do anything, whatever it was, I wouldn't dare hesitate even a second.

So when I was ordered to strip down to my waist cinch and panties I didn't think to hesitate. Although I could feel my face turn red when she called in two of the maids.

"This is the Mistresses new Junior Groom. Before we get him uniformed the Mistress wants his figure made more attractive. Megan, fetch your old corset, I think that will do, at least temporarily," she ordered.

"Oh my, on the boy? Yes Ma'am," she said, returning shortly with a corset that made me turn absolutely pale. Surely, I prayed, that wasn't meant for me!

But it was as I was attached to a lacing bar and raised up on my tip toes. Wrapped around me it already felt tight, but then the two maids started tightening the laces way past my old corset. It got so I didn't think I'd actually be able to breathe it felt like I was being enclosed in a vice! I wanted to protest that it was way too tight, but one look at the housekeeper still wielding her paddle and put those thoughts away. From her look I could tell it wasn't going to make any impression on her at all.

"Just two more inches girls, if you please," she directed heartlessly, "Then every month remind me to have you take it in another inch until the Mistress is satisfied with his figure."

"It probably feels rather tight just now, but in a few weeks you're sure to adjust," she said to me, as if lacing a young man into a corset was an everyday thing. But then, to her, I wasn't a young man I was merely a Junior Groom, and what I thought was obviously of no consequence at all.

What she said next simply confirmed what a heartless person she was.

“Ann, you’ll be in charge of seeing that he’s properly corseted in the morning. Once you’re satisfied triple knot the laces then tuck them inside the corset,” she said with absolutely no concern of the crushing effect wearing a corset all day would undoubtedly inflict on me.

“Yes Ma’am, but what about when he’s put to bed, do I take it off?” she asked.



“Goodness no. You can loosen it two inches, but that’s all. It’s the only way he’ll get accustomed to it,” she dictated, then taking out a wooden foot rest she said, “Stand on this and don’t fidget while I find something appropriate for you to be uniformed in. Amy take out some blouses. Megan find him some shoes, stockings and gloves. Anna look through his suitcase for a more conservative kilt.”

As I heard her bark out orders I realized, to my disbelief, that they were looking through the closets filled with maid’s uniforms. Oh please, I thought, say they’re not going to dress me in a maid’s uniform.

When they finally had me uniformed it wasn’t as bad as I’d thought it was going to be. Except for a couple of things that truly made me cringe. The short sleeved blouse with grey bands wasn’t too bad except for the puffy sleeves, and the gloves were okay. I did wear grey knee socks but not what a guy would wear as they were nylon and nearly sheer. My grey kilt with it’s liner was conservative enough for her. And, thankfully, I was allowed to wear one of my ties. But then there was the bibbed apron. It was so frilly with ruffles edging the apron and the bib. It was identical to the ones the maids were wearing and tied in a huge bow in back. Even worse, they pinned a maid’s cap on my head, and yes, the same as the maids were wearing.

The shoes they put on me made me cringe the most. Black, patent leather and fastened with grey, silk ribbons tied in big bows. But it were the heels I couldn’t believe. They looked to me nearly three inches high.

“They’re the only ones I could find in his size,” Megan said apologetically.

“No need to apologize, they look fine on him and they do show off his legs more. Speaking of which, Amy,

you're the seamstress, take up the hem of his kilt a couple inches and let's see. No, another two inches, please. Better, but now two more," she ordered. To my dismay she'd raised it to just above the middle of my thighs!

"We'll show the Mistress and if she approves hem all his kilts to this length," she ordered.

## **Chapter-11 Trained by her eighteen year old Junior Maid.**

Once she was satisfied with me she turned to the maid named Ann. "Ann, I'm putting you in complete charge of him. This will be a test. As the junior maid I'll give you three months to train him to be a perfect Lady's Groom. If the Mistress and I are impressed by how well you've done supervising and training him you'll be promoted to full maid."

"Really! Oh thank you so much Ma'am. I'll try my hardest," she said excitedly.

"You'll set a daily work schedule for him, and I want to see how hard he can be reasonably worked. You'll grade each task he's performed, anything less than an 'Excellent' and you'll give him a demerit. You will also grade him throughout the day on his etiquette, manners and demeanor. Any show of a less than positive attitude will merit a demerit. I will also expect you to grade him poise and posture and you'll expect him to be perfectly attired and groomed throughout the day. Finally, you'll also be in charge of disciplining him. If he exceeds ten demerits, to start, in a day in accordance with the house rules he's to be disciplined. The severity of which will be decided by how many demerits over ten he's exceeded. I'm aware of your inexperience in this area and the use of a paddle or cane. However I don't expect you to be hesitant or tentative when he requires disciplining," she warned.

“No Ma’am, I’m sure I’ll pick it up quickly, although, as the senior maid, perhaps Megan could give me some pointers.”

“Of course, I’d be happy to,” Megan replied, giving me a look that sent chills up my spine.

It was humiliating listening to them dispassionately discussing disciplining me. Perhaps just as humiliating was that Ann couldn’t have been more than eighteen and here I was twenty years old and she had complete authority over me.

I really didn’t know what to expect from her, but I feared the worst. What she said, when there were just the two of us, therefore quite surprised me.

“Even though I’m in charge of you I see no reason why we can’t be friends, do you?” she asked.

Oh no Ma’am, I-I really hope we can, be friends that is,” I babbled. I couldn’t believe it someone was actually being nice to me. And, I have to confess, as soon as I first saw her I was absolutely smitten. She wasn’t sexy beautiful, just fresh faced beautiful. Exactly the kind of girl I’d kill to date.

“I hope so too, so I hope you don’t disappoint me in your efforts as I see to

your training. Then, I’m afraid I would have to adopt a whole different attitude towards you. I have a chance to be promoted and I won’t let anything stand in my way,” she warned.

“Really Ma’am, I’ll try my hardest not to disappoint you,” I swore. God, if she treated me this nice I’d do anything for her.

“Ma’am I feel is too formal. You may address me as ‘Miss Ann,’” she said graciously.

“Please don’t misinterpret my wanting us to be friends as a signal that I will in any way go easy on you or show you any leniency if you don’t act exactly as I expect you to act. I intend to be most demanding, strict and critical of you. The housekeeper has asked me to see how much work I can reasonably get out of you in a day’s time, and that’s precisely what I intend to do,” she said, rather sternly.

“However, I also believe in positive reinforcement as a valuable tool. So, at those times when your efforts are exemplary I will certainly, in some way, reward you. Now, does this sound like a fair way to proceed?” she asked.

“Oh yes, Miss Ann, it’s most fair,” I quickly agreed. I couldn’t believe how lucky I was to have Miss Ann supervised me. I really didn’t like the way the other two maids looked down their noses at me. I’m sure I would have had a much harder time with either of them. And Miss Ann made just that point when she said, “Unfortunately there’s nothing I can do about any demerits Amy or Megan give you. And I really need to caution you when you’re around either of them to be extra careful in how you act. Amy, I’m afraid, is really pissed. You see she thought the Mistress would promote her to her to be her personal Lady’s Maid. Instead she hired you.”

“Yes, Miss Ann, thank you so much for warning me,” I said earnestly.

“Well now. Let me check out a few things. Walk back and forth for me, I’ll check out your walk first,” she instructed. Which I did, trying my best not to stumble or trip in the unaccustomed heels.

“Don’t worry, you’ll soon get used to your heels. I’m really sorry I couldn’t find any with a lower heel. But, Mrs. Marks noted they do show off your legs so much

more, and you really do have very shapely legs," she commented.

"Thank you, Miss Ann. I'm sure I'll get used to them," I said. Boy, she was being so considerate, even apologizing, and to me!

## **Chapter-12 The house rules.**

"Well now, I need to spend some time creating a daily schedule for you. While I'm doing that here's a copy of the house rules. Study them very carefully. You can sit here at this vanity table. Since we've never had a Lady's Boy just substitute Lady's Boy whenever it says Maid. When you're sure you understand them why don't you practice becoming accustomed to your heels? Here put this book on your head, that always helps," she said.

So I sat and read the house rules and became more and more dismayed at just how strict they were. What I read was:

1-Maids do not speak while at work except to acknowledge an order given them or if asked a question.

2- Approved maid responses are limited to:

"Yes, No, Thank You, The Maid does not understand, The Maid does not know, The Maid thanks you ever so much for your compliment and The Maid has no excuse."

If the Maid has no excuse she will be subject to immediate discipline.

3- If a fault in the Maid's performance occurs twice in a day she will be subject to "corrective action" to see that it doesn't occur again.

4- A Maid never questions or contradicts anything they are told, or told to do.

5- A Maid may ask a question, but only if it concerns her duties. The Maid will raise her hand to ask permission to speak.

6- A Maid is never to be in any part of the house they have not been given permission to be in.

7- If a Maid is assigned to a room she must get permission to leave it.

8- When a chore is finished the Maid will report to the person supervising them and announce she has completed her chore by saying, "The Maid has completed her chore and is ready for inspection."

9- Toilet Privileges. Maid's are permitted two toilet privileges during work hours. Permission must be granted by your superior to visit the servant's only toilet facilities.

10- A Maid is not to be seen looking in any way displeased, annoyed or seen to pout.

### Demerits

Demerits are awarded if these faults occur:

- The Maid's work is deemed unacceptable-3 demerits
- The Maid's work was not done within the time set for it to be accomplished-2 demerits
- The Maid forgets to curtsy-2 demerits
- The Maid's curtsy is deemed unacceptable-1 demerit
- Improperly worn attire and poor grooming -1 demerit for each infraction
- The Maid is found in a room she has not been given permission to be in-3 demerits
- The Maid speaks without permission, or gives an improper response-3 demerits

-The Maid raises her head in the presence of anyone above her in station-1demerit

In the presence of the Mistress-2 demerits, In the presence of guests-3 demerits

### **Curtsy Rules**

The Maid will curtsy at these times:

-The Maid will curtsy before and after she speaks.

-When a person enters or leaves a room the Maid will curtsy.

-A Maid always curtsies in the doorway before and after she enters or leaves

a room, whether it is occupied or not.

-When given instructions the Maid will curtsy and give the correct response.

-When a Maid is forced to walk in front of anyone above her in station she must stop, face that person, and curtsy before continuing.

### **Work Schedule & Free Time**

The Junior Maid will be expected to complete all tasks on the list of chores she'll receive each day which will determine the length of her work day. Junior Maids are to be "in service" six days out of the week with Sundays normally designated as Free Time. However the amount of Free Time the Junior Maid receives is solely at the discretion of the supervising person. If the Junior Maid is in need of additional corrective measures or discipline this will shorten her allowed free time.

The activities of the Junior Maid must meet with the approval of her supervisor. Junior Maids must receive

permission to be allowed outside on the estate's grounds and to utilize any of the amenities.

Off estate trips must be approved three day in advance and submitted in writing, stating the reason, how long the trip is to take and the stated time of return. Junior Maids who wish permission to take an off estate trip must always be chaperoned.

### Salary,

-Junior Maids will receive a weekly salary of 50 pounds from which taxes (12 pounds), health insurance (10 pounds) will be deducted.

My god, I thought, that would only leave me 28 pounds. In dollars that would only be about \$35. Reading this I was really shattered. You see, from the minute I arrived my only thought was to get back to the states, and I thought the flight would cost somewhere around 280 pounds. I was even more determined to get the hell out of here after I'd been enrolled in a beautician's school. And even more so in the humiliating position of a woman's Lady's Boy that I now found myself in. I had the grand total of fourteen pounds to my name and couldn't imagine how long it was going to take me to save enough to get me out of here!

