



Reluctant Press presents:

A Tangled Web

Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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A TANGLED WEB

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Brad Fletcher groaned miserably as his twin sister remorselessly tightened the corset that was threatening to cut him in half.

“Not so hard, Brenda,” he gasped as she continued, with a mean smile on her usually placid face, to draw the strings securing the torturous garment ever tighter.

“Be quiet, little girl,” she laughed as she reacted to his complaint by pulling on the corset’s laces even more vigorously.

Brad grimaced but didn’t allow the sharp retort that had formed unbidden in his mind to escape through his taut lips. He knew from bitter experience that anything other than a positive reply would only cause his forceful sister to increase her efforts to further dominate him.

Not that he was really in any position to exert his manhood. Brenda had already dressed him in her stockings, drawers, chemise and petticoats before continuing his feminization by corseting him as well.

It had started in her well-appointed bedroom only minutes before. As always she took complete charge over him when they were alone. There was no doubt in either of their minds who should really have been born the boy. It was obvious that they had ended up in the wrong bodies at birth. Brenda wanted nothing more than to be a rough and tumble male while Brad was quite content to play the role of a mild, obsequious girl in the presence of his more virile sibling.

“Get those clothes off so I can wear them. And you can put mine on, girlie,” were the first words she uttered when he had entered her bedroom.

"Darn, Brenda. Do we have to play that game again? I'm not so sure it's a good idea right now," Brad whined.

"Don't be all coy with me, missy! I know how much you love the feel of feminine finery on your soft skin. Now, get on with it before I paddle your butt."

"All right, all right. Don't get all upset, sis. It's just that I'm expecting Father to give me a call soon. With Jason and Bill away he mentioned that he might need me later especially if the weather turns nasty."

"The weather looks just fine and the chance of our loving father needing your help is pretty slim, dearest. Just do as I say and be quick about it! When I say jump I only expect you to ask how high. I'm tired of being confined in these damn girl clothes and want to spend some time in pants. Now strip, girl!"

Sighing in resigned exasperation, Brad did exactly as Brenda told him - just as he had done numerous times before.

As soon as he was completely divested of his clothing, Brad quickly assisted Brenda in removing her numerous, extremely feminine garments. Although seeing each other nude had been exciting when they were younger it had happened so many times in the past few years that it no longer elicited a great response in either of them. They loved each other dearly but their relationship was not in the least bit sexual. Their illicit liaisons, although strictly platonic in nature, still allowed them to leave behind - at least temporarily - the stereotypes forced on them by their family and society. It was only when they were playing the role of the opposite sex that either of them, particularly Brenda, felt complete.

"Thank goodness for that," Brenda exclaimed as she finally shed the last of her clothing. "Let me get into your clothes and then I'll give you hand getting into mine. Start with the stockings and garters while I'm getting dressed."

"I just hope everything will work out," Brad muttered as he picked up the first of her fine black silk stockings and began working it up his left leg. Fastidiously positioning it he made sure it stayed in place with a garter and then repeated the process with his right leg. As always the feel of the material and the sight of his limbs clad in such a feminine fashion sent a shiver of excitement through his trembling body. *Brenda is right*, he thought. *I do love the thrill of dressing up in her lovely clothes. Why she would want to take them off and put on coarse, heavy male clothing is beyond me.*

As if echoing his thoughts, Brenda announced in a satisfied voice, "There, I'm just about finished and it feels so much more comfortable than those damn bits of feminine foolishness that mother insists I wear. Come on, girlie. Stop admiring yourself and get those drawers on."

With an exasperated sigh at his sister's belittling comments, Brad picked up the fine white linen drawers that Brenda had thrown on the bed. They were wide-legged and flared with delicate lace adorning the hems designed to end just below the knee of each leg. Carefully stepping into them he drew them up his stocking-covered limbs before buttoning the waist closure at the center of his back. His nimble agility in doing so spoke volumes about the number of times that he had done this womanly task in the past.

"There all done," Brenda proclaimed as she finished pulling on Brad's boots. "Can't say the same for you though. You women folk sure take for ever to get dressed!"

Brad ground his teeth in frustration at her bantering but said nothing as he plucked up the chemise from the bed. It was a simply cut, sleeveless white silk garment with narrow shoulders and round neckline designed to protect a woman's skin from the corset and dress she would don later. The neckline and the hem were highly decorated with lace and embroidery.

Tuning out his sister's ongoing comments, Brad allowed the light garment to float down over his raised arms and head so that it could slither along his torso and upper legs until its lacy hem danced to a stop just past his knees. As always, the caressing touch of the exquisite material caused him to smile slightly in anticipation of even more exciting sensations to come.

"Time for your petticoats, only three today, so count yourself lucky."

Brenda's cryptic comment brought Brad back to the reality of the moment. With a gasp of joy he noticed that the three petticoats on the bed were white silk. He knew from experience that they would create a fascinating rustle as he walked. They were fashioned to provide a curved flare below the knee and had circular flounces at their bottom hems. In a matter of minutes he had finished tying off the last one at his waist and was giving them a gentle shake to make sure they lay properly over his stocking-clad legs. The sound of their distinctive rustle and the sleek feel of their smooth material over his lower body caused him to lose himself in the delicious sensations of wearing such magnificent embodiments of femininity.

"Come on, girl," Brenda commanded. "Stop your silly daydreaming and let's get your corset on. Turn around and I'll lace you up once you have closed the front clasps."

Brad picked up the formidable foundation garment with the slightest feeling of trepidation. Once he was enclosed in its firm grip he quite enjoyed the idea of being so severely constrained but the actual act of being enclosed in its formidable grasp was never a particularly enjoyable experience especially as Brenda seemed to take a nasty delight in tightening it as much as possible.

The corset was made of white silk and extensively decorated with embroidery, lace and ribbon but it still resembled an armor-like garment with its numerous shaped pieces, bones, starch and steam moldings. With trembling hands, Brad wrapped it around his torso and fastened the metal loops and studs along its front so that it started to elevate his soft pectoral muscles into small breasts, flatten his stomach and narrow his waist. A process that Brenda completed by tugging and pulling the laces at the back until her brother was gasping for breath and she was satisfied with his feminized figure.

"There, that looks better on you, my dear," she chortled as she tied off the straining strings. "You should have no trouble in putting my dress on now. Our measurements must be almost identical once you have that horrible instrument of torture wrapped around you."

Brad took a shallow breath and muttered weakly, "It's a small price to pay when you get to wear so many other nice things."

“Stop talking nonsense, wench,” Brenda replied. “It’s all too much. I far prefer the freedom of trousers. Now, put your corset cover, or as it’s now called, camisole on. And then I’ll help you with your boots before we get you into the dress.”

The camisole was a waist length, sleeveless, front-opening garment with lace and ribbons adorning the rounded neckline and arm openings. Brad picked up the white silk article of clothing and quickly buttoned it closed while enjoying the sensation of adding yet another layer of femininity to his already encased body.

“Very nice,” Brenda purred. “Now sit on the bed for a minute and I’ll help you with your dainty little boots. You really should have put them on before the corset but it’s too late to worry about that now.”

Brad gingerly settled himself on the bed as the corset kept his upper body severely erect. There was no doubt that his sister was right about it being impossible to get anything on his feet once he was encased in its crushing grip. Bending over that far would be almost impossible.

Using a shoehorn Brenda slid a narrow boot on his right foot and then the other on his left. Only when they were both in place did she turn her attention to buttoning them up with a buttonhook so they fit snugly up the lower portion of his silk stocking covered calf. Made from gleaming black leather they seemed to mold themselves to his feet without being too constrictive or tight. From experience he knew that the two-inch heels wouldn’t be too difficult to walk in even though the boots were small and fragile compared to the manlier version of footwear he was used to wearing.

“There, all done, girlie,” Brenda announced with a flourish. “Let me help you up milady.”

Brad accepted her extended hand with a feeling of gratitude in spite of her teasing comments. From experience he knew that dressed as he was getting up from the low-lying bed would be difficult without some assistance.

“Let’s get you into that pretty green dress that you’ve been lusting after since mother bought it for me last week,” she continued as he came upright once again. “It’s of the finest silk and will really look good on you.”

Brad could only nod his head in silent agreement. He had indeed been watching her wearing the new dress with a considerable degree of envy. The rustling sound made by it and her silk petticoats as she walked around the house almost drove him to distraction as he thought about how nice it would be for him to be able to try it on.

Even as he was thinking about the joy of wearing it, Brenda had it down over his head and was using the numerous small buttons to tightly close it along his back. *He’ll never be able to get this off without someone else assisting him* she thought. *I wonder if he ever thinks of things like that when he is all dolled up?*

Like the underlying petticoats, the skirt of the dress gave a curved flare below the knee while the bodice clung tightly to the womanly shape of his upper body created by the corset. The sleeves were long and the neckline was conservative but there was no doubt about the feminine curves lying beneath the green silk covering. The full hem of the dress swept

the floor gracefully allowing the pointed tips of his boots to only peek out briefly whenever he took a step toward the full mirror in the corner of his sister's room.

"Very nice," Brenda commented as she watched him preening while looking at his reflected image in the mirror and realizing he probably wasn't even aware of his small, fussy movements while he made tiny adjustments to the dress adorning his feminized body. *He sure does love all this womanly finery she thought. It's too bad that he wasn't born the girl so that I could enjoy the freedom and status he gets automatically by the fact that he is male. What a fool he is to want to be anything but a man. But then again maybe I'm the fool for indulging him. At the moment he gets to play the big macho male almost all the time and still gets to indulge his feminine fancies on a regular basis. All I get to do is to dress up in his clothing for short periods, usually in my bedroom. It's not really fair!*

Brad was too preoccupied with his reflection to be aware of his sister's thoughts. If he had been he would probably have been shocked, as it was mainly due to her dominant behavior that he had been introduced to wearing female clothing. An introduction that he had resisted initially but now he had developed a love, almost a compulsion, when it came to presenting himself as a female. And he knew his slight build and fine features allowed him to make a very presentable one. After all he and Brenda looked very much alike.

"Time to do your hair, girlie," Brenda announced. "Lucky it's almost as long as mine so I'll just brush it out into a more feminine style and put some ribbons into it."

Brad primly sat on the bed and allowed her to fuss with his blond hair. She had always kept hers in a fairly simple style tied back with ribbons stating that she didn't want to be bothered with anything too fancy. *Just as well he thought. There is no way that I could let her do anything too drastic with my hair. I have to be able to return it to its original state before I leave her room. Father already gets mad enough at me for keeping my hair long.*

"There you go, young lady," Brenda stated as she put the brush away. "Here are some clip-on earrings. Nice dangly ones and a matching pearl necklace to finish things off. And take my rings too. They look kind of silly on my hands when I'm dressed in your clothes."

Brad took the three rings his sister was holding out and slipped two on his right hand and one on his left admiring the sparkle and glitter of the feminine jewelry.

"Now for your makeup and then we can take an hour or two to enjoy ourselves and still change back in time to make an appearance for dinner. Aren't you glad that we went ahead and took this opportunity to have a bit of fun? You always were too much of a worrier," Brenda stated as she picked up a kohl pencil and outlined each of his eyes with the soft black liner.

Satisfied with her efforts she then used a soft brown mascara to shade his upper and lower eyelashes and a light oily blue preparation to highlight his eyelids.

"There, that makes your eyes so much more attractive," she declared as she stepped back from her ministrations. Brad could barely contain a throaty chuckle as he listened to her words. She rarely wore makeup herself and today had been no exception. Before they had exchanged clothes her face had been unmarked by the slightest trace of any cosmetics. Still, he enjoyed the fact that she had the requisite artistry to make his face even more feminine looking than it already was.

After applying a clear face powder to his features to conceal any blemishes she used some reddish Indian earth to add a soft blush to his high cheekbones and finished with red rouge to his already plump lips.

"Finished," she stated as he rose from the bed and critically examined his reflection in the mirror. As always Brenda had done a fine job and his face did indeed look not only feminine but also an exact duplicate of his sister's, at least when she took the time to bother with makeup herself. It would take an extremely astute observer to tell he wasn't Brenda.

"Thank you, kind sister," he exclaimed. "You have outdone yourself once again."

"Now you know the rules, girlie," she chided him. "Now that we are fully dressed as each other, we also swap identities, including names."

"Sorry, Brad," he dutifully replied. "As I was saying, you have outdone yourself."

"That's alright, Brenda. I know that you are a bit dizzy, like most women," she replied. "It must be the tight corset or perhaps the sheer volume of all those pretty clothes you are wearing."

