

TAMING A SEXIST

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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TAMING A SEXIST

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Mrs. Van Meer looked at her cocktail with a wry smile thinking about the speaker at the Professional Women's Club meeting. "She is obviously unmarried."

"Unmarried? Oh, you mean Ms. David," Mrs. Knox replied catching the drift of her boss' thoughts. "Why do you say that?"

"It is unreal," Mrs. Van Meer continued taking a sip.

"Now, Nancy, what is so unreal?" Mrs Blair joined in by tasting her own cocktail. "I thought that it was a rather nice little speech."

"Well. It may be alright to claim that a man might accept a woman as an equal, if not superior. And it may well be true that a man might accept his wife working. But, that is not equal. True equality lies in either taking a role best suited to personal desires. Just because she wants to be a career woman, doesn't mean that other women can't be homemakers, or men for that matter."

"Well she did suggest that the husband could take the wife's name," Mrs. Knox suggested signaling for another round, "And that he should share in the household chores."

"After two marriages the name becomes utter foolishness," Mrs. Van Meer noted accepting her drink. "No man would trade roles with a woman, and that is the real change. Not just some middle ground, as she suggests, where he does the dishes. Name and chores, indeed! What a real career woman needs is a wife!"

The three women chuckled over the idea and clinked their glasses together in an amused toast of agreement.

"Some men might enjoy being the homemaker and such," Mrs. Blair countered with a shrug recovering from her amusement rather thoughtfully, "If society would let them. But their training is all wrong."

"I suppose that any man might accept the role of homemaker if the situation were right," Mrs. Knox mused

"Right, any man, nonsense!" Mrs Van Meer protested in disbelief setting her empty aside to accept a new one from their waitress.

The sudden loud tones of a young man burst through the bar after an almost high pitched laugh. "I wouldn't cow-tow to any woman. That Ms David is just a sex freak like all those lib types," he continued downing his beer through a rich blond beard and ordering another beer as the other men about him laughed and cheered him on by of-

fering to pay for his beer. "Before I changed my name I would march in a parade in a dress holding a Gay Power sign in my hand."

Mrs. Van Meer chuckled. "There you are, Julia Knox, a chance to prove your theory. He is a handsome man, and if you can make any man perfect for me, why not him."

Mrs. Knox burst into laughter. "Now, Nancy, you must be utterly foolish to think that I could. ... Besides, that foolish young man is my nephew, Celestine."

"Celestine?" Mrs Blair asked looking up at the man as she thought of his name in disbelieving delight, "Like in 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'?"

"Yes, my sister expected a daughter," Mrs. Knox noted with a laugh, "I am afraid that the poor boy was stuck with her whim."

"That should make your chore all the easier." Mrs Van Meer observed with amusement as the bearded young man went on telling his pals about how most women's lib types were usually sexists themselves, trying to make women the superior sex because they were too ugly to find a husband and therefore they wanted all women to share in their sexual frustrations.

"Chore?" Mrs Knox asked feeling a bit nervous about her nephew's rather obvious public behavior in the hotel bar.

"I suppose that any man might if the situation were right," she repeated her personnel director's words. "I find him interesting. Could you make him my little homemaker?"

Mrs. Knox turned her glass feeling suddenly very sober. "If you want?" She looked at her boss uncertainly. "I do not understand. Do you mean you want me to make him suitable to marry, for you? You must be drunk, Nancy."

"I am quite sober."

Mrs. Van Meer studied the young man thoughtfully judging him to be about five foot nine and a maybe 180 pounds, small boned for the weight, yet in good physical shape for someone that obviously worked in a desk job judging by his hands, which he used as he talked. She smiled to herself, hearing him complain how women were destroying society by leaving home and expecting to take over good jobs without either the training or real drive that it takes to win in the jungle of the business world. "Yes, just think what a favor you would be doing our movement if he were to become a homemaker type. It might be just perfect."

"Like selecting a slave girl," Mrs. Knox taunted.

"Why not. Isn't that the way most wives are selected. From a man's whim. As a mere sex object. Certainly she must have other qualities. However, if you think upon it she can be totally vapid mentally, a sort of Billy Burke or Goldie Hawn type, just as long as she is built like Elke Summers. That is the bridge he expects to use," Mrs. Blair said with a knowing shrug, "All else has been programmed into her by the basic biological function of her sex and her gender training. From playing with dollies, as a toddler, to learning how to be demure and flatter his ego on dates. If she is pretty

enough, and wants a home, kids, and what not, she can learn how to be a homemaker on the job so to speak. My mother couldn't even cook when she married dad."

"Is he attractive without the beard, dearest?" Mrs Van Meer asked with growing curiosity.

"Not bad, I guess. But, he is still a man, without the beard. And, Rachel Blair, your mother was raised to submit herself to learning how to cook and such. Career women still do that despite what the rhetoric says. As you said it is programmed into us," Mrs. Knox replied taking a credit card from her purse. "I will have no part of such a silly game."

"Now, Julia," Mrs. Van Meer countered restraining Julia's hand with the card. "I was only trying to prove my point. You and the speaker are both full of it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, no man would accept the homemaker role or a woman's name even if his name is a woman's. Celestine, imagine," Mrs. Van Meer replied with satisfaction.

Mrs. Knox motioned for another round causing her boss to smile.

"He was a beautiful child. But only in looks. He was very cocky and a bit Irish about things. Always in fights and ready to take on the world." Mrs Knox accepted the waitress' offering. She thought of her boss' lesbian tendencies, perhaps that was the key. "Are you serious?"

"Do you really believe that you could make a man into the perfect homemaker and sex object," Mrs. Van Meer laughed taking another sip. "I think he might be cute."

"I do think you might be right, Nancy," Mrs. Blair noted looking at the young man in question. "Without that awful beard and dressed in just a frilly apron, he might be adorable. I can see him waiting at the door for you now, barefoot, with a toddler tugging at his apron, while wonderful cooking smells drift in from the kitchen."

The ladies laughed at the idea.

"A lovely picture," Mrs. Van Meer agreed. "But, not quite what I meant by sex object."

"Really?" Mrs Knox asked. "What do you mean by sex object?"

"Oh, she means that he waits at the door dressed in just a peek-a-boo nightie," Mrs. Blair laughed. "Mrs. Dexter did that thinking that it might add spice to her husband's life. Only she opened the door to greet Father Paul."

"Oh, Rachel," Mrs. Knox giggled in delight, wondering if the story was true. "I'm trying to be serious."

"Oh, I don't know, I haven't really thought about it that much." Mrs Van Meer sipped her cocktail thoughtfully and then smiled. "I suppose sort of soft and childlike. Someone I would want to shelter from the real world. At first blush, the idea of being married to a 'dumb blonde' seems foolish. But, it would be charming, in a way, to be married to someone that you didn't have to play mind games with. With my first husband it was a jungle at home as well as at work. Even Lucy Riccardo would be a relief after that...Yes, soft and child like..."

"I'll be the first to admit that I need a change of pace at home. I get my fill of the macho man at work with their 'rule of gold style'. You know what I mean. I've got the gold so therefore I make the rules. I think that is why some men like to have their wives soft and childlike, more or less. I need someone who will listen to my problems, admire my success rather than envy it, and be the perfect homemaker. Someone to raise the kids and such." Mrs Van Meer lifted her glass in a silent toast. "I have a house keeper. But, I know that a perfect homemaker would be even better. Men, know that. It is time that we caught on."

"My God! Nancy, you want an old fashioned girl, like the girl who married dear old dad!" Mrs Knox laughed seeing her boss look at her a moment in surprised near anger and then she too laughed.

"Why, not! My father expected a wife like that and society gave him one because he was the bread winner, and such. Why not me. I'm willing to bring home the bread and keep the little angel in the style he could grow accustomed to. I have tried the two career type marriage and it didn't work. This sharing business is pure bunk. I want to come home to relax after work. I can afford a good wife, why not?"

Mrs. Blair nodded in agreement to her friend's outspoken words.

They watched the young man with curious interest as he walked out of the bar with his drinking buddies, as some of the women who had stayed in the bar after attending the professional women's club meeting actually booed him as he left!

"I will give you that vice presidency you have been wanting," Mrs. Van Meer offered as if dealing with an account.

"Why don't you just go up to him and ask him to marry you?" Mrs Blair suggested. "Most girls marry for money according to the stories we all hear."

"My second husband did that," Mrs. Van Meer countered a bit sadly, "But, he was after my job also. If I knew that he were properly conditioned and trained to the role of home maker, I might just pop the question. But, such men do not exist."

Mrs. Blair laughed. "So now you want to marry a little homemaker like your father did. Poor Celestine. It couldn't happen to a nicer sexist."

"Exactly." Mrs Van Meer smiled to their laughter. "Exactly. Now, that is the way for him to learn real equality."

"If you propose to him within six months I get the vice presidency," Mrs. Knox suggested recovering from her laughter, "I will transform him into a perfect homemaker just like your mother."

"If you can do that, you have the vice presidency," Mrs. Van Meer said pretending to toast the man as he walked unsuspectingly from the bar....

Mrs. Blair lowered her own glass considering the challenge that had been taken so quickly. "I think that we had better reconsider this whole affair. Celestine is not a mere toy. Nor, are we suited to be gods."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Van Meer objected finishing her drink. "What is sauce for the goose, should be sauce for the gander. If a man can expect his wife to be like wax to shape into his mold, as the Greeks suggested. Then the same should be true for the

woman, who is determined to be the mistress. Of course you may not be up to the task?”

“Oh, I am sure that I can domesticate your little man. But, it may ruin his life if you do not marry him,” Mrs. Knox warned, understanding Mrs. Blair’s concerns. “After all every little girl has a Cinderella image of life. What if his life were bent to accept such a fate and you failed to arrive with the magic slipper. What happens to the boy then?”

“He scrubs the floors for his stepsisters, like the real life Cinderella did the rest of her life. And the prince stayed in his proper noble class. He married a neighboring princess to seal a treaty,” Mrs. Blair joked only to see that her companion was quite serious.

“Perhaps you are right,” Mrs. Van Meer mused and then she shrugged. “How much does he now earn?”

“About twenty thousand a year.”

“Okay, I shall give him a dowry,” she countered with a delighted laugh. “And how much will you need to do the job? I guess I could chalk it up to Research and Development.”

They all laughed at the idea.

“A suitable solution.” Mrs Van Meer signed the bar check and then resumed her idea. “I suppose five years of salary would serve as a fair compensation. I would save at least that much by not promoting you.”

Mrs. Blair, who was the firm’s attorney, nodded.

“Do you think that will solve the problem?” Mrs Van Meer smiled to herself replacing her credit card.

“Yes,” Mrs. Knox confessed, “I cannot think of him finding an easier way to earn one hundred thousand dollars.”

“And your R and D costs?” Mrs Van Meer asked with growing enthusiasm over the idea.

“But, he must not be told. That might ruin our game. It would be like cheating,” Mrs. Blair noted seriously. “He must decide to marry her out of his own free will.”

“I quite agree. I don't want him to just marry me because I have money.”

“I prefer the vice presidency,” Mrs. Knox noted standing up to collect her purse. “I promise you that I shall domesticate our little sexist. For, let's say twenty thousand.”

“Fifteen.” Mrs Van Meer laughed picking up her coat as she arose from the cocktail table with other conspirators so that they might return to work.

“Done!”

Celestine used his middle name of Robert as his means of burying his horrible first name. Perhaps his first name was a hint of his real nature. He had used his beard to cover the soft youthful lines of his face, which had been an equal source of taunting during his childhood. Deep inside of his soul there was a fear for his own masculinity. A fear, all men share, that it might someday vanish and he would fail.

Like most young men he had struggled hard to get his share of life after he finished his associate of arts degree in drafting and design. He was deeply in debt for his car and the other material things that he had to wear and furnish the bedroom that he rented from a Mrs. Crandal, who owned the boarding house where he lived..

But, he did have a good job at Hoist and Hook Engineering, as a draftsman. It had taken him six months to find his first job after he left the service. Six months of personnel officers swapping `war stories' or telling him that any time they needed a tank driver, he would be the first to call!

Now he felt very angry. His boss informed that he was fired! His two weeks severance and leave pay had been deposited to his bank account. And since his work had been less than satisfactory, he need not bother to return to work in the morning!

Of course, he knew that there was a fall off in construction work and they had to lay off technical help. His immediate superior had always rated his work as excellent. He could not understand why they would fire him. Maybe in a few months the economy might recover, and they would change their minds?

He paused on his way home to check in at the Unemployment Security Office. Here he discovered that because he been fired it would be at least a month before he could get his first check. Now, he understood why they had fired him, instead of laying him off. They had done it to save money! And when he did get a check it would barely pay for his room and board! Meanwhile, he would have to interview for three jobs a week to qualify. And, their Job Bank didn't show any employers in town looking for his skills. There was some kind of recession.

He walked home to open his post box to see that this misfortune was just the first shock. The bank was calling back his car loan, planned to recover his car, and had garnished his pay check! And his other creditors were suddenly all demanding payment, as if they all knew that he had lost his job.

"Your rent is due," Mrs. Crandal noted confronting him in the hall with her hand out knowing that today was pay day.

"I didn't get my check this morning," he noted seeing her nod and retreat. It was the exact truth. And his survival depended upon those few dollars and a new job. He would start looking through the paper that night and pound the pavement in the morning.

But, two weeks later he found himself still unemployed with his money almost gone. He knew that Mrs. Crandal was going to lock him out, and he had already skipped most of her meals to avoid more confrontations about the room and board money. He had barely enough bus fare to get to job interviews.

Thinking that perhaps his only living relative might help him he went to see Aunt Julia, who was a personnel director. She might be able to help him. At least she might be able to find out why it was that when his interviews went well, he soon heard a potential employer change his mind as if somebody had called and had said something bad about him. Robert rejected this paranoia and went to talk to his aunt.

“Well, Celestine, dearest it could be your beard,” she noted with a shrug opening her address book. “I do not have any openings here. I suppose you have tried the various employment agencies?”

“Yes, even the ones where you pay them a fee,” he confessed wondering if she would loan him some money. At least enough to pay his back rent and a grub stake, so to speak. “I need a loan, Aunt Julia. I’ll pay you back, you know that.”

“I really think that you need a job more than a loan,” she observed rather coldly as she took one of her own business cards and wrote a name and address on the back of it before starting to dial her phone.

“Aunt Julia, I have done everything I can. I have even looked into minimum wage jobs in fast food places and as a laborer. My land lady is going to throw me out.” He bowed his head in defeat. “I haven’t enough for car fare home.”

“I do have a dear friend who operates an employment firm. She will find you a position to help you get by until you find a better job. You will take a job, if she finds it for you?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he promised earnestly feeling the grumbling of hunger in his stomach. “I’ll do anything!”

“Well, that may well be the case. She runs one of those employment firms where you pay a percentage of your salary as her fee. If you don't take the job she sends you to, you still owe her the fee. Do you understand, dear?” she asked pausing in her dialing until he nodded his understanding. “She specializes in full and part time jobs for clerical and domestic help. There is a demand for such workers all the time. You can type?”

“No, ma'am,” he replied thinking about a college graduate he once asked that question of and her surrender to the reality that she needed the job and she would be a file clerk even if she had a better education and probably talents than her interviewer. But, she was a woman, and women...

“Mrs. Gale, please,” she announced interrupting his thoughts as she turned the calling card over in her hand with a self amused smile. “Ah, Susan, this is Julia, dearest. Yes. I would like to have you help a relative of mine. Celestine. Fine, I shall send Celestine over right now. See you at the Business Women's lunch. Thank you again.”

She turned towards Celestine seeing that he winced when she had used his feminine name. She smiled to herself knowing that he would be lucky to be called Robert again, if she had her way!

When she hung up the phone she handed him the card along with about ten dollars from her purse. “Now, you will go see her. She will most certainly find a suitable job for you.”

“And the loan,” he asked uncertainly realizing that he had been promised jobs before only to have them vanish. “I must pay my room and board bill, Aunt Julia.”