The more I read the more concerned I was getting. How on earth was I ever going to remember everything? To say nothing of the fact that I was to conduct myself precisely as a maid. But, I guess I shouldn't have been so surprised as Miss Ann had said they'd never had a Lady's Groom before. But then there were some of the things I'd be expected to do which I found more than a little humiliating. I was expected to respond to finger snaps as if I were somebodys pet! I wasn't allowed to even raise my head it seemed at any time. I had to raise my hand to ask permis-

sion to leave a room and even, I couldn't believe it, to ask permission to go to the toilet! I was to curtsy before and after entering leaving a room even if no one was in it. I wasn't even, it seemed, allowed outside without receiving permission. This was terrible and I was just about ready to cry but before the first sob got out Miss Ann came in all bright and cheery.

"Have you read all the rules?" she asked.

"Yes Miss Ann, I've just finished."

"And do you have any questions?"

"No Miss Ann, I can't think of any, b-but there's a lot to remember, a-and the salary," I ventured.

"Yes, I guess there are. But before I let you resume normal duties I'll practice you until I think you're ready, how's that?" she asked.

"I'm really grateful, Miss Ann," I said, and I was. I truly dreaded what would occur making any mistakes in front of the housekeeper, the other two maids, or, heaven forbid, the Mistress. That terrified me.

"As to the salary, I know, it's not much. But you are getting room and board remember that. And as long as the Mistress doesn't fit you out with new uniforms you aren't being charged as the rest of us are. Then too your performance will be evaluated every three months and if she's please with you I'm sure you'll get a raise. I got two in just one year," she proclaimed.

"And, if you get promoted to a full Lady's Maid, I mean Lady's Groom, you'd really see a big increase," she added.

Well, I thought, that was the best news I'd heard so far. If she could get two raises in a year I didn't see any reason why I couldn't.

But then she said, "Of course if the Mistress or housekeeper aren't happy with your performance they could also reduce your salary. So, my advise is to really suck up to the housekeeper, be as enthusiastic as you can, and for god's sake don't do the slightest thing to upset the Mistress."

Oh god, I swore to myself that if I was told to eat dirt I'd do it with a smile on my face. Anything to get out of here!

"Now I've created a daily schedule for you, which I'll go over later. Right now I have to get you ready to meet the Mistress. She's anxious to inspect you and see if you've been sharpened up enough to suit her. So, I'll sit here and pretend I'm the Mistress. You wait in the hallway until you hear me call you."

"You know the Mistress has a particular perfume she likes all the staff to wear, I think she'd be impressed if you wore it too," she said, producing a spritzer and before I could stop her she sprayed my wrists, neck and behind the ears.

"It's called '*Romantic Rose*' and she really loves it on us.

So, I went out in the hallway, now sweetly perfumed, and a few seconds later I felt a really sharp buzz and heard, "Lady's Groom, report to the housekeeper."

I did and she left me just standing there for at least twenty minutes, when she suddenly said,

"I saw your fingers fidget, and you raised your head a bit, didn't you? This was a test, and the Mistress surely would have noticed your fidgeting. Now the Mistress may simply want you in the room to attend to any future needs. If she snaps her finger you curtsy, go to a corner facing her and wait. It may be that you're not needed at

all in which case you may leave the corner after she leaves the room, got it?" she asked.

I couldn't believe it. I was to stand in the corner, totally ignored, unless, horrors I got caught fidgeting, like some statue for god only knows how long. But, of course, what could I say but, "Yes Miss Ann, the Lady's Boy understands."

"And do you ever raise your head in the presence of the Mistress?" she asked sternly.

"No Miss Ann.."

"And do you so much as move a finger or toe in the presence of the Mistress?"

N-No Miss Ann."

Miss Ann drilled me over and over for more than an hour, even having me walk with a book on my head. Still when it was time to be inspected by the Mistress I was nervous and more than a little scared.

### **Chapter-13 Inspected by the Mistress.**

I waited in the doorway, approached and curtsied and waited nervously.

"Have him raise his head so I can get a good look," she ordered.

"Yes, much better, a good improvement, although I don't notice any real change in his figure, what's his waist?" she asked.

"It's twenty-six inches Ma'am, we did manage to get two inches off it."

"Well, I suppose that's a start," she sniffed.

Twenty-six inches! My waist used to be thirty-one. And twenty-six was just a start? Twenty-six, I was sure, was already less than most girls.

"I do notice how much nicer his legs are displayed. Obviously you've shortened his kilt, but who's idea was it to put him in heels?"

"Miss Ann picked out his shoes, Ma'am," the housekeeper said.

Poor Miss Ann, I was sure she was about to be chastised. Instead, to my surprise she said, "An excellent idea Ann. They really make his legs look much longer and more shapely." I couldn't believe it. Boys didn't wear heels! But all she was interested in was how they showed off my legs!

"Oh thank you Ma'am," she said gratefully.

"Well, he's acceptable. First thing teach him how to serve. I do so want to show him off to all my friends, they'll be so jealous. I'll be the first with a Lady's Groom," she stated. So, I was to be put on display like some new painting or such to all her friends. I felt more like something she owned than an employee. Especially as she never bothered to actually speak to me. Maybe she thought it was beneath her.

I nearly fainted with relief when I was dismissed. It's weird, but I caught myself feeling a sense of pride that I'd been deemed "acceptable." Even more so when Miss Ann gave me an incredible hug and told me I'd done great. Which was overshadowed when the housekeeper came up and abruptly said, "The Mistress wasn't happy with his figure. See do it that you get him on a diet and doing some exercises."

"Yes housekeeper, I will," Miss Ann assured her.

“Well, let’s get something to eat and I’ll go over your schedule,” she said.

Which sounded great, as I was starved, until she said, “Better start you on that diet right now. Later I’ll weigh you and see what exercised you can do. So what I got was a meager salad and ice tea as she went over my schedule, and after she had I was still half starved.

## **Chapter-14 My daily schedule.**

“You’ll set your alarm for five o’clock and do thirty minutes of whatever exercises I come up with. A bath for ten minutes and then twenty minutes to get dressed. Tighten your corset as much as you can then I’ll finish lacing it. Oh yes, I’ll need to check your dickie ribbon. I overheard the discussion about it. I can see you’re blushing but there’s really no need to. My brother had the same difficulties controlling his dickie up to, I think, until he was fifteen. It’s a little unusual for a boy your age to still be having problems with his dickie but I’m sure you’ll eventually get over it. And don’t worry, mother often had me check my brother’s dickie so I’m used to handling them,” she said earnestly.

But I just wanted to crawl in a hole and die of shame. I was crushed. I couldn’t imagine how humiliating having an eighteen year old girl inspecting my dickie was going to be.

Then she just went on as if inspecting my dickie ribbon was just a normal part of her duties. It was then that I began to realize she really did think of me as a boy, not a young man of twenty. That made it all the worse as, stupid me, I’d actually thought of asking her out on a date.

“After you’re dressed I’ll inspect your appearance to see that you’re properly dressed and groomed, which in-

cludes how well you've applied your complexion cream, rouged your cheeks, glossed your lips and are properly perfumed. Then I'll practice you on your etiquette and house rules. After which I'll have you perform the same duties with me as you will for the Mistress. Starting with cleaning my room, polishing my shoes. I'm also going to have you hand washing all my undies and nylons including those of Megan of Amy and do any washing and ironing the three of us have for practice. Then I'll have you practice giving me manicures and pedicures, shaving my legs and underarms and brushing my hair. All duties the Mistress will expect you to perform flawlessly so I'm really going to give you a lot of practice and, I warn you, I'm going to be most critical," she warned.

I couldn't help but think of the torment my poor dickie was going to endure being so close to her, shaving her legs, brushing her gorgeous hair or polishing her nails and toes. This was the girl I had such a crush on that I'd foolishly thought of asking her out. Now she was going to be criticizing how well I shaved her legs.

"I'll teach you how to serve by having you serving all our meals, then all three of us can critique you and you'll learn faster," she stated. Oh god, three of them all watching me like a hawk, just waiting for me to make a mistake.

"Now before I weigh you and come up with some exercises I want you to practice walking in your heels. Here, put this book on your head and walk back and forth across the room for me," she ordered. Which I did, awkwardly, tripping and nearly falling several times.

"Oh my, watch me," she said, walking gracefully in her heels. Jeez but she had incredible legs. "Notice how I take smaller steps and carefully place on foot in front of the other with toes slightly turned out with each step. Now you try it," she instructed, and saw the noticeable improvement it made.

Which I had to admit it did, but I also couldn't help noticing how it made my ass involuntarily twitch and swish back and forth. I was turning myself into a perfumed, mincing sissy. At least that's how I felt despite her encouraging words. Didn't she realize boys weren't supposed to walk like her? Apparently not.

After having me remove my clothes down to my panties she weighed me.

"Well, you weigh 124, but I'm sure we can improve on that," she commented, while I stood there shocked. Before I'd left for England I'd weighed 147. I couldn't believe I'd lost twenty-one pounds, and she'd just said we could improve on that. I hopefully thought she'd mean to put weight back on me, but I doubted that was her thinking.

In the morning I struggled to get through my exercises, take a bath, get dressed and to her room in time to be inspected.

"You're three minutes late, that'll be three demerits," she said sternly.

Before she was finished inspecting me I'd gotten seven more demerits. Two for not having my socks precisely even, another two for not having them uniformly turned down, one more for a sloppily tied apron bow, one for not having enough rouge on one cheeks, and yet another for forgetting to fasten a button.

"Here's a compact with complexion cream and a mirror, your rouge and lip gloss. Put them in your apron pocket. I want you to remember to check your appearance and 'freshen up' every couple of hours," she instructed, then handed me a small, pink notebook and pen.

Just as I thought she was finished inspecting me she said, "Oh goodness, I almost forgot to check your dickie. Hold your kilt up and pull down your panties," she ordered.

I did as ordered wanting to die of shame as she firmly grasped my balls in one hand and with the other held my dickie, moving it about, as she check to see if I'd tampered with the ribbon. I felt my dickie immediately begin to respond to her touch, I couldn't do anything to stop it. But, of course, it was so tightly ribboned it couldn't respond even a little and the more it tried the more painful it became. Oh god, I thought, was I going to have to endure this every morning?

Making it worse when she was finished she patted the limp head of my dickie and said, "Good boy." I wanted to die as she handed me a small, pink notebook and pen.

## **Chapter-15 She practices disciplining me.**

"This is your 'Compliment & Demerit' book. Whenever you receive either you'll write what the demerit or compliment was for, the time and who gave it to you. So, you have ten demerits to write into your book. When you're finished writing them I'll take you to Megan who's promised to teach me how to discipline you," she said, which naturally left me immediately fearful of what was to come, especially at the hands of the Senior Maid who I'd hoped to stay well clear of.

When we found the Senior Maid Miss Ann cheerfully said, "Hi Megan, you promised to show me how to discipline the Mistresses' Lady's Boy."

"Ah yes, well I have time and I'd be glad to. Do you know what to do when I say, 'Knees' boy?" she asked.

"Y-Yes Miss Megan," I stammered.

"I'm not Miss Megan to you. You'll address me as 'Senior Maid', understood?" she barked.