"Oh, stop being such a tease," Brad answered absently as he continued to admire himself in the mirror. *Sis has done a great job on me he thought. I'll have to get some more practice in with the makeup this afternoon. I'm getting quite good at it but she still can do a better job than me. Amazing when she hardly ever uses any on herself.*

Brenda chuckled as she watched her brother slowly losing himself in his self-absorbed examination of the reflection in the mirror. *Not that I look too bad either she thought as she took the opportunity to check out her own image. I fill these male clothes as well as my dear effeminate brother that's for sure.*

With an infectious grin on her face she began to move around the bedroom luxuriating in the wonderful feeling of



freedom as she walked and stomped around without the biting grip of a corset or the smothering clasp of multiple petticoats. It was this almost giddy experience that made changing clothes with her brother something to look forward to and savor.

Brenda had just finished an exhilarating somersault over her bed after smiling at the sight of her brother preening in front of the mirror when both of them froze at the sound of a loud knock on the bedroom door.

Chapter 2

"I just don't know what to do with those twins," Walter Fletcher growled to his wife Agatha. "I sometimes think that Brenda is more of a man than Brad. Here they are almost twenty and neither has done much of anything except leach off their long-suffering parents. Why can't Brad be more like his two brothers, Jason and Bill? Not to mention Brenda who doesn't seem the least bit interested in getting married like her two older sisters. We really have to do something about both of them."

Agatha had heard this train of thought before and although she agreed that the twins were definitely different than their older siblings she was quite prepared to protect them from any threat including their father. After all, both of them took after her - at least physically - whereas the older children, particularly the boys, were more like their father. Still, she couldn't help wondering about Brad's lack of drive and Brenda's forceful personality, which seemed to lead her into almost constant resistance to adopting a woman's proper role in society. There was no doubt that she would run around like some wild man if she could have her way.

Thank goodness I talked Walter into moving from our ranch into town a few years ago she thought. There is no telling what kind of mischief Brenda would have gotten into if we were still living out in the middle of nowhere. At least here I've been able to keep her under some sort of control. Letting Jason and Bill move their families out to the ranch and getting Walter involved in running a freight business here in town was definitely a good idea. Now if I could only get Brad to act more like his brothers and Brenda like her sisters everything would be grand.

"Darn it, here we are in the late 1890's and living a good life," Walter continued. "The ranch is doing well under Jason and Bill and the freight business is really starting to take off. We have a nice house here in town. Our two older daughters are happily married and I reckon that you are enjoying being in town so that leaves us Brad and Brenda to sort out. Do you have any ideas?"

Agatha was dreading that question as she was really at her wits end in trying to come up with some sort of plan to make her baby boy more of a man and her baby girl more of a

woman. Brad was probably the more malleable of the two but only seemed to be interested in following his twin sister's lead. Maybe that was the key to the solution.

"I've been thinking about this a lot," she replied hesitantly to her husband's query. "I think that we need to separate the two somehow. Brenda has too much influence over Brad. She tells him how high to jump and he does it. Maybe you need to get him more involved in the freight business and at the same time I could take Brenda back east. I hear that there are some fine establishments that are designed to make unruly females womanlier. If so, we might solve both of our problems at one go."

"You may be right," Walter exclaimed. "A capital idea if we can get Brad doing a man's work and you can put Brenda into a woman's environment. Do you know of any of these places?"

Agatha gave a small smile of satisfaction. "As a matter of fact, I've been in correspondence with some of my friends in Boston and they have sent me some literature on a number of schools ... schools that specialize in preparing girls to take their proper place in society. Normally their pupils are younger than Brenda but I don't think that should be a problem."

"Yes," her husband enthused. "I think that you have come up with the key to this whole mess. We have to get Brenda out of here and then we will be able to get Brad sorted out. How soon can you make the arrangements? I feel that the sooner the better should be our approach to this whole mess. If only we had thought of this earlier."

"Well, we didn't," Agatha replied with a little annoyance in her voice. "However, now that we have, or should I say I have, it certainly makes sense to move things along as quickly as possible. What do you think of the idea of me sending a letter tomorrow telling my friends that I'm coming with Brenda and asking that they make some inquiries? That way we could be traveling to Boston while they are doing so. Maybe we could leave a week after sending the letter. Even if nothing comes of putting Brenda into a proper establishment that will still leave you a couple of months to sort out Brad while we are gone."

"You'll be gone a long time," Walter said with a forlorn look on his face. He was deeply in love with his practical but caring spouse and would miss her dreadfully. He looked fondly at his wife who was slight but well formed in figure and still had a pretty face framed by long blonde hair; a complete contrast to the large, solid build of her ruggedly handsome husband but a good match for him when it came to spirit and determination.

"Don't worry, dearest," she murmured affectionately as she patted his hand. "I'll be back before you know it and you can take the opportunity to make a man out of your wayward son."

"That's true," her doting husband replied. "And you will undoubtedly enjoy a trip back to your old haunts in Boston. All right, I'll miss you but I think it's important that we do this for Brad and Brenda. Will you send the letter tomorrow?"

"Certainly and then I'll have to think about the best way to get the children prepared for this news. I probably won't say anything for a few days and then I'll convince Brenda that we will be going out east for a visit. If I make it sound like an adventure and not men-

tion the schooling aspect of the trip she will probably be quite excited about the whole thing."

"Good idea," Walter agreed. "She can be quite determined. Just like her mother I'll add; so my money's on you to get your way!"

"Determined, me? I think that's the kettle calling the pot black, mister," Agatha laughed. "There is nobody in this household that's half as stubborn as you!"

"True enough," Walter answered with a grin. "Let's just hope that we can cultivate some of that spunk in Brad. Maybe I should take him out to look at the herd on the south pasture this afternoon. I promised Bill and Jason I'd keep an eye on them while they were on that cattle drive up north and I don't like the look of the weather at the moment. We should be back before it gets too late."

Agatha knew that Walter still enjoyed keeping a close eye on the ranch although he allowed the two boys to manage the day-to-day running of the spread. Any excuse was a good one to ride out and get his hands dirty if he could. But why not and he could take Brad along with him so that the plan they had just come up with could be brought into play sooner rather than later.

"Sounds like a good idea, dear. I think both Brad and Brenda are up in her bedroom," she replied. "Why don't I go and tell him to get organized and join you in five minutes down at the stables? Then the two of you can ride out and look at the herd before joining us for dinner."

Walter pulled her into his arms, his six-foot body enveloping her petite 5' 2" form, and gave her a lusty kiss. "Sounds like a capital idea, my lovely wife. Go and get that errand son sorted out and maybe we'll do more than enjoy a nice dinner tonight."

Agatha gave a little squeal of mock horror as she pushed him away. "Walter, you terrible beast. Keep your mind on the matter at hand. Can't you think of anything else?"

A small smile on her pretty face belayed the message her words conveyed and Walter gave her a suggestive wink and cocky wave of his hand as he swaggered from the room to prepare for the afternoon ride. Agatha watched him go while a blush of anticipation crept up through her body at the thought of what they might do later in the evening.

Come on girl, get a grip on yourself she told herself sternly. Track down Brad and get him on his way and then sort out that letter you have to send off tomorrow. I suppose I could get Martha, the maid, to tell Brad to meet his father but it's better if I do it.

Pulling up the front of her long skirts, Agatha negotiated the winding staircase to the upper story of the house and hurried down the hallway to Brenda's room. *I wish they wouldn't spend so much time hiding away together in their bedrooms she thought. I'm not sure it's entirely natural even if they are twins. Goodness knows what they get up to behind closed doors. It really is a good thing that we are going to separate them until they sort out their respective lives.*

Reaching Brenda's bedroom she hesitated momentarily before raising her hand to give the door a hard knock. It was only when she heard muffled sounds emanating from the room that she brought her hand down sharply on the wood.

A disconcerting silence was the only result. Any sounds from behind the door abruptly ceased. It was as if the occupants had ceased to breathe in their eagerness to avoid detection.

"Brenda, Brad, I know you are in there," Agatha stated loudly before striking the door again and rattling the handle. "What are you doing that requires you to lock the door? Now open up this instant or I'll be having your father kick the door down."

Brenda gulped nervously and then signaled Brad to open the door. He looked at her as if she had gone mad and shrank back against the mirror with a look of horror on his painted face.

"Just a moment, mother," Brenda called as she marched over to her cowering brother. "Go and open the darn door before mother really gets suspicious. It's bad enough that she has found it locked," she whispered as quietly as she could.

"I can't," Brad whimpered. "What if she can tell we are dressed as each other? We'll never live it down. Our lives will be hell."

"Don't be such a fool. Even our own mother won't be able to tell. I'll let her in, seeing you're being such a little sissy, then we can find out what she wants and get changed after she leaves. Don't be such a baby, remember to speak in a higher pitch as we've practiced and try and act naturally or she will know something is wrong."

Having muttered these last remarks in her brother's trembling ear, Brenda strode confidently over to the door, turned the key and opened the door for her mother who was just getting ready to knock again.

"About time, young man," Agatha snapped angrily as she swept by him. "What have you two been doing here behind locked doors? No, don't bother telling me, there isn't time. We will discuss it later. Right now, Brad, get to your room and sort yourself out to join your father in riding out to check the herd on the south pasture. He wants you at the stables in less than five minutes so get moving."

Brenda and Brad exchanged a shocked look but before they could do anything else Agatha had pushed Brenda out of the room with a sharp command to not waste any more time as she firmly closed the door.

"As for you young lady," Agatha snapped at Brad, "you should know better than to stay behind locked doors with a man, even if he is your brother. You have a reputation to protect and behaving in this manner is not the way to do so. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother," Brad answered in a close approximation to his sister's voice. Luckily he didn't really have a deep, manly timbre tone when he spoke so it wasn't that difficult to do.

"Very well," his mother muttered somewhat appeased by his contrite reply. "I want to speak to you about other matters but they will have to wait until later as I have to write a letter for mailing tomorrow. Before I go though I must compliment you on your appearance. Your dress and makeup are lovely. I just wish that you would use cosmetics more often and let me do something about your hair. It would look so much nicer if you styled it properly."

Brad listened to her prattle on for several more minutes while screaming internally for her to finish up and leave so that he and Brenda could change back into their own clothes. If they didn't do it soon there would be hell to pay. His father was not the kind of man who tolerated tardiness.

Unfortunately his unspoken communication had no effect on his mother and he could only smile and nod politely while she chatted on about a number of inconsequential matters. It was only with a superhuman effort that he managed to remain relatively still and not begin to fidget nervously as the minutes slipped remorselessly away.

As she spoke Agatha had moved slowly around the room quietly checking to see if she could see anything amiss or something that would provide evidence of any wrong doing that had occurred before she entered the room. With a sense of relief she realized that there was nothing to indicate any sort of illicit behavior.

Stopping to look out the window she casually stated, "Oh, good there are Brad and your father riding off now. I'm so happy that they got away without any trouble."

Struggling to contain an anguished cry of disbelief, Brad rushed as quickly as he could to join her at the window. The tight grip of the corset, the numerous layers of cloth around his legs and the narrow span of his boot's sole made it a more difficult task than he had anticipated.

The sight of his father and Brenda riding off together was almost too much. His heart felt as if would hammer right through his chest wall and a gasp of horror escaped his painted lips. The room began to sway around him as he fought to keep from collapsing to the floor in a dead faint.

"My dear, are you all right? You've gone terribly pale," his mother asked with a considerable degree of concern in her voice. She had never seen her daughter act so strangely. Usually she was the epitome of robust health and strength.

Gasping with the effort, Brad replied in a weak voice, "I'm fine, mother, just a little lightheaded. Maybe I should lie down for minute."

"Of course, my love. Here let me help you. There you are. It's probably your corset being tied a bit too tightly. You should tell Martha to be more careful in future. Would you like me to loosen it?"

Fear shot through Brad as he heard his mother's question. There was no way he wanted her taking off any of his clothes. "No, no. It's all right. Just let me lie here for a while. Everything will be fine."

"Very well, Brenda. If you need anything just give Martha or me a call. Now rest, child."

"Yes, mother," Brad muttered as he closed his eyes and listened for the door to gently close as Agatha swept from the room. *What in the hell has Brenda done now? That stupid girl has really left me in a heap of trouble. I'll be giving her a piece of my mind once she has returned and we can change back into our own clothes again. I'm just going to have to lay low until that happens. Thank goodness mother didn't suspect anything – at least not yet!*

Chapter 3

After her mother had thrust her out of the room with a warning not to waste time, Brenda stood indecisively by the closed door for several seconds. What could she do? To return to her bedroom was impossible while Abigail was inside and she couldn't keep her father waiting too long or his suspicions would be raised.

Why don't I go along with this impersonation, she suddenly thought. Brad can pretend to be me and I'll ride along with father. I've always wanted to dress and act as a man outside the confines of my bedroom and this is my chance. And how hard will it be for Brad to play the part of the little woman until we return. He can just stay in the room and keep out of everybody's way until I get back. As for me, I could always shoot and ride better than him anyway. Perfect, I'm going to do it.