“First you must promise to take any job she offers you?” she asked in serious tones. “I am not going to loan money to you unless I know that you can repay it. You are man enough to understand that?”

“Certainly,” he responded firmly, realizing that she was only being fair.

“Fine,” she countered as she arose from her desk to give him a little hug and kiss, much to his embarrassment, as she had done when he was still a child. “I will see what can be done after you get that job.”

Then she let him go.

Seeing that the address was just across the street in the Trade Center he quickly crossed the street and entered the office building to find the elevator waiting. Pushing the fifth floor button he hoped that this Mrs. Gale could help him.

Leaving the elevator he searched briefly for room 516 only to discover that 516 was etched on a pink frosted glass door along with a sign that announced:

PINK COLLAR CAREER WORLD
Mrs. Susan Gale, Director.

It was an employment agency for women!

Had Aunt Julia a cruel joke in mind, he mused entering the office, to see a half dozen women awaiting their interviews. But, she had warned him that it was an employment agency for clerical workers and domestics!

Meekly he went to the desk knowing that there really was no other choice, no matter how humiliating it seemed.

“Oh, yes, Celestine,” the receptionist announced in sugary tones, “All our applicants fill out this card listing references and work experience,” she handed him a pink form. “Do you take shorthand or type, MISS?”

“No, ma'am,” he managed hearing the gentle laughter of some of the others. He knew that it wasn't going to be easy. But, he had promised his aunt. And she said that he would get a job!

“Well, never mind, just check the jobs you might be interested in. We have several job openings for unskilled clerks, domestics, and sales girls,” she suggested motioning him to a nearby desk, “And bring the card back to me, Miss Perry.”

He almost stormed out of the office!

But he needed work to survive. So he calmly retreated to the little desk and sat down to fill in the insulting card seeing that it was completely keyed to questions for women's interests and positions!

Shrugging he decided to go along with the joke for he had little other choice. He became Celestine R. Perry; single; age 22; High School Diploma; Associate in Arts Degree; interested in swimming, music, and dancing; and without any particular preference in work. He handed her the card after listing his references.

“Miss Perry, we do need to know what kind of work you will accept,” the receptionist noted with an amused smile enjoying her little game; which delighted the waiting clients almost as much as it embarrassed her captive. “Perhaps I might just ask. Would you accept a position as a maid?”

A ripple of giggling filled the room.

“Please, I'll fill it in, Miss,” he begged taking the card rather than face the humiliation of answering her questions out loud. Returning to the desk he checked each block that he might be able to handle deciding that if any one would hire him he would take the job. That was the real world.

“Here you are,” he sighed handing her the card.

She took a fresh application and quickly typed in his responses looking up at him to ask, “What is your dress size? Employers usually furnish uniforms for their girls.”

The women laughed and one arose to add to his embarrassment by taking a tape from her purse and passing it quickly about his chest. “A size twelve, with a training bra.”

The women again burst into laughter.

“Look here Mrs. Knox sent me...”

“Here, sign the employment agreement.” the receptionist noted in reassuring tones handing him the freshly typed card. “It is your agreement to accept any job offer or pay our fee if you refuse. Sign right there, Miss Perry.”

Meekly he signed the card to escape her game so that he could sit and wait his turn with the other women.

“MISS PERRY,” a matronly voice called causing him to wonder at the giggling of those about him and then he realized she was calling him!

Arising he walked towards the somewhat amused matron.

“Well, well, a bearded lady,” she quipped to the enjoyment of the others before showing him into her office. “You shouldn't wear pants and a beard if you hope to find work, dearest. A basic black dress with pearls and correct make-up would do wonders for you.”

“Look, my aunt suggested that you could find me a job. I really didn't come here to be teased about my name,” he began as he was about to retort more sharply, but he couldn't afford to. “God knows I never would have dreamed I would be looking for a job at a women's agency.”

“Celestine is a nice name,” she mused looking at his contract. “I'll find you a job. I can appreciate your problem. If it were not for your aunt,” she paused to smile at the truth in her words, “you would not even be given this chance to find work. As the name on the door suggests we specialize in the pink collar worker. Basically semi-skilled and basic skilled jobs our society has designated for women. The Equal Employment Opportunity Act hasn't changed the fact that some jobs are still considered for women only.”

“Jobs, which require a certain temperament and willingness to perform in order to survive. To be frank with you, I am not at all certain that you could fill such a job.” Mrs Gale shook her head. “Your aunt tells me that you have tried to find a man's job. Isn't that right?”

“Yes. I just thought that with all this equality jazz...”

“This is the real world, in this office. My employers want semiskilled and skilled women to fill jobs as waitresses, maids, sales girls, and so forth. Most gray collar jobs for men, even for common laborers, are protected by unions or laws which provide a decent wage. But, pink collar workers, still must be willing to accept poor wages for hard, sometimes demeaning work,” she restated in rather firm tones. “This is no place for the macho man and his ego. I hire people for what is called, women's work. You do understand that I may send you out to do housework, scrub floors, or change diapers?”

Uncertainly he squirmed in his chair under her relentless stare, as if she were daring him to accept. A couple of weeks ago he would have ran from her office. But, he knew that the ten dollars in his pocket was all there was. And if he did not have a job.... “I guess so, Mrs. Gale.”

“Now, you did signed a contract that says that you will pay me ten percent of your first year's salary in such a job, or forfeit an equal amount if you refuse to take the job offered to you. We have that clause because some of these jobs are pretty menial and somebody needs to do them at a fair wage,” Mrs. Gale warned with a knowing smile adding, “Of course we do have a marriage and pregnancy clause.”

She chuckled and placed his contract back into the file.

“In fact I suspect that is why some of these jobs exist. To provide what society expects. A job that a woman takes until she can find a husband. She is under paid so that she looks at marriage as a real opportunity. And in some cases, the job provides a little pin money until the husband can support his family, or the first baby comes along. But, the job is not really a career, no matter what it says on the door.”

“I am a man,” he said wondering if she was actually serious.

“We'll overlook that problem in the name of equal job opportunity. But, that beard does give me an idea,” she mused quickly thumbing through a circular deck of leads. “Yes, I have a morning job for you at Magic Door Beauty School. They need someone to practice hair removal techniques on and as a cleaning girl,” she paused and filled in a card. “Pays minimum wage, has a solid benefits package, and offers a work scholarship agreement if you want to become a manicurist or beautician.”

“Are you teasing me. I really do need a job, Mrs. Gale,” he protested.

“I would imagine that is why you are here, MISS Perry,” she noted with a cold chill in her voice. Picking up her phone she dialed a number seeing that he was quiet. “Mrs. Foster, please. Hello, dearest, I have found the girl you are looking for. Yes, extensive electrolysis needed. I am certain you will be delighted. She is right here in my office. Yes, I am sure she will do nicely. Thank you.”

She smiled and returned to her card deck. “I see you once sold men's wear. I have a service desk job for you at Rose's Dress Fair. You can work there after lunch,” she mused dialing the phone again. “Yes, Mrs. Drew, this is Susan Gale. Yes, I have found a service desk girl for you. A Miss Celestine Perry. Three o'clock would be fine.”

She hung up and completed the second card before looking up. “As I promised you. Two part-time jobs equal to eight hours a day of work. Your employers will send your

pay check to me until your fee is paid. You will have an allowance. Do you understand, Celestine?"

He wanted to protest, but what else could he do. He had ten dollars to his name. Meekly he nodded saying, "Do you really believe that they will give me a job when they see that I am not a girl?"

"I will call them and explain, dearest, I was just testing you," she replied thoughtfully. "They are both dear friends and I am absolutely certain they will help you."

Smiling hopefully he took the cards to leave her.

"Oh, Miss Perry," the receptionist called after him as he was about to leave. "We give all our ladies this little book on poise and dress. It tells a girl how to dress for her interview and how to conduct herself."

She smiled handing him the pink booklet.

"There are some coupons in the back for a shampoo and set at Beauty Fair and some other discounts for panty hose and cosmetics which you might like, dearest. Please call again, Miss Perry."

"Thank you," he managed taking the booklet and leaving with the sound of women's laughter following him.

The Magic Door Beauty School was a few blocks away so he walked to save money. In a few minutes he nervously opened the front door of the pink and white tiled school building to find himself surrounded by utter femininity in decor with pink walls and French provincial white and gold furnishings in cascades of pink ruffled lace spaced by gilt framed mirrors and white Grecian columns. It was overpowering and he almost turned and fled but a tall black hairdo woman met him at the door to study him with serious approval.

"You must be Celestine. Is that your real name?" she asked offering her hand. "I'm Mrs. Foster."

"Yes, but I prefer Robert, ma'am," he replied as she led him down a side stairway to a class room filled with girls all dressed in white uniforms. In front of the class was a heavy set matron showing the class a large machine. All paused as they entered.

"Mrs. Boggs, this is Celestine," she announced as if to answer his request, "Celestine will be here each morning so that the class can take turns practicing with the electrolysis equipment."

"Sit, here, dearest," Mrs. Boggs suggested having him sit in a barber chair. "Oh, yes, Celestine has a nasty facial hair problem."

The girls laughed at her little joke as she deftly took a long needle and carefully inserted it deep into a hair follicle in his beard and then pushed a foot pedal causing a little stinging shock to the surprised young man as she plucked the dead hair free causing him to wonder if it would ever grow back!

"Now, that didn't hurt, did it, dearest?" she asked showing him the strand of hair she had removed.

“No, ma'am,” he had to agree thinking that it felt like a small insect bite as she showed the class how to do it again as they crowded about the chair with interest hardly noticing their victim himself.

“Now, girls you can practice on Celestine,” she announced leading him with her class into the demonstration work room where several machines set waiting.

“Are they all going to use those machines on me?” he asked in growing fear.

“Why, yes, dearest until your skin is as soft and smooth as a baby’s,” Mrs. Boggs replied taking his hand into hers. “I think they had better practice on your chest first though.”

“Now, wait...

“Do you have about a thousand dollars?” Mrs Boggs asked impatiently, “For that is what you will owe Mrs Gale if you refuse this job.”

Celestine removed his jacket, shirt and tie before sitting in the new barber chair as a half dozen girls turned on their machines and picked up needle and tweezers awaiting the removal of his T-shirt. To his growing fear Mrs. Boggs secured his wrists and ankles with little leather cuffs warning him not to move about or the girls might burn his skin. In a moment the little bee stings began as the girls each took a hair from the dark brown fuzz on his chest under Mrs. Boggs’ direction. What started out as little stings grew in pain as more and more hairs were burned out leaving a sunburn like hairless area where thick hairy fuzz once was matted.

By noon time he was released from his ordeal feeling as if he had a bad case of sunburn on his chest, which was now partially denuded of hair. He felt as if they had done worse to his manhood. After putting on his clothes he filled out the employee application forms as a cleanup girl for Mrs. Foster, who turned in her office desk chair to accept them with a smile.

“Now, I want you to abide by a few rules while you work here. I have discussed the matter with my other teachers and although we really would prefer a girl in your job, your obvious advantage rests in your masculine body hair,” she observed with a wane smile as she opened a file drawer and filed away his application forms.

“Meanwhile, it is my understanding that you have taken this job as a temporary measure until you find more suitable work. Well, while you are here, the job is suitable for a cleaning girl and I shall expect you to act accordingly. For now, you will help the girls in electrolysis class. If they need to practice their other work skills on you, you will let them. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he responded uncertainly.

“I hope so,” she countered.

“And Mrs. Boggs noted that you became a bit angry when the girls teased you about your name. Now, you are a cleaning GIRL. I want no macho bull shit from you. If they tease you. You accept it as a part of the job. Women go through much more sexual harassment than a few jokes about their names. Do you understand, they are paying you your wages, MISS PERRY?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he answered seeing that he was not going to find it easy at this new job. His masculine anger wanted to protest this affront to his pride, but pride did not fill the stomach or put a roof over his head!

“You can go now, dearest...”

Quickly he rushed to the door to walk the several blocks to his next job, knowing that he needed to conserve his money until he received his first pay check.

Rose's Dress Fair sat in the center of a shopping center with a store front like an old white framed country store. On display in the windows he noted a fashionable Fall line that showed good taste similar to those clothes which his mother enjoyed.

Feeling every bit as nervous as when he entered the beauty school he walked into the women's store to ask a sales girl dressed in basic black with a pearl necklace where Mrs. Drew was. She led him to the back of the store to an office.

“Yes?” a slim blonde asked placing a letter aside to look up at him with interest.

“You must be Miss Perry,” she observed motioning the smiling sales girl from her office, “Mrs. Gale has recommended you for a position as my service desk girl.”

She arose to take a tape measure from her desk drawer which she used to measure him, “Chest 35, waist 29, hips 35. With a proper foundation we could pull in that waist to a perfect size 12. Is that right Miss Perry,?”

“I guess so, ma'am, but I would like you to call me Bob,” he replied wondering what made them call him `Miss' and what she had on her mind until she left the office to return in a moment with a pink nylon smock coat! “Do you really expect me to wear that, ma'am?”

“Of course, all my service girls wear a work jacket to protect their clothes,” Mrs. Drew replied looking at him uncertainly, “Of course, if you prefer to forfeit your employment fee?”

“No, ma'am,” he replied accepting the pink coat and putting it on before following her to a service booth where he was introduced to another service desk girl. who looked a bit surprised at seeing a man.

But, she took with delight to Mrs. Drew's calling him `Miss Perry' while she taught him his duties.

At five thirty he was released after Mrs. Drew explained the store's practice of allowing its staff to select their clothes on credit at a discount.

“Perhaps you might buy a nice basic black dress and a pearl necklace and earring set from our jewelry department. And, of course, some appropriate lingerie and stockings with black leather pumps with three inch heels. Perhaps a wig and basic cosmetics? If you expect to be promoted to a sales clerk you should know that they are expected to wear basic black and pearls,” she noted with a taunting smile. “Or, perhaps just slacks and an equally masculine pullovers, or man tailored shirt blouses to wear casually at home.”

“No, thank you, ma'am.” he replied before leaving the store. Within a few minutes he arrived at his boarding house to discover a police car parked out front with Mrs. Crandal talking to two officers on the front porch!

“Ah, here is Celestine now, officers,” Mrs. Crandal announced, “Your room has been robbed! Everything is gone!”

“Just my room?” he asked in disbelief, hardly realizing that she had referred to him as Celestine rather than Bob, the feminine name had been used so much in the past few hours. He thought that perhaps she had locked up his things because of the rent he owed. But, she would not call the police in that case. After identifying himself to the police officers he followed Mrs. Crandal to his room to see to his surprise that it was completely empty of his personal belongings!

“I called the police because I thought you had skipped,” she warned, “But, I changed my mind when I discovered that they had stolen my T.V. and a few other things.”

“We believe the thieves were going to strip the house. But, apparently Mrs. Crandal came home and they fled,” the officer noted before asking him several questions which led to his discovery that `Celestine' worked in a beauty school and a dress store. From that point on the two officers appeared to think that Celestine was some sort of queer.

When they left Celestine sat down for supper explaining to Mrs. Crandal that he might have his rent in a couple of weeks because of his new jobs, but he wondered if she was insured so that he could borrow some money for clothes.

“NO!” she firmly stated. “And if you don't have your rent in two weeks, in full, OUT YOU GO!”

She shook her head angrily. “You lied to me about your having a job. How do I know that you didn't lie to those officers?”

His efforts to change her mind fell on deaf ears. So the next morning he called his aunt and Mrs. Gale, but they both rejected his request. It appeared that now that he had a job his aunt felt she had helped him enough. However, Mrs. Gale did remind him that he might be able to charge a wardrobe at Rose's Dress Fair!

At the Magic Door Beauty School the students worked on his chest leaving it smooth, pink and quite denuded of hair. One of the girls suggested that she might shampoo his hair and set it for practice while the other girls began to remove the hairs from his right leg. Despite his protests, Mrs. Foster agreed that `Miss Perry' would serve for anything the girls wished to practice or lose her employment fee!