"Yes S-Senior Maid, I understand," I quaked. So when she ordered, "Knees" I immediately bent over, raising my

kilt and liner, pulled my panties down, spread my legs and grabbed my knees.

"This is the best position for using the cane on him. Six should be a sufficient reminder applying the cane evenly across both cheeks. Just watch how I do it," she said and let me have two really hard ones. When she had Miss Ann give me another two I was relieved that they didn't hurt very much at all.

"Goodness, that's much too light, he probably didn't even feel them. Put your whole arm into it," she instructed, and this time it left me gasping painfully.

"Now two more and then I like to finish with two across the backs of their legs, he'll really feel those," she said clinically.

I'd been caned, but never on the backs of my legs, and god did it hurt. I couldn't help yelping out.

"You see, those really smarted didn't they?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Senior Maid," I moaned.

"Now, do you know what to do when I say, 'chair?'"

"No, Senior Maid," I admitted.

"When I say, 'chair' you bend over, lift your skirts, pull down your, whatever you call them, spread your legs, lean forward until your heels are well off the floor and put your hands on the seat of the chair and keep your legs straight," she said, and I did when she ordered me.

To Miss Ann she said, "This is the best position to put him in for a paddling."

"How many would make a good reminder?" she asked.

"Never less than thirty, although I prefer a good forty. However he's to remain perfectly still as you paddle him.

If you see his hands move or come off the chair give him three more. Another three if you see him raise his head, bend either knee or lower his heels. I'll give him ten, then you do ten and finish with five to the backs of his legs," she said, and by the time they'd finished I was a sobbing wreck, which didn't seem to bother either of them. Inwardly I resolved to do everything I could to avoid being disciplined. I didn't care what I had to do but I knew I had to stay as far away from the Senior Maid as I could.

## **Chapter-16 Brow beaten by the Senior Maids**

I wouldn't want to relive my first day as a Lady's Boy, or the second or that first week. But by the end of the second day I fully understood, to my dismay, just how seriously Miss Ann took training me to be the perfect Lady's Groom.

After I was caned and paddled she put me through I don't know how many scenarios critiquing my etiquette, posture and even my demeanor never missing the tiniest detail or fault.

And when it was time for lunch I was taught precisely how I was to serve, only now I was relentlessly criticized by all three of them. As I served Miss Ann went over my training. When they learned that, for practice, I was to hand wash all their intimates and anything they wanted washed and ironed they were really happy at that bit of news.

"So, we just leave everything in a basket outside our door and he returns them washed and folded. What about our shoes, why can't he polish them as well?" Miss Amy asked and Miss Ann agreed it would be good practice.

"Why it's just like you'll be our very own maid, isn't it?" Miss Megan asked meanly.

"Yes, Senior Maid," I had to agree, god knows what she'd do if I dared argue with her.

"Now Megan, you know he's a boy," Miss Ann admonished.

"Are you correcting me, Junior Maid?" she demanded to know.

"Oh no Megan, honest I wasn't," Miss Ann said hurriedly.

"Well, that's settled. He may be the Mistresses' Lady's Boy, but, boy or not, he's our maid. Clear off this table MAID," she ordered, and swallowing what little pride I had left I did.

I got all of ten minutes to eat my meager lunch, leaving me more hungry than ever. She then started me on the chores I'd be expected to do every day, starting with cleaning her room. And she was very candid about her plans for training me.

"The housekeeper instructed me to see how much work you could reasonably do in a day's time. She also asked me to see how long you could be worked within reason. So, first you'll clean my room. Top to bottom and I'll time you," she informed me.

So I did and it took me an hour and fifty-two minutes, which obviously didn't satisfy her.

"That was much too slow. I'm certain you can work faster. Tomorrow you'll clean my room ten minutes faster," she declared, and so it went. I'd do a chore, she'd time me, then declare that I would do it faster the following day.

She even timed how long it took to give her a manicure and pedicure. And then she timed how long it took me to shave her legs, which was pure torture on my poor, straining dickie.

“You really did quite well. You were obviously well schooled. I’m sure the Mistress will be most pleased in these areas. Of course the next time you’ll do it much faster,” she said. Still, I couldn’t help but be pleased with her compliments. I really was ridiculously

happy when she was nice to me, and more so when she complimented me. Of course I felt thoroughly shamed and humiliated having to raise my hand, like a child, to ask if I could have permission to make a toilet visit. Can you imagine how I felt asking an eighteen year old girl if I could go to the toilet?

By the end of the day I was worn out, totally exhausted. Made worse by the crushing corset and how my feet hurt being in heels all day.

## **Chapter-17 Unhappy with my work, I’m punished.**

After I’d served the three of them their dinner Miss Ann’s friendly attitude completely disappeared.

“I’m not at all happy with your effort and lack of concentration I witnessed today. I had to remind you three times if you’d checked your appearance, didn’t I? Four times I had to remind you to raise your skirts higher when you curtsied. And I didn’t at all like the sullen looks you gave to Megan and Amy. I know they were being mean to you, but that’s no excuse for your nasty looks, is it?” she demanded to know.

“N-No M-Miss Ann, I-I’ll do better tomorrow,” I stammered, absolutely devastated that I’d obviously so disappointed her.

“Oh, trust me, you’ll do a lot better tomorrow. I was going to give you some free time to relax. Instead you’re

going to see that I mean business. ‘Chair!’ she ordered. Oh my god, was she going to paddle me?

Well, that’s what she did, not twenty, or thirty, but because I moved a hand, couldn’t help raising my head, and dared to let one heel touch the floor I got thirty nine.

Nor was she finished with me. “What you need is some corner time to reflect on your lack of effort and concentration. Go stand in that corner, hands on your head and say out loud, “A Lady’s Boy never gives sullen looks to those above him’ fifty times. Leave your panties down and don’t you dare touch your bottom,” she warned, and thoroughly crushed, like a penitent little boy, I stood in the corner repeating over and over what I’d been told to. Still she wasn’t finished with me.

“Now sit at this table, take out your notebook and write twenty-five times each, ‘The Lady’s Boy will remember to raise his skirts when he curtsies.’ ‘The Lady’s Groom will remember to check his appearance.’ When you’re finished do your exercises then get to bed,” she thundered, and stormed out.

Well, I learned my lesson, and it was a painful one. So the next day I tried my hardest to act precisely as I was expected to and worked as hard as I could.

After I was inspected I gathered up the three baskets of intimates and shoes and was taken to the laundry room. I couldn’t believe Miss Ann sat and timed me. How long it took me to hand wash, blow dry and fold a pair of panties, a bra and a pair of nylons. Then how long it took me to wash and iron one blouse and one skirt. After that she timed me on long it took me to polish one pair of shoes. And, of course, was then told that I’d do each several minutes shorter the following day. What awaited me after that was a full day of chores, interrupted only to serve their meals.

I was grateful when I was given a five minute rest albeit kneeling where I happened to be at the time.

## **Chapter-18 I melt over her praise.**

After I'd served dinner Miss Ann sat with me while I had mine. I prayed I'd get a substantial portion of their spaghetti, but no such luck.

"I'm quite pleased with your performance and work today. I just knew you could do a lot better, and you did," she said, and I almost fainted when she gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and a warm hug.

"Plus I only had to give you eight demerits today. What an improvement!"

"Oh, thank you Miss Ann," I said, so over come with her praise.

Now one of the things I need to do is get a list of all the hobbies and activities you like to do so I can plan your free time for you," she said, which was when it dawned on me that even during what free time I'd be given that she would totally supervise it. I couldn't even decide on my own what I could do, or not do!

Still the thought of any free time, supervised or not, would be so welcome I really didn't care what she'd decide I could do. So, I told her I liked to read, play tennis, hike, draw, watch movies, swim and so on.

"Well, there's no reason why I can't allow you to read, there's plenty of books in the maid's room as well as lots of movies you can watch in your room. You won't have time for any serious hiking, but I can take you for an occasional walk in the park, would you like that?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Miss Ann," I replied. Anything to get out of this place, I said to myself.

“No tennis, maids aren’t allowed to use the courts. But we are allowed to use the pool,” she said, lumping me in with all the maids. An honest I was sure.

“I also see no reason you can’t be allowed to draw. But you haven’t yet mentioned knitting. Lady Elizabeth mentioned that you really enjoy knitting, do you?”

God, even miles away from that girl she could still reach out and torment me. But, what could I say, but cringing inside, as I hated knitting I replied, “Yes Miss Ann the Lady’s Boy enjoys knitting.”

“So, I’ll make a deal with you. Purely on a trial basis I’m going to have you begin your duties with the Mistress starting tomorrow. If, at the end of the week she seems pleased with you I’ll give you two hours free time and take you into town on Saturday to purchase drawing materials, knitting needles and yarn. How does that sound?” she asked.

“Oh yes Miss Ann, the Lady’s Boy would really enjoy that,” I said excitedly, even if it meant getting the damn knitting stuff.

## **Chapter-19 Reporting to the Mistress.**

So, the following day I reported to the Mistress who so intimidated me by her stunning beauty and just her commanding presence. I won’t bore you with a day by day account. Needless to say I performed all the skills I’d been trained to. I manicured and polished her nails and pedicured her toes. Shaved her legs and underarms. Massaged and even licked her feet. Washed her intimates and polished her shoes. And, of course, cleaned her room till it was absolutely spotless.

She almost never bothered to speak a word to me. At best she’d snap her finger and point, then go back to what

she was doing, totally ignoring me, making me feel like the mere servant that I was. She'd never inform me if I'd done some task well or not. She'd simply snap her fingers and point to the door when I was finished, dismissing me. When I left I was a nervous wreck. Wondering, but never knowing, if I'd pleased her or not. More importantly what would happen if I hadn't.

So it was that Miss Ann, at the end of the week, said, "The Mistress has informed me that she finds you acceptable. Which is really great news, isn't it?"

"Oh yes, Miss Ann," I said, nearly fainting in relief.

"The one negative comment she mentioned is that while performing certain tasks, she specifically mentioned while shaving her legs and massaging and licking her feet you appeared distracted," she said.

She was right, of course. Imagine the painful throbbing and attempted swelling my poor dickie was forced to endure. I tried not to get excited but what normal twenty-three year old's dickie wouldn't get excited, or try to, shaving her stunning legs or massaging, or worse licking her perfectly formed feet?

"But, not to worry. The Mistress discussed it with the housekeeper who assured her she'd find a solution," she said cheerfully. But I was nowhere near as cheerful, wondering what solution the housekeeper, who I dreaded just being in her unforgiving presence, could possibly come up with to solve my distracted behavior. One thing I was sure of, I undoubtedly wasn't going to like it.

However I did cheer up when Miss Ann announced that as the Mistress found me acceptable she would take me to town tomorrow as promised.

## Chapter-20 A trip to town.

So the next morning I was really looking to our trip. And even pleasantly surprised when she said, "Whenever we leave the manor we don't have to be in uniform. I've looked through the suitcases you brought and I found the perfect, casual outfit for you.

When I saw it I was mortified, but I wasn't about to protest and end a trip before it started.

After reluctantly getting dressed I looked in the mirror and positively cringed. As it was one of the outfits I truly hated wearing, although Lady Elizabeth often made me wear it simply because she delighted in belittling how I looked. It was a childish bodice kilt with the hem so short it didn't even come to mid-thigh. The top was a sailor's shirt, gathered at the waist. On my feet were little, turn down, white anklets and the horribly juvenile black, patent mary janes which I truly hated. I was sure she must have packed them because I sure didn't. I really hated her and was relieved that I was out of her clutches.