With a small chuckle of happiness, Brenda rushed off to Brad's room and grabbed his rifle, a Stetson to jam on her head and a jacket to carry. She knew it could get cold while out riding even if the weather was quite pleasant at this time of the year. Opening a drawer, she scooped out a handful of bullets and shoved them into one of the jacket pockets.

Blue eyes sparkling with anticipation, she gave a small yell of joy as she slammed the door to Brad's bedroom and rushed down the hall to finally escape the house while dressed as a man. In minutes she was at the stables, saddling her brother's horse and preparing to ride off with her father who was already mounted.

"Come on then, Brad, time to go out and do some man's work today. Let me know when you're ready to go," he said with a small grin while he watched his 'son' get ready. *Not a bad start to our plan. He certainly seems keen to come along with me. There are times when I think he would rather be staying back at the house and doing nothing.*

"Ready, father," Brenda stated as she swung up into the saddle in one easy motion.

"Right, let's go then, boy," Walter responded. "We better get a move on if we want to be back in time for dinner."

That was easier than I thought it would be Brenda mused as they rode along. *I'll just have to remember to keep my voice a bit lower in tone than usual. Luckily Brad doesn't have that deep a voice anyway. He's probably having a great time back in my bedroom. Let's just hope mother isn't spending too much time with him. If anyone can figure out that we are doing a switch it will be her.*

Enjoying the freedom of being out as a man, Brenda rejoiced in every minute of the ride out to the family ranch. The warm rays of the late summer sun made it unnecessary to use the jacket but she knew it would probably be a welcome additional layer of warmth later on in the day. Her father made the occasional passing comment and she kept her answers short but enthusiastic in an attempt to encourage him to keep on talking. It was an exhilarating experience to be treated as a son rather than a daughter.

All too soon they were closing in on the southern pasture of the ranch, as it was the one closest to the town. In the last few miles the sun had been blotted out by steadily thickening clouds and Brenda was more than happy to pull the jacket on as they rode. The temperature had dropped considerably and she congratulated herself on having the foresight to bring it along.

"There's the herd," Walter announced as they rode over a small rise. "They don't look too bad from here but we'd better go down and have a closer look. I'll circle around to the left and you go to the right, Brad. We'll meet on the other side."

"Right, father," Brenda replied happily. Not only was she out posing as a man, she was now going to actually do a man's work. It was just too exciting for words. She could hardly wait until she returned home and told her sissy brother what she had been up to while he was moping around the house all decked out in feminine finery.

The herd was a big one, at least 600 head, and well spread out so it was going to be a fairly long ride to get around them and meet on the far side so Walter and Brenda went their separate ways without any further discussion. They had only gone a few hundred feet when lightening and thunder began rumbling in the distance and a light rain began to fall. *Hope that keeps its distance* Walter thought as he hunched down further in his saddle in a vain effort to avoid the rain.

Brenda rode along with an excited tingle racing through her veins as she continued to revel in being out on the ranch and successfully masquerading as her brother. She didn't even notice the rain as she carefully eyed the cattle that had been standing placidly when they arrived but were now showing signs of increasing nervousness. *Must be the thunder and lightening in the distance* she thought. *As long as it stays that way everything should be all right.*

The rain became heavier as they continued in their long circular ride around the herd but the thunder and lightening seemed to be keeping its distance. As the wind picked up and became progressively stronger the rain seemed to be lashing the landscape almost horizontally. The clouds had become so thick that a dull darkness descended even though it was only mid-afternoon. Brenda pulled her jacket closer around her and for the first time began to wonder if doing a man's work was really all that much fun. An image of Brad reclining in feminine comfort on her bed intruded on her thoughts and made her start to question who was the clever one.

Not that there's a darn thing I can do about it at the moment. But I'll make that little sissy squirm when I get back. I'll have to give it some thought on the way home.

Brenda's ruminations were brought to an abrupt halt as she observed her father looming up out of the gloom. She realized that she was more than happy to see him. Riding alone in the deteriorating weather had made her feel small and insignificant in relation to the vast open spaces around her. Particularly as the relatively warm, lush surroundings she was used to had been replaced with a much more hostile environment dominated by the continuing onslaught of the heavy rain and fierce wind.

"Everything look all right to you, Brad," Walter yelled to be heard above the never-ending howl of the elements.

"Yes, father," Brenda called back while struggling to keep her voice sounding masculine.

"I don't like the looks of this weather but we might as well head back," her father replied loudly.

Just as he finished speaking, a blazing flash of lightening and a horrendous clap of thunder cracked overhead. The reverberations had hardly died down before another followed and yet another. Both Walter and Brenda felt as if the very forces of hell were pummeling them. It was a struggle to even stay in their saddles.

As they were fighting to regain control of their mounts the herd became a bellowing, stampeding mass of frightened cattle. The intermittent flashes of brilliant light provided by the lightening brought a terrifying picture of tossing heads and pounding hoofs to life.

"Damn," Walter screamed. "They are heading for the river. If we don't stop them, half of them will end up dead! Come on Brad, we've got to turn them."

Brenda was so frightened that her first instinct was to ride in the opposite direction that the herd was taking. Luckily both she and Walter had been positioned off to one side of the main herd when the lightening had struck. It would be easy enough to avoid the occasional stray cow that was rushing by in an effort to join the rest of the herd. Anything would be better than approaching that black, brutal mass of stampeding cattle with their long horns and sharp hoofs just waiting to pulverize the horse or rider who made the slightest error.

It was only by an almost superhuman effort that she managed to overcome that craven instinct and follow Walter instead. *If he can do it, so can I* she thought to herself as she urged her horse to catch up to her rapidly disappearing father.

As she did so her fear began to subside and was replaced by an almost joyous exhilaration at her ability to deliberately go into harm's way. A challenge had been presented to her and she was determined to measure up. It might be all right for her brother to avoid his manly duties but she was made of sterner stuff and she would prove it to him and, more importantly, herself on this day.

Urging her horse on in the deepening gloom, mud flying from his hooves, the rain slashing down in a torrential downpour she felt more alive than she had ever done. Leaning down and keeping her head low Brenda couldn't help giving a yell of pure joy at what she was doing.

Slowly she caught up with her father as he gradually began to overtake the head of the stampeding herd. He knew that one false step would likely lead to a sudden death for either of them but his heart filled with joy to know that his son was sticking with him in spite of the dangers. *Maybe I underestimated him* he thought. *Agatha's plan may just work. But I can't dwell on that at the moment. We have to get the herd to turn and it's going to take a bit of fine riding to do it successfully.*

Even as he turned his attention back to the task at hand he had the uneasy feeling that they were getting perilously close to the river. Visibility had been reduced to a few yards but he knew this land so intimately that he was intuitively aware that there wasn't much time to get the herd to swerve away. Grimacing with the effort he leaned further into the neck of his horse and encouraged it to even greater speed.

Brenda spurred her mount in an effort to keep up with him but her horse was starting to falter after being driven so hard. With dismay she watched her father slowly pull ahead until he was almost lost from view in the driving rain. Tucking her head down she did the

only thing that she could do, urged her horse to run as fast as it could even though she was steadily losing ground.

Unaware that he was slowly pulling away from his fellow rider, Walter gave a gasp of relief as he saw that he was coming alongside the lead cattle. It was less of a bellowing, rampaging mass at the front and he saw his opportunity to start cutting across the front of the herd so that he could bring their leaders around and away from the river. Taking a deep breath he began the dangerous maneuver of swerving in front of the stampeding steers. The slightest mistake would mean a quick death.

Believing his son was still just behind him, he pulled off his Stetson and began yelling and waving his arm wildly as he came alongside the leading cattle. For a long moment he thought they were too panicked to pay any attention to his frantic efforts but gradually they began to turn to their left and away from the looming death trap of the river. With a thrill of exhilaration he continued to lead them away secure in the knowledge that they could now slowly run themselves to a halt. However for the moment there was no way he could break away without putting himself and Brad into peril. It was better to go with the flow of the herd, already showing signs of tiring, for at least a few more minutes.

Brenda sensed that the cattle ahead of her were beginning to turn even though she could no longer see her father. Relief ran through her, as it became apparent that the dangerous maneuver of heading off the herd was working. *This will be some story to tell the little sissy at home* she thought.

A thought that was brought to an abrupt end as the earth suddenly gave way under her horse's hooves and she went hurtling down into the black, icy waters of the swollen river. The drop was no more than ten feet but she barely managed to hang on to the saddle as her mount hit with a great splash that submerged them both. Spluttering with the shock of the cold she bobbed to the surface while clutching desperately at her horse's mane. If she could hold on there was a chance she could survive. Losing her grip would mean almost certain death, as she had never been much of a swimmer.

Even over the roar of the raging water she could hear a few heavy splashes and pathetic lowing of cattle in distress so it was obvious that at least a few of the herd had followed her into the river. The swift current was carrying her away quickly enough that having one land on her wasn't a major concern. A rather moot point as drowning seemed to be a much more likely fate.

"Come on boy," she murmured to her horse, which was struggling fiercely to swim in the frigid water. "You can do it, go with the current and we'll get out where we can. I think that there should be a shallow section coming up soon."

Brenda's words were more to encourage herself than anything else. She couldn't really remember how far this narrower, more deadly portion of the river went before slowing down into a more meandering flow. Or at least she hoped it did after all this heavy rainfall.

Blissfully unaware that his daughter and about twenty head of cattle were being swept away by the raging waters of the river he had managed to turn the herd from Walter successfully eased away from the still jostling mass of steers. Experience told him that they would soon come to a milling halt and recommence their leisurely grazing. Pulling his

sweat lathered horse to a halt he turned, fully expecting to see Brad looming up out of the wind-driven rain which was still pelting down unmercifully.

Minutes passed and the last of the herd trotted by, all fear burnt out of them by the long, brutal stampede. *Damn it, where is he, he thought. He was right behind me. I hope nothing has happened to him.*

Concern for his son beginning to burn into him like a red-hot branding iron, Walter slowly started to backtrack along the route taken by the stampeding herd. The wet ground was so badly torn up that it wasn't difficult to do. Images of a trampled and mangled body leapt through his mind as he rode along as quickly as his blown horse and the terrible weather allowed.

In spite of the driving rain lashing his face he frantically looked for any signs of his son as he moved. It was only when he reached the area where he had finally turned the herd that he found his first clue to what might have happened. In the growing darkness he almost missed it. It was only the roar of the river that alerted him to the fact that he had come extremely close to its bank before the cattle turned. Dismounting he noticed that the edge of the bank had been chewed up by hooves as if more than one animal had disappeared over the side.

Maybe he didn't make it this far he thought. It's obvious that some of the cattle went over the bank here, not too many of them by the looks of it but it's impossible to tell if a horse dropped over as well. Sure as hell hope not by the sounds of that river. If he did go over there is no way he'll have survived.

Looking down into the raging water, Walter felt a shiver of fear run through him. It seemed obvious that anything or anyone having the misfortune of going into that rushing mass would have been swept away and undoubtedly drowned in the process. The increasing darkness and the continuing bad weather made it futile to even try and follow the course of the river. Visibility was so bad that even if there were something down there it would be impossible to see. It would be better to continue backtracking along the course they had taken to see if Brad had fallen off his horse somewhere along the way or had even turned tail and run home.

Hours later, after painstakingly searching the route home, Walter unsaddled his horse in the stables and noted with a sinking heart that Brad's horse wasn't there. Hope had slowly waned as he had found no sign of his son along the way but it flickered out entirely when he saw that the stall allocated to Brad's mount was empty. Fighting to restrain the tears of remorse he trudged despondently up to the house fearing his wife's reaction.

One look at her wet, bedraggled husband, his face clouded with grief was enough to tell Agatha that something was terribly wrong. "What's the matter? Where is Brad? Tell me, tell me," she cried out.

Walter choked out the story of what happened and his fear that Brad had gone into the swollen river, as there had been no sign of him on the way home.

"No," screamed Agatha. "It can't be true. We have to go and look for him! I want my boy!"

Chapter 4

Brad had spent a quiet but anxious afternoon in Brenda's bedroom. After his mother had left he had been thankful for the quiet time alone so that he could enjoy the feel and sight of the feminine clothing he was wearing. An enjoyment that was only mitigated by the slightest sound that indicated someone could be approaching the room. Each time it happened he had nervously scampered over to the bed and pretended to be napping. A subterfuge that proved unnecessary as no one ever entered the room. Agatha and Martha obviously had other things to do.

At first the excitement of moving around the room and examining himself in the mirror were more than enough to keep Brad entertained. The crushing bite of the corset, the sibilant hiss of the silk petticoats as he walked, the tight but unsteady grip of his narrow boots and the heavy swing of his beribboned hair all conspired to make him acutely aware of his feminized predicament. Waves of pleasure swept through him as he took the time to enjoy this extended visit with womanly attire. Normally the time he and Brenda spent dressed as each other was much shorter in duration and he had never been left alone while wearing a woman's clothes before. In some ways he found the solitude to revel in his femininity a liberating experience.