So while he sat there watching the needles remove his hair, one girl busied herself with a shampoo and set while another girl gave him a full manicure.

Unfortunately, just when the girl giving him the manicure had laughingly applied flame red polish, she accidentally toppled the commercial bottle of red polish unto his shirt front and lap down to his shoes leaving a complete mess; especially after she `helpfully' tried to wipe it off with nail polish remover!

All efforts to remove the stain led to a further disaster since the nail polish remover dissolved the synthetic fabric of his shirt, pants, and shoes creating large holes and leaving flame red stains on the only clothes he owned!

Borrowing a brown rain coat from one of the girls he explained his clothing plight to Mrs. Foster, who merely shrugged and observed that it was an accident and she didn't have any money to pay him since her instructions were to send his pay to the employment agency. She suggested he call Mrs. Gale.

Feeling a bit uneasy about wearing a woman's rain coat he walked to Rose's Dress Fair.

Entering he was met by Mrs. Drew.

"That is a very nice rain coat, Miss Perry," she observed seeing that he was quite nervous, and that he had somehow put on a woman's rain coat by accident. She then noted to her surprise that the bearded young man's hair appeared to be smartly set in a fashionable woman's hair style and he was wearing flame red nail polish!

"Your hair and nail polish are really quite chic."

"Oh, my God," he cried in surprise looking at the femininely shaped fiery nails realizing that in all the excitement the girl had forgotten to remove the polish. And then he remembered that the other girl had not taken time to change his hair back to normal.

It was beginning to be another awful day!

"Perhaps you might like to select a dress to wear with your charming fetching new hair styling, Celestine, dearest," one of the sales girls taunted.

"Oh, Mrs. Drew, I can explain this," he protested fearing that she might fire him.

"Oh, dearest, we understand YOU all too well," she noted with a limp wristed wave of her hand as she assumed a mock 'campy' position with her other hand on an out thrust hip.

Half in embarrassment and half in anger over her taunts he explained about the robbery and what had happened to the only clothes he had to wear hoping that his story would help the amused woman to understand his need for financial help as well as his hair styling and the nail polish.

"I just need a few dollars to buy something to wear. I'll repay it with my first pay check."

"It is against company rules to advance salary. Besides your contract with Mrs. Gale at Pink Collar Career World stipulates that every cent of your pay goes to them first," she noted with a broad smile leading him towards the back of the store. "But, that will not be necessary, dearest."

She stopped to wave her hand towards a dress rack containing a large selection in pants suits saying:

"However, you can find everything you need from here and the rest of the store. Miss Howell, will help you select a wardrobe and lingerie, Celestine."

"I would love to, Mrs. Drew," the amused sales girl agreed taking a pink suit from the rack. "Size twelve, I believe, Miss Perry?"

Looking at the two women he tried to think, wondering what he could do.

“Or, these smart man-tailored slacks with fly front,” Miss Howell noted showing him the slacks from a nearby rack and he saw that they really did look like a pair of men's pants.

“Okay,” he sighed in defeat knowing that he had to wear something.

In a few minutes he selected three man tailored slacks with mix-and-match polo shirts, two pair of oxfords, a half dozen pairs of anklets, and six cotton panty and vest sets. Comb, brush, some toilet articles, and nail polish remover completed his selection.

After removing his nail polish and working on his hair he changed into his new ‘man-tailored’ clothes discovering that his old clothes and underwear were a total loss because the polish had soaked into everything. It had even splashed over his only pair of shoes!

Completely dressed in women's clothes he went to work.

With the end of the work day he picked up his clothing packages and went home. When he arrived at the boarding house Mrs. Crandal said nothing about his new clothes so he assumed that they were quite masculine enough.

Going to his room he opened one of the boxes and hung up the slacks in it along with the polo shirts.

The next box contained the rest of his purchases as well as he could remember. So the third dress box represented quite a mystery.

Unpacking the second dress box he found his shoes and anklets. He then removed the store bag that contained his toilet articles only to discover that someone had substituted his rather masculine choices with a complete line of beauty products for a woman's toilet including skin care and bath needs. And in the bag that was to contain his simple cotton underwear sets he found to his chagrin three white spandex panty girdle briefs, three matching bras and six dainty white satin teddies richly trimmed with lace!

On the outside of the third box was a pink flair pen marked ‘Miss Celestine Perry, Compliments of Rose's Dress Fair’.

A bit bemused, he removed the tape seal to lift the box lid to discover a short sleeved tailored basic black double knit dress, an imitation pearl necklace and earring set, smoke toned panty hose, an all in one white nylon stretch girdle with padded bra cups holding a pair of falsies, a white nylon lace trimmed matching slip and panty half slip set, a pair of black patent leather pumps with three inch heels, a matching purse, a black nylon coachman styled coat that buttoned either way, white shorty gloves, and a cosmetic gift kit keyed to a blonde with medium normal complexion!

He put these awful things back into the box and hid it in the back of his closet resolving to return them in the morning.

However, he looked at one of the teddies to discover that it was wonderfully soft to the touch, and quite sexy. Not since he had been a child had he felt so uncomfortable about handling such intimate apparel. His mother's. She so loved such dainties.

Examining the lace trimmed glistening white satin garment he saw that it was a sort of combination slip top with flare styled shorts. The crotch seam was secured by snaps much like a toddler's shorts so that the slip could be lowered over the head and the crotch snapped closed.

Uncertainly he tried on the teddy to discover an instant erection that caused him to realize how really sexy he felt trying the forbidden lingerie on. Just as he had so many years ago when he tried on his mother's lovely lingerie!

Knowing that he couldn't run around with a hard on he experimented with the tight spandex panty girdle to see that it did provide protection. However, much to his embarrassment, it not only flattened his organs into his groin giving him a female flatness in front while its built in waist nipper narrowed his waist, it had some sort of push up support in the rear to emphasize his buns!

Removing the panty brief he rested on his bed to relieve his masculine tensions as he decided that he really had no choice but to wear a teddy for underwear, and the panty brief to keep his manly urges under control. But, he would certainly return the dress and things in the morning!

But, the next morning he had to rush to work and he forgot everything about the shameful box of feminine things. In fact, it was not until he pulled off his polo shirt at the Magic Door Beauty School that he realized the fact that his teddy lacked the anonymity of his outer wear!

"Why, he is wearing women's clothes, too," one of the girls exclaimed seeing the labels in the shirt and pants!

"Well, she is a cleanup girl," Mrs. Boggs observed with a shrug to her students' delight and laughter.

Deeply embarrassed he rushed to explain what had led to his new clothes, and everybody was very careful to assure him, after some teasing, that his clothes looked quite masculine, just as long as he kept his shirt on.

With this Mrs. Boggs suggested, that since he had had one accident, perhaps it might be best if he took off his outer wear and put on a white terry towel sarong and slipper set used by the school's customers when they came for a body massage and similar beauty treatments.

"Here, you are Miss Perry," one of the girls announced to the giggles and laughter of the girls handing him the terry towel set adding, "You can leave your lingerie on, miss."

"I won't wear this....," he began, but seeing the wisdom in Mrs. Boggs' suggestion he shrugged and retreated to a styling booth and changed. He then came out dressed for their amused delight blushing almost as pink as the walls.

"Miss Perry is scheduled for an electrolysis treatment," one of the girls announced and soon he was placed before the machines as the girls removed the hair from his other leg leaving them both quite hairless before they started on his left arm.

While some of the girls worked on this others treated him to a pedicure, hair styling and manicure. Only this time their work was undone before he left for lunch and his next job.

Fortunately Mrs. Crandal had softened enough in heart to pack him a little lunch which he ate at Rose's Dress Fair.

Much to his surprise nothing was said about his wardrobe although he did notice that all the sales girls and other personnel in the store addressed him as "Miss Perry". Even before customers, who joined in the fun by calling him the same.

Day by day he continued his work wearing his new clothes feeling quite secure in the belief that they were not identifiable. In fact he added a tweed man tailored pants suit, shirt blouse, and flair tie to his wardrobe for whenever he might need a suit to wear for an interview.

The electrolysis treatments moved progressively. Mrs. Boggs had insisted that the girls be able to clear all of the hair from his under arms, naked back, rear, and hips.

Mrs. Boggs came into the electrolysis practice room to note the progress that her girls were making in removing his body hair and decide what area they should do next.

She had seen that he was becoming more passive to their many demands that he serve as their practice dummy for anything that amused her students. And during the past few days, to his blushing chagrin, she had made him wear a tight tiny red plastic bikini gaff like brief that totally compressed his sex into feminine lines while they cleared the remaining hairs on his torso from his belly button to the edges of the dainty bikini line.

As he nervously rested in embarrassed shame before the girls in her class almost totally naked, except for his dainty gaff, upon the medical examining table which served as an electrology couch she looked through the electrologist magnifying glass to note with approval that the girls had transformed most of his body into the pristine hairless condition of his childhood.

"I think that we should start on her facial hair problem. I do believe....."

"You are not going to remove my beard," he protested in sudden realization that if they did, he could never have a beard again!

"Now, Miss Perry," one of the girls laughed, "You can hardly find a man if you insist on running about with all those nasty facial hairs."

The other girls joined in her laughter as he tried to rise from the table only to find a half dozen girls holding him down as their eyes turned towards Mrs. Boggs.

"I am not Miss Perry," he shouted trying to break free from the mass of girls as Mrs. Boggs shook her head in disappointment. "Let me up, I'm a man!"

"So that is the problem," Mrs. Boggs observed. "I do think that the poor girl has been running around with that beard and dressing like a tom boy so long that she has forgotten that she is just a cleaning girl. She needs to be taught how to be a proper and obedient."

“What shall we do with her, Mrs. Boggs?” the girls asked as he became totally enraged and more girls had to hold him down. “She is going crazy!”

Mrs. Boggs left the room for a moment to return with some clothes line which she handed to one of the girls.

“You fucking women had better let me up! I'll kill you all!”

“Tie her to the table from the chest to the waist, while I arranged the stirrups,” she ordered pulling a child's red rubber ball from her white teaching jacket to step behind his head and grab his nose to squeeze it shut as his screams of protest and obscenities filled the air only to suddenly end as she jammed the ball into his open mouth and tied it securely with a scarf. “There, a little peace and quiet, from such unladylike swearing. When we are done with you today, Miss Perry, I promise you that you will receive a thorough mouth washing.”

Opening a drawer at the end of the table she removed two steel rods equipped with a stirrup which the amused girls suddenly recognized as the type used by gynecologists. She set the rods in place and fixed the clamps before she cranked the top of the table up until he was in a half seated position.

She looked up to see the panic helplessness in his eyes as she took a little rubber cushion from another drawer at the end of the table to place it at the small of his back until his rear was positioned in the upturned classic breach position of a woman about to have a baby.

“Now, Miss Perry, we are going to see if you are a man or just a little baby boy.”

And then to his stunned disbelief and growing terror, and the giggling surprise of the girls, she removed the tiny gaff to reveal his male organs!

“I think that you ladies should clean up all those nasty masculine hairs until Miss Perry is as smooth as a baby's bottom,” Mrs. Boggs ordered leaving the stunned young man in the hands of her class.

The laughing girls put on their surgical gloves. While one girl delighted in playing with his dangling organ until it grew in throbbing turgidity to their giggling amusement they took up their tweezers and electrolysis needles seeing that the swollen organ pulled the skin of the scrotum tight so that the hairs stood exposed. Diligently they removed the long curly brown hairs with stinging efficiency.

Soon the burning needles brought him into whimpering cries of pain muffled by the gag as the girls calmly continued their working on the squirming youth ignoring his sobbing cries while their needles systematically denuded the all too sensitive scrotum!

The girl continued to slowly stroke the full organ until it suddenly pumped forth to their squeals of joy and his utter chagrin. Calmly she used some tissue to wipe it clear and began her task of keeping the skin taunt by repeating the process with grim determination.

By noon Mrs. Boggs reentered the room carrying a towel covered tray to place it on a nearby work table before she looked at the handiwork of her class seeing that the bright red area from his anus to his now all too limp organs were as smooth and hairless as a baby's!

Deftly one of the girls wiped down the area with an astringent before powdering the area as the whimpering youth tried to look away from what they had done to him.

“Ah, that is much better, Miss Perry,” Mrs. Boggs observed removing the scarf and rubber ball half expecting more protests, but the poor youth was too much in pain and humiliation as one of the girls rescued the tight red plastic bikini gaff restoring feminine lines. “I have brought a special little luncheon for you.”

She removed the towel to reveal a bar of strong cleaning soap floating in a bowl filled with warm soapy water. Before he could protest this new insult she thrust the soft soapy bar into his mouth and while he tried to push it out helplessly with his tongue she moved it vigorously until he began to gag on the rich lather that filled his whole being with its pungent taste and smell.

“That is just to remind you that sweet young ladies don’t swear, Miss Perry,” Mrs. Boggs stated offering the soapy water to his lips.

As he gasped for breath he forgot that the soap had been floating in the water and he sought to wash the soapy taste from his mouth only to realize that she intended to force him to drink down the whole bowl of soapy water until it filled his tummy with its warm rich soup of soap!

“That should do nicely,” Mrs. Boggs said removing the bowl from his lips as the giggling girls untied the rope about his body and he made a frantic dash to the bath room.

Minutes later the badly shaken man walked awkwardly in trembling fear back into the room revealing the tenderness of his loins by his open legged walk. His face was completely worn from his tears and the awfulness of his ordeal in the bathroom. Almost gratefully he accepted the help of the girls as they redressed him in his spandex brief, white satin and lace teddy, pale blue shirt blouse, dark blue wool man-tailor-ed slacks, blue anklets and black shoes.

“Now, Miss Perry, I think we shall call you in sick for this afternoon while the girls take you in hand to be rid of those tomboy ways,” Mrs. Boggs noted selecting two of the larger girls to serve as ‘Miss Perry’s’ instructors. “She walks like a baby with diaper rash. You will teach her how to walk, turn, and sit like a model. If she refuses to behave, let me know and I shall find a way to make it very hard for our little girl to sit down.”

“Now, Miss Perry, the basic model stance is,” one of the girls began causing Celestine to realize that Mrs. Boggs fully intended to spank him as if he were a small child if he did not do as the girls required.

When it was five o’clock Mrs. Boggs returned to see that he was seated in a neat feminine model’s S-curve position with his legs demurely crossed and tucked to one side and his hands folded primly in his lap as one of the girls was showing him how to arise properly from the chair.

“Ah, that is much better, Miss Perry. I think we shall continue your instruction each morning during your first hour of work. We shall have a different girl teach you each day so that they will develop their own skills as well as yours.”

She dismissed the two students so that she would be alone with the very subdued young man, who was totally at a loss because of her recent punishing violence towards him.

Celestine still felt the numbing pain of his inflamed loins, but his original blind anger had calmed down to a passive realization that Mrs. Boggs could do whatever she wished to do to him as long as he worked for the beauty school. He would go to Mrs. Gale and tell her what had happened and....

“I will take you home tonight and pick you up tomorrow morning,” Mrs. Boggs explained almost as if she were reading his mind. “And if you decide to be silly about our little beauty treatment and my proper application of discipline I shall make certain that at least a half dozen of my girls, one by one, swear out complaints against you for indecent behavior of one sort or another until you wind up in jail where there are men who will adore that soft hairless body of yours. Do you understand, Miss Perry?”

Meekly he bowed his head in knowing defeat.

The following morning Mrs. Boggs picked him up at the boarding house and brought him to work. Where each day, for the first hour, he was taught the basics of a charm course organized by Mrs. Boggs and her students, who watched him during the morning hours under their care to be certain that he walked, talked, and acted like a woman at all times.

Then the needles and tweezers attacked the back of his neck to shape his hair line before the frontal assault upon his beard. Each day they carefully balanced the removal of his beard until all that remained was a little mustache which soon vanished leaving Mrs. Boggs to suggest that his brows be thinned just a bit before his ordeal was over.