I was looking in dismay at myself when Miss Ann came back and I swear my mouth dropped to the floor. Gone was her uniform and in it's place was a sexy, halter dress that showed off incredibly ample breasts I never dreamed she had. She'd restyled her hair and applied very sophisticated make up. She certainly didn't look eighteen.

Standing next to me I looked like a little boy, although she was oblivious to that fact.

"You look very nice Louis. See, I get to call you by your name when we're not at the manor," she said, although she gave no indication that I was to stop calling her Miss Ann.

I felt even more juvenile when we got into her sporty MG. She had a car, I didn't, although I used to, one that I was really proud of. Now I didn't even have a driver's license.

Regardless I found I was actually enjoying myself, even if I looked like a little boy next to Miss Ann. However much too soon we were back at the manor and I was once again in uniform. I was thinking about the great time I'd had when I suddenly heard, "Lady's Groom report immediately to the housekeeper in the kitchen."

Oh god, no! Everything came crashing down when I looked at the clock and it was almost seven. Dreading what was to come I hurried to the kitchen.

"Skirts up, pantie down, spread your legs," she barked as she snapped on a pair of rubber gloves, poured some baby oil on them, grabbed my dickie and as fast, and roughly, as she could masturbated me. It was all over in about thirty seconds.

"Clean yourself up then see Miss Ann for chores," she ordered. It was obvious how distasteful she found dealing with my urges. Just imagine how I felt, nothing short of degrading.

## **Chapter-21 My day off turns into a disaster.**

I woke the next morning still in a funk, but my spirits greatly improved when Miss Ann reminded me it was my day off.

"I have some light chores for you, mostly some dusting, report back to me when you're finished. I've come up with a great schedule for you," she said.

The dusting only took a couple of hours and then I reported back to Miss Ann.

"I'm sure you'd like to see the rest of the estate so we'll start with a nice walk, would you like that?" she asked, and, of course, I said I would when it suddenly hit me that I hadn't once been outside the manor since I'd arrived.

I was truly overwhelmed at the gardens, the lake and the path we took through the woods. But I thought it strange that she actually timed out walk. When we got back she said, "That took exactly forty minutes. The housekeeper wants to have a talk with me for some reason, then I have some shopping. So, what I want you to do is to take the exact same walk twice. That should take you an hour and twenty minutes. At the end of that time I expect to see you standing right where you are. I'll give you a two minute leeway either way. This way I can leave you unsupervised and feel safe I know where you are."

I wasn't at all unhappy about extending my walk, but again her edit made me feel like a little boy who couldn't be trusted not to get in trouble.

Not daring to stop I just made it back when Miss Ann returned.

"Right, you can sit at this table and read this book for an hour, then you can knit until lunch time," she instructed. I almost gagged at the yucky romance novel she handed me along with my knitting. But, it was relaxing and at lunch Miss Ann was so friendly.

My spirits really went up when he produced my drawing materials and took me to a bench overlooking the lake.

"Can I trust you to be where you are for the next couple of hours? The housekeeper has recommended I go and have a talk with your governess," she said.

My governess? Why on earth would she want to talk with that battle axe? But I promised I would and pro-

ceeded to thoroughly enjoy myself sketching. Although about an hour later I decided to switch benches for a better view.

When I saw Miss Ann returning I couldn't wait to show her the sketch I was working on. But when she saw me she got the most furious look I'd ever seen on her.

"What the hell are you doing on this bench. I put you on that bench over there," she said angrily.

"I-I j-just wanted to get..." was all I got out.

"I put you on that bench and told you to stay there, didn't I? What if you'd decided to move where I couldn't find you? I'd have to have called the housekeeper and admitted I left you unsupervised. Well, you've ruined your day," she said, storming over to me, grabbing me painfully by the ear and dragged me back to the manor and to my room.

"Well, if you want to be treated like a little boy who can't be trusted to do as they're told, so be it. Get over that chair and pull those skirts p," she roared as she went and got the paddle.

Boy did I get it. Not thirty, or forty but fifty blistering ones that left me sobbing and crying in pain.

Get in the corner, hands on your head, panties down. You'll stand there for three hours," she declared, pinning my skirts up.

"Since you can't be trusted to do as your told, and I'm not going to watch you for three hours I'll simply have to do this," she said, and to my disbelief, tightly tied my ankles together. I can't remember ever feeling so shamed and humiliated. And standing there, not able to move even a foot was pure torture.

When three hours were up she yanked me over to the table, threw my notebook and pen down and said, "You

will write, 'I'm a bad little boy who can't be trusted and I deserved to be spanked.' Write it 200 times. Tomorrow things are going to be very different," she said angrily and stormed out of the room.

I dreaded the following day, I knew I was really in for it. After I was uniformed she coldly said, "The house-keeper asked me to find out how long you could be reasonably worked. Well, little boy we're going to find out."

My normal work day was twelve hours, which I thought was highly unreasonable, and I was always ready to drop at the end. But, to my dismay she tersely said, "We'll start with fourteen hours today."

The next day it was fifteen hours, and the day after that sixteen hours! I swear I never worked so hard in my life. I could barely stand upright and all I wanted to do was collapse.

The following morning she sternly asked, "Do you think you've learned your lesson?"

"Oh yes, Miss Ann," I fervently said.

"Very well, we'll see. You can go back to twelve hours," she stated, and I would have kissed her, but being the brow-beaten sissy I'd been turned into I naturally chickened out.

I was so glad everything got back to normal. Miss Ann was as friendly as ever. The only discouraging thing was since, to her, I'd acted like a little boy who couldn't be trusted, that's how she now treated me as.

The week went by and all too soon it was that time of the day on Saturday that I always dreaded and as seven o'clock approached I was surprised to hear, "Will the Lady's Groom report to Miss Ann in her chambers?"

## **Chapter-22 The Junior Maid is assigned to deal with my urges.**

When I arrived, confused, she said, "The housekeeper has asked me to assume the duty of relieving you of your urges. I discussed the manner to approach this with your governess. Who feels the housekeeper's method was quite counter productive. Stating that there was no reason, as a normal boy, you couldn't enjoy the experience. However, like all boys, what you need to learn is self control and discipline. Which, according to her you still lack, is that your problem? You haven't learned to control the urges your dickie gets?"

"Y-Yes Miss Ann," I replied, hanging my head in shame as, by now, I'd almost been convinced that I really did have a problem. Although I didn't think I had one before I arrived.

"Now then, your governess said that most boy's dickies react positively to the feel of soft, silky material. The only thing I have like that is this pair of my satin panties. Please let me know if you enjoy how they feel," she asked, holding a pair of pink, satin panties trimmed in lace.

"Yes, M-Miss Ann," I said. Oh god, she was going to masturbate me with a pair of her own panties! Just thinking about it my dickie couldn't help getting excited right in front of her.

"Oh, how darling! Why I haven't even started yet and your dickie is already getting all excited," she exclaimed.

"Now, can you lift up your skirts for me and hold them really high and I'll pull your panties down for you," she asked, as if talking to a five year old.

"Yes Miss Ann," I replied, red in the face at how I was being talked to, like a little boy, by an eighteen year old girl.

“Now spread your legs for me as far as your panties will let you. Let’s see, I take hold of this little sack, remembering to grasp firmly to keep you from fidgeting. Which your governess said you have a habit of doing, is that correct?” she asked, and I couldn’t help the gasp that escaped as she did.



"Y-Yes Miss Ann," I moaned, and nearly squirted then and there when she wrapped her satin panties around my dickie which instantly started throbbing.

As she began slowly stroking me she asked, "Now what are you to say when you feel your dickie is about to do squirties for me?" she asked.

"Please Miss Ann, my dickie is about to do squirties," I said, totally humiliated, but just seconds later had to utter my desperate plea.

"Oh my goodness, why I've hardly even begun and you already have to do squirties?" she asked, sounding astounded.

"Y-Yes Miss Ann," I moaned, completely ashamed at my obvious, to her, complete lack of control.

"I guess I'd better go a lot slower," she said to herself. Which she did, but the sensation her lightly fondling and stroking was simply overwhelming. Again and again I had to urgently announce that my dickie was going to do squirties.

And each time she'd say, "No, not yet. Really, it's as your governess said you have almost no self control over the urges your dickie has, do you?"

"N-No Miss Ann," I was forced to admit, feeling absolutely disgraced.

In between she'd sharply admonish me.

"Keep those legs straight. I don't want to see either knee bend, even slightly," she ordered sternly.

"You're letting your skirts down, raised them higher and keep them there," she'd demand.

"Stop moving your hips. Really, that's most lewd," she said, reinforcing it by painfully pinching my sack with her sharp nails.

So I was forced to do the impossible. Stand there and not move a single muscle while she maddeningly fondled and stroked.

Finally, after, I think, the fifth time I urgently announced my dickie was about to do squirties she said, obviously annoyed with me, "Very well, if you really don't think you can control your dickie any longer you have my permission to do squirties."

And with those words I squirted with such intensity over and over I swear I didn't think I'd ever stop.

When I finally stopped squirting she asked, "Now, you're sure those are all the squirties you can do for me?"

"Yes M-Miss Ann," I moaned, my legs and arms quivering, my breath ragged and thinking I'd collapse at any moment.

"Well, I must say, you've been a very good boy. I can't believe how you filled up my panties. Really, I may have to resort to using two from now on," she remarked. Yet as I stood there while she carefully wiped my dickie I was suddenly overcome with the shame and humiliation of what had just occurred. I was a twenty-three year old young man who'd just been masturbated by an eighteen year old girl doing squirties after receiving her permission. I hated just thinking about it, yet found myself eagerly thinking about the next time, a full week away. God, what had I turned into I asked myself?

Over the next couple of weeks I began to get adjusted to life as a Lady's Groom. Miss Ann only had to cane me once and spank me twice. She was always fair and those times that I really impressed her she'd say, "what a good boy you are," and reward me in some way.

## Chapter-23 The Mistress shows me off.

Then one day the housekeeper came in and, to Miss Ann said, "The Mistress wished to show off her Lady's Groom to her bridge club tonight. Take him down to her beautician and have them pretty him up for her. Tell them they're to pay special attention to his legs. She really wants them on display. Have them give him a facial and do his hair."

So that's what consumed much of the day. I got the full treatment. I was given a facial, which I actually enjoyed, my hair was permed and put in curlers. And I had my legs waxed, which I didn't like. But, I'll have to admit I did leave refreshed.

Then Miss Ann took over. Stupidly I admitted my corset didn't feel as tight as if once had. So, to my dismay, she tightened it another breathless inch, reminding me that the Mistress wanted all her staff to have attractive figures. I wanted to remind her that it was girls that wanted attractive figures, not boys, but of course I didn't. After adding extra lip gloss and rouge she declared that I was ready.

I was naturally scared to death and feeling more than a little humiliated that I was being put on display like showing off some new acquisition she'd just made. When I paused at the doorway to curtsy I nearly panicked as I counted at least a dozen expensively dressed women in the room.

Just before I entered the housekeeper came up to me and hissed, "If I hear one bad report on you I'll deal with you personally."

That really scared me but before I could think about it I heard the Mistress snap her fingers and I automatically minced up to her and curtsied.

"Oh my god is that what I think it is? You have a Lady's Boy? I'm so jealous, I've only seen one before. That stuck up Gloria Manchester in London has one. I heard they've become all the rage," one woman exclaimed.