However as the hours went by he found that he was becoming increasingly bored with being cooped up in the bedroom. There were only so many ways that you could swish around the room or stare at your image, no matter how pretty, in the mirror. He also began to wonder what kind of day Brenda and his father were having. After all it should have been him riding out to do a man's work, not his sister.

The sudden turn in the weather heralded by the strong winds and lashing rain that rattled the house windows brought on further thoughts of what it must be like out at the ranch. His initial amusement about Brenda getting soaked while he was dry and comfortable turned to a steadily rising level of anxiety about what could happen to her. A worry that became stronger and stronger as the afternoon slowly turned to evening and there was still no sign of his father or sister.

As the hour for dinner approached Brad began to become extremely agitated. It was most likely that his mother would never allow the meal to proceed until everyone was home but what if she decided to call her 'daughter' downstairs to wait for the return of the 'men folk'? Or what if the two riders were held up by the bad weather and couldn't return until tomorrow?

These questions rattled around like roughly thrown dice in Brad's head. Should he try and get out of these clothes and sneak back to his room and dress in his own clothes? Indecision racked him as he thought of numerous problems with no easy solutions. His feeble attempt to remove the silk dress quickly proved that he would never get out of the clothes he was wearing without help. At least not without causing them serious damage and there was no way that he would ever consider doing that. And even if he could dress in his own clothing how could two Brads be explained? No, it was better to wait until Brenda returned and they could achieve a successful exchange of garments. There was really no alternative. He would just have to sit in his sister's bedroom until she returned.

Emboldened by his decision Brad, tired of sitting in the steadily darkening room, decided to turn on the gaslight and pull the heavy curtains to block out the sight of the heavy rain, gusting winds and intermittent lightning. Once he had done so, he gracefully settled on the bed and began to read one of Brenda's books. At least it would take his mind off the deteriorating situation he found himself in while his strong-willed sister was out gallivanting around with their father.

He had had barely finished the first chapter when he heard his mother's anguished scream from downstairs. Intuitively he knew that it was a signal for nothing but trouble in his previously unassuming and untaxing life. Frozen by a renewed bout of indecision, he remained curled up on the bed in a state of near panic even though he knew that it would look extremely suspicious. The real Brenda would never have stayed in her room. She would have been downstairs like a shot to find out what was going on.

Not that this lack of action on his part was noticed by anyone else in the house. Martha ran into the parlor to see what the commotion was about and saw Walter holding a by now sobbing Agatha in a vain effort to comfort her.

Seeing the maid, Walter gave a sigh of relief and held his distraught wife at arm's length. Lifting her quivering chin with his left hand he said, "Now stop your fretting, woman. Martha, here, will look after you and I'll get a few of our friends to ride back out with me so that we can see if we can find Brad. I probably missed him somehow in all that rain. It's starting to ease off so we can get back out and have another look around. It's almost dark so we may have to stay out until tomorrow. Go with Martha and get some food organized while I round up some help and get another horse ready to go. Understand?"

Her husband's calm, authoritative voice helped Agatha regain control of herself. Her initial burst of agonized grief had thrown her temporarily off balance but she was much too practical to let it paralyze her for more than a few minutes.

Seeing the distress of what might have happened to their son reflected in his eyes she took a moment to pat Walter's cheek reassuringly before she pulled away. "You are right, dear. There is nothing to gain by crying. You get organized to return to the ranch and I will get a meal prepared for you. This is no night to be going out again on an empty stomach. And you'll need to take some food with you as well. Come on, Martha. We'll go to the kitchen and get on with it."

Walter couldn't help but grin as he watched his feisty wife march out of the room with a straight back and a determined air. A grin that only lasted a few seconds as his thoughts returned to his missing son. In spite of his encouraging words to Agatha, he was deeply concerned that Brad had plunged into the raging river and if that was the case there was little hope that he would be found alive.

Forcing these treasonous thoughts from his mind, he strode back out of the house to get a fresh horse saddled and to call on a few friends who would be able to assist him in searching for his son. It was going to be a long night but there was nothing to be gained by standing around with only his dark thoughts for company. Even if nightfall would make it impossible to make much of a search for the better part of the next eight hours it was still better to be doing something.

Brad had managed to summon up the energy to pry himself out of his paralytic state and stagger off the bed. After the initial scream there had been no other noises that he could hear and curiosity got the better of him. Hearing the front door slam shut he scurried over to the bedroom window, pulled the drapes to one side and watched his father stride away. He also noticed that the heavy rain had tapered off and looked like it might even end soon although the heavy gloom of the passing storm was quickly being replaced by evening dusk.

What the heck is going on he wondered as he quickly released the curtains in case anyone looked into the lighted room. *Where is Brenda? Why was there a scream earlier and where is father going? Damn it anyway, why did I let her talk me into exchanging clothes? This situation is going down hill rapidly and I'm not sure what to do. Where is that stupid sister of mine when I need her? I think I'd better stay in this room until she returns. If anyone comes up to check on me, I'll pretend I'm napping because I'm not feeling well.*

Having come up with a plan, Brad quietly moved back to the bed and lay down again with renewed confidence that he could carry off this charade until Brenda came back to the house. It looked as if dinner would be late tonight and for once he was happy that the tight corset helped to suppress his appetite. Normally he would have been ravenous by this time of the day.

Agatha and Martha worked feverishly in the kitchen preparing a meal that could be quickly eaten and wrapping up other food so that it could be taken in saddlebags. Her mind churning over the implications of Brad's disappearance and preoccupied with the need to provide Walter with something to eat, Agatha didn't even think of Brenda. It would only be later that she would wonder why her usually forward daughter had chosen to remain in her room in spite of the noisy commotion.

Walter quickly found five other men to help him even though nightfall was rapidly falling. Life was rough and they all knew the importance of helping one another in time of need. Establishing a time and place to meet, he returned to the house for a quick bite before riding out to the ranch one more time.

The two women fussed around him as he ate hurriedly, shoveling the food into his mouth while trying to keep everyone's spirits up by remaining steadfastly optimistic about finding Brad alive. Thoughts of the rushing torrent that the river had become he kept to himself, as he knew that to even mention it again would bring considerable anxiety to Agatha who was obviously already struggling to retain her composure.

In the end it was almost a relief to give her a firm hug and head out to the stables with heavy saddlebags over his shoulder. Images of the rushing, black waters had returned to him again and again making it increasingly difficult to carry on even a modicum of a conversation. Action rather than talk was what he needed now and riding out with a group of friends fit the requirement far better than trying to provide verbal comfort to his wife.

Agatha watched him leave with her heart pounding frantically. Her son was already missing and she knew that a night search would not be without its dangers. If anything happened to Walter as well, she knew that life would hardly be worth living. In a frantic effort to keep her treacherous thoughts at bay she threw herself into the task of helping Martha clean up the kitchen. Activity of any kind was preferable to sitting and worrying.

It was only as they were putting away the last of the dishes that Agatha realized that only Walter had eaten anything for dinner. Even though she wasn't hungry herself she said to her maid, "Martha, I'm sorry. I've been so wrapped up in my own thoughts I haven't even made sure that you have had something to eat. Please help yourself. I'm not sure that I want anything though."

"Oh, Mrs. Agatha, you must eat something. You need to keep up your strength and not eating won't help. What good will you be if you are too weak to do anything?"

Agatha gave Martha a wan smile. "Of course, you are right. Why don't you put out a small portion for me too? We'll eat in the kitchen tonight."

"That's a good idea, ma'am," Martha replied. "And what about Miss Brenda? Should I go and tell her that we are sitting down to eat?"

"My goodness, what am I thinking," Agatha exclaimed. "In all the excitement I've quite forgotten about Brenda. Where is that little minx anyway? It's most unlike her not to come down at the first sign of excitement. I hope that she's not feeling ill. That would be all we need right now. I'd better go up and check on her. You get on with getting something on the table."

Brad stiffened as he heard a gentle knock on the door and decided he would carry on with his plan of pretending to be having a nap. *Maybe it's Martha and she will just go away. I'll just lie here with my eyes closed.*

To his horror he heard the door open but he could do little other than continue his pretense of sleeping. As footsteps came closer to the bed he knew that the intruder was his mother and that there was little chance that she would leave him undisturbed.

"Come on, Brenda," Agatha commanded as she gave his shoulder a vigorous shake. "What's wrong with you, girl? Are you ill or something?"

Blinking open his eyes, Brad was quick to pounce on the opening she had handed him. Slowly stirring on the bed he gradually closed his eyes again and whispered, "Oh, mother. I'm not feeling at all well. I can't seem to keep my eyes open."

Moaning inwardly at the injustice of having her daughter feeling ill while she had a missing son to worry about, Agatha still managed to maintain her composure as she placed a cool hand on the reclining figure's forehead.

"Hum, doesn't feel too hot, girlie ... maybe a bit warm but nothing to worry about. Aren't you feeling hungry? There is some dinner waiting for you downstairs."

Brad was torn between the need to have something to eat and the even greater requirement to avoid detection. Discretion won out as he mumbled, "I'm not really hungry, mother. Why don't I just stay here and get some sleep. I'll probably feel better in the morning."

Looking down at the listless figure, Agatha couldn't help feeling a pang of anxiety shot through her. "I don't know. If you aren't feeling well, maybe I should get the doctor over to have a look at you."

Brad's eyes shot open at the mention of the doctor. "No, mother. I'm not feeling sick," he exclaimed in horror. "I'm just feeling tired for some reason. It's not worth bothering the doctor for such a small thing surely. I'll be fine after a good night's sleep."

Agatha eyed her apparently agitated daughter with the beady stare of a suddenly suspicious parent. "I don't know Brenda. Your voice sounds a bit husky and you are extremely pale for a normally active young woman. I might be better to have somebody come and look at you."

Forcing himself to remain calm, Brad took a deep breath and fought to keep his voice in a more feminine range as he replied, "Really, mother. It's nothing I assure you. Please don't treat me like a child. Everything will be all right in the morning. Why don't you go down and have dinner with father and Brad? They must be back from the ranch by now."

Agatha gave a gasp of dismay at the mention of her husband and son. For a few precious seconds her concern over Brenda had made her quite forget the possible plight of Brad and Walter. Now it came back in such a terrible rush that she had to fight back the urge to break down into a mind-numbing cascade of tears.

"Why mother, whatever is wrong?" Brad cried out in reaction to his mother's obvious distress. An overwhelming premonition of terrible danger flashed through his mind as he uttered the words.

Succeeding in keeping her roiling emotions in check, Agatha stroked her daughter's upturned face and replied softly, "Nothing to get excited about I'm sure my dear. But neither Brad nor your father is here right now. It appears that they became separated during that terrible storm and your father has gone back to look for your brother."

"What do you mean, mother? Brad is missing is that it?"

"I'm afraid so, Brenda. It's probably nothing serious. Your father has taken a group of men out to look for him," Agatha replied as cheerfully as she could. She didn't really feel as optimistic as she strived to sound but didn't want to further distress her daughter while she was obviously not well.

"Oh, no," Brad keened as the news sunk in. His sister, disguised as himself, hadn't returned and even worse, there was no way of knowing when she would be coming back. What was he going to do? How long could he keep up this pretense?

Agatha watched the raw emotion of despair on her daughter's face and fought back another bout of misery herself. She knew that she would have to be strong for all of them in the coming period of waiting and uncertainty.

As Brad covered his face with both hands and began to sob uncontrollably, she sat gracefully on the side of the bed and pulled his unresisting upper body onto her lap while stroking his shoulders. "There, there, my dear," she murmured encouragingly. "They will be home before you know it. Until then, maybe you should just go to bed and try and get some sleep. Let me help you out of your clothes so that you can get into your nightgown."

Her words penetrated Brad's growing fog of dismay and he realized that he had to do something to stop her from discovering his true identity. He couldn't very well refuse to go to bed as that was the very thing that he had been asking for earlier. But he couldn't let her see him with no clothes on either.

Summoning up his last reserves of strength he brought his unrestrained sobs under control and stated, "You must think me a complete weakling, mother. I'm only thinking of myself and that won't do. I know you haven't eaten anything yourself and you need to keep up your strength. Just help me with my dress and loosen my corset and I'll do the rest myself. That way you can go down and get some dinner."

Agatha gave him a grateful smile, "Why thank you, Brenda. That's very thoughtful of you and more like yourself. It would appear that you are starting to feel better so I'll do just as you ask. Now sit up so that I can undo the buttons on the back of your dress."

Brad leaned forward so that his mother could carry out her task as he gave a furtive sigh of relief. One advantage of wearing so many clothes was that he could afford to lose a few layers without exposing too much of his body. A definite advantage when it came to dealing with his normally eagle-eyed mother. Not that she would be up to her usual alert self tonight. There were obviously other things on her mind.