While the girls completed this denuding of this secondary characteristic, which defined the plumage of his masculinity, some of them took turns expanding his beauty treatments as they practiced cream body massages, facials, make-up techniques, manicures and pedicures, hair styling, shampoos and sets as well as a myriad of other beautifying delights including the latest technique of implanting eye lashes while he was fast asleep under a hair dryer!

He tried to remove what he thought was a special kind of lash builder but gave up thinking that the natural thickness of his eyelashes was hardly all that obvious. He was just being too sensitive.

Nobody would notice...

The gradualness of the change, combined with his rather wishful thinking, led him to ignore the rather curious looks which more observant passersby gave the rather effeminate looking youth trying to determine if the fair skinned teenager was a boy or a girl in this sexless age.

Unknown to him, they concluded that only a girl would: move like a model did; use delicate gestures as he talked in such soft feminine tones; be so well groomed; or wear such clothes. Noting his lack of development they guessed that she was one of those rather tall adolescent girls who are slow in entering puberty. However, she did have

lovely buns that were quite provocative when she walked by in that lovely hip swaying heel and toe mincing models' walk.

He did wonder why some teen-aged boys gave him the once over as if they were a bit queer, and he didn't like queers.

By now he was so used to being called "Miss" at the school and the store that he didn't pay any attention to such things when he was anywhere else.

In short, he was blissfully unaware of the dramatic changes which had taken place.

In fact it really didn't seem to matter so much as it had in the past. Much of his attitude had changed over the past few weeks, for some reason. His anger over his degrading situation just seemed to fade along with his rather arrogant masculine pride. It really wasn't important.

His spare time was spent in tracing down job leads, but for some reason his potential employers just looked strangely at him and shrugged saying that there really was nothing available. For some reason, this really didn't bother him that much as he viewed his situation with rather docile acceptance thinking that his current lifestyle was actually quite less stressful than his job as a draftsman, now that he was accepted by the women about him.

Now, Mrs. Crandal cleaned up her boarding house on a regular basis, but she had left Celestine's room go because he had not been paying his rent regularly.

However, despite the fact that he owed her rent money, she really was not all that concerned since she had allowed the nice lady to haul away the youth's clothes and things in exchange for a new stereo and television set to replace her `stolen' things.

She knew that the woman had arranged for the fake police officers, just as she had helped to arrange a loan at the bank for the construction money that Mrs. Crandal needed to expand her boarding house into a bed and breakfast inn. In fact, Mrs. Crandal was quite happy to do anything to help this nice lady including putting some purple pills into the youth's morning coffee...

Since he had been at her place so long she knowingly observed the strange physical changes.

The once rather masculine bearded youth now appeared quite effeminate with: curly hair, from constant styling; clear soft pink skin, due to constant skin care; rather thin somewhat arched eyebrows and long thick curved eyelashes created by electrolysis and permanent lashes; neatly shaped fingernails created by daily manicures and sculptured repairs; and, an effeminate form with a trim narrow waistline, smooth flat groin where masculinity should be noted, and a rather obvious rear.

Of course she knew that he had bought his man tailored clothes from the dress shop where he worked because of the `robbery'. But, it was not only his effeminate image that caught her eye. It was also his mannerisms and voice which added to the image. Of course, she had noticed the effeminate changes in her boarder, she expected to see them.

In fact as Mrs. Bailey, her next door neighbor observed, she wondered when he was going to start to wear skirts!

Since she had a rather interesting phone call from the nice lady concerning this she resolved to clean up his room. In fact, the construction had reached the point where she needed his room. Just as she expected, she found the dress box the woman on the phone described hidden in a corner of his closet. She now had the reason to get rid of him.

Taking the box from its hiding place she left it half open on his bed with the feminine dainties partially pulled out from the box as if left there after discovery.

“You are going to move out in the morning!” she demanded catching him just as he entered his room seeing the awful clothes and things before him on the bed!

“I am not going to have any fairies in my house!”

“But...”

“NO! I don't care how much you owe me. OUT YOU GO!” she shouted and slammed the door after saying. “I looked through all your things and you don't have a stitch of male clothing. NO CLOSET QUEEN IS GOING TO LIVE HERE! I RUN A GOOD RESPECTABLE BOARDING HOUSE!”

So the next morning he packed his few belongings in large dress boxes and hauled them with him to the beauty school. From there he took lunch time to go see Mrs. Gale to see if he could get some money to pay for a new room somewhere.

“May I help you, dear,” the receptionist at Pink Collar Career World asked the rather attractive teen-aged girl as she entered. “We don't normally have jobs for high school girls, miss.”

He thought that she was just picking up where she had left off the first time he had entered the personnel office.

“I would like to see Mrs. Gale.”



Nobody would notice.

“Whom shall I say is calling, dearest?”

“Celestine Perry,” he replied using his first name since nobody seemed to care to use his middle name for some reason. “I want to ask her about my pay.”

“Celestine Perry,” she repeated uncertainly trying to match the face and name and then she realized who it was! Flipping the intercom switch she announced, “Mrs. Gale, there is a young lady here who wishes to talk to you.”

“Please send her in,” came the brisk busy reply and Celestine found his way into Mrs. Gale’s office gestured towards by a limp fairy wave of the receptionist’s hand.

He entered Mrs. Gale’s office feeling a bit angry at the insulting clerk. But, once inside he cooled off as Mrs. Gale looked up from her work to study him.

“What is your name, dearest. And how can I help you? Are you the daughter of one of my clients?”

“Daughter? No, I am Celestine. Celestine Perry,” he protested seeing her astonishment. “I wanted to ask you about my pay.”

“Have a seat, dearest.” she suggested opening a file on her desk to pull a card wondering at the transformation that had been made of the once virile young man. Although she had heard reports from Mrs. Foster, from the beauty school. and Mrs. Drew, from the dress shop, about his progress into femininity; she hardly could believe that her friends had turned him into such a lovely young adolescent woman. And from his reactions she knew that he still was unaware of the real changes she and his aunt had in mind for him.

“I am afraid that after subtracting your fee payments, taxes, pay for your fringe benefits, and your debt repayment plan; there are only fifteen dollars here.”

“Fifteen dollars,” he muttered in disbelief as she handed him the accounting record card. “But, I have just been evicted and I need money to pay for my room and board!”

“Well, there is another solution,” she mused thumbing her way through her rotary file of job listings.

“A Mrs. Blair wants a live-in girl for baby sitting and light housework during early morning, evenings and weekend for minimum wages.”

“But,” he began to protest that he wasn't a girl only realizing that she had already obtained two jobs for him without paying attention to that minor restriction. “I don't know anything about taking care of babies or housework.”

“Well then, young lady, it is time that you learned,” she noted firmly before picking up the phone. “Mrs. Blair, please. Ah, Rachel, I have found just the girl you want. A Celestine Perry. She is going to beauty school in the morning and works in a dress shop week day afternoons. Yes, she understands that she will be living in. School tuition?”

She looked up at the confused youth.

“Yes. And uniforms?”

She nodded to herself as she wrote something on her referral card.

“No, says not. She will require training. Fine, I believe that will be fine. I will bring her over this moment after calling her employer. Good-by, dearest.”

She hung up and before he could ask his many questions she began to dial another number and within a few minutes she had concluded her words with Mrs. Drew asking that he be excused from work.

“I will drive you to Mrs. Blair’s place right now,” Mrs. Gale announced standing up and brushing the skirt of her deep cheery toned suit dress to look at him a bit critically. “I do wish that you would stop wearing slacks. We suggest that our young ladies always dress in skirts for interviews.”

Ignoring his attempted protests with a delighted teasing laugh she swept out into the reception area to help him with his dress boxes and soon they were in her car moving from the garage to the busy street. Once they were moving with the traffic he asked:

“Why did you tell her I was going to beauty school?”

“Because you are,” she replied with a shrug of dismissal. “You need a skill, something basic so that you can earn a better income than you are now. In fact Mrs. Foster believes that you will make a fine beautician and she will accept you for her half day training session on certain conditions. Many men earn a great deal as beauticians. Certainly more than draftsmen do. We must consider your future, Miss Perry.”

“Conditions?” he asked not liking the sound of that word, and half wondering why the idea of being trained as a beautician didn’t seem to bother him that much. Perhaps she was right. It did appear that he couldn’t find work in his original profession... He could remember a time when... “What conditions?”

“Never bother your pretty head about such problems, dearest,” she said turning into a gateway which opened for her car allowing her to drive up a broad tree lined drive to pull off the entrance road to the servant’s entrance where she parked. Taking two of the boxes she motioned him forward.

“Come, dearest.”

Meekly he followed her carrying his other boxes knowing that fifteen dollars wouldn’t help him survive.

“Good Afternoon, Mrs. Gale,” a rather large woman dressed a black double knit wool coat dress greeted hardly glancing at Celestine. “Her room is back here.”

“Come, girl.”

He followed the two women into a hall through a small servant’s parlor adjoined by a small apartment, which the woman in black indicated was hers.

She led him into a little hall after opening a door from the parlor. To the right of the door was a narrow staircase and to the left she unlocked a door to open it revealing an oak wood colonial style bedroom with a four poster, dresser with mirror, bureau, small writing desk and chair, easy chair with lamp, and dressing table with stool. The room had green wallpaper with wild flowers motif. The curtains were white organdy while the drapes and bedspread were a bright floral mix of oranges, reds, and browns. A side door revealed a closet adjoining a small bathroom.

"I'll help-you hang up her things," the lady in black suggested looking at Celestine critically.

"I am Mrs. James, the housekeeper here. Do you have a nice dress to wear for your interview with Mrs. Blair. A white uniform would be perfect."

"I am not a girl," he replied firmly seeing her frown.

"Ma'am! I am addressed as either Mrs. James or as ma'am," she countered opening one of his boxes before he realized in horror which one she had accidentally taken!

Before his eyes she removed the black dress with a nod of approval.

"Most unusual clothes for a young man," Mrs. Gale observed holding up before him the dainty white nylon and lace slip in mock disapproval. "I had no idea that he was a transvestite, Mrs. James! I will see Mrs. Blair and apologize."

"Well, I see no reason to apologize. We need a general maid and nurse maid for the babies. Since there is a real shortage of girls willing to do such work I can see no reason why Celestine wouldn't do just perfectly if he wants such a job. I don't know that we shouldn't expect a young man going to beauty school, who works in a dress shop, to also have a secret woman's wardrobe. It seems perfectly natural to me," Mrs. James observed with an amused smile. "We should have suspected that the boy would be a fairy as well. However, whatever he is, I think that with proper training he will make a perfect nursemaid and domestic for our household."

"I am not a fairy, " he protested only to see her stern frown so he added, "Mrs. James."

"Do you want me to call the police?" Mrs Gale suggested causing him to look at her in surprised shock. "Why this is why you were thrown out of your room. Isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am." he managed in surprise seeing his world shattering. The police, oh no! "I'll go."

"If you go. It will be with the police, young man," Mrs. James warned to place the all-in-one girdle upon the bed. "If you stay, you will dress in proper clothes for a young lady about to be interviewed by her new mistress. After all, if we do not seem to be disturbed by your obvious desire to be a woman, why should you?"

"Please, Mrs. Gale, help me." he begged in growing disbelief, "I don't want to be arrested, or dress as a woman!"

"I'll help you dress, dearest," Mrs. Gale offered unpacking the rest of the awful clothes and cosmetics. "Well?"

"I guess she is a bit shy with us watching," Mrs. James noted handing him the smoke gray panty hose package. "The single seam is in the front of the panty."

With this, she and Mrs. Gale withdrew leaving him alone in the servant bedroom. As they left he heard the door lock. Going to the window he pulled open the drapes and curtains hoping to escape, but the window had security bars!

Releasing the drapes he returned to look down at the package of panty hose he held with trembling fingers and at the bed...where the other shameful clothes were. In

shamed defeat he knew that they would call the police, who would take him to jail where they would discover that everything he wore was made for women.

He shrugged mentally, seeing suddenly that the truth was that he had been wearing women's clothes for weeks and no one would believe him if he denied their story.

What difference did it make....?

Looking at his still masculine image in the mirror he bowed his head seeing the image of the black dress also reflected.

Perhaps at that moment he realized that the masculine image in the mirror wasn't that masculine after all. In a flash of insight he suddenly felt very frightened by his soft rather effeminate image.

Was there really a big difference between what he wore and what they expected for him to wear!

Reluctantly he undressed to slip on the panty hose after going to the bathroom and using the fragrant bath powder and cologne. After the panty hose came the panty fitted corset which compressed his masculine genitals into smooth female loins while narrowing his waist and providing a firm uplift which actually created little mound like breasts augmented by the padded bra and the little falsies!

Looking at himself in the mirror he grew more frightened, realizing that the mirror reflected the true difference; for there was no longer the rather effeminate youth, but a young lady in her late teens!

Fearfully he put on the white nylon panty slip and slip set to straighten them before taking into his hands the basic black dress with its short full skirts and form clinging feminine lines.

Taking a deep breath for courage he slipped on the dress to discover that it fitted him perfectly even to hide the lace hems of his slip by one inch.

Securing the back zipper he placed a plastic cape about his shoulders and applied a light make up following the steps which the girls had used when they made up his face at least a dozen times each morning.

A few quick brush strokes through his shoulder length golden blonde hair restored a recently hidden hair style. And the poor youth stared into the mirror at a strikingly lovely blonde hairdo young lady!

Slipping on the black patent leather walking pumps he was thankful that the girls at the school had trained him how to walk properly in high heels! He finished his dressing by putting on the pearl necklace and earring set just as the door swung open.

"Well, well, well," Mrs. Gale observed studying her client with a nod of approval seeing that their plan was beautifully augmented by the fact that he made a beautiful girl. Therefore it would be just that much easier for him.

"I do believe that the girl is quite suitable for presentation to her new mistress."

"Do you know how to curtsy, girl?" Mrs James asked.

"No...., er, ma'am," he replied totally flustered by being seen in a dress by the two women. He saw their amusement and wanted to die in shame. It was just awful!

“Please let me put on my other clothes, please?”

“That reminds me,” Mrs. Gale noted picking up the shirt blouse and slacks he had been wearing before removing from the boxes on his new bed the other outer wear he had, which she packed into one of the boxes. “I will find a safe place for these so called man-tailored things while you teach her how to curtsy, Mrs. James. And do explain to her when she is expected to curtsy.”

“What are you...,” he protested as she left the room with all his street clothes except for the those he wore! “Where are you going with them? What am I to wear, ma'am?”

Mrs. James did not answer his question, instead she closed the door blocking him from following Mrs. Gale as the door locked again behind her!

“Now, Miss Perry, or more properly, Celestine, you curtsy by placing the tip of the right foot behind and just a bit left of your left heel before bending your knees with your back straight while lifting the hem of your skirt with both hands.”

Seeing his disbelief she placed her hands upon her hips saying sternly.

“If we call the police now and say that you came here dressed as a woman to try to get this job they will book you and throw the key away.”

She looked at him with a peculiar smile.

“I read a story about a pretty boy who was put into a cell full of criminals. It was simply awful, they made love to him as if he really was a woman, again and again.”

Celestine could not believe his ears. But, he had heard enough about such things to know that what she suggested could really happen!

Swallowing his pride he gently lifted his full skirts and curtsied again and again until she was pleased.

“That is much better,” she observed.

“Now stand with your hands palm to palm behind your back at the small of your back with your heels together,” she instructed seeing her strange pupil obey and she knew that in a few weeks Celestine would automatically stand, walk, turn, sit and have the poise of a well trained maid, as well as possessing many other more fundamental domestic skills.

“Now, although a maid has little time to sit, I shall show you how a lady must sit with modesty, especially if she is wearing dainty skirts like you are. And then we will place a chair at opposite ends of this room. You shall arise from one, walk to the middle of the room, turn to face me and curtsy saying; ‘You rang, madame?’, then you will curtsy again saying ‘Thank you, madame, it shall be done at once, madame,’ then you will continue to the chair, turn and sit down, and then arise to repeat what you have just done.”

“Why are you doing this?” he asked in dismay as she placed the chairs for his practice session.