"Where on earth did you acquire him?" another asked, as if she'd purchase me.

"I acquired him from Olivia Windsor shortly after he graduated from the Swish School of Beauty." She replied.

"Do you have him trained yet? Gloria Manchester said it took forever to get hers trained to her demanding specifications," another remarked.

"So far he's acceptable. Ann is seeing to his training, and so far you're doing an excellent job, Ann."

"Oh thank you Ma'am. He's coming along about as I expected and I feel is finally beginning to learn what you expect of him," she said proudly.

"Yes, well I have had a conversation with Gloria and I think it's about time for him to be introduced to some new duties which, of course, you'll supervise. Although there's a certain area that will need to be, shall we say, modified," she said rather mysteriously, and I could only wonder what that meant.

"Well, I must say he's much cuter than Gloria's groom, and my, he does have the most adorable figure, doesn't he girls?" the first commented.

"It's coming along, but I expect all my staff's figures to be exemplary, so he still has a ways to go before I'll finally find it acceptable," she said, which truly alarmed me, as I swear I didn't think my waist couldn't possibly get any smaller.

"Personally I think his legs are his best assets. They're so shapely and impossibly long. And what a novel idea putting him in heels. They certainly add to that, 'long

legged' look don't they," another stated. I really couldn't get over how accepting everyone was about putting a boy in heels for god's sake.

"Have him walk back and forth to show off his legs for the ladies," the Mistress asked Ann and moments later I was parading, more mincing, back and forth in front of them.

"Do you notice how his skirts, well kilt, sways and dances back and forth as he walks? I'll bet he's hiding a very sexy behind under it and I'm dying to take a look," another said.

"You know I've never taken a look myself, and you've got me curious. Ann lift up his skirts and turn him around so we can all get a good look and see if she's right," she ordered. Oh no! Please don't make me Miss Ann, I silently pleaded, but to no avail And moments later my pantied bottom was put on full display for all the women to view. I almost cried when they all applauded, clapped and whistled.

"I just love his panties, or whatever you call them. Notice how each cheek is so well defined, very sexy!"

"Actually they're called 'trews' ma'am. Scottish for I guess you'd call them boy's panties," Miss Ann explained, only making it worse.

"Well, I know one duty that Gloria Manchester has had her Lady's boy trained to do that your doesn't." I heard a woman state, then lowering her voice so that I couldn't hear proceeded to tell all the women, who all gasped in disbelief.

"No, she's trained him to do that? Oh my, how deliciously naughty," another exclaimed and then chuckle, as they were all doing.

“Yes, I’m already aware that he doesn’t as yet perform that duty. Which I, let’s say, got a chance to sample when I last visited with Gloria. She gave me the name of the woman who specializes in this form of tutoring. In fact she’ll be coming up next week to tutor mine. Ann, please note that a Rachel Ballard will be arriving to tutor him in his new duties. You’ll need to clear your schedule to attend his training so that you can take over when she leaves. She said it’ll take about a week,” she said.

I dearly would have loved to have heard their conversation. What possible duty could I be tutored, or trained, to do that would have them gasping in disbelief and chuckling? And why on earth would one of them call it, “deliciously naughty?”

When they finally stopped talking about me they settled down to their bridge games. I stood in the corner totally ignored trying as hard as I could not to fidget and draw attention to myself. I was let out of the corner, with an imperious snap of the Mistresses’ finger, to serve drinks, appetizers, run errands and just to light some woman’s cigarette. It was obvious she was showing off how well trained and obedient I was. I found it almost unbearably demeaning, however her next order truly shocked me.

I was told to go around to each woman and politely ask if they would like their feet massaged.

“Have him give you a foot massage, he has incredibly talented hands. You’ll think you’ve gone to heaven,” the Mistress said, I’m sure just her effort to make them all jealous that she had a Lady’s Boy and they didn’t.

After everyone had gone I was left standing in the corner. I hadn’t been dismissed, the Mistress had just walked out. I was actually afraid to move so I just stood there, for

nearly an hour. Which, thankfully, is when Miss Ann ventured in.

“Oh, you poor thing, you’ve been standing in the corner all this time and nobody dismissed you. Well come with me the Mistress has given me her evaluation of your performance,” she said, which left me in absolute dread.

So you can imagine my shock when she handed me a ten pound note, that’s about fourteen dollars. “This is for you from the Mistress. She was so please with the way you performed, and how jealous she made all the women,” she said, giving me a hug and a kiss, right on the lips!

Naturally I was overjoyed, but it left me feeling more like a pet that had been trained to perform. Maybe that’s how she thought of me, I thought dismally.

But, I perked up when she added, “Plus she told me to give you four whole hours off tomorrow, and it isn’t even Sunday!” I think I’ll take you to town so you can purchase some more yarn. I saw that you’re almost out. Then I’ll let you draw again for a couple of hours.”

Well, that sounded great, but there went my plans to save the money for my trip back to the states. However Miss Ann was so pleased at my performance she also decided to give me a reward. I couldn’t believe it, her reward was to take me back to my room and masturbate me. Which, to my disgust, I was becoming more than a little addicted to.

## **Chapter-24 Trained to new duties that I couldn’t believe.**

I’d completely forgotten about the woman the Mistress had hired to tutor me in some unnamed additional duties. But there she was Thursday morning. Almost as

stunning and, frankly, intimidating a presence as the Mistress.

“You must be Ann, and you would be Ms. Windsor’s Lady’s Groom. Well, I tutored about a dozen Lady’s Grooms and I must say you’re one of the most adorable,” she said, quite friendly.

“Thank you, Ma’am,” I said earnestly, as, by now, I had gotten used to being referred to as “adorable” and “cute.” I couldn’t believe that just a short while ago I’d thought of myself as very macho looking.

However when she held my chin and lifted my face up her tone completely changed. “Now listen carefully. Your Mistress is paying a lot of money to train you to perform certain additional duties. You will do precisely as I say or I won’t hesitate to have Ann harshly discipline you. Is that understood?” she asked in a stern, forbidding voice that left me no doubt she’d do exactly that.

“Y-Yes Ma’am, the Lady’s boy understands,” I stammered, quaking in my shoes.

“The Mistress has made an appointment for him in an hour, so we might as well go,” she declared, and within the hour I was sitting in a beautician’s chair. And before I could react someone stuck me with a needle and very shortly I was in LaLa land.

I had no idea how long I was there, but I swear I fog-gily remember something clamped to the tip of my tongue, and did I really hear three loud “pops”?

When I was again fully conscious my tongue felt funny, sorta heavy.

“Whah dith yuth do?” I asked, shocked to hear me lisping of all things. Then, in alarm, I felt a big round thing on the front of my tongue.

Ignoring me she said to Ann, "This is just a keeper till the hole heals in a couple of days, then I'll put the trainers in."

I couldn't believe what had just been done, but I didn't dare offer a protest of any kind.

I was still in shock when we got back, but I was in for an even bigger one when she said, "We have a couple days before I put his trainers in. So we can spend it by dealing with a deficiency in his training. Your Mistress tells me that the school you attended neglected to train you in the art of breast massage. Is this correct?"

Breast massage? That's what I was to learn?

"Y-yes Ma'am, t-that's correct," I answered.

"Very well. Stand behind this chair. Ann, put this on him," she ordered, and shortly a mask was tied over my eyes.

After having Miss Ann sit in the chair she said, "Follow my instructions exactly. Do it wrong and you'll hold out your hands to be spanked. Now reach down and unbutton Ann's blouse. After that carefully unfasten her bra and remove it. Then reach over and begin fondling her breasts. Start with just your fingertips."

So, for the next half hour I did exactly as I was instructed. I fondled, rubbed, caressed, pinched and massage not just her breast, but her nipples. I couldn't believe I was massaging the breast that I'd so fantasized about seeing, but couldn't. And the mask only served to heighten the sensitivity of my touch.

But, oh my poor tortured dickie! It couldn't help but get so excited and tried so hard, pardon the pun, to uselessly erect, which the ribbon painfully prevented.

After a while the woman said, "He's been massaging your breasts and nipples now for about thirty minutes. You should be getting excited."

"Well, my nipples are erect and it's quite pleasant," Miss Ann remarked.

"Just pleasant? By now you should be on the verge of an orgasm. Switch place with me," she said.

So I began massaging her breast, which to my amazement, were even bigger.

After several minutes she said, "A minor problem. His nails simply aren't long enough. Take him down to the salon and have them put nail extensions on, oval shaped."

Then addressing me she asked, "You're having difficulty concentrating and you're getting distracted, aren't you?"

"Yes Ma'am," I was forced to admit.

"It's your dickie. It's causing you to be distracted, isn't it?"

"Y-Yes Ma'am," I cringed, having to admit such a thing, and in front of Miss Ann as well.

"Let me take a look. Skirts up. Ann pull his panties down," she ordered.

Obviously spying my ribboned dickie she said, "Oh, I see. He really hasn't learned any self control. I've dealt with this problem with teenage boys and their raging hormones. The ribbon is rather make shift, isn't it?"

"Yes Ma'am. I do have to keep putting new ones on, and it does get wet when he bathes," Miss Ann said, making me want to just crawl in a hole. God, this was so humiliating!

“Easy to fix. I have to make a quick trip to London tomorrow. I’ll pick up a more permanent and effective means of dealing with his really rather childish urges.

I dreaded what tomorrow would bring, or what she would bring back that, what did she say, “be a more permanent and effective solution.” One thing I knew, it wasn’t going to be good.

She got back just in time for dinner, which I served, and was the main topic of their conversation. Although, naturally, I was excluded from it as they discussed me as if I wasn’t even there.

When she asked if I’d had nail extensions put on Miss Ann had me show her my nails. Which I hated doing, but, of course, held them out. It was so embarrassing. I now had glistening, oval fingernails that extended a good quarter inch past my fingertips. What made it so shameful was that while I now had what the woman had called, “glamour nails” the maids, including Miss Ann were ordered to keep theirs short and clipped.

“Yes, very attractive. Now did he do any better while I was gone?” she asked.

“Well, the nails helped a lot I actually started to get well, excited,” Miss Ann said with a blush.

“But no orgasm?”

“No, not yet,” she admitted.

## **Chapter-25 A more permanent solution to my disgusting urges.**

“It’s simply a matter of practice and technique. We’ll both work him at it the next couple of days. Now, to his bigger problem. Skirts up, take his panties off and have him spread his legs as far as he can. Oh yes, could you get

me a glass with crushed ice in it?" she asked, and to me sternly said, "I don't want to see so much as a muscle twitch and not one word out of you. Am I clear?"

"Y-Yes Ma'am," I answered fearfully as I knew what the glass of crushed ice meant. I tried as hard as I could not to utter a word when she thrust my organs into the freezing glass, but couldn't stop the yelp that escaped me.

When my organ had been shrunk to miniscule proportions she said, "Watch closely Ann. I used to use a corset on naughty boy's dickies to bring them under control, but it was simply too time consuming. Now this is less time consuming and a lot more effective. It's called a 'Curve'. You simply insert his dickie into it making certain the knob pops out. Then all you do is close this ring until you hear it snap, like so. Notice how it now quite naturally keeps his dickie tucked up between his legs?"

"My goodness, how ingenious," Miss Ann commented, then asked, "Can it come loose?"