"There you go, dear," his mother announced. "Now stand up so that we can get that pretty green dress off and hung up properly in your wardrobe. Martha would be none too pleased to find it lying all wrinkled on the floor in the morning."

Brad scurried to comply as he thought to himself that hopefully the morning would find himself back in his own bed as Brenda would have returned so they could exchange identities once again. Dismissing the idea that she might not have been found by then he carefully helped his mother as she removed the silk dress.

"You undo your camisole while I put this away, young lady," Agatha instructed as she took the dress to Brenda's wardrobe and hung it in the cabinet.

Brad quickly complied and placed the white silk corset cover into his mother's outstretched hand. "I'll leave this on your dresser and you put it away later. Now turn around and let me unlace that corset. It looks as if it might be a bit too tight. Maybe that's why you aren't feeling your normal self. It's all very well to be fashion conscious but you must guard against carrying things too far. I'll have a word with Martha to make sure she doesn't pull it so tight in the future."

Brad gave a low groan of appreciation as Agatha rapidly loosened the ties on the back of the corset. As much as he enjoyed the compressed feeling of femininity it imparted it was obvious that his darling sister had been carried away with trying to reduce the size of his waist. *I told her as much earlier* he thought ruefully. *She never does listen. Look at the predicament she has landed me in now. I just hope that mother doesn't make too much of an issue of tightening the corset unnecessarily with Martha. She won't know what she did wrong as I'm sure Brenda would never have let her lace it up that much.*

"There you go, girlie. You look better already," Agatha stated. "Are you sure that you can do the rest yourself?"

"Oh yes, mother. I'll be fine," Brad replied with a small smile at having averted another potential disaster. "You run along and I'll get these other clothes off and get a good night's sleep, or at least as good a one as possible under the circumstances. I just hope that Brad and father are going to be home soon."

"I'm sure that they will be. You just get into bed and rest so that you will feel better in the morning. Before I go, I'll get one of your nightgowns out for you. Don't forget to wash that makeup off either. It looks very becoming on you. You should wear it more often."

The nightgown Agatha placed on the bed was one of her favorites, a pale pink silk garment accented with red ribbon. She knew that her daughter rarely wore it as it was very feminine but this seemed like an ideal opportunity to make sure she used it at least for one night. Brad, for his part, thought it looked deliciously womanly and rejoiced at the idea of being able to wear it until his sister made her return later in the night.

Minutes after his mother's departure he had shed the loosened corset, petticoats, chemise and drawers leaving him clad only in the silk stockings and patent leather boots. *These boots are going to be a bit of a problem to get off* he chided himself. *I can't stand around here with my male parts hanging out in case someone comes in. I'd better put on this lovely nightgown before I do anything else.*

Lifting up his arms he let the silky garment slide gracefully down his body so its voluminous skirts flowed against his legs while the weight of the overlaying tiers of satin ruche lace dragged against his hips

Stepping up to the mirror he admired the long puffed sleeves ending in lace cuffs tied with red bows and the matching high lace collar and lace-edged yoke over his slender shoulders. Holding up the heavy skirts so that the lace-encrusted hem was clear of his boots he pranced back to the bed.

I'd better put these clothes away so that nobody will suspect anything if they check on me latter. I'll do that and then get these boots and stockings off before washing off the makeup. I sure hope that Brenda gets back here soon. This is getting to be tedious.

Carefully, almost reverently, he placed the clothing he had just removed away in the wardrobe and dresser. Having spent so much time exchanging clothing with his sister over the years he knew exactly where everything should go.

Sitting down on the bed again he thanked his lucky stars that the restrictive corset was gone so that he could bend down and gain relatively easy access to the boots he was still wearing. Having to contend with the vicious foundation garment and the fiddly buttons on his footwear would have been an almost impossible task. With the greater freedom afforded by only having the loose but heavy nightgown to hinder his movements he soon had the tight boots and the silk stockings off and put away.

Humming contentedly to himself he stepped over to the dresser and poured a small amount of water into the porcelain bowl from the matching pitcher placed beside it. Shivering at the coolness of the water he still scrubbed his face clean before drying it with the clean hand towel lying on top of the dresser.

Stopping to admire himself in the mirror one more time he realized that he had forgotten to remove the necklace and earrings that Brenda had given him to wear so many hours ago. Tutting to himself for being so scatterbrained he quickly took them off and placed them in his sister's small jewelry box.

I think I'll leave the ribbon in my hair for now. It can be taken out later. I'm so tired it just isn't worth worrying about right now he thought as he gave an enormous yawn. *I'll get some sleep*

while waiting for Brenda to return. That will be better than standing around worrying until she gets back.

Having convinced himself that all would be well and feeling completely exhausted from having to maintain his feminine persona for such an extended period it didn't take Brad long to snuggle down into his sister's luxurious bed. The silky feel of the nightgown against his bare skin providing an almost overwhelming feeling of erotic decadence as he slipped gently away into an untroubled slumber.

Chapter 5

As his son drifted off to sleep, Walter stood despondently beside the still roaring river. The rain had stopped but the ground was completely sodden and a heavy darkness defeated any thought of trying to continue the search until daybreak. There had been no sign of Brad as he and the small party of men with him had backtracked along his earlier route.

He had taken the precaution of having the group spread out in a widely spaced line so that any sign of his son could be picked up if he had deviated even slightly from the way he had ridden back a few hours ago. Nothing had been spotted and rather than take the chance of destroying any tracks by blundering around in the dark it was obvious that they would have to stop for the night.

"Come on Walter, no sense standing there all night. We'll start looking as soon as it's light," one of his friends called from their bivouac site. "Come and have some coffee."

"Be right there," Walter replied as he turned dejectedly away from the rushing torrent. Deep in his heart he knew that things were not looking good for Brad. If he had indeed gone into the river there was little chance that he would have survived. *No sense getting all wound up about it though he thought. I have no evidence he went in and everything always looks better in the morning. I need some sleep if I'm going to be of any use to anyone tomorrow.*

Responding to his internal pep talk, Walter strode up to the small fire the others had lit earlier and gratefully accepted a cup of steaming hot coffee. Talk centered on their plans for tomorrow morning and the fact that the herd had been seen grazing contentedly less than a mile away. Nobody mentioned the savage force of the nearby river and the likely fate of anyone who had the misfortune of falling into it.

"Let's get some sleep, boys," Walter muttered after he had drained his cup. "We'll get going as soon as it's light."

No one needed a second invitation and within minutes the small group was bedded down; the night silence only broken by the occasional snore and the continuing rushing roar of the river. Walter stared at the bright stars overhead as the last of the clouds blew off and struggled to bring his distraught thoughts under control so that he could get some badly needed sleep. After what seemed like endless hours he finally succeeded.

The sun bursting over the horizon with a sudden ferocity brought him out of his fitful slumber. Uttering a groan with the thought that he was getting too old to be sleeping rough he staggered to his feet and relit the fire that had gone out during the night. His movements slowly penetrated the deeper sleep of the others and one by one they rose

from their bedrolls and joined in the preparations for a simple breakfast. Talk was minimal as they all gave some thought to what might lay ahead as the search continued.

Tossing his remaining coffee into the fire, Walter looked around at the others. "Let's do it. Bill, you and Jack go along the track where the herd veered away from the river yesterday. The rest of us will follow the river and see if we can see anything. Any questions? No, then finish up here and saddle up."

His words generated a flurry of activity as the men quickly finished their coffee, kicked the fire out and saddled their horses. In minutes the two groups were moving out. Walter led the three men still riding with him along the bank of the river. "I'll keep an eye on the bank, the rest of you spread out in a line to make sure there isn't something further in," he called as they began the search.

Grunting their affirmation, the other riders shook themselves out in a rough line and kept themselves abreast with Walter. For his part, he took the time to search the bank as closely as he could while maintaining a slow but steady pace. The force of the river made it obvious that it would be pointless to spend any time looking into the torrent. Instead he scanned the bank itself to see if there was any sign of anyone having preceded them in the last few days.

He knew that the river widened significantly in a few miles and that if there was anything to be found at all it would more likely be there. However, he wasn't prepared to rush the search as a man could never know what he might see if he only took the trouble to look. Haste makes waste he muttered to himself as he slowed almost to a stop anytime that he thought he might have seen anything in the least out of the ordinary. Unfortunately, all his sightings proved to be of no significance.

The warmth of the sun beating down on him and the crisp, cool air made him fully aware of the joys of life. The sights and sounds around him made the potential loss of his son even more poignant. *Damn, why did this have to happen* he pondered as he rode along in an easy rhythm with his horse. *Brad was a bit strange at times but he was a good young man. How will I break the news of his death to his mother and sister? Brenda will be absolutely devastated. She and her brother were thicker than thieves.*

In spite of his internal conflict, Walter didn't fail to keep a sharp eye out for any possible signs of anything either entering or leaving the river, unlikely as the later seemed. After almost half an hour of steady progress he had seen nothing.

The lack of any noise from the other riders in his short line indicated that they hadn't seen anything either. A growing sense of despondency slowly worked its way into his core. He began to dread the thought of arriving at the broader stretch of the river and finding his worst fears confirmed.

This concern didn't stop him from keeping up a reasonable pace as his eyes never stopped looking for any sign of his son. He concentrated with fierce determination until he was completely focused on what had to be done while all other thoughts and fears were banished.

The morning sun had burned off any residual coolness by the time they came to the bend in the river that heralded the wider, slower flow that he knew would be coming. Stopping, he indicated to the other riders that they would take a short break as the need

for even greater vigilance in the search would now be needed. And with luck, he expected Bill and Jack to be rejoining them shortly if their side trip to the area of the herd had produced no results. Another two pairs of eyes would be appreciated as they checked out the banks along the wider stretch of water.

The small group had barely finished a long drink from their canteens and a satisfying cigarette when one of them grunted, "Riders coming in."

Walter looked up and saw Bill and Jack rapidly approaching. In less than a minute they had arrived and both shook their heads when they saw the inquisitive look on his face. It was obvious that their efforts had produced no results.

After the new arrivals had a chance for a quick drink and smoke, Walter got them all moving again using the same tactic of having the horsemen advance in a short line running at right angles to the river bank. In spite of not finding anything up to this point they were all aware that the likelihood of finding something had gone up dramatically. As a result it was a quiet but intense group that rode forward.

Walter's heart began to beat more quickly as he struggled once again to keep his emotions in check. He knew that the next mile or so would be critical if he was to find any evidence of what might have happened to Brad. Bringing his formidable concentration to bear he intently scanned the bank and the river itself as they made steady progress.

Initially there was still nothing to be seen except for some tangled piles of wood and vegetation that had been left behind by the rushing flood. Finally he spotted something that made his heart race even harder. Shouting at the others to stop he spurred his horse down the grassed bank and splashed into the water. Water that was still deep enough to quickly reach up the belly of his mount even though he only rode out ten feet from the bank.

Looking down, he stared at the remains of two of the herd. It was obvious that they had fallen into the river yesterday and been swept away. Now their carcasses were bobbing about behind another tangle of uprooted trees. Even though his fear that some of the herd and probably Brad had gone over the bank was realized, Walter still gave a silent prayer of thanks that what he had seen was not his son or his horse. Riding back to the others he reported what he had found and once again got everyone moving to sweep forward.

Two more times he stopped and reentered the water only to find a total of six more dead cattle entangled in clumps of debris. Each time his emotions soared, initially downward at the thought of what a closer inspection would bring to light and then back up again as it became obvious it wasn't Brad's body that he was looking at.

They had ridden a mile past the bend when he suddenly tensed in his saddle one more time. This time he had spotted some churned earth on the bank where it was obvious more than one hooved animal had clambered out off the muddy waters. His excitement was increased as several of the other riders shouted that they had seen tracks leading away from the river.

"Better check this out, boys," he called optimistically. "Something, and more than one critter, has come out at this point. Brad's horse could have been one of them. Bill, Jack, come with me. The rest of you keep going up river in case this turns out to be a false

alarm. Take it slow and look carefully. We'll catch up to you and let you know what we find, if anything."

With casual waves of acknowledgment the three riders turned and carried along the riverbank while Bill and Jack joined Walter as they followed the easily visible tracks in the soft ground. A palatable air of excitement surrounded them as they rode quickly along the well-defined trail. If nothing else it was encouraging that something, if not somebody had managed to escape the grasp of the roaring river.

Walter felt his emotions soaring up on the roller coaster of hope that he had been riding all day. Maybe this was the break he was looking for, maybe Brad had managed to get out of the torrent alive.

Ten minutes later the small group came to halt as it looked down into a shallow valley and saw twelve cattle grazing placidly on lush green grass. There was no sign of a horse or rider. Walter felt another icy finger of despair enter his heart as he realized that the trail they had been following had been created solely by steers. However he didn't allow any of this to show in his voice as he proclaimed, "Let's ride around this bunch and see if there are any other tracks leading off before we head back to the others."