“That shall be the last time you speak unless spoken to,” she stated firmly picking up a hair brush from the dressing table and slapping it in her hand as if addressing her threat to a child!

“If you feel the need to talk, which should be rarely, you will curtsy and wait until your mistress, or anyone else permits you to speak unless spoken to. In short: you will knock, enter upon request to curtsy; curtsy for permission to speak, greet your mistress or whomever; curtsy when you acknowledge a command; curtsy when asking to withdraw; curtsy when told you may; and, curtsy when in doubt. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma'am.” he replied with a curtsy fearing the brush almost as much as the threat to call the police.

And so at her command he began to walk his paces between the two chairs acknowledging each correction with a polite curtsy and ‘Thank you, ma’am’ even as she taught him how to speak in a more feminine voice.

Mrs. Gale entered to accept his curtsied greeting and watch him walk properly to the next chair, turn, brush his skirt and sit down in a single motion to cross two lovely slim legs and primly place his folded hands into his skirted lap.

“Well, well, that should do quite nicely as a start. But, she has so very much to learn,” she commented seeing the hair brush in Mrs. James’ hand. “I think you should bring that along while we present Celestine to her new Mistress.”

“You will conduct us to the main living room,” Mrs. Gale continued allowing the new servant to arise and open the door in trembling fear.

Mrs. James followed close by the frightened ‘girl’ and Mrs. Gale took her place behind them making sure with her instructions that Celestine continued walking properly, with more emphasis upon a feminine hip roll to ‘move her cute little behind in a fetching manner’.

In a few moments they stood before a door and at Mrs. James’ nod Celestine swallowed hard and gently knocked on the door to open it with a curtsy allowing the two ladies to enter.

“Mrs. Blair this is Celestine, who is applying for the position of maid and nurse maid,” Mrs. James commented causing Mrs. Blair to look up in mock surprise.

“I thought that you said that Celestine was a young man, Mrs. Gale?” Mrs Blair asked from her high backed easy chair studying the obviously blushing and quite embarrassed young man dressed in dainty basic black skirts which revealed frothy lace when he curtsied his greeting showing a good start in her employ. Clearly the others had done a fine job in changing the young bearded man she had seen in the bar. Yes, he would become quite suitable for her needs...

“Are you a man, really?”

“Yes, madame,” was the dutiful reply and curtsy of shame. Suddenly he begged, “Please, Mrs. Blair, don’t make me do this.”

“I think you had better mind your manners, girl,” she countered sternly seeing her words take effect in his frightened features as he remembered to stand properly as a maid should in a little girl pose.

“She has nice legs and looks quite pleasing,” Mrs. Blair commented, “You will make sure that she is properly uniformed and introduced to her duties, Mrs. James.”

She smiled at Mrs. Gale, "I think Mrs. James can keep her in hand."

"Yes, I do believe you are right," Mrs. Gale replied handing the hair brush to the housekeeper.

"Please call me if you have any special problems, Mrs. Blair."

"Of course," Mrs. Blair observed with a polite nod of agreement as Mrs. Gale left with a little amused smile towards Celestine. "Mrs. James. Celestine will supervise the twins in the early morning until I take them to their nursery school. Then she may change for her morning class. Once she finishes school she will report to you for work until the twins return from school to be served by her. On Saturday and Sunday she will watch over the children and help you with service while they are taking their naps. That also applies when they have gone to bed on weeknights, of course."

She looked at Celestine and added;

"Celestine, Mrs. Gale has arranged for you to quit your work at the dress shop so that you may work for me. I wanted to have you quit school also, but she felt that you needed the beauty training in case you wanted advancement as a ladies' maid." She shrugged, "I think you may continue at school so long as you do well, as Mrs Foster requires."

Mrs. Blair saw the disbelief in his eyes and frowned.

"Smile, I do not like maids who walk around looking down in the mouth. You will smile all the time you work. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madame," was the curtsied reply as he dutifully smiled to please his new mistress..

"Now, as to pay. You shall have a sixty hour week in my service at five and a half dollars an hour, or three hundred and thirty dollars a week. You will pay seventy dollars for your room and board expenses. Fifteen a week for your uniforms and other clothes. Thirty three dollars for Mrs. Gale's fee. One hundred and thirty two dollars for taxes and such benefits. Fifty dollars for health insurance. Leaving you about forty five dollars which will be split, half for your debts and half for an allowance. Mrs. Gale will pay your debts from it, and Mrs. James will take half of your allowance and put it into a bank account and the give you the balance as she believes you shall require for bus fare. Once your debts are paid, including your tuition, the rest of that money shall also be split between savings and an allowance."

She turned to Mrs. James while poor Celestine calculated that as a maid he would be effectively earning something like ten cents an hour!

"Celestine is to be taught all the homemaking and child care skills. I will leave that in your capable hands."

"Yes, Mrs. Blair," Mrs. James replied with a nod of agreement, "Come."

"May I withdraw, madame?" was the curtsied request pleasing Mrs. Blair, who nodded her consent to watch Celestine withdraw with her housekeeper.

“You did well enough, considering,” Mrs. James noted once they were out of the living room. Just then a buzzer sounded. “That would be a delivery, girl. Answer the door.”

“Like this, ma'am.” he asked in disbelieving terror. Seeing her frown of displeasure and her hefting of the hair brush he allowed this new fear to lead him to curtsy dutifully, “At once, Mrs. James.”

Trembling in fear he opened the door to see Mrs. Drew followed by Miss Howell, both carrying an arm load of boxes. He curtsied hoping that they would not guess his identity, “Good Afternoon.”

“Oh, Celestine, you are lovely in basic black,” Mrs. Drew exclaimed with amused delight. “I do believe you look much more natural in a dress. And I am pleased that you have found a position more suitable for your proper station.”

“Thank you ma'am,” was the dutiful reply. “May I help you with your packages?”

“There are more in the car, dearest,” Miss Howell ordered seeing his fear over being made to walk out in public dressed as he was. “Well, Celestine?”

“Yes, Miss, at once Miss,” he replied with another curtsy to fetch the boxes from the car.

As he walked to the car he heard a long low wolf whistle and in startled terror he saw a young man dressed in a chauffeur's uniform standing by a gardener of the same age.

Both men eyed the shapely legs, form and figure with masculine interest suited to their robust virility, noting that Celestine must be the new maid.

Hearing Miss Howell's laughter over this embarrassment he quickly opened the door to bend over to pick up the packages and return quickly to the house and its relative safety.

“You are wearing your lovely panty half slip I see,” Miss Howell said causing Celestine to look down in horror to see that his dress was proper and then it dawned on him that he had bent from the waist when he fetched the boxes from the car seat offering a full view of his lacy underthings to her, and the leering males!

“A girl must be careful about such things, Celestine.”

Shivering he followed the women to his room! These boxes were his new wardrobe!

“Do the men know little Celestine's secret?” Miss Howell asked placing her boxes upon the bed with the others.

“No,” Mrs. James replied looking at the sales girl with interest seeing her point. “Celestine shall be a girl as far as everyone in this house is concerned. So her secret is safe as long as she doesn't make any mistakes like showing her dainty panties to horny men.”

As Miss Howell joined in her laughter over his embarrassment she opened a dress box.

“Mrs. Blair thinks she should be pleasing to the eye. Do you have any suggestions, Miss?”

“Miss Howell,” she replied looking at the rather frightened Celestine with a critical eye. “Young girls her age wear their skirts quite a bit shorter, more saucy. And her bust and hips are not plump enough for the masculine eye despite a chauffeur's wolf call. In fact we brought the perfect foundation for her.”

“Yes, indeed,” Mrs. Drew exclaimed opening a pink box which Miss Howell handed her. “Celestine, you will remove all your clothes.”

Celestine looked at her and Mrs. James seeing the housekeeper pat the hair brush with her hand as if to dare him to challenge her authority.

“Can I go to the bathroom and put it on, ma'am,” he begged with a curtsy.

“No, dearest, here. We are all women,” Miss Howell insisted with amused delight over his chagrin, “Or we shall be.”

Uncertain as to the awful meaning of her words he reluctantly undressed until stark naked before them using his hands to cover his sex until Mrs. James made him stand properly.

To his utter chagrin Miss Howell took from Mrs. Drew a little flesh toned panty with hoses, which she made him step into and stand while she very carefully pulled it to the base of his loins before inserting a rather thick hose into his rear orifice! The other hose was carefully fitted over his penis! And a third thick hose was allowed to rest within the spun silicone padded lining which was quite sticky to the touch as the panty was drawn to compress his waistline. He then saw to his dismay that the panty fused to his skin to create the perfect image of the female sex complete with plump hips and fanny to the moons veneris with soft golden pubic hair to the serrated lips of sexuality!

“She looks like she needs something else,” Mrs. James laughed to his trembling discomfort examining the serrated lips while making him stand properly with his hands palm to palm behind his back so that he could not interfere with her insulting curiosity!

“Why it is functional.”

“Please, ma'am,” he protested feeling her finger withdraw from its deep probe causing him to angrily try to remove the panties only to discover that not only couldn't he find where the panty wasn't his skin, but that it clung just as tightly!

“You will have to be very careful around men, you have your virginity to protect,” Miss Howell laughed to be joined by the other matrons, who delighted in his all too feminine look of fear.

“And these too,” Mrs. Drew said applying an adhesive about his nipples noting with interest the fact that the first signs of maidenly bloom were beginning to appear about the darkening aureole as little unmistakable conical mounds. Seeing his blushing embarrassment she secured a soft flesh toned pad shaped like perfect youthful upturned breast to the adhesive centered upon his nipples before she feathered the edges of each natural looking breast until, like the panty, they blended perfectly with his body causing her to test each by jiggling it before she patted the lovely breast with her hand to delight in his chagrin over her teasing. “Just like real ones.”

"I think you can put away your clothes while we retire," Mrs. James commented nodding to the others to look at the bureau clock, "You will put on a black nylon uniform and stockings with a white lace apron and cap and report to the kitchen at five sharp. Between now and five you will shorten your uniform skirts to here," she pointed to her mid thigh.

"Quite saucy," Miss Howell laughed to playfully slap Celestine's rather obviously female rump before she withdrew with the others joining in their laughter.

"I don't think I shall need to lock the door now," Mrs. James commented closing the door leaving the quite female looking Celestine to realize that she was quite right, where could he go looking like this?

Shuddering at the reflection of a woman he hastily pulled on a pink satin robe which he discovered barely hid what he sought to hide since it was made to be worn as a shorty coat over baby dolls. Glancing at the clock he began to unpack, he had too little time for concerns over the shame of his new gender.

The new wardrobe consisted of a cocktail dress, three street dresses, two skirted suits, six blouses for mix and match with the suits, two house dresses, three robes, panty hose, shoes and slippers, and sheer baby dolls that left little to the imagination.

The maid's wardrobe consisted of seven nylon princess skirted uniforms of a different pastel shade for each day of the week, two black nylon uniforms, a black taffeta party uniform, aprons, caps, sensible white or gray pairs of cotton and nylon support panty hose, and suitable work shoes of white and black pumps.

With this was a complete lingerie wardrobe ranging from practical cottons for work to dainty satin and lace for other needs. It would take years to pay for all of this!

Putting away everything but the lingerie he had worn earlier and the pile of uniforms; he discovered a sewing box and a tape measure. Using the waist of one uniform to help measure the required skirt length he remembered how the fitter and seamstress at the store measured and French hemmed dresses before using a machine to finish them. Knowing that he could not possibly hem the skirts with his poor sewing ability he resolved to just tack them as she did. After several frustrating efforts he finally managed to baste each hem using an iron to neatly finish the fold so that the skirt looked natural.

He then hung all the uniforms except for a black nylon one which he donned after putting on his lingerie to discover that he had to shorten his slip by adjusting its shoulder straps. The panty slip could not be used without shortening also so he took a pair of white lace panties instead. A white lace pinafore apron and cap contrasted with the black uniform, smoke stockings, and black pumps.

Finding a little watch with a black velvet strap he set it before he brushed his golden hair feeling quite disturbed over the complete femininity of the maid reflected in the vanity mirror, with her full upturned breasts held up so that their natural cleavage was revealed in the V of the uniform collar. From his training at the school he now breathed from the chest causing his mind to be all the more aware of his two obvious charms!

Suddenly he noticed that he had but two minutes so he quickly arose and checked his sexy saucy short skirts to be certain that nothing showed, knowing all too well how close he was to showing everything if he was not careful with his miniskirts. It was frightening clear to the entrapped male that his mistress expected her new maid to be a sex object to delight masculine interests, and poor Celestine realized that with every movement his full breasts moved enticingly for their hungry eyes as his dainty skirts revealed lacy glimpses of other temptations being offered by a servant made willing to please.

Then with racing heart he opened the door and quickly walked towards the kitchen only to see his way blocked by the smiling chauffeur.

“Excuse me, I must be in the kitchen by Five O'clock. sir,” Celestine half begged trying to walk about the smiling man, who nodded and stepped aside as Celestine passed only to slap a rather obvious plump black nylon clad hip!

“Oh!” Celestine squealed in surprise half running in fear from the room to enter the kitchen in distress.

“What is it, dearest,” a plump women in white asked looking at the girl who rushed into her kitchen. Half guessing the truth having seen other girls react to Neil’s playful assaults she shrugged knowingly wishing she were fifteen years younger and half as pretty as the new maid.

“Don't mind him, Neal is just girl hungry, dearest. Just don't let him get you in a corner,” she smiled, “You must be our new maid, Celestine. I’m Mrs. Todd.”

“How do you do, Mrs. Todd,” he managed recovering from his blushing to curtsy.

“Ah, Celestine,” Mrs. James noted entering the room and accepting the maid’s curtsy to take the new maid to the dining room to show Celestine how to properly set the formal dining table for supper.

She then made it her duty to instruct the new maid on how to correctly serve the meal announcing that Mrs. Blair was expecting guests; adding that Celestine would answer the door and show them into Mrs. Blair after taking their wraps.

Celestine would then serve cocktails before they retired for the meal, which she would also serve. With this Mrs. James carefully showed Celestine step by step through the expected duties twice before she was satisfied, just as the front door bell rang!

“Excuse me, Mrs. James,” the completely frightened youth asked with a curtsy before going to the door to open it.

Before him stood his Aunt Julia and an attractive woman in her thirties dressed in a pleated skirted gray tweed suit!

Seeing an amused twinkle in his aunt's eyes he wondered if she knew, but he dared not to find out in fear that she did, and hoping that she did not he curtsied and said, “Good evening.”

“Is Mrs. Blair at home. She is expecting us.”

“Yes, she is. Please come in,” was the curtsied reply as he noted to his discomfort that the women were studying him with intense interest causing him to realize that it was possible that he could be considered a sex object by women too!

“May I take your wraps, please?” he nervously offered closing the door after them and accepting the wraps to place them on a nearby table before taking the guests to the living room where Mrs. Blair arose to greet each of her guests with a matronly hug while Celestine curtsied and withdrew at her signal to hang their wraps.

Hearing her call bell Celestine returned.

“You may serve our cocktails, dearest,” Mrs. Blair suggested and the curtsying maid took each order to retreat to the bar to mix the drinks using a book which Mrs. James had told him about.

Serving the drinks he stood properly to await their desires.

“A new girl, Rachel?” Aunt Julia asked with casual interest.

“Yes, she just started today,” Mrs. Blair replied, “She is going to care for the twins and serve as a general house maid. Unfortunately, she is not at all trained.”

“Quite pretty though in a young animal way,” the other woman observed with amused interest in the servant girl, yet talking about her as if she wasn't able to hear what she said.

“Yes, Nancy, my cook tells me that she already has attracted the eyes of our chauffeur,” Mrs. Blair noted casually. “Young girls are always so anxious to flaunt themselves at the nearest pair of trousers. She is no different than the others.”

“Oh, really,” Aunt Julia mused glancing at Celestine seeing that the girl was blushing at her glance. “But she does seem quite modest in manner despite her dress. You always did put your girls in such fetching uniforms. No wonder the men pant after them.”