"Oh my no. It fits too tightly for that and prevents his dickie from even a hint of becoming childishly excited," she stated. I couldn't believe that my dickie had just been imprisoned in the most horrible device, and only an eighteen year old girl could remove it. I couldn't remember anything I'd been subject to that was so awfully humiliating, But, of course, I was soon to find out how wrong I was.

It seemed like for the next two days every waking hour was spent massaging Miss Ann's, or the woman's, breasts. At the end of the second day when I still hadn't been able to give Miss Ann an orgasm by massaging her breasts, and honestly I didn't think it possible, the woman coldly said, "I'll give you one more day. If Ann doesn't had an orgasm I'll take you back to London and turn you over to my assistant. Trust me you don't want her to train

you. She has absolutely no tolerance for boys who don't try hard. She doesn't spank hands, she has this short, little whip that, I'm afraid for you, she enjoys using."

The following day, absolutely terrified, I tried as hard as humanly possible and, thank god, Miss Ann finally had an orgasm.

"Keep him at it every day for the next week, twice a day, an orgasm every time," she instructed, and still gasping for breath Miss Ann assured her she would.

## **Chapter-26 I'm taught how to "service" a woman.**

"Now that we have that out of the way we can go on to why I was hired. Have you ever serviced a woman, boy?" she asked.

"I-ah, d-don't understand, Ma'am" I answered honestly.

"Oh for god's sake. Have you ever licked a girl's pussy?"

I was so shocked, as I saw Miss Ann was, that I couldn't answer right away, for which I received a painful slap on the face.

"When I ask a question you don't think, you answer. Well?"

"Y-yes Ma'am, I-I did, once," I admitted.

"Excellent. So I don't have to spend time retraining you. Stick out your tongue and keep it there," she ordered, and as I did I felt her removing the stud on my tongue and replacing it with another. That was so heavy my tongue dropped to my chin.

"My goodness, how heavy is it?" Miss Ann asked.

"One pound. His tongue needs to build up strength and stamina and this one will certainly do that. Now then,

we'll begin with the more basic position, so, Ann please pay attention as you'll, of course, continue his training. When I snap my finger and spread my legs you immediately kneel between them and get your head under my skirt. Hands behind you, face leaning forward, lips glued to my pussy. You'll be trained to what's called the, 'heel and toe' method. Your tongue will precisely mimic the motion of my toes and I will use my heels to dictate how deep and how fast I want your tongue to thrust. When you don't precisely mimic my toes and heels or hesitate even momentarily I'll correct you with my heels. This, Ann, is called spurring. Very well," she said and snapped her fingers.

It sounded simple enough, but in reality trying to mimic her toes and heels to my side was much, much more difficult. And when I didn't do precisely as I was expected I was painfully jabbed with either the sharp toes of the shoes or the dagger like heels.

I desperately tried to follow her instructions but my tongue was so heavy it felt like I was moving it in slow motion despite trying as hard I could. My tongue was so heavy it was almost impossible to respond as fast as she wanted me to.

She kept me at it for what seemed like hours, but in reality was just thirty minutes.

"Right, now you see how it's done. Now you try for another thirty minutes. Each day we'll add five minutes till we work up to an hour, at least to start. There's one woman who's actually worked her Lady's Groom up to servicing her for two hours. So, that will be your objective after I leave. Don't be afraid of spurring him with your toes or heels if he fails to respond fast enough, or appears to be slowing down. It's really the only way he'll learn," she heartlessly instructed Miss Ann. God, this woman

was at least as bad as the housekeeper. The only good thing was that in a week shed be gone.

“Oh yes, if you feel an orgasm coming on just go with it,” she added.

Miss Ann started out tentatively, but all too soon she learned how to use her toes and heels to get me to respond. Nor was she at all shy about spurring me.

“Oh m-my god,” she suddenly moaned, and frantically started really toeing and heeling me as fast as she could.

“That was unbelievable. Nobody has ever done that to me, “ she gasped.

“Well, now you know why a properly trained Lady’s Groom is so much in demand by higher class women,” she remarked.

By the end of a week’s time I had been trained in the precise way I was to service the Mistress. I’d been worked up to an hour, three hours a day. I learned different positions. On all fours for when the Mistress was reclining, or I was under the table while she ate, under her desk when she worked on her computer or was sitting at her vanity applying make-up. Then I learned kneeling upright for when the Mistress was standing.

I thought it was ironic that up until I arrived in England that being the big cock on campus that it was beneath me to lick a girl’s pussy. Now a week later the woman had deemed me well trained enough to “service” the Mistresses pussy.

I spent two days servicing them both with the ‘trainer’ in my tongue. At the end of each day I swear my tongue was too exhausted even to form a word. Then, to my surprise, on the third day she removed it and to my dismay saw her take out an even bigger one! I couldn’t believe

she was going to put it in my tongue, but she did. And I was shocked, for, big as it was, it was actually, well to me, light as a feather.

“This is his permanent one. Trust me, it’ll drive you crazy,” she assured Miss Ann. Who then went wild, actually screaming as she went from one orgasm to another.

“Oh god, you were so right,” she gasped.

I was overjoyed the day she was leaving until I heard the instructions she gave to Miss Ann. “He’s just partially trained. Some women like what they call ‘a quickie.’ So use a stop watch and time him. Keep him at it until he can give you an orgasm within three minutes. Then too, if they’re just relaxing, like sunning themselves or reading a book, many women enjoy a slow, continuous lick. Which is the reason to work him up to two hours,” she dictated.

To say that I pleased the Mistress when I serviced her for the first time would be an understatement. Obviously I’d been terrified of not pleasing her and what the consequences would be. But she actually patted me on the head and breathlessly said, “That was really quite good.” Then I was given a ten pound note and a half day off the following day.

After that it seemed like I was servicing her three, sometimes four, times a day. By the end of the day my poor tongue definitely wasn’t wagging.

At first I found it degrading. You could call it “servicing,” but in reality I was simply licking her pussy. All I was to her was an expertly trained pussy licker and breast fondler. Dismally I thought my title ought to be the Lady’s Pussy Boy.

But, if you have no choice you can get used to anything I suppose. I also realized that the more I licked her pussy the less time I was spending on exhausting, back breaking chores. And at the end of the day I could almost

always look forward to having her tell Miss Ann, "He deserves a reward today, see to it, if you will."

Naturally I had no say in what my reward would be, Miss Ann always decided that for me.

## **Chapter-27 I'm sharpened up for the Mistresses' guests.**

One day, about a week later, the Mistress called a meeting of the entire staff.

"I have important guests coming this weekend for a series of meetings. They'll be staying the entire week. I want to see everything positively sparkle. I've ordered new uniforms for you all, which I'm sure you'll like. I'm assigning each of you to one of the guests as their personal maid while they're here. Heaven help you if I hear even a mildly negative comment about you from them. Whatever they say or want you to do is all that matters. I hope I'm clear?" she demanded to know. I was sure her including me as one of the maids was simply a slip of the tongue.

"Could I ask Ma'am, what about your lady's boy?" Miss Ann asked.

"He'll, of course, be assigned to one of the guests. Naturally I'll want him sharpened up as well. Do any of you have any suggestions?" she, unfortunately, asked.

"Well, his figure is looking a bit better, but I'm sure you can improve on it, can't you Ann?" the housekeeper asked.

"Oh yes Ma'am, I'm sure I can," she said earnestly. Which left me truly dismayed as I knew what that had to mean.

“As you are always so proud of showing off his legs Ma’am why not shorten his skirts, I mean, of course, his kilt, even more,” that damn Megan suggested grinning at me.

“You know I think I saw a pair of heels that would really show off his legs, although they are a bit higher. And instead of socks why not put him in longer, stay up stockings,” Amy, my other tormentor suggested.

I didn’t know what “longer, stay up, stockings” meant but I fully expected the Mistress to nix even higher heels, instead she said, “Yes, they’re all excellent ideas. I’ll leave him totally in your hands.”

Then it was Miss Ann’s turn and what she suggested really surprised me.

“I’ve noticed Ma’am that when his hair gets a little long it tends to curl and look unruly. I’m thinking we should just go ahead and curl his hair. I think he’d look very attractive.”

“Oh my, what a great idea. Yes, take him to my beauticians first thing tomorrow,” she instructed.

When we’d been dismissed Miss Ann cheerfully said, “Well, let’s go and see how we can sharpen you up.”

I was nowhere as cheerful as it all sounded horrible to me. When we got to my room she had me down to just my panties and corset.

“Oh my, there simply isn’t slack left to take up. I guess we’ll have to put a new corset on the list,” she declared, which left me cringing at the thought. For the trip to the beautician’s I was dressed in my little boy bodice kilt. I loved getting away from the estate, but I hated that childish costume as Miss Ann, not maliciously mind you, treated me like the little boy that I looked.

When she explained to the beautician that she wanted to see what I looked like with my hair curled the woman clapped and said, "Oh, I think he'll look so darling with tight, springy little curls!"

That didn't sound good and it wasn't. As I sat there they wound my hair with I don't know how many curlers so tight my whole head hurt. Then after dousing me with some nauseating lotion I was put under a hair dryer for at least an hour.



"Oh my god, doesn't he look so absolutely precious in curls?" the woman exclaimed after all my curls had been brushed out.

For my part I nearly fainted when I saw myself. I didn't know what to think.

"D-do I really look alright?" I asked Miss Ann.

"Oh my yes, you look so cute with curls," she enthused.

"Cute," "darling" and "precious" was definitely not how I wanted to be thought of, but there was nothing I could do so naturally I said nothing. I even had to thank everyone for my cute new look.

As we left Miss Ann cheerfully said, "Now let's go to Miss Mildred's and see what she can do to enhance your figure, okay?"

"Yes, Miss Ann," I said in dread as that was where I'd been put into my first corset.

When we entered Miss Ann said, "The Mistress is having some special guests and wants everyone to look extra sharp. I'm hoping you have something that will enhance the boy's figure. Unfortunately there's no slack left in his corset so we'll need to look into a new one."

"Of course. I think I have just the one perfect for him," she declared, and minutes later I found myself holding onto a lacing bar. When I saw what she intended to put on me I just shuddered. It was much longer actually pushing my breast up and my hips out. When she finished lacing it I felt like I was being held in a rigid vice.

"Well, that improved his figure by two inches," the lady said.

"Oh, just an inch?" Miss Ann said, sounding disappointed, then to me asked, "Do you think you can be a very good boy for me Louis?"

God, I hated when she talked to me like I really was a little boy. But what could I say but, "Yes Miss Ann."

"Oh good, then please take the laces in another inch. I'm sure then the Mistress will really notice your figure," she declared, and that's what was done. Honest to god, I didn't think I could breath!

When we got back to the manor my tormentors, Megan and Amy, giggling said they'd put together the perfect uniform to sharpen me up.

After they had me dressed and I had a look at what I was wearing I nearly died. Surely the Mistress would think they'd really gone over the top.

The blue plaid, satin kilt they shortened to above mid-thigh, barely covering my panties! Around the waist they laced a solid blue sash as tight as they could to show off my figure. Which was now so girlish I had to have the tiniest waist in the room. On my legs were sheer, thigh high, stockings with seams of all things. But, even worse were the heels. Black patent leather with blue bows and much too pointed toes. Yet it was the heels that I couldn't believe. They weren't a little higher. They had to be at least two inches higher than even those that they wore.

The blouse was also satin and to my relief at least I'd retained my tie. Over it was a short, blue satin bolero styled jacket. On my hands were ruffled gloves with a frilly, tiny apron around my waist and a cap on top of my curls just as frilly.