It was a job quickly done and there was nothing to show for their effort. It was obvious that nothing had headed away from the small herd. Walter forced his emotions back down and growled, "Let's head back to the river. Maybe the others have had more success."

Setting a brisk pace they were soon back at the location where they had split into two groups. Although three other riders had already preceded them, Walter still took the time to slow down and check everything carefully. There was no sense in letting others make a mistake that might mean missing some vital clue to the possible whereabouts of his son.

In spite of his caution, it didn't take more than thirty minutes to catch up with the others. They had stopped where the river narrowed once again and the banks became steeper and were covered in rough rocks. There was no way that even an experienced tracker could discern if anything had emerged from the river.

Walter cleared his throat before asking the obvious question, "See anything?"

Sad shakes of heads and a few mumbled comments about seeing nothing only confirmed what he had seen for himself. He had to admit that he had found the missing cattle but there was no sign of his son or his horse.

"Well, I guess that about wraps it up then. If he didn't get out on this wider stretch of river, he didn't make it out. I'm going to cross over and check the other bank but if any of you want to head back to town feel free to do so. It'll be a lot longer going the other way, which means we won't be back to town until late today. Chances are that we aren't going to find anything so if you have other commitments, please head on back," Walter announced.

Much to his delight, all five gave him stern looks of displeasure and Bill spoke for them all by saying, "We've come this far so we might as well keep on going and do the job right."

"Thanks, boys. This means a lot to me," Walter replied with a small quaver in his voice. He knew that he would be grateful for the company. At a time like this it didn't do a man

any good to be alone. "Let's take a short break for something to eat and then get on with it."

Chapter 6

Brad slept a deep and refreshing sleep until he felt somebody shaking his arm gently but insistently. Clawing his way back up to full consciousness he gave a gasp of despair as he suddenly realized that he was in his sister's bed and still in her silk nightgown.

"Come on Miss Brenda, time to get up," Martha called as she saw him begin to stir. "You certainly slept well for a young girl whose brother is still missing. Unfortunately I can't say the same for your poor mother. And your father is still out there looking for him."

Brad's heart sank as he realized that in spite of his earlier conviction that his sister would return some time during the night and they would be able to return to their proper identities there would be no such reprieve. He was still stuck in his role of playing Brenda. How much longer would he be able to fool either Martha or his mother? It was really a miracle that he had managed to do so even this long. Now the whole nightmare was moving remorselessly into a second day.

"Come on, girlie! You can't lie there all blank and idle. I only have so much time to help you get dressed. There are other chores that need doing and your mother is in no state to be doing them."

Martha's shrill words cut through Brad's worried thoughts. He had to think of some way of heading her off if she wasn't to discover his dastardly secret while he was in a state of undress.

"Oh, Martha. I'm still not feeling particularly well. That must explain why I was sleeping so soundly when you came in. I spent most of the night tossing and turning worrying about Father and Brad," he lied glibly. "I know you're busy so why don't you come back in a few minutes and help me with my corset. I'll do the rest myself. And later I'll help you out where I can."

Used to Brenda's independent ways, Martha didn't hesitate for a minute. "All right, Miss Brenda. I've put out some clean clothes for you so you can get yourself organized and I'll be back in ten minutes after I've looked in on your mother. Then you can come down and give me a hand with breakfast."

Brad watched the maid's disappearing back with a sigh of relief. At least the immediate crisis of having her trying to dress him had been alleviated although he wasn't sure that he particularly wanted to help in the kitchen. What did he know about such womanly tasks but then again how much time did his dear sister spend toiling there? Maybe his knowledge about such things would be no worse than hers.

Shaking off his doubts, he sprang out of bed and ran over to the mirror. *Lucky I've never really had to shave* he thought running a hand over his smooth cheek. *I was always sorry that I couldn't grow a mustache or beard but right at the moment it's definitely a good thing that I can't.*

Now where are those clothes that Martha set out? I have to be ready for her when she returns in a few minutes.

Quickly washing his face, he removed the nightgown and grabbed the first of the silk white stockings and worked it up his left leg before securing it with a garter. Satisfied with its positioning he rapidly repeated the process with the right one.

Fine white linen drawers were next and he breathed a prayer of thanks as his masculine appendage disappeared beneath its soft texture. A prayer that was repeated as the simple white chemise flowed down over his body to add yet another layer of protection.

And wonder of wonders, Martha had put out the same three white silk petticoats that he had worn yesterday. They had been such a treat to wear yesterday and now he would be able to do it again today.

He had barely finished tying off the last one when Martha breezed back into the room after the most per functionary of knocks on the door. *Thank goodness for that Brad thought. I barely managed to get myself decently covered. How in the world will I be able to get Martha and mother from bursting in here at their whim? I'll need more privacy than that until Brenda gets back to take her rightful place in this household.*

"Let's get on with putting this corset on, young lady," Martha declared as she picked up the heavily stayed white garment from the bed. "You need some help with your girlish figure. How you have stayed so thin all these years is beyond me. A woman should have a bit of flesh on her bones. We really need to do something about you but for now this little devil will have to put some curves in the right place. Get the front buttoned up and I'll pull on these laces for you!"

Brad groaned at the thought of being laced into the infernal foundation garment yet again but consoled himself with the thought that it would add another layer, and a heavy one at that, of camouflage to his true identity.

Thankfully Martha proved to be much lighter of hand than Brenda when it came to pulling the laces tight. Rather than being crushed he merely felt comfortably supported although he appeared to have small breasts again once the maid had finished her appointed task.

"I've put out a simple, front-buttoning dress for you, Miss Brenda," Martha stated as she stepped back. "If you don't mind I'll leave you to finish dressing while I get a few other things done. Once you're dressed, please join me in the kitchen."

"Of course, Martha," Brad happily concurred. "You run along and I'll be down in a few minutes. As I said, I'll be happy to help you until this dreadful situation is resolved."

"Thank you, Miss Brenda. I'll see you in a few minutes."

Brad watched Martha's retreating back with a smug smile of satisfaction. It appeared that he had managed to pull the wool over the maid's eyes once again. Still he would be extremely happy to see his missing sister sooner rather than later.

Scooping up the white, silk camisole that had been left out he quickly slipped into it before sitting on the bed and struggling with his boots. *Thank goodness for a button hook and a relatively loose corset he thought. These little darlings would be quite impossible to put on otherwise. They certainly make my feet look much daintier though.*

The black, cotton dress that had been placed on the bed was indeed much simpler than the green silk creation he had worn the previous day. But it was so much easier to get on that Brad had little difficulty in doing so even though he had never put a dress on by himself before.

Taking a moment to straighten his skirts, he decided that he would tie a matching black ribbon in his hair and apply the same makeup he had worn yesterday. It seemed like an excellent precaution in helping to carry out the charade that he found himself locked into for the foreseeable future.

It only took a few minutes so he took a little longer to put on the jewelry he had been wearing as well. It just felt like the right thing to do and he certainly wouldn't want to appear anything less than immaculately turned out.

Admiring his reflected image in the mirror, Brad still worried about being found out before his missing sister returned. As much as he enjoyed being dressed in feminine finery he still found it extremely nerve racking to be on his guard every moment of the day. If his mother and Martha weren't so preoccupied with ongoing events he knew that it was probable his disguise would have been penetrated some time ago.

Shaking himself out of his self-defeating reverie, he finally summoned up the will to get down to the kitchen. There was no sense in getting the family maid annoyed with him. If she got peeved enough she might start wondering why 'Brenda' was acting so strangely. And if she started to wonder, there was a good chance she could start to observe him more closely and that wouldn't be a good thing.

Taking a deep breath, Brad sashayed over to the bedroom door and opened it quickly before his nerves could fail him entirely. He had never left his sister's room while dressed as a woman and he knew that if he hesitated there was a good chance he would never be able to do it.

Firmly closing the door behind him, he grasped his skirts and petticoats and glided along the hallway and down the stairs, another first for him while wearing female clothing. Quite proud of his decisive action he took a moment at the foot of the stairs to still his rapidly beating heart and savor the moment of overcoming his timid fears of venturing forth from his usual den of feminine retreat. Consoling himself that at least he was in the relative safety of the family house he prepared to proceed to the kitchen.

The sound of his heels resonating on the hardwood floor was yet another reminder of his strange attire. Coupled with the swishing sound of his silk petticoats it made him terribly aware of how he was dressed and the constant danger of being found out because of the slightest error. His newly found resolve began to waver as he gradually approached the door that would take him into the kitchen. Only with an almost superhuman effort did he manage to pluck up the courage to tentatively push it open.

"There you are, Miss Brenda," Martha called out as he entered. "I was beginning to think that you had forgotten your promise to come down and help out."

Giggling nervously, Brad replied, "No, Martha. I wouldn't forget. I know that you could do with some assistance just now. I can do my part."

“Very generous of you, I’m sure. Well, get in here, girl. Take this apron and put it on. We wouldn’t want you to spill anything on your nice dress.”

Brad quickly took the proffered garment and put it on. It was a white cotton apron with ruffles around the edges of its bib and full skirt. He only had to fumble with it briefly before he had the large bow tied off at the back.

“Most becoming, Miss Brenda,” Martha chuckled. “With that black dress and white apron you look just like a young maid-in-training. Let’s see if you can carry out the tasks I’m going to give you with some level of competence. You certainly don’t usually do much down here so I’ll explain things as we go along.”

Brad heaved a sigh of relief to hear that he wouldn’t be expected to show much expertise in household chores. From the maid’s words it was obvious that his sister wasn’t known for any talent in those particular areas of domestic knowledge. And come to think of it,

he wasn’t ever aware of her showing the least bit of interest in such things. No, she was happier in tricking him into untenable situations. Like the one he was in now for that matter.

“Come on then, Miss Brenda. Get over here and I’ll show you what needs doing for breakfast. We’ll set up a tray and then you can take some to your mother. She is quite exhausted from a poor night’s sleep and will remain in bed for the moment.”

Martha’s words penetrated Brad’s musings and he tentatively swayed his way over to the table where the maid was working. *Surely I can do some simple housework without arousing too much suspicion* he thought. *I’ll just have to remember what I’m shown and then carry out the chores as Brenda would do them. How difficult can that be?*



In a few minutes Martha had Brad fusing around the table putting the last few items for a small but appetizing breakfast on a tray. He had even managed to help make some of the simpler portions of the meal without making himself look like an utter fool.

“Not bad, Miss Brenda,” Martha commented as he stepped back to admire his handiwork. “Now you take it up to your mother while I finish up something for us to eat.”

With a small smile, Brad stepped forward and picked up the tray while the maid opened the kitchen door so he could leave. “Just be careful on the stairs,” she instructed. “I don’t want you tripping over your skirts while you have both hands holding the tray. We certainly don’t need you being bedridden at the moment.”

“Yes, Martha,” Brad muttered as he left. He had never known the household maid to be such an assertive woman but she certainly wasn’t having any problems telling him what to do. In her mid-twenties she wasn’t that much older than he was and although she wasn’t ugly she tended to be a bit on the plain side even if she seemed to have a nice figure. Not that he had really paid much attention to her in the past as she had always tended to blend into the background like any good servant. Why would he pay attention to a lowly serving girl with mousy brown hair when he could have the pick of any of the more suitable, and certainly more beautiful, girls around town? No, he had never really noticed how commanding she could be but that particular attribute was certainly being hammered home as he struggled to carry on the pretense of being his sister.

Preoccupied with his thoughts, Brad almost stumbled on the stairs as he could hardly hold up his long skirts and petticoats while holding a tray. Growling softly at the thought of Martha’s warning coming back to haunt him, he slowed down his pace and took the time to carefully place each foot without tangling it in all the fabric flowing around his feet.

Finally he reached the top of the stairs and after a brief gymnastic exercise managed to open the door to his parent’s bedroom without dropping the tray. His mother was sitting in the large bed with her back propped up by pillows. She favored him with a wane smile as he approached.

“Why, Brenda, I see that you are helping poor Martha. What a lovely gesture. I’m afraid I haven’t been any use to her at all today having slept so badly. I hope that you are feeling better this morning.”

“Yes, mother, I’m feeling much better after a reasonable night’s sleep. I’m afraid I didn’t stay awake all night worrying about Brad and father like you. Whatever was bothering me yesterday made sure of that,” Brad burred nervously as he placed the tray on his mother’s lap.

“That’s good, dear,” his mother replied reassuringly. “It certainly did me no good staying up due to anxiety. I’m sure everything will be all right. And whatever was making you feel unwell is better behind you.”

“Yes, mother,” Brad agreed with a small smile. Being in such close proximity to his mother made him more than a little anxious himself. If anyone could see through his facade it would be Agatha.

“Are you going to join me while I eat? That would be lovely,” his mother asked.