“Julia,” Mrs. Blair protested laughingly motioning for another drink from the girl. “She really has a nice figure. It is a shame that youth is so awfully wasted.”

The matrons nodded and agreed as Mrs. James came to announce that dinner was ready.

“We will take our drinks into the dining room, girl.”

“Mrs. Van Meer,” Mrs. James suggested holding a chair for the young matron before retreating to the kitchen as the maid returned with their drinks before going into the kitchen to begin serving the meal.

During the meal the conversation turned to the business of the next Professional Women's Club meeting and after the meal they took brandy and coffee in the living room before leaving for the theater.

“You did quite well for the first time,” Mrs. James noted seeing the sigh of relief the youth made when the matrons had left. “What is it?”

“One of them was my Aunt Julia,” he half whispered, “Did she know who I was, Mrs. James?”

“Of course, she knows,” Mrs. James replied with amusement over his fears allowing her taunt to add to his distress before she added, “She knows that your mistress has a new maid. It is of no more interest than if she were to have bought a new car or a pet.”

She paused as he began to clear the after dinner things.

“Of course she may know the truth, dearest, but I doubt if she would help you. She would see that quite obviously you are here of your own free will doing that which you are best suited for, housework and child care.”

Celestine bowed his lovely golden hairdo head wondering if she was right, for it was clear that he had allowed himself to be neatly trapped into such a role.

“Come, I want to show you the children ” she announced leading the way back to his room and up the stairs to a nursery room where a young teen aged girl was helping a toddler girl of about four into a pink sleep suit similar to the blue one worn by her little twin brother. “This is Karen, Celestine, she helps us with the twins when Mrs. Blair entertains. Karen, Celestine is taking, Jane's place.”

“Hi,” the girl greeted, “I guess you can show her what to do, Mrs. James. I am late for supper and mom has some work for me to do. Nice seeing you, Celestine,” she concluded kissing the toddlers good-bye and leaving.

“Celestine I think you should help little Paul while I help Pauline,” Mrs. James suggested showing him how to help the toddlers through their little bed time rituals before putting them to bed after Mrs. James was sure that the toddlers knew their new nurse maid.

When the children were tucked in she led Celestine back to the kitchen where Celestine was formally introduced to Neal, the chauffeur, and Roger, the gardener.

“Now, Celestine, I want you to understand that I do not tolerate any misbehavior,” Mrs. James noted taking her place at the head of the servant's table, “You will confine your sexual proclivity to dress alone. Do you understand, girl?”

“Yes, ma'am,” was the embarrassed reply as the two men smiled knowingly wondering just exactly how far Celestine's `proclivity' would go.

“If you try to excite these men I may very well let them take you,” she added seeing that Celestine was properly frightened by her threat. “And if you two wolves try to seduce this young lady you're in trouble. Do you understand?”

The two men nodded thoughtfully and returned to their eating.

“May I have some more coffee, Celestine,” Neal asked watching the maid stand and walk across the room to fetch the coffee pot, When she came to his side to pour the coffee she was startled to feel his roving hand pat her leg causing her to step back with a blush. “Thank you, baby.”

Mrs. James smiled knowing well that Celestine would certainly have a very interesting experience. It amused her to think that the youth would soon know how it felt to be on the receiving end of masculine advances!

Before she was finished he would be female in mind, body and soul!

After supper she had Celestine clear the dishes and clean the kitchen under her supervision before having him check the toddlers and then prepare himself for bed, while she explained what was required of him in the morning.

Knowing what was expected of him in the morning he arose quickly with the clamor of the alarm. After completing his morning toilette he put on clean lingerie with white panty hose and shoes before slipping into a lime green nylon uniform with white apron and cap. Checking himself in the mirror he considered the lovely maid wonderingly. Then glancing at the clock he smiled at the maid and saw her mimic his smile and curtsy before she too headed for a door.

Going up the back stairs he curtsied as he entered the nursery where Mrs. James instructed him while he helped to supervise the toddlers through their toilet ritual, cleaning up ritual, and dressing up for breakfast ritual.

He then took them downstairs to the dining room to help them into their chairs and feed them while their mother and Mrs. James watched to be certain that he did everything correctly.

After breakfast he helped the children into their coats and things and took them to the car to watch them go off to nursery school with their mother, who would then go to her duties as a lawyer,

Brushing his uniform he returned to the house to curtsy before Mrs. James and ask upon her nod, "Where are my other clothes?"

"Come, Celestine, dearest," she ordered taking him back to his room to remove a light fawn colored street dress from the closet. "This is what you will wear to school, dearest."

Celestine looked at her in horrified disbelief.

"Do you mean I am going to go to school dressed as a woman, Mrs. James?"

"Yes, Celestine, Mrs. Drew expects you to be dressed like any of the other girls in your class. Now, get dressed and I shall drive you to school," she ordered placing the dress into his hands as she picked up the hair brush waiting.

But, he bowed his head docily and changed panty hose, shoes and dresses before taking a coat and bag to follow her to her room where she put on her own things before they left.

Celestine's poor heart was hammering away in terror of being seen so publically as Mrs. James stopped before the Magic Door Beauty School and let him out announcing that she would pick up her maid at eleven thirty sharp.

Then she drove away leaving Celestine at the edge of the sidewalk filled with people on their way to work. Celestine noticed the critical appraisal of the passing women and he was certain that they saw with feminine clarity right though his charade!

The masculine eyes ran from the brown walking pumps, up long slender nylon clad legs to note with approval the short flared fawn colored skirt and the fitted top coat which did little to hide full rounded female curves highlighted by breasts that delightfully jiggled as the girl walked, and then they noted the beautiful face and golden crown of hair.

“May I help you, Miss,” a deep masculine voice asked as a tall man in his early thirties dressed in a brown business suit and top coat stopped helpfully before the luscious girl taking advantage of her temporary confusion. “Perhaps I may show you the place that you are looking for? Or perhaps you would prefer a morning cup of coffee?”

Celestine heard the man’s deep voice and wondered at the strange chill that touched his spine with excitement and he knew that he could hardly storm by the man, and to his dismay he realized that Mrs. James had left him a half hour before Mrs. Foster opened her school. Thinking fast he smiled. “I guess I am too early, they don't open for a half hour.”

“Wonderful,” the young man proclaimed suddenly taking Celestine's arm with male authority and before Celestine realized he was escorting the way into a little cocktail lounge that served meals.

He led the way to a little booth to help the pretty girl with her coat and the chair seeing that the sunburst style of her blouse covered two perfectly formed charms that made him think that he had hit the jackpot.

“Coffee and a roll, or breakfast, er, Miss...My name is Robert, Robert Finch. But, you can call me Bob.”

“Celestine Perry,” was the nervous reply which Bob considered to be rather like the breathless quality of a certain actress, quite sexy. “Celestine.” Celestine added with a dazzling smile trying to hide very feminine fears. “Bob.”

Within seconds he had allowed himself to be picked-up by a man!

And a handsome man he was with brown wavy hair; high brow with bushy brows and deep friendly eyes that set off a lean nose, firmly molded mouth, and a chin with a dimple; broad shoulders and the build of an athlete like a football player; and well shaped hands which took the liberty of holding Celestine's right hand possessively until it was with-drawn in distress over the rapidity of his advances.

“I think coffee and a roll would be nice.”

After passing the lovely girl's wish to the waiter Bob turned his full attention upon her with a handsome smile. “Do you go to school at that place, the, ah, Magic Door?”

“Yes,” Celestine replied without thinking defensively. Now he knew where Celestine would be found. It was all too fast, and it was obvious that he knew what he wanted, Celestine knew that all too well too. Then Celestine remembered how a girl was supposed to counter by getting her date on his favorite subject, himself. “Do you work near here?”

“Yes, I am sales manager at Jensen's Foreign Cars,” he announced.

“Oh, I know so little about cars,” Celestine exclaimed with mock feminine interest adding with pure malice a feminine statement that he had once heard, “But, I do think that they are ever so very little and cute like little toys. I think that must be why you boys like them so much.”

Bob considered her observation with a tolerant masculine know-it-all smile and began to tell her all about the ‘cute little toys’, and then about his work, and then his life story while she listened with rapt attention admiring his obvious superiority. When he

finished talking about his college they had finished their little breakfast and she was glancing at her watch.

“Oh, I must go, Bob, or I shall be late,” Celestine exclaimed taking a hurried last sip of coffee before making a dash for the door leaving him to pay the cashier in hopes that the delay would be long enough to reach the school, but Bob, made it to the door before Celestine. “Thank you, Bob, for the little treat.”

“How about a movie tonight? The *Orange Sun* is showing and I hear it is a great movie?” he asked.

“Bob, I work as a maid,” Celestine replied seeing Mrs. Foster’s interest as she studied Celestine and the young man while she unlocked the front door for Celestine and the other students waiting. “I really don't have much free time...”

Bob smiled at the lovely girl and resolved to catch her the next morning. He too could play hard to get. “It was nice of you to join me for breakfast, and perhaps you may change your mind, Celestine. Perhaps lunch?”

“Mrs. James will be picking me up at eleven thirty,” he replied with a shake of his lovely head before retreating into the school with Mrs. Foster and the others, “Thank you, Bob.”

Mrs. Foster studied the lovely girl knowing that she was in fact Celestine, but the dress and other changes had brought about a wondrous change. It was no wonder that Celestine had so quickly been caught by masculine aggression.

“He is quite nice looking dearest, and well dressed. I so hope that you will be seeing more of him. A good man is hard to find? Or is it `a hard man is good to find'?”

Celestine looked at her in surprise realizing what she was suggesting and feeling relieved that the ordeal was over and wondering if she could be teasing or quite serious.

“It was all so very sudden. We only had a coffee and roll. I think he has decided to give up.”

“Really,” Mrs. Foster observed with a certain delight in knowing that Celestine actually was not a good judge of the persistence of men, especially when the girl was as pretty as Celestine appeared to be.

“Well, you may think so,” she commented, “But, for now we have your education to consider.”

Celestine accepted from her a beauty vanity kit and a pink nylon jacket to wear. Then she produced a stack of books: *Cosmetology and You*, *Poise and Posture*, *Fundamentals of Fashion Modeling*, *Beauty Secrets for the Professional*, and *Speaking of the Inner Woman*. “How many girls will be in my class, Mrs. Foster?”

“Just you, my dear, at first,” she replied taking him to the back of the building,

“Mrs. Gale said that you could only come in the morning,” she began in explanation to soften his surprise over her words. “So, at her insistence, I decided to have you as a special student until our next class enrollment when you can join our new girls, who are attending half day school in the morning so that they can work in the afternoons. Of course, I would not have you dressed as you were. It was quite unnatural, like a ho-

mosexual. So I agreed to take you on two conditions; One that you dress more naturally as a woman. And, two, that I have complete authority over you, as in the past. Of course you will pay full tuition.”

Celestine considered the last fact remembering her past disciplinary actions and then he thought of the little he was earning as a maid. It would take years!

“I am not sure that I can afford so much, ma'am.”

“The fee has been paid already,” she countered seeing more doubt in his lovely eyes, “What else is it, dearest?”

“Why did you want me dressed this way. Mrs. Foster? Did you know that Mrs. Blair also insisted that I be dressed as a maid? Was that your idea also?” he demanded suddenly causing her to shrug as if to dismiss his charge

“Well, as to your being dressed as you are for your class work,” she began with another shrug, “Since you are to be the only pupil in this class it seems that you should have a beautiful model to work upon, not an effeminate boy putting on his mommy's make-up. Besides the lovely boy was becoming far too obvious here. A young lady, such as you are, is much less obvious.”

She opened a class room door adding:

“As to your new mistress' requirements for her maid to be dressed properly, I can only say that her expectations of her servant girl is only perfectly natural. I think that you are trying to create a plot where the simple fact is that if you are to be educated to a woman's profession and insisting upon working in a woman's menial position you can only expect to be treated and dressed accordingly.”

“But, I don't...”

“Do you want me to call Mrs. Gale and tell her that you are not happy at my school?” she asked raising her eyebrow questioningly causing him to fall silent in the realization that he really was quite powerless to change her plans or those of the others.

How was he to eat, where was he to live?

“Now, that is settled I think we shall start your new course work. Essentially, Miss Perry, you're instruction shall combine three basic phases; classroom instruction, demonstration, and homework with practice. Our experience shows that the cosmetologist must be her own best customer and must serve as the model for other women in every way. She must be feminine in mind, body and soul. You must think, speak, move, and be as a beautiful woman before other women will trust their beauty to you. We do not only teach you the techniques of an art called cosmetology, we also teach you how to have the poise and grace of a model; how to speak from the inner woman in voice and thought; how to select the right clothes and wear them for the best effect; and, most importantly, how to be attractive to the male as a woman should be.”

And thus began Celestine's instruction directed towards the goals Mrs. Forest indicated. By eleven thirty she had outlined his homework reading and had convinced him that she fully intended to make him over into the lovely young lady that he looked like.

When he left the school building carrying his book high against his soft breasts he saw Bob waiting!

“My car should be here any moment.”

“Yes, Celestine, you told me that this morning,” he countered ignoring the admiring looks of the other girls as they left the school for lunch. “I asked inside if they had your home address. They would not give it out saying that you were a special student and they had no records.”

He took the girl by her arm.

“Look, Celestine, I had you on my mind all day at work. I would like to have a date with you.”

“Well, I really don’t think,” Celestine countered beginning to panic and then seeing Mrs. James drive up, “Here is my ride now. I must go, Bob, really I must.”

“Perhaps breakfast again?” he asked watching the beautiful girl take her seat in the car and then he had an idea, as they drove away he memorized the auto tags.

“Who was that young man?” Mrs James asked seeing her maid's embarrassment over her question, “Well, girl?”

“Bob,” Celestine repeated and then realized the question. “He took me to breakfast this morning, ma'am, he is the sales manager of a foreign car dealer, and he went to Grinnel. And he is pestering me for a date.”

He looked down at his feminine form feeling quite silly over the strange thoughts in his mind.

“I hope you can help me stop him, he is very insistent.”

“You are over eighteen,” she countered with a shrug followed by a little taunting laugh, “A girl your age has to know how to handle men on her own.”

“But?”

“You are forgetting your manners, girl,” she reminded bringing to his mind the fact that he was again her maid.

“I am sorry, ma'am,” he replied truthfully while his mind worried about what was becoming of his life. Everyone wanted him to be a woman. especially Bob!

When they arrived at the house Mrs. James had him change his dress for the lime green uniform he had worn that morning with its white shoes, panty hose, apron and cap. She then had him report for lunch with the staff. After lunch she took him to her study and had him tell her about what he was to learn at school.

“I see,” she observed with a nod of approval before taking some books from her desk. “A maid and nurse maid has many things to learn also, so I have order these books from the library to add to your school books. I shall expect you to memorize them so that you will know by heart just what is expected of you.

Celestine looked at the titles a bit surprised by her insistence that he memorize them, and realizing that both Mrs. Foster and she planned to teach him how to be a woman!

The Homemaker's Guide-to-Perfect Housekeeping, The Basic Cook, The Complete Maid Servant, How To Clean Anything, A Guide to Etiquette, Learning How to Sew, A Nurse Maid's Book on Infant and Child Care, and A Woman's Duty were the titles of the books she gave him.

Out of curiosity he looked at the last book to see that it was a collection of poems and writings written in the first person pronoun and emphasizing the purpose of a woman as an emotional and physical being in her roles as an accepting passionate sexual partner and mistress; and her, total dedication as a wife and homemaker to her obligations to her husband and children.

"Here, Celestine, I want you to take this tape recorder and use it," she noted handing him the little machine noticing that he was reading the book.

A smile came to her face and she took the book to turn the pages.

"I think that you might practice using the tape recorder by reading this passage into it. It is very appropriate to your life."

Meekly he set aside the books with a curtsy to arrange the tape recorder and turn it on before he set up the microphone and adjusted the book to read from it aloud:

"I understand that by my birth I am destined to serve others. I am to give of myself in order that others may be pleased. Not that I may be marked as being good or of special use. But, because I am a servant. It is not better to be appreciated than it is to be unnoticed and accepted as merely useful. It is far better to be punished for doing wrong so that I may always do what is right than to be rewarded for that which is expected of me."