I fully expected the Mistress to chastise them for my outrageously short kilt, ridiculously high heels and obviously women's stockings.

Instead, to my disbelief, she said, "You all did great. The shortened skirt, higher heels and stockings really show off his legs, don't they? And I really love how you've obviously improved his figure, Ann. From now on

I want all his kilts shortened to this length. He's a bit awkward in those heels, but I'm sure he'll adapt. See if you can find a couple other pair that height and stockings from now on, of course. And, my goodness, doesn't his hair look so much more adorable in curls."

By the day the guests were to arrive I'd spent four painful days learning to walk in my new heels and trying to make it through the day in the tortuously tight corset that I swore I could never possibly get used to.

## **Chapter-28 Disaster, I'm mistaken for a maid!**

An hour before they were to arrive we were all dutifully standing at attention being inspected. When she came to me she sternly said, "You'll be assigned to Vanessa Winters. At the end of her stay all I want to hear from her is praise about how well you catered to her every need."

When Vanessa Winters stepped out of the car I was stunned. A rather older woman but still stunning!

When she asked my name all I could do was stammer, "Louis..a.."

"Louisa, my what a charming name," she declared, obviously she'd misheard, so I started to say, "Actually I'm the Junior..."

"Oh, a Junior Maid. Well, I'm sure you'll do fine. Now please take my luggage to my room, unpack it, iron anything that's wrinkled and dust off my shoes, Louisa," she said.

As I hung up her clothes my mind was in a panic. As a servant I wasn't allowed to speak unless spoken to. I was also never to contradict anything I was told. God, what a hopeless situation!

As I was pondering my dilemma the housekeeper called me to the dining room to assist in serving. It was as the appetizer was being served that Ms. Winters said, "I must tell you Olivia I'm most pleased with Louisa, the maid you assigned to me. While she's just a junior maid she nicely hung my clothes, did a wonderful job ironing some wrinkled clothes and even dusted off my shoes."

"D-Did you say *Junior Maid*?" the Mistress asked in shocked surprise.

"Well, yes I really don't mind. I'm sure we'll get along fine. Although I'm puzzled about what she's wearing and why she isn't dressed as attractively as your other maid," she commented.

"Well, ah, you see they were supposed to deliver our new uniforms, but only three arrived, isn't that right, Ma'am?" the housekeeper offered.

"Oh yes, ah, quite correct. Please see that, er, Louisa's uniform gets her first thing tomorrow," she said, thankful for the lifeline, while giving me a murderous stare.

"If you don't mind my saying, wouldn't she look, well, too grown up and sophisticated dressed as the other maids are? Especially in those ridiculously high heels. I mean she can't possibly be any older than fifteen, if that," she stated, to my disbelief.

"We're not really sure of her age, but she could be fifteen," the housekeeper said, looking at me murderously.

"How do you come to employ such a young girl?" she asked.

"Well, er, you see she just showed up one day looking for work. Apparently she's a runaway. We needed a junior maid so I decided to put her on. She learns quickly and for the most part is a good girl, aren't you Louisa?" she asked, shooting me a look that could kill.

“Yes Ma’am, I-Louisa try to be,” I said with a curtsy, absolutely dying inside. First, I couldn’t believe she thought I was a girl. Then she thinks I’m just fifteen, if that. Oh, this was getting worse and worse! And then it got even worse.

“I have a better idea than dressing her like the other maids. I’m going to town tomorrow. I’ll take the girl with me. I have in mind exactly what she’d look best in,” the woman said, and what could the Mistress do but reluctantly agree.

Later, fearing what was to come, I got it.

“How could you be so stupid? Why didn’t you immediately correct her?” the Mistress screamed at me.

“I-I’m n-not allowed to speak to the guests, or-or correct them,” I stammered.

Ignoring me she said, “Now what the hell am I going to do? I’ll be a laughing stock if this ever gets out. And Vanessa is a very important potential client. Obviously he’ll have to stay her maid as long as she’s here. Ann, put a little make-up on him, I mean her, and anything else you can think of, before Vanessa takes her tomorrow. And I swear you do one thing to give her the impression that you’re anything but a fifteen year old girl and you’ll spend the rest of your employment doing nothing but scrubbing floors and cleaning toilets,” she thundered.

I was totally humiliated, scared to death and in shock. I was to be a maid for the next week! I could see the housekeeper smirking and the two maids silently laughing their heads off. I just hung my head in shame. How could I have been so stupid?

Nor did I get any sympathy from Miss Ann, who was obviously just as furious, yanking me out of the room by my ear.

“Well Louisa, you’ve probably dashed any chance I had of being promoted. I hope you’re proud of yourself. So, for the next week you’re going to be the girliest girl there even was or I turn you over to the housekeeper and wash my hands of you. For two pence I should take the cane to you till you can’t sit for the next week,” she said angrily.

## **Chapter-29 Dressed as a teen girl.**

The following morning I didn’t dare utter even a meek protest as she painted my fingernails pink to match the pink lipstick she put on. Then blue eye shadow and she even plucked my eyebrows till they were unmistakably girlish. After which she decided my hair looked just too grown up.

“I think it’s just long enough for pigtails,” she declared. Oh god, please not pigtails!

But pigtails it was with big pink bows. She then added little pink, button earrings.

I almost cried when she ordered me to hold my arms out and put a bra on me. Then pushed and pulled till she’d filled the cups out as much as she could.

“Even fifteen year old girls have little boobies,” she said scathingly.

Just then the housekeeper came in carrying a bunch of clothes and some shoes.

“I’m sure Ms. Winters doesn’t want to see Louisa in what she was wearing yesterday. So you can put her in these. An outfit my niece happened to leave behind when she visited last,” she said.

When I was dressed and looked at myself in the mirror I was devastated. I didn’t look fifteen, I actually

looked younger! And the housekeeper confirmed it when she said, "It's a bit young for her, but, you see, Jane is only thirteen."

I couldn't believe it, here I was dressed as a thirteen year old in a sailor's blouse with a red sailor's collar and short sleeves banded in red. The red, pleated skirt was ridiculously short with a lacy petticoat peeking out. It had wide shoulder straps that buttoned front and back and crisscrossed in back. At the collar was a pink sash tied in a huge bow. On my feet were shiny, red mary janes with little girl heels and turn down ankle socks. Even worse my hair was now in childish pigtails.

"Let's just pray that Ms. Winters approves of how she's dressed," the housekeeper said, looking at me in obvious disgust at the masquerade they were forced to try to pull off.

"Now you listen to me Louisa. You will be the happiest, most excited girl there ever was when you're with Ms. Winters or I swear you'll get the worst caning you've ever gotten," Miss Ann threatened.

I was scared to death when brought downstairs. Surely she'd laugh at how girlishly I was dressed. Who wouldn't, at least I thought.

To my shock, when she saw me, she said, "Yes, well obviously they have you finally dressed your age. You look perfect in that," she remarked.

"Oh, thank you Ma'am," I said as excitedly as I could with Miss Ann looking on.

"Well, let's go then sweetie," she said, holding her hand out for me to take. Now, I wasn't a little boy being led by the hand, I was a little girl. God, how far had I sunk!

As you can imagine I was beyond nervous but Ms. Winters was being very friendly and I had gradually relaxed by the time we started our shopping. We shopped in teen girl departments, but to my dismay she continued to say, "No, no, it's much too grown up for you."

Finally she spotted of all things a costume store. In the window she spied an Alice in Wonderland costume.

"Why this would make the perfect uniform for you. See, it even has an apron and bib," she declared, excitedly pulling me into the store.

Within twenty minutes I was in a blue satin Alice costume with short puffy sleeves, the cuffs tied in bows. The skirt was no longer than the one I'd been wearing, and actually looked shorter with the lavishly ruffled petticoat peeking out. Over this was the frilliest, white, bibbed apron with enormous ruffles adorning the bib all the way to the back where a sash was tied in a huge bow. On my legs were turn down, white anklets The black, patent leather shoes were no less girlish with mary janes with dainty heels and bows on each toe. On my head was pinned a big, blue bow.

As I looked dejectedly at myself all I could think of was the laughter and sneering I was going to get, but was brought back to reality when Ms. Winters said, "Don't you just love your new uniform, Louisa?"

"Oh yes Ma'am, I r-really do, it's, it's so nice," I struggled to say as excitedly and happy as I could muster.

"Ma'am' is so formal. You may call me 'Ms. Winters' when it's just the two of us," she said.

"Well now, as we're out and about let's have lunch. But first lets' go to that store we passed. I know how self-conscious you'd undoubtedly feel having lunch in your uniform," she said, and I could only wonder what she meant.

When I saw the store she was headed for I thought, "Oh no, please not that one." For the sign on the store read, "The Precious Princess Boutique." And under that it said, "Darling fashions for adorable pre-teen girls." As I was led into the store I just knew this would not be good. I'd thought for sure she'd say something about how silly I looked dressed as a thirteen year old. Now, to my disbelief, I was being taken into the most god awful, frilly store that specialized in pre-teen fashions. I couldn't help wondering how old she thought I really was, but I soon found out.

While Ms. Winters sat and had coffee I was dressed in one dreadful outfit after another until she declared, "That one, it's perfect for her. She'll wear it out. Isn't it absolutely wonderful, Louisa?"

"Oh yes Ms. Winters. It's-It's truly wonderful! Thank you so very much." I proclaimed, all the while wanting to cry. For here I was dressed in a pink, taffeta, party dress even shorter than either of the other dresses. And with two tiers of petticoats so much fuller. And it seemed like there were bows everywhere. Two in front, one each on the short, puffed sleeves and a huge bow in back. I just cringed when I saw what was on my feet. Ruffled anklets with pink bows, shiny, patent leather mary janes with pink bows and little girl heels. Underneath I wore ruffled, pink, satin panties.

I wasn't dressed as a fifteen year old or even a thirteen year old. I could only wonder dismally how old I actually looked. Which the sales woman, to my shock, solved when she said, 'I think she looks absolutely precious. It's one of our big sellers for girls ten through twelve.'

Oh my god, I nearly fainted. Now I was twelve, at most, or eleven or even ten!

Of course I had to thank Ms. Winters as excitedly as I could despite the miserable sinking feeling I was immersed in. At least, I thought, things couldn't possible get much worse. But it did, of course. Disaster struck as we were having lunch.



Quite a delightful one I'll have to admit. Ms. Winters was so nice to me I was actually starting to enjoy myself almost forgetting how I was dressed. The only distressing thing is that while Miss Ann treated me like a little boy, Ms. Winters treated me like the little girl she thought I was.

Then it happened, just as we were finishing lunch one of my earrings fell off.

"Oh my goodness. You poor thing you never had your ears pierced, have you?"

"No Ms. Winters, I guess I never got around to it." What else could I say?

"Well, that will be solved as soon as we leave. Come with me Louisa," she instructed, and as I was being led out of the restaurant all I could think of was, "oh no!"

But thirty minutes later not only were ears pierced but dangling from them were gold ballerina earrings.

When we got back and the Mistress saw me her mouth just dropped. Recovering her composure she asked, "Was Louisa a good girl for you?"

"Oh yes! Louisa is simply the sweetest thing. Wait to you see her in her new uniform, it's perfect for her. And I felt so sorry when she said she didn't have any other clothes that I got this outfit for her, and even had her ears pierced," she said.