"I'd love to, mother, but I promised Martha that I would return right after delivering your tray and continue to give her a hand. She is working very hard and I thought the least I could do would be to help out where I could."

"That's very thoughtful of you, dear especially since I know how much you hate to do any type of housework. But if you must, run along and I'll be up once I've had a small bite to eat. It would never do to be lying in bed when your father and brother return."

"Very well, mother," Brad responded. "I'll let Martha know that she should come up in half an hour or so and give you a hand with dressing. When she comes up, I'll clean up in the kitchen."

"Off you go then, Brenda. I must say again how much I appreciate you being so good about all this. Maybe it's true that adversity can bring out the best in us."

Giving a small giggle, Brad turned and left the room before his mother could change her mind or even worse start to question him too closely about some trivial matter that his sister would know about but he would be completely ignorant of as a mere male.

Negotiating the stairs proved much easier without the tray to contend with and he soon arrived back at the kitchen where Martha had breakfast waiting - a meal that Brad was more than happy to see, as even with the stress of his continuing masquerade he found that he was extremely hungry. Perhaps this was not an unexpected state of affairs as he hadn't eaten since lunchtime the previous day, and even a tight corset couldn't entirely suppress his naturally healthy appetite.

"Here you go, Miss Brenda, tuck into this," Martha ordered as he came back into the kitchen. "I'm sure that you will appreciate something to eat."

"Just what I need, Martha," Brad replied with relish at the thought of something hot in his stomach.

I must remember to stay in character while I'm eating he thought as he sat down while sweeping his long, cumbersome skirts smooth against his bottom. *Hungry as I am, I can't just wolf this meal down. I'll have to remember to take small ladylike bites like Brenda does when she is eating.*

It took a heroic effort but he managed to do just that as he and Martha chatted about inconsequential things. In spite of the continued pressures of maintaining his false identity, Brad quite enjoyed the few minutes of respite and found the maid's company to be most entertaining. It was obvious that she had a keen intellect under the servile manner she normally projected. A trait that he was beginning to believe masked a more formidable and forceful character. It would appear that he might not be the only one in the household hiding his true personality.

All too soon the meal was over and Martha went off to tend to his mother while Brad was left to clean up the kitchen. Thankfully he received a short but effective briefing on how to accomplish this task before the maid departed. Once again he silently thanked the fact that his sister had never shown the least inclination towards housework. His ignorance could be easily explained by that fact.

Washing the dishes in the hot, soapy water organized by Martha proved to be a soothing task and he began to wonder why his sister had a strong aversion to such work. *Proba-*

bly because it's considered woman's work he thought. And she certainly wouldn't want to lower herself by meeting society's expectations. Well, at least I can enjoy it until she gets back and we can switch back into our proper roles.

By the time Martha bustled back into the kitchen he had finished washing and drying the dishes and was standing back from the sink admiring his handiwork. For some reason it seemed like a great accomplishment to have not only dressed like a woman but to actually have carried out a menial chore reserved for one as well.

"Good, Miss Brenda, all finished I see. Make sure you don't just stand there feeling smug about it though," Martha called as she reentered the room. "I'll put those away and you make sure that the stove hasn't gone out. We will need it to get lunch underway soon, particularly if your father and brother get home. They will be wanting something to eat and we womenfolk had better have food ready to put out on the table."

It thrilled Brad to be included in the comment about womenfolk and to be expected to help carry out the food preparation that would be their normal lot in life. In a perverted way it made him feel feminine and submissive. If it weren't for the stress of maintaining his female masquerade he would be finding this whole adventure in skirts a thoroughly exhilarating experience.

He quickly refilled the wood stove while Martha put the dishes away. Thankfully it still had some good, hot embers and it wouldn't take long for it to come roaring back into life.

"Take those dishes off the tray I just brought back from your mother's room and give them a quick wash and dry," Martha called as she put away the last of the already clean dishes. "She will be down shortly to give us some instructions on lunch so we have to make sure that the kitchen is neat and tidy."

Brad was beginning to wonder about the maid's natural bossiness but he didn't hesitate to do exactly as she directed. Still he couldn't help wondering if his sister would have put up with such behavior from Martha. Probably not but it was too late to change his reaction to her orders now. It would only lead to her becoming more suspicious of him and he couldn't afford to allow that to happen.

In minutes he had the few dishes his mother had used washed and dried. Martha put them away after telling him to clean the tabletop and sink. Brad pulled the plug to allow the dirty water to drain away, thanking his lucky stars that his family had modern plumbing put into the house recently. Having to cart out a bucket filled with the wastewater would have been a much more difficult task.

He had just finished using an old rag to clean out the sink and wipe the table clean when his mother walked into the kitchen. "My goodness, what a treat it is to see you hard at work, Brenda. Has she been a good girl and done what you told her, Martha?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Agatha," Martha chuckled. "She has done very well and has been a big help to me."

"Brenda, I'm so proud of you. This is a hard time for all of us to bear and you are showing your true colors by putting others before yourself," Agatha stated as she beamed at her daughter.

Brad couldn't help but feel a shiver of pride run through him as his mother heaped praise on his long-haired head. Not only was he successfully carrying out a feminine charade, he was actually doing so well at it that he was being commended for his behavior.

Blushing from the accolades he was receiving he gave a pretty smile and replied, "Thank you for your kind words, mother. I don't really deserve them as I know that we all have to help until this awful situation is resolved."

"Well said, daughter," Agatha responded with another large smile. "We all have to play our part. After my little rest this morning I feel ready to rejoin the effort. We mere women may not be able to get out there and be part of the search effort but we certainly can have a good meal waiting for the men when they return. Therefore, we will get moving and prepare a fine repast. A nice beef roast, potatoes, carrots, gravy, dumplings and an apple pie should fit the requirement."

"What a capital idea, Mrs. Agatha," Martha chimed in knowing that to keep busy would be more important than anything else.

"Now I'm not sure exactly when they will return but I think we should plan on an early to late afternoon arrival," Agatha continued with a nod to Martha.

"Yes, and if they are a little later than we thought we can always keep the food warm by cooking it more slowly at the end," Martha agreed.

Brad felt completely ignorant of the subject matter being discussed so he wisely kept his mouth shut while praying that his sister would be just as stymied by the whole thing as he was. Earlier indications were luckily pointing in that direction.

"There is no rush to get the meal underway," Agatha pointed out, "at least not if we have our timings right and I can't think of why we wouldn't have. The earliest they can be back would be about mid-afternoon. Why don't we spend the morning tidying up the house and then have an early lunch so we can get on with the dinner preparation after we have a bite to eat?"

Martha was quick to agree and Brad could only nod in bemusement. He was well out of his depth and took refuge in agreeable silence. His mother used to Brenda's caustic wit and complete lack of interest in most feminine pursuits was thankful for her daughter's continued good behavior. *It must be the stress of worrying about her brother's disappearance she thought. But I'm more than happy to see her acting like a proper lady in coping with this terrible situation.*

"Right then," she ordered. "Martha you do the upstairs and Brenda and I will do the downstairs. Brenda, you can finish up here in the kitchen while I do the dining room and the sitting room."

"Very well, Mrs. Agatha," Martha agreed with a knowing smile as she scuttled off to do the upstairs.

Brad could only stand in befuddled ignorance as he didn't have the slightest idea of what needed doing in the kitchen. Noticing his lack of comprehension, his mother laughed and showed him how to fill a pail with warm, soapy water before handing him a scrubbing brush.

“The floor needs doing and the only way to do it properly is to get down on your knees and give it a thorough cleaning with this brush,” Agatha explained with a twinkle in her eyes. “If you had paid a bit more attention to basic womanly skills as you grew up I wouldn’t have to explain that to you. But better late than never, young woman, so get on with it while I get started on the other rooms.”

Brad opened his mouth to protest getting saddled with such an onerous chore but before he could get a word out Agatha had disappeared to her appointed tasks. Staring at the heavy bucket, he decided that he better keep his mouth shut. Things had gone reasonably well up to now by keeping quiet and it was probably a wise decision to keep following the same policy.

Moving the pail over to the far corner of the flagstone floor of the kitchen he sank to his knees with a groan of frustration. He was positive that his darling sister would never have found herself in a similar predicament. *How could I have allowed myself to be maneuvered into this type of work? Dressing up might be great fun but all this woman’s work is starting to become more than I really want to contend with but what other choice do I have right at the moment. Wait until that hussy Brenda gets home, I’ll have her hide for this outrageous situation she has ensured I’ve ended up in through no fault of my own. She just won’t listen to anything I say.*

Even as these thoughts were rattling around in his head, Brad began the long, arduous task of scrubbing the stone floor, one small portion at a time as he slowly moved back dragging the bucket as he went. It wasn’t long before his knees were aching from the unfamiliar pressure caused by kneeling for such a long time. Never had the kitchen appeared so large in size. It was obvious that seeing something from a feminine perspective was not always a pleasant experience.

As he leaned forward to scrub, the tight corset he was wearing dug into his tortured torso with an unrelenting pressure while his petticoats became a tangled mass of silk around his stocking-covered legs. The hard work also caused his chemise to rapidly become damp from his perspiring body. Before he was even half done with the demanding task he was feeling dirty and soiled rather than feminine and pretty.

Now I know why Brenda refuses to get involved in this sort of thing he thought grumpily to himself. It’s hot, demeaning work and what will I get in return for my efforts? Probably more chores and I can’t think of how to get out of this situation. I certainly won’t take Martha for granted in the future. She is a lot tougher than she looks if she does this sort of thing every day.

Finally it was finished and Brad staggered to his feet after throwing the brush into the pail of now dirty water. Straightening his back he put his wet hands on his hips and stretched in grateful appreciation of having gotten back up into an upright position.

“Good work, my dear,” Agatha commented as she returned to the kitchen. “I’m so happy to see you pitching in the way you are. It just goes to show that you can be a true lady when you put your mind to it. Now get that pail emptied out and we can get on with making some lunch.”

“Yes, mother,” Brad groaned as he bent down to retrieve the pail. He lurched over to the sink and poured the brown-colored water down the drain. Walking in high-heeled boots while lugging a heavy load was not easy and he was grateful to get rid of his awkward burden.

Martha appeared shortly after he had finished tidying up. It was almost as if she had developed a sixth sense on how to arrive at the most opportune times. In fact the more he thought about it the more Brad was convinced that this was indeed the case after her many years of service.

It didn't take long for the three of them to produce a light but satisfying meal and Brad quickly regained his composure and the accompanying feeling of enjoyment of living a feminine lifestyle. The food and the lighthearted conversation overcame his annoyance of having to do menial chores and any anxiety he still harbored about being discovered.

All too soon the companionable time was over and he was consigned once again to cleaning up the dishes. A task he was starting to feel quite comfortable about doing particularly as he now knew how much harder some of the other household chores were to do. And it also gave him a chance to carry out something he was familiar with as the maid and his mother started in on the dinner preparations. A job that he had no knowledge of at all and he was well aware of the fact that the longer he could avoid having to participate the better off he would be.

"Come on, Brenda," his mother finally chided him as he dawdled over the dishes. "Even a novice to the kitchen like you should have cleaned those few dishes by now. Finish up and come and give me a hand here."

"Yes, mother," Brad sighed. He knew that he was lucky to have managed to stretch out his dish washing and drying as long as he had but it was still a nerve racking thought to be asked to do something else.

Quickly putting away the final utensils and plates, he slowly made his way over to his mother who was working on a large roast of beef. She gave him a warm smile of encouragement and he instantly felt better.

"I know you don't know one end of a kitchen knife from the other, dear," Agatha assured him. "Don't worry, I'll tell you what to do and then you can give it a try. There really is nothing to be anxious about. I'm just delighted that you are giving it an honest effort. I really am."

"In fact, if I didn't know better I'd swear that you're not my daughter at all, someone else entirely. You are acting more like your brother, Brad, than yourself. It really is you under all those petticoats, isn't it?"

Brad's heart lurched into a frantic rhythm as he absorbed his mother's comments. Did she really suspect he was her son and was just playing with him like a mouse toys with a cat? Or was she just making idle conversation and fooling around?

Deciding that he could only assume it was the latter, he huffed himself up and responded in true Brenda fashion. "Really, mother! If you don't want me assisting in the kitchen I'll be quite happy to leave. I was just trying to be of some help, no matter how limited, in this trying time. How could you be so callous as to make fun of me when my dear brother is missing?"

Agatha gave a conciliatory smile as she replied, "That sounds more like you, my dear. Now don't get all excited. I wasn't making fun of you and I really do appreciate the fact that you are pitching in to help. Now pay attention and I'll show you how we prepare a

nice big roast so the men will have something substantial to eat when they bring Brad home."

Brad smirked as his mother retreated from any thought that he was anyone other than her daughter. It appeared that his indignant approach had worked.

He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he didn't notice Martha staring at him with a small frown of concentration on her thin face. Pursing her lips in a grimace of speculation she didn't say anything but it would have been obvious to Brad if he had only taken the time to notice that she was growing more than a little suspicious of 'Brenda'.

The fine art of preparing a large roast beef dinner soon had him engrossed completely in absorbing as much information as possible in spite of his earlier fears about being discovered. He couldn't help but marvel at his fascination with most female pursuits. Quickly forgetting his earlier discomfort while scrubbing the kitchen floor he once again began to wonder why his sister was so adamant about avoiding them.

Before he knew it several hours had passed as the preparations for the feast continued at an ever increasingly frantic pace. The clock in the parlor was just striking three o'clock when his mother finally called a halt to their work.

"Ladies, I think we've done all we can for the moment. There is still no sign of them of course. Men always seem to be late for everything, don't you think? Let's take a few minutes to get cleaned up while we have a chance. We've been working hard and from the looks of our flushed faces we need to take a few minutes for ourselves. As for myself, I'm off to my room to tidy up. Make sure you do the same."

Having issued her orders, Agatha strode resolutely from the kitchen and up the stairs. Brad only hesitated a moment before following her while Martha scuttled off to her small room.

Only stopping to quickly use the toilet, once again thankful that his family had recently installed modern plumbing, Brad rushed to Brenda's room. Observing his glowing face in the mirror he decided that his mother was quite right about the need to tidy up. Plucking the appropriate cosmetics from the dresser top he applied some face powder to conceal his flushed skin before using his other powders to bring out his cheekbones and lips. He felt his eyes were fine so didn't bother to touch them up.

Brushing down his skirts, he ran his hands over his pseudo bosom and pinched-in waist. *Not a bad looking figure* he thought. *Even all these layers of clothes don't cover up that fact.*

His ruminations were interrupted by a light knock at the door and before he could say anything, Martha had entered. Her bright brown eyes darting around and not missing anything she asked, "Do you need a hand with anything, Miss Brenda?"

Unsettled by her sudden appearance, Bart blurted out, "No, no, nothing, thank you, Martha. You may go."

Martha stared at him intently. "Are you sure, Miss? You just don't seem to be yourself at the moment. There is something wrong. I just can't put my finger on it for now. I'm sure it will come to me though."

Brad recoiled at her words. Were his worst fears about discovery coming into being? Deciding that an active rebuttal might be the best resort he gave a weak laugh and said, "What ever do you mean, Martha? Of course everything is all right. I might be a bit upset about my dear brother but other than that I'm not in the least bit sure of what you are talking about. Now go and see to my mother immediately."

Taking not the least bit of notice at his outburst, Martha studied him even more closely and a dawning look of recognition had just begun to creep into her eyes when a loud commotion broke out downstairs.

Chapter 7

"Martha, Martha, come quickly," Agatha called frantically as the boisterous noise continued, "I need your assistance to finish getting ready. Brenda you go down and see what is going on."

Giving him an intense look that indicated that she was far from finished with him, Martha twirled away and left the room leaving Brad gasping in fear. It was obvious that she had finally seen through his disguise and now his mother had ordered him to go down and see what was going on downstairs. A discordant rush of terrible thoughts rattled around in his reeling brain. Could he really face anyone else after his true identity had been discovered? Could he trust Martha to keep quiet?

Deciding that he had little choice other than to continue the charade he had been thrust into, he lifted up his skirts and hastened to descend the stairs. *Might as well take it down to the wire* he thought as he glided down to the lower floor. *What is going on anyway?*

The sound of voices, men's voices, sounding both concerned and yet happily excited were the source of all the noise. A fact that was confirmed as Brad approached the front entrance hallway. In spite of his racing anxiety he found his curiosity was still pulling him forward in an effort to discover the reason for the clamor. Could it be something to do with his sister's long awaited return?

"Ah, there you are Brenda," his father called excitedly. "Where is your mother? We have found Brad but he has some injuries that need tending to so the doctor is on his way over. We'll have to get your brother up to his room so he can be treated properly. Run along and tell your mother we will be bringing him up immediately. There is so much to tell you but it will have to wait."

Blanching at the thought his sister had been hurt and that unfortunate event could well lead to their charade being discovered, Brad still had the presence of mind to beat a rapid retreat upstairs. It was obvious from his father's comments that their secret was still undiscovered. *What a tangled web we have woven* he thought as he bustled up the stairs while holding up his flowing skirts. *How are we going to get through this mess? Maybe Brenda's injuries aren't too severe and we will still be able to switch back before anyone else figures out what is going on. As for Martha, sister dear will certainly be able to handle that little problem.*

“Mother, mother,” he called out excitedly as new hope flashed through him. “Father is here and they have found Brad and are bringing him upstairs to his room so the doctor can have a look at him.”

“Thank goodness,” Agatha exclaimed as Brad entered the room calling out the news. “What do you mean the doctor has to look at him? Is he hurt badly?”

“I don’t really know, mother,” Brad answered. “Father just said that he had some injuries that needed a doctor’s attention and he is on his way over now. In the meantime we are to get Brad into his room so he can be tended to properly.”

“Silly girl, you really should have found out about the poor boy’s injuries. Now you’ve got me all worried,” Agatha chided him. “Well we had just better get on with it. Martha, go down to the kitchen and bring up some hot water. Brenda, you and I will stay here until the men have brought Brad upstairs to his room. There just isn’t enough room for all of us to be rushing around.”

“Yes, Mrs. Agatha,” Martha affirmed as she left the room after giving Brad a knowing smile. A smile that filled him with dread but one he could only ignore as he stayed still in compliance with his mother’s orders. *Let’s just hope that Brenda will be able to sort that little minx out* he thought as he fidgeted with worry.

“Brenda, stop jumping around like a young girl who needs to go to the bathroom,” Agatha snapped at him.

“Sorry, mother,” he murmured with a sigh.

“No, it should be me that apologizes,” Agatha countered. “You must forgive me, dear. It’s just nerves and I’m sure that you are as agitated as I am. If I act in an unruly manner you will have to bear with me.”

“Yes, mother,” Brad replied in a conciliatory tone. He was more than happy to hear his mother wasn’t really angry with him, and he could certainly relate to the fact that a case of nerves was making her edgy. He was almost paralytic with fear himself.

A thumping and grunting announced the arrival of the men carrying the injured Brenda up the stairs and along the hallway to Brad’s room. As soon as they had passed with their moaning burden, Agatha bustled out of the room while motioning Brad to stay where he was for the moment.

Biting frantically at the knuckles of his right hand, Brad managed to keep himself barely under control as he listened to what was happening.

“Put him on the bed, boys,” Walter called. “Gently now, gently, that’s it.”

Almost as soon as those words were out of his mouth, Agatha took charge. “Walter, take these fine gentlemen downstairs and give them a well deserved drink while you wait for the doctor to arrive. I’ll tend to Brad until he gets here.

“You heard the lady, boys. Come on down for that drink. No sense getting between a mother and one of her hurt cubs,” Walter sensibly agreed.

Brad could barely constrain himself as his father and the three other men had clumped back down the hall and started down the stairs. As soon as he was sure they were truly on their way, he grasped his skirts and literally flew down to his room. He just had to see

what kind of injuries his sister had suffered so that he could determine how they would impact on his ardent desire to effect the change back to their normal roles.

Rushing into the bedroom he saw that his sister was lying fully clothed on the bed but one of her pant legs had been cut off and a crude splint had been attached to her right leg. A sight that caused him to feel as if the ground was plunging away from under his feet as he dwelt on the thought that Brenda was hurt seriously enough that they wouldn't be able to resume their proper identities as soon as possible.

His startled gasp caused his mother to turn her anxious face towards him. "Brenda, there you are. Try and talk some sense into this stubborn brother of yours. He won't let me get these muddy clothes off so that we can get him into a nightgown."

Brad thanked his lucky stars that Brenda was still lucid enough to know that she couldn't have her clothes stripped away without letting Agatha know their terrible secret. Thinking quickly he blurted out, "I'll talk to him, mother. You go down and give Martha a hand with that hot water and sorting out something to eat for all those men downstairs."

Agatha gave him a thoughtful look and replied, "That may be for the best. I'll give you ten minutes to convince this silly rascal to do as he is told. The alternative is to have his father come up here and remove his clothes forcibly."

"Yes, yes, just give me ten minutes, mother. We don't want to upset Brad anymore than necessary before the doctor comes."

"Very well, ten minutes. Give me a call if there are any problems," Agatha stated with an imperious look as she stood and marched briskly from the room.

"Good on you, sis," Brenda mumbled weakly as she lay on the bed. "I had a hard time keeping mother dear at bay."

"Damn you, Brenda," Brad whispered harshly, "look at the mess you have us in now you stupid cow...!"

"Quiet, girl," Brenda snapped back in a low but forceful tone. "Just remember that until we can change back that I'm Brad and you are Brenda. Everything will be fine if you just remember that small but important point. Now keep your mouth shut and help me out of these clothes and into a nightshirt before mother returns. That has to be our first priority, right after you close the door."

Brad bit back a sharp reply to his sister's insufferable, overbearing attitude as he realized that what she said was true. If they didn't manage to get her out of the dirty clothes and into a clean nightshirt before their mother returned, things could get very messy indeed.

It only took a few minutes to strip the dry but muddy clothes away from Brenda's slight form as she told him to use a knife to cut the pants away. Following her directions, he pulled a clean pair of underwear into place to cover her groin and flattened her small breasts by tightly wrapping a length of cloth around her torso before dropping a white, cotton nightshirt over her head and pulling it into place.

"Well at least I don't see any other serious injuries on the rest of your body," he stated with new hope in his voice. "Some bruises and scrapes but nothing that looks too bad by the looks of it."

“Easy for you to say,” Brenda grated between clenched teeth as she tried to recover from being pushed and prodded as her brother moved her battered body around in an attempt to redress her as quickly as possible. “It still feels like I’ve been beaten with chains. But you’re right, there is nothing serious and we have to make sure the doctor doesn’t look at anything but my leg when he gets here. I don’t have to tell you the consequences if he gets too inquisitive.”

“No you don’t,” Brad wailed quietly. “We wouldn’t be in this predicament if it wasn’t for you telling me what to do.”

“You were happy enough to do it at the time so save the phony indignation,” Brenda shot back. “Now pull yourself together and we can get through this without too much trouble. When the doctor comes in tell him that you couldn’t see any other wounds and you are really worried about my leg. That should get him looking in the right direction. I’ll handle it from there.”

“All right, Brad,” he managed to get out even though he hated to call her by his own name. “There is one other problem you should be aware of though. I don’t think mother has any idea about our little masquerade, she is much too concerned about you, but Martha may have figured out what is happening. At least her reaction to me just before you were brought into the house would indicate that she realizes that I might actually be Brad.”

“Damn it, Brenda,” Brenda sighed, “I can’t even leave you alone with the simple task of tricking two women into believing you are me. Very well, you leave Martha to me, I’m sure that I can sort her out without too much difficulty.”

“I sure hope so,” Brad whispered in return. “But don’t underestimate her, I think ...”

“Enough, I’ve heard enough,” Brenda cut in harshly. “Don’t think anything. Let me do that and you just play along. Understand!”

“Yes, Brad.”

“Good, now remember your place in this relationship! Start by opening the door before mother gets back here and becomes suspicious,” Brenda ordered her submissive sibling.

Brad scurried to do as he was told. Although he was annoyed at his sister’s domineering manner he couldn’t help but feel relieved that she was taking control of the situation. She was just so much better at thinking things through and then acting decisively than he was.

He had barely opened the door and returned to the bedside of his injured sister before his mother came into the room closely followed by Martha who was carrying a large pail of hot water and a number of towels. Brad nervously shook his skirts into place as they entered with looks of grim determination on their faces.

“I see you got the silly fool sorted out, Brenda,” Agatha stated as she came to a halt near the bed.

“Yes, mother,” Brad replied quickly. “It would appear that his injuries are confined to his leg. We really must have the doctor have a look at it as soon as he gets here.”

“So you’ve become a medical expert, have you young lady,” his mother replied with a stern look on her face, “maybe you should leave the diagnosis to someone who knows what they are talking about.”

Brad cringed back from her criticism but Brenda was made of sterner stuff and immediately jumped in, “No, mother. She is quite right. Other than a few scrapes and bruises I feel fine other than my leg. I know that it is broken from the way it feels. Just make sure that the doctor takes care of it properly and doesn’t waste any time fooling around with things that don’t need fixing.”

Agatha gave both of them a long and searching look that made Brad start to fidget with his skirts one more time. It didn’t help that Martha was standing slightly behind his mother’s back and staring at him with an amused expression on her usually placid face. He allowed his eyes to drift submissively down toward the floor until Agatha finally broke the tension by speaking.

“You are both acting most peculiarly but I suppose these are unusual times. Very well, I’ll have a word with the doctor when he arrives. In the meantime