And thus in these words the theme continued until he came to the end of the passage beginning to understand what she actually expected of her maid.

"Yes, Celestine, I think you are beginning to understand," she said with a pleased smile turning off the machine. "I think we shall start your service by having you scrub and clean the nursery."

She put him to work with brush and pan scrubbing the nursery bath room. Walls, mirrors, fixtures and floor were scrubbed, polished, waxed and finished to a gleaming shine before she had her maid begin to clean the nursery room itself.

By the time the twins returned home Celestine had cleaned their room from top to bottom and was ready to wait on them hand and foot as their nurse maid.

At supper time he redressed the toddlers and brought them to their mother to see her approval as he served their needs at the table and supervised their manners before having them excuse themselves and taking them back to their room to prepare for bed. When they were safely tucked away he returned to Mrs. James, who sent him to his own room to do his homework.

Celestine had barely sat at his desk when Mrs. James came into his room to accept his curtsy with a nod.

"A Mr. Finch is on the phone for you," she announced with a broad amused smile, "I believe that he is the young man I saw you with at school, isn't he?"

“Oh, please don't tell him I'm here...”

“He knows you are, young lady. Now answer the phone and be polite!”

Celestine knew her tone of voice so he went obediently to the parlor to see that the phone was off the hook waiting, as were Neal and Roger, who were sitting in the servant's living room pretending to be reading!

“May I please have a little privacy,” Celestine asked.

“This is their living room as well as yours, Celestine,” Mrs. James said with disapproval of his request despite the fact that she sympathized with his little plight. But, servant girls should learn that they were not entitled to such luxuries.

“Will you answer the phone, girl. It is not proper to keep your mistress' phone tied up too long.”

Seeing no choice he picked up the phone.

“Hello, Robert, how in the world did you ever find my phone number? Yes, I remember, Bob. Well I don't think I can accept...”

“Celestine,” Mrs. Blair's voice broke in causing his heart to skip a beat.

“I am so sorry, madame, I...”

“You will accept his invitation and then maybe the line will be free,” Mrs. Blair announced firmly causing Bob to laugh and thank her.

“I should like to see your young man before you go on a date with him,” she concluded to Celestine's further embarrassment hearing Bob agree that he would love to meet the kind lady who made the date possible, and he concluded by saying that he would meet Celestine for coffee in the morning to firm up the schedule for the date.

“Good-by, Bob,” Mrs. Blair added to their good-byes hearing him hang up before she said to Celestine, “I completely approve of your having dates with nice men, dearest, it will help you to accept your feminine role in my household and at the school. So in the future I would not be pleased if you refused such a nice offer unless the man is totally a lost cause. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma'am,” Celestine replied to hang up after she did.

“Was Mrs. Blair on the line also, girl?” Mrs James asked with amused interest wondering what was said. “What did she want?”

“For me to accept the date, ma'am.” he replied with a curtsy before intending to return to his room.

“What else did she say?”

“Nothing, ma'am,” he lied seeing her frown as if she had read his lie through his nervous desire not to repeat Mrs. Blair's words before the men.

“I spank little girls who lie. What else did she require?”

“Please, Mrs. James, I had rather tell you that in private.”

“Servant girls have no privacy from the staff. You will state her orders so that we shall all know what she requires of you to serve her.”

Celestine bowed his lovely head with an obedient curtsy saying, "She said that I must accept dates, unless the man is a total loss."

He looked at the two men, whose interest increased immeasurably, "And as far as I am concerned you both are a total loss."

With this he walked away in a feminine huff hearing their laughter and seeing Mrs. James' complete fascinated delight!

Secure in his room he wondered if he really was becoming a woman like they expected. But, knowing that he had a great deal of homework he buried himself in his books rather than worrying about the peculiar events of the past few weeks.

Seeing that it was time to check the twins he complied to his duty and then returned to undress and prepare for bed before reading another chapter of his fashion text,

Then his call button rang!

Mrs. Blair wanted to see him now.

Slipping on a shorty bed coat over his baby dolls he stepped quickly into slippers and went up the back stairs feeling terribly naked but knowing that Mrs. James might actually be checking to see that her staff was prompt to the mistress' bell.

Knocking at Mrs. Blair's door he entered at her, "Come-in," to curtsy and automatically say, "You rang, madame?"

Mrs. Blair studied the long legged scantily clad girl with approval noting that Celestine was indeed well endowed if the jiggling above the bodice of the satin shorty coat was any indication.

Mrs. Gale's suggestion that he be changed into a girl had been a stroke of genius.

"I thought that I might talk with you a bit now that you have settled down and no longer the center of impassioned phone conversations from a hopeful lover. Did you give him our number?"

"No, ma'am," was the curtsied reply, "He copied the auto tag and found out that it belonged to you and obtained your phone number by that means, ma'am. "

"Quite ingenious," she observed setting her book aside on the night stand as she sat in bad dressed in a sheer gown covered with a little night jacket of padded golden satin to match the gold satin sheets and pillow cases.

"It must be interesting to be on the receiving end of such attentions for a change," she smiled, "I would imagine that you will be like honey to the bears now. You make a strikingly lovely young lady. A catch for any young man."

"Thank you, ma'am," was the embarrassed curtsied reply. He then knew he lacked the courage to challenge Mrs. Blair's authority to keep him in skirts.

"You may take the tray to the kitchen, Celestine."

Seeing the snack tray on her nightstand he picked it up and curtsied a sweet, "Good night," and retreated from the room to return the tray to the half dark kitchen only to bump into Neal!

Neal suddenly took Celestine into his powerful arms and held the scantily clad maid so close that poor stunned Celestine was intensely aware of Neil's male vigor as it fought to be free of the chauffeur's pants as he pressed a French kiss, which took Celestine's breath!

Suddenly he released the nearly swooning maid and laughed saying, "A total loss, eh, baby."

Celestine lashed out to his own amazement finding a manly punch somehow end in a very resoundingly female outraged slap!

"Beast!"

A moment later he was safely within his room totally frightened by his own reactions ranging from feminine emotional rage at being assaulted so. To a sheer ecstatic thrill that set every nerve on end with receptive desire for the untamed male! In utter frustration over being unable to control this later emotion he burst into feminine tears...

Minutes later he managed to gain control realizing for the first time how completely feminine his responses had become to the point where they, not he, were in control?

Removing his little robe he crawled into bed disturbed by emotions which he did not understand combined with a haunting uncertainty concerning his masculinity, complicated with sexual fantasies about Neil's and Bob's virility and a fascination as to what they might really have?

Angrily Celestine tried to turn over, but the full breasts reminded him of the fact of his own current identity! It was almost as if he could feel the very touch of his hand, and then he realized that he was being quite silly. Turning upon his back he relaxed hoping that the rather unfeminine pressures between his legs would relax also and allow him to fall asleep in his very dainty chastity belt.

That night he dreamed that he was dressed in a white satin baby doll styled bridal gown and both Neal and Bob were taking turns kissing the bride!

He awoke to the dream realizing that he had had a wet dream, his first in years since he had been able to relieve such tensions himself. Terribly embarrassed by the damp results he retreated to the bath room to use a female douche which only added to his secret shame!

Completely frightened by the homosexual overtones of his dreams he dreaded going to sleep again. But, he quickly returned to his dream world to awaken by the morning alarm and the need to prepare for this new day as a maid...

Moments later Celestine was dressed and turned his attentions to helping the toddlers until soon they were off to school after breakfast and Celestine was on his way to school also.

Bob was waiting at the curb and an amused Mrs. James released her charge into his care reminding the rather embarrassed Celestine that she would pick Celestine up at eleven thirty sharp.

"I thought that we would see the movie after supper at Hutton's," he announced after his greeting which included taking Celestine's hand as they walked to the little cafe

to have breakfast. "Since I have met you I have received a bonus at work and the manager is thinking of allowing me to become manager of his new place on the other side of town. You are my good luck charm."

Celestine smiled sweetly and took a seat once he held the chair.

The breakfast was filled with Bob's plans for the date mixed with his good fortunes....

A breakfast there began for Celestine a regular dating pattern which Mrs. Blair encouraged as being perfectly normal for a lovely young girl hoping to catch herself a good man. One who could make her a 'complete woman'.

And so Celestine had breakfast each morning with Bob and once a week a dinner date with some form of public entertainment. Celestine found that Bob was not particularly aggressive; certainly not as impudent as Neal or Roger, who both had insisted upon their 'rights' as Mrs. Blair had stated forcing Mrs. James to agree that they may each in turn take Celestine out on a date if they promised to behave and not molest the poor child.

Celestine found Bob's little hand holding games and gentle good night kiss to be quite sweet despite the fact that a little corner of Celestine's spirit was embarrassed by such attentions from a man. But the other two men gave that little corner much more to feel ashamed of as they used every moment of their dates to remind Celestine of the fact that they had every intention of stimulating feminine needs for sex.

The men in Celestine's life completed the picture of a woman's life for Celestine, for they left no room for doubt as to why they wanted the beautiful maid. Celestine all but forgot the past as the days, weeks, and months faded into a pattern of womanly duties directed at learning how to be a woman, mistress, homemaker and mother. Duties which Celestine became quite adept at.

Each Thursday night Mrs. Blair would have supper with Celestine's aunt and Mrs. Van Meer as well as other ladies from the Professional Women's Club. This supper served as a planning session for the Saturday meetings.

"Have you made any plans for your vacation, Nancy dear," Mrs. Blair asked sipping the after dinner brandy which Celestine had just served with coffee and little cakes.

Mrs. Van Meer shook her head. "No, I have to draw up the outline for the Dixon merger and I just don't think I could spare two whole weeks away from work."

"Well, you might do what I did last summer," Mrs. Gale noted setting her cup aside turning to Celestine. "Celestine, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the curtsied reply as Celestine refilled the cup.

"What did you do?"

"She stayed at my summer cottage on Forest Lake," Mrs. Blair replied, "It is just minutes off the freeway and if you need to come to town you can. But when you want privacy and the delights of nature you have that too."

"Why, yes, it is so private you can sunbathe in your birthday suit," Mrs. Gale observed with a delighted laugh.

"I don't think I can impose so..."

"I would love to have you use it," Mrs. Blair urged turning towards her maid. "I could lend you my little Celestine to serve you. She is not only a maid but a trained beautician, aren't you dearest?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the curtsied reply causing Mrs. Van Meer to look at the lovely blonde haired girl dressed in black taffeta uniform that left little doubt as to the girl's lovely form.

"Would you like that, Celestine?" Mrs Van Meer asked with a smile, "Do you know how to give body massages and other beauty treatments?"

"Yes, ma'am," Celestine replied not too certain that he really wanted to be a personal servant for two weeks, he had been thinking about Bob...

"Oh, she is a perfect masseuse," Mrs. Blair exclaimed thinking about the poor child's embarrassment over the first time Mrs. Blair had Celestine give her a complete cold cream massage in the middle of the night with Celestine dressed in baby dolls and herself quite naked. It was most amusing. "And a perfect housekeeper, as well. You must take her and use my cottage. Just think, Nancy, two whole weeks with your own beautician alone in my rather complete cottage."

"I accept your wonderful offer. Perhaps I might leave Sunday morning?" Mrs Van Meer answered finishing her brandy.

"I shall have Celestine arrange the cottage for your stay," Mrs. Blair said turning towards her maid. "Celeste, you may withdraw and Mrs. James will finish up while you pack your things. I will expect to see you about midnight when we return. You may serve as my lady's maid then."

"Yes, ma'am," was the curtsied reply as Celestine with-drew.

Later that night Celestine reported as required to help her mistress prepare for bed.

"Celestine, I want you to be a perfect housekeeper for Nancy," she noted watching her girl put her mink coat into the closet. "Is she an attractive woman?"

"She is quite beautiful, ma'am," Celestine replied truthfully, "Is she very rich like you are ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed, very rich," Mrs. Blair said standing while Celestine came to unzip her.

"But, not quite as rich as I," she added with a laugh allowing her dress to be removed. "If you were a man, would you like to be married to a woman like her?"

Celestine considered her question feeling a bit confused by the fact that he had not considered himself as being a man for quite some time. "If she loved me, I think so."

"Yes, that makes sense," Mrs. Blair observed removing her slip while her maid undid the back of her bra. "I'll have a hot cold cream massage tonight. I think that you should also give me a facial while you are at it."

"Yes, ma'am," Celestine replied with a curtsy to fetch a plastic cover for the couch. Soon Celestine was preparing the heating of the cream before placing towels on the night stand.

"You must make Mrs. Van Meer very happy. I want you to wait on her hand and foot as a perfect serving girl. Won't you, dearest?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the curtsied reply as Celestine began to spread the warm cream.

"Yes, I think she will love you as her personal maid, you have such nice hands," Mrs. Blair mused stretching out under the warmth of the cream and his gentle hands. "And you will bring your complete maid's wardrobe so that you may have a pretty one for each day so that Mrs. Van Meer can see how really pretty you can be. I want you to be as pretty as possible for your mistress." She looked up adding, "I fully intend to check out your work and conduct to be certain that you are dutiful."

"Yes, ma'am"

"Yes, indeed," she noted closing her eyes, "You will find it hard work to run a household all by yourself. But, I am sure that you will please Nancy."

Friday and Saturday were spent cleaning up the cottage under the exacting eye of Mrs. James; who, while not bringing in the supplies, spent her time making certain that Celestine understood perfectly her duties towards her new mistress as well as what had to be accomplished to make the cottage homelike.

Ceilings were brushed; walls cleaned; windows and mirrors polished; tiles and bright fixtures shined; floors were scrubbed; rugs beaten and cleaned; furniture polished; pots, pans, dishes and such cleaned and polished until they shined like mirrors; linens, curtains, and drape washed, ironed and neatly put in their proper place; and then Mrs Van Meer' s personal things were each gently unpacked, cleaned and pressed as required, and arranged in her lovely sparkling boudoir.



"You may serve as my lady's maid then."

After arranging the kitchen and planning the coming meals Celestine finally was released for a last minute arranging of his own room and a bath before changing into a pretty black taffeta maid's uniform just in time to make a few final arrangements and answer the door.

"Good Afternoon, Mrs. Van Meer." the pretty maid greeted with a deep little curtsy before accepting Mrs. Van Meer's wrap and showing her into the living room where a bright fire cast its warmth on the paneling from a large stone fireplace.

"Mrs. Blair said that you would like a cocktail," Celestine noted allowing her to sit before helping her to remove her shoes before bringing her a cool drink. "If madame wishes, she might take a swim and have a massage afterwards before supper."

"Oh, you will spoil me, that is plain to see," Mrs. Van Meer sighed hardly guessing at the attention she would receive from this perfect servant girl from the morning breakfast in bed to an evening beauty bath and massage before she fell asleep.

Before the week was over she resolved that she would have this wondrous servant for herself, for never in her life had she been so completely pampered, so completely attended. But not only was the maid dutiful, she was also very polite. In short, the perfect lady's maid and housekeeper she had always dreamed of having?

"I must simply have her," Mrs. Van Meer exclaimed when Celestine went back into the kitchen to fetch the dessert tray to serve from the little lemon pies made for the regular Thursday night supper, which was held this evening at Mrs. Blair's cottage. "What on earth do you pay her?"

"It must come out to about ten cents an hour," Mrs. Blair replied to her own amused delight and her friend's amazement. "That is after all of the deductions for fringe benefits, and so forth."

She looked at the servant girl asking Mrs. Van Meer, "And why do you want to hire Celestine?"

"She is a wonderful maid. A jewel in every way, And Mrs. Love is going."

"But, she is quite attracted to men. In fact she dates almost any man who invites her. Don't you dearest?" Mrs Blair asked pointedly.

"As you wish, madame," was the embarrassed reply as the curtsying maid served her a little pie.

"You are quite serious about one though. Isn't that so?"

"We date often, madame."

Mrs. Van Meer shrugged to ask, "Do you attend to marry him?"

"No, madame."

"Would you object to working for Mrs. Van Meer, Celestine?"

"As you wish, madame," was the curtsied reply as he picked up the tray wondering if he had given the right answer. He could not work for her, Mrs. Blair might tell her his secret. "I do like to work for you, madame."

“Indeed,” Mrs. Blair observed with a shrug as if to reject the idea, “I think that Nancy can find better use for your services. So, at the end of the week you shall report to her housekeeper, Mrs. Love.”

She smiled at his stunned disbelief.

“Mrs. Love is going to return to her family I hear, ” she observed changing the subject, “Something about an inheritance?”

“Quite strange,” Mrs. Van Meer replied thinking of her own good fortune while she thought also of finding out how Mrs. Blair got by paying the girl such a divine salary. A perfect girl at a dime an hour, unusual.

“She had left her little girl with her grandparents when her husband died and came to work for me thinking that he had left her nothing, Then a Mr. Turner, ah. .one of your partners, I believe, wrote and said that she had been left fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. Turner stated that although the money was not clear, he did think that a loan could be arranged against the trust until it did. So she decided to open a dress shop in her own home town so she could be with her grandparents and her darling daughter.”

“It is quite fortunate that Celestine is willing to work for you,” Mrs. Blair observed, “Of course you will have to watch her very carefully. Come here girl!”

“Yes, madame,” Celestine replied standing properly before her after a hurried and somewhat frightened curtsy.

“Go fetch a hair brush, Celestine,” she ordered glancing towards Mrs. Gale and Mrs. Knox who was Celestine’s aunt.

Seeing the frightened servant curtsy before quickly retreating she turned towards Mrs. Van Meer.

“Nancy, is there anything about her which displeases you? Some fault which she should hasten to correct?”

“Well, I don't think that I could really complain. She is really a most perfect maid,” she replied wondering what Mrs. Blair had in mind with her strange request. She then shrugged saying, “I did soil my brown shoes last night and she neglected to clean and shine them so that I could have worn them this morning. But, they were neatly done by lunch time I noted. Hardly a major fault, eh?”

“Oh, but darling, you are absolutely wrong. She must arrange such things before she goes to bed. Everything you wear and own must be ready of instant use. That is her duty. You have allowed her to become lax. Hasn't she, Mrs. James?”

“I dare say so. You must insist upon perfect service at all times. A great deal of discipline has gone into training that girl to be a perfect maid,” Mrs. Jones noted, “You must insist upon perfection if you are to receive it.”

“Oh, really, you must be joking,” Mrs. Van Meer commented in surprised realization of what they had in mind. But, Mrs. Blair looked firmly at her as if to measure Mrs. Van Meer’s ability to deal with the willful servant girl. Uncertainly she looked to Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Knox, and Mrs. James seeing no sign in their eyes of any surprise over what she was expected to do. When Celestine returned with the hair brush she pushed out a straight back chair.

“Celestine, Mrs. Blair has informed me that you are expected to clean, repair, and arrange my clothes for use. Even those which I may have just removed. And that this must be done before you go to bed. Is that true?”

“Yes, ma'am,” Celestine replied and then he remembered the brown shoes.

“You will please tell me then why you failed to clean and polish the brown shoes I wore yesterday before you went to bed?” she demanded feeling her own strength grow as the girl's fears grew.

“It will not happen again, ma'am. Your maid has no excuse,” he replied hardly believing that she fully intended to spank him like a naughty child before the women, including his own aunt! “I am sorry, madame.”

“That will not serve. Give me the hair brush and lean over the seat of that chair with your panties down and skirts up and your hands folded behind your back until I am finished.”

For a long moment he looked at the other women and then at his mistress seeing that Mrs. Van Meer, although quite lovely and kind, was going to be at least as firm in requiring perfection as Mrs. James. If not more so! Meekly he arranged his skirts and panty hose as required before the amused, women and, then, in abject fear he bent over the chair to assume the proper position. A moment later the brush hit! Stroke after stroke drove him from brave forbearance into sobbing cries of anguish until she released her new servant girl. In trembling shame he managed to stand and curtsy feeling the horrible pain with every movement and knowing that she would not hesitate to use this way to keep her servant girl in line. Meekly he curtsied.

“Thank you, ma'am. Your servant shall remember her duties.”

“Indeed you shall,” she noted smacking the brush in her hand causing her new maid to wince and the ladies to laugh. She turned to Mrs. Blair.

“I suppose she has some things at your place. I will send a car to pick her up on Wednesday. Would that be alright?”

“Why certainly.”

And thus it was that Wednesday morning Celestine awoke with the knowledge that he was spending his last moments at Mrs. Blair's. Retreating from his bed to the bath room he took a quick shower before applying a fragrant after shower cologne and preparing for his morning toilette when Mrs. James entered.

“Good morning, ma'am.”

“Yes, Celestine,” she replied handing Celestine a bottle. “Fill your tub and pour this into it. Make sure that the water is hot. When you have been in it about five minutes you should be able to peel off your special panty.”

“Must I, ma'am?” he asked thinking how protective the panty had been.

She smiled her understanding.

“Perhaps Mrs. Van Meer would love to keep you in such a dainty panty. But, it may be best for you if you were without it. It also would be best if you were careful not to splash your lovely breasts while you bathe, dearest.”

“Yes, ma'am,” he replied returning to the bathroom. Within a few minutes the special bath began to soak through the fabric of the panty and it began to peel off as the chemical dissolved it!

The soft white flesh and Celestine's true sex was soon to be all that was left!

Moments later he was dressed in a white satin all in one panty corset, beige panty hose, white nylon and lace slip, light blue silken shirt waist dress and a pair of navy blue high heeled pumps.

Taking a moment to check the pretty blonde hairdo girl in the mirror Celestine picked up the two suit cases, his coat and purse before leaving his little room to go to the servant's entrance.

Leaving the suit cases, coat and purse by the door, he went to the nursery: to attend to the toddlers, who he dressed after their toilette rituals and led to the dining room for their morning breakfast with their mother. After Celestine had prepared the toddlers for their ride to school he released them into Mrs. James' care and returned to the dining room to clear the dishes.

He had barely straightened the dining room up when Mrs. Blair rang her golden call bell. In the living room Celestine discovered Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Van Meer, Mrs. Gale, and another matron, who must be Mrs. Love. “You rang, madame?”

“Yes, Celestine,” Mrs. Blair noted taking a folded sheet of paper from the polished walnut secretary to hand it to the maid along with a pen.

“This is your work agreement with Mrs. Van Meer. She has agreed to give you a raise in pay from five dollars and fifty cents an hour to six dollars an hour. That makes it three hundred and sixty dollars a week for sixty hours; less one hundred and forty four dollars for taxes and fringe, fifty for health insurance, seventy a week for room and board, fifteen a week for clothes and uniform expenses, thirty six for Mrs. Gale's employment service fees, thirteen for your debts and thirteen for tuition loan fees, and thirteen dollars for your savings account. That will leave you an allowance of six dollars a week, which Mrs. Van Meer will permit you to spend as she thinks would be prudent. The contract cites your basic duties as a maid and provides that you consent to any discipline which your mistress deems wise including public spanking.”

Mrs. Blair saw the maid meekly nod and sign the contract.

“Fine, she is yours, Mrs. Van Meer.”

And thus Celestine found himself taken to a new place of employment by Mrs. Love while Mrs. Van Meer and Mrs. Blair went to work. Mrs. Love had packed all of her things leaving her rooms cluttered by the rush of her hurried packing.

“This is to be your room, dearest ” she noted crossing the servant's suite which consisted of a small living area, bedroom, dressing room, and bath. The motif was early American colonial. “I left my uniforms and things. I am sure that you can alter them so that they will fit. I won't need them.”

“Thank you, ma'am,” he replied with a half curtsy. Just then the side door bell rang.

“Oh, that must be my taxi, dear,” she exclaimed and suddenly she left poor Celestine alone to discover for himself why Mrs. Van Meer considered her new maid to be such a perfect jewel. Mrs. Love certainly had not been a good housekeeper!

Celestine surveyed the five bedroom house with growing dismay to discovery that Mrs. Van Meer’s own master bedroom suite was an absolute feminine disaster zone with clothes strewn all over the place. And she worried about a pair of shoes not being polished!

Suddenly he remembered that she had a hold over him that she had not had over Mrs. Love. She could, and would spank him. And he would be found out if she did. He now saw why they had removed the panty, they knew that he would not risk being caught, so he would continue to be a perfect maid. Swallowing hard he turned to his duties.

Mrs. Van Meer arrived home at Six o’clock sharp wondering if her new girl had discovered just exactly how much she needed her. Taking her key she was about to insert it when it opened to reveal Celestine dressed in a neat black nylon uniform with lace collar, cuffs, and apron.

“Good evening, madame,” the maid greeted taking her coat and purse. Mrs. Van Meer ran her gloved hand over the foyer table to find it dusted. In fact as she followed her new maid into the living room she discovered that it had been cleaned also. “I have cleaned the living spaces and Madame’s rooms ” Celestine noted hopefully, “Tomorrow I shall endeavor to clean the other bedrooms and service area. By Friday the house should be presentable.”

Celestine saw her nod of approval.

“May I fix madame a cocktail?”

“Yes, please, Celestine,” Mrs. Van Meer sighed seeing that she had indeed been lucky to find such a perfect housekeeper. Relaxing as Celestine removed her shoes after handing her a tall cool drink she studied the lovely blonde hairdo maid. The girl was an absolute find. “I shall expect the house to be completely in order by Sunday night. From top to bottom. Do you understand, girl?”

“Yes, ma' am,” was the curtsied reply as the girl asked to be excused to arrange the dining room for supper.

Mrs. Van Meer relaxed watching the maid retreat towards the dining room after her permission had been granted and the girl had again curtsied, watching the girl’s walk she wondered why she had the strangest interest in the girl. Was she really becoming a lesbian?

Shaking her head to dismiss the thought she took another sip trying to dismiss the image of the maid's quivering fanny under her brush.

“God, damn.”

She took her supper in silence after suggesting that perhaps it would be best if she retired early. Retreating to her room after supper she watched T. V. as if to dismiss her thoughts, but her dreams drifted into thoughts about Celeste as did her waking mo-

ments the next few days while the house was transformed by the maid's work into perfection.

Mrs. Van Meer watched the girl work over the weekend and she saw in every motion a grace that caused her to retreat to her room to think of this new insanity which she had brought upon herself.

She loved the girl!

It was Thursday night when she left the house for supper with Mrs. Blair and the other women. Her mind was frantic for an escape and after supper she had a most curious thought.

“Julia, what ever happened to that cousin of yours. That brash bearded fellow you said would become my husband?”

“Nephew,” Mrs. Knox observed placing her fork aside. “It was a hopeless task.”

“Oh, do tell us about it,” Mrs. Blair asked knowing full well the story as did most of the others, although Mrs. Van Meer didn't know how well they knew.

Mrs. Van Meer recounted the story to their amused politeness and Mrs. Knox explained that her nephew had proved most uncooperative so she had to abandon the project.

“A good man is hard to find,” Mrs. Blair observed causing the others to laugh along with Mrs. Van Meer, who little suspected Mrs. Blair's real meaning.

When Mrs. Van Meer returned home that night she resolved to not allow the silent love of her maid to shatter her life style. It was clearly a matter of facing the truth. She had to find out for herself if she really was sexually caught up when spanking the girl! After supper she would go to her room and....

“Celeste, this dress is water spotted,” she complained holding the white pleated skirt up to the light before the suddenly very frightened maid. Seeing the stark terror in the girl's eyes she almost melted wanting to confess her cruel love, before something drove her on, “Fetch that hair brush, girl!”

“Please, Mrs. Van Meer,” the girl cried out in panic sinking to her knees in disobedient fear. “Please, ma'am?”

“That shall make me doubly harsh,” she announced fetching the brush herself. “Over the vanity stool with your panties down and skirts up, girl! At once!”

“Oh, mistress, I can't move!” the girl cried causing Mrs. Van Meer to take the girl roughly by the hand to pull her physically over the vanity chair. “Oh, no, please don't!”

The girl struggled to break free and Mrs. Van Meer had her hands full as she held the girl down taking advantage of her own size and strength to hold the little girl while her free hand lifted the skirts and tucked them into the black nylon corset the girl wore to reveal the shimmering smooth black satin panties over a daintily plump rear that excited Mrs Van Meer with its quivering efforts to escape. With a single movement her fingers caught the panty and panty hose to draw them down the maid's kicking

legs to reveal soft perfectly flawless white skin under the black mesh, and something else?

“Oh, mistress, I am so ashamed!”

“Indeed,” Mrs. Van Meer whispered looking at the obviously unfeminine nature of her maid’s true sex, seeing it grow in the friction against the satin of the vanity seat cover combined with sexual fears of being treated so by a woman!

“You will have a great deal more to be ashamed of!”

SWACK! The brush sought a tender fanny mound, SWACK!

Grimly she alternated between the two plump white halves of the screaming man's seat until he was reduced to whimpering! Releasing him she drew back the satin covers of her bed and stood by the bed.

“You will find a pink baby doll nighty in my closet. You will undress and put it on and then you shall give me a massage.”

“Yes. ma'am,” was the sobbing reply as the poor youth undressed to the buff in the relative privacy of her dressing room before he slipped into the pink baby dolls knowing that they did nothing to hide the incongruity of his sex and full breasts. In trembling pain mingled with the shame of his condition he came to see his mistress spread out over the smooth satin sheets completely nude!

“Come her, little Celestine,” she laughed looking at the youth and thinking over his name. “What is your real name, girl?”

“Celestine,” he replied with an instinctive curtsy as his free hand tried to hide the slowly growing swelling of his sex. “Please, Mrs. Van Meer, may I put my clothes back on?”

“Celestine!” she repeated suddenly realizing the truth. “And Mrs. Blair knew you were a boy?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he replied trying not to look at her. It was hard enough in the special panty!

“How naughty,” she laughed pulling his hand free, “No wonder she put you in that lovely panty. That is hardly suitable for a maid. Goodness knows what it would do to the front of your dress, tilting up your skirts so.”

Suddenly she laughed and pulled him into her bed to kiss the frightened youth and pull down his pink ruffled baby doll panties to release his frustrations with her own until he fell asleep like a small child in her arms.

“I shall find you a little panty to wear just to keep you for me.” she sighed looking at his form. “And although I most certainly shall marry you so that I can have some babies for these to be stimulated for,” she mused touching the soft child's breasts. “I think you shall stay as my most perfect maid.”

Smiling to herself she awoke him seeing with amused delight his surprise. “You may put on your clothes, Celeste,” she noted rather casually, “I shall expect breakfast in bed in the morning. You may wear your pink uniform.”

“Yes, ma'am,” the maid replied in confusion to gather the uniform and things upon the floor.

“May I be excused, ma'am” he replied after dressing.

“Not yet,” she said going to her jewel box to remove from it the high crowned engagement ring her late husband had given her. “Come here,” she ordered taking his trembling left hand into her' s to slip the ring in place. “Do you know that I love you, Celestine?”

Celestine looked at the ring in fascination thinking over her words. After a long moment he hesitantly asked, “Does this mean...”

“Yes. Will you do me the honor of being my husband,” she laughed taking him into her arms for a kiss!

Two weeks later Mrs. Knox attended dinner at her bosses' home. Since it was Thursday night she assumed that it was the usual dinner with the ladies of the women's group.

Therefore she was quite surprised to be greeted at the door by Mrs. James. “Do come in, you are just in time for the wedding.

“Wedding?”

Without a word she opened the living room door to reveal Mrs. Van Meer dressed in a pastel pink silk shantung suit standing before an awaiting happy Judge Burr as the other ladies and their husbands waited. Taking her seat she heard Mrs. James begin to play the wedding march and saw Celestine enter the room dressed in a white satin pants suit carrying a bridal bouquet!

And thus it was that Aunt Julia domesticated a male sexist and earned her vice presidency....