"Y-You got her, her ears pierced?" she stammered, then looking disgustedly at me she said, "I hope you thanked Ms. Winters for everything. That outfit certainly suits you."

Miss Ann's remarks were no less hurtful, maybe more.

"Well, I guess you aren't even thirteen anymore, are you?" she asked, clearly put out with me.

"N-No Miss Ann," I said and burst into tears.

"Go ahead, cry all you want. I have absolutely no sympathy for you. Your own stupidity got you into this, didn't it?" she asked, clearly upset.

"Y-Yes Miss Ann," I sobbed, hanging my head.

"God only know how old Ms. Winters actually thinks you are, not dressed like that. However old she thinks you are for the next week that's precisely how you'll act. Is that clear, Louisa?" she demanded to know.

"Yes Miss Ann," I said in defeat.

As I expected when I appeared in my Alice uniform Miss Amy and Megan could barely contain their laughter. But strangely everyone else took me for what I appeared to be, a young maid. And for that, at least, I was thankful. I even got several compliments, which honestly I didn't know how to take. After all I was a twenty three year old man who everyone thought was a little girl.

I won't go into detail about the rest of the week, that is until that Saturday. Needless to say I didn't make any major mistakes and Ms. Winters seemed pleased with me. Starved for any affection I tried my hardest to be the adorable, little girl she thought I was.

She was astounded when she wanted to change her nail polish and I volunteered. Not only painting her nails and toes but filing and buffing them first.

When she asked how someone so young knew how to give such excellent manicures and pedicures I'm afraid I had to dream up a big lie.

"My, ah, aunt, who I lived with, had a beauty parlor and she taught me. When I was younger," I said.

"Well, she certainly taught you well. What else did she teach you?" she asked, after giving me a big hug and kiss on the cheek. So, stupidly, I proudly spilled the beans.

“She also taught me how to brush hair and shave legs and underarms and give massage for, ah, feet,” I said, stopping short of saying anything else.

“A foot massage. Oh, I’d kill for one. I’ve been in these heels all day.”

So I gave her exquisite feet the best massage I hoped I’d ever given. And was rewarded with lavish compliments which I couldn’t help basking in.

It was that Saturday that the surprisingly wonderful week came crashing down.

I didn’t think anything of it when the Mistress informed us that she’d invited some friends and neighbors to meet her guest that evening.

By now I was no longer a nervous wreck wondering if someone would suddenly say, “What’s that boy doing dressed as a girl?” I was simply taken for what I appeared to be.

I’d been assigned to answer the door and had done and had done so several times. When the bell next rang I opened the door and nearly passed out. As there were Lady Elizabeth and Ashley!

“Oh god Ashley, look who it is? Our sissy boy, only now he’s dressed as a little girl maid. Didn’t I tell you you’d make a better maid than a Groom?”

“Y-Yes Lady Elizabeth,” I replied, so scared of what she might do I could barely get the words out.

Then she made me tell her why I was dressed as a girl maid, which left them both laughing hysterically.

The rest of the evening was just a blur. All I could think of was the awful future it seemed I had ahead of me. Not even when Ms. Winters said she was to treat me to lunch the next day before she left and that I could get all dressed up did my spirits improve.

And the following day it was all to clear to her how unhappy I was.

## **Chapter-30 I make a BIG mistake.**

“I hate to see you so unhappy, Louisa. Please tell me what I can do?” she asked.

And before I could think with a sob I blurted out, “Oh I wish I was going with you Ms. Winters. You’ve been so friendly and kind.”

Giving me a quizzical look she said, “Do you really? I mean you’d want to come and live with me?”

“Live with you?” I said, something I hadn’t even thought about. All I did was want to get away before that wretched girl got her hands on me. So I said, “Oh yes, I really would.”

Nothing else was said and while she tried there was nothing she could do that improved my spirits.

It was about a month later that my whole life suddenly changed dramatically. Called into a room where the Mistress and housekeeper were, she said, “I have a sticky situation on my hands. It seems that Veronica Winters is quite taken with you, god only knows why. And she insists that she absolutely must have you. It’s a request I simply can’t refuse as she’s become an important new client. However it would be a disaster if she should ever discover your masquerade. I’ve discussed it with the housekeeper and she assures me she can deal with the problem. You’ll go with her now, as Veronica is coming tomorrow to pick you up.”

To say I was excited and so pitifully relieved was an understatement. But, I was also fearful of what the housekeeper planned. The only way I knew to make my mas-

querade foolproof was to remove the evidence. Oh god, I prayed, please, not that!

Sensing my fear she said, "Don't worry, I'm not going to have it cut off, although I considered it."

Half an hour later I was in a chair at the Mistresses' beauticians. After the chair was fully reclined my legs were spread and strapped to the sides. As I began to panic a mask was slipped over my face and the last thing I heard was the housekeeper saying, "First thing, of course, is her pussy. Then I think little girl's cupid's lips would be more appropriate, and dye them pinkish, then do the eye-brows, some blue eye shadow, and remove all that fuzz on her face. Oh yes, try to do something with her hair. Anything else you can think of?"

"We might as well do her legs, arms, titties and her behind," I heard a woman say.

"Perfect, I'll be back to pick her up in about six hours," the housekeeper said.

When I finally woke I wondered if I'd really heard what I did before I went out like a light.

"Oh my, why she's just perfect!" the housekeeper proclaimed when she returned. I didn't know what to expect as I was turned to a mirror, but what I didn't expect is to actually look even younger! My lips were now little girl cupid's lips and they were pink. I now had bright blue eye shadow, decidedly girlish eyebrows and eyelashes so long they looked doll-like. And, for some reason, my whole face looked sort of smoother. But what made me look so much younger was my hair. They put it in little pigtails with pink bows.

Then as I sat stunned looking at myself I nearly fainted when she lifted my smock and asked, "How do you like your charming little pussy, Louisa?"

Oh my god, they did cut it off! For what I was indeed looking at was a perfectly formed, little pussy with curly pubic hair. In panic I felt for my dickie and was relieved that, thank the gods, it was still there. So this was her solution? Well, I thought, at least they didn't cut it off.

I was still in a daze when we got back and I was turned over to Miss Ann.

"Oh goodness, don't you look like just the cutest doll! I'm sure Ms. Winters will be pleased now that you match your clothes. I'm sorry to see you go, but I'm sure you'll be happier with Ms. Winters than you have been here.

Well, that was the truth, regardless of how I looked.

## **Chapter-31 Off to my new home, as a little girl!**

The following morning I was attired in the frilly, little girl's dress she'd bought me. I was so over joyed to see her I just melted in her arms as she gave me the biggest hug. I couldn't believe I was finally getting out of this hellhole. Even if was as a little girl, which wouldn't last long as I was already planning how I would escape and finally make it back to the states.

"Why you're even more adorable than I remember, isn't she Gwen?" I heard her ask of a young girl, maybe seventeen, sharply dressed, who'd exited the car just after Ms. Winters.

"Oh yes Ma'am, she's absolutely the cutest, little thing isn't she? I'm sure we'll have many enjoyable times together," she stated, also giving me a hug.

Then to my complete puzzlement she said, "My name is Gwen, but you can simply call me, 'Nanny.'"

"N-Nanny?" I blurted out.

“Yes Louisa, Gwen will be your nanny. She’ll be completely in charge of you. You’ll still have chores to do, but what I’ve always wanted was my very own little girl. And, as I’m at the office all day, your nanny will supervise all your activities throughout the day. I’ll explain better once we’re on our way,” she said.

As I sat next to her in the back seat I was totally mystified. I wasn’t to be a maid, I was to be her little girl? This was beyond strange.

As we travelled one of the first things she did was re-arrange my skirts.

“Tsk, tsk Louisa. Proper little ladies know to always nicely arrange their skirts and petticoats when they sit. And do cross your ankles dear. You are quite adorable Louisa, however even when we first met I noticed a disturbing tomboy in you. Especially how you walk, sometimes actually like a boy. I’ve made all the arrangements to see that you become the most charming, well-mannered little girl there ever was. No more of this tomboy nonsense. I’ve also seen to getting you properly educated.”

“E-Educated, Ms. Winters?” I asked, wondering what ever did that mean?

“Yes, it’s obvious your lacking in your education. After all you did runaway at such an early age. So I’ve employed a very fine tutor who will see to your home schooling.”

“Now, while you are with me it’s best, from now on, to address me as, ‘Aunty Veronica.’ Can you remember that?”

“Ah, Y-Yes Aunty Veronica,” I replied. Boy, this was getting stranger and stranger!

"Y-You said, 'while I am with you.' I'm not sure I understand, Auntie Veronica," I admitted.

"We'll let six months go by. And if I see you progressing as I expected you to, and if your nanny hasn't found you difficult to manage we will simply go on as we are, hopefully. If not then I'm afraid I'll have to return you to Ms. Windsor as she and I agree," she said, and all of a sudden, however strange this all sounded, it got very serious. There was no way I was going to return to that horrible place! So I'd be the best, happiest little girl until I finally figured out how to escape.

Eventually we arrived at her flat in London. I was excited to know I'd be living in London as I'd always wanted to visit. But, of course, was still quite nervous about what lay ahead.

"Gwen, you take Louisa up to her room. I know you'll be so excited when you see your new room. I spent weeks decorating and furnishing it and spared no expense. After you get her acclimated please do give her a nap. Then when you get her up you can bathe and dress her for dinner. Oh yes, please put one of her new corsets on her and put her in one of the new outfits I bought just for you. A whole wardrobe that I know you'll just die for," she said excitedly.

"A-A new corset, Auntie Veronica," I asked, trying as hard as I could to hide my dismay.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. The housekeeper did apprise me of your unfortunate figure problem and your need for a well laced corset. But, don't worry, we'll eventually get you down to a figure that every other little girl will be envious of," she assured me, something I wasn't looking forward to. I didn't want a figure little girl would die over. I was a guy I wanted to scream.

## Chapter-32 Nanny lays the law down.

When nanny took me up to my room I swear I almost gagged. It was the frilliest, almost all pink room with ruffles and lace everywhere. The furniture was so dainty I didn't think you could sit on it without breaking it. In the middle was an ornate, pink, canopy bed, which, to my disbelief, had high side bars making it look more like an oversized crib.

"I know you must be tired from your trip Louisa, so if you'll stand on this little stool I'll undress you," she said.

"Oh, I can undress myself, ah, Nanny," I said brightly.

"Do you see that paddle hanging on the wall, young lady?" she asked in a suddenly stern voice.

"Y-Yes Nanny," I gulped.

"Do you want me to use it?"

"Oh N-No Nanny," I said hurriedly.

"Then when I tell you to do something you'll do it without even a hint of protest. I hope we'll be friends Louisa, but I don't hesitate to spank obstinate little girls and send them to stand in the corner. And I clear?"

"Yes, Nanny, I'll try my hardest to, to be a g-good little girl," I managed to choke out.

"Now then, little girls your age are much too young to be trusted to know how to dress and undress themselves. Perhaps when you're being a very good girl I may teach you," she said.

So I stood on the stool letting her undress me then dress me in a frilly, short nightie and ruffled panties. Then a pink satin sleeping mask was put on me and tightly tied in back.

“When I return I better not see that you’ve tried to tamper with your sleeping mask,” she warned.

“No Nanny, I won’t,” I said, and despite the humiliation of being treated as a little girl by a seventeen year old girl and made to take a nap like a child I was tired and in moments feel into a very troubled sleep.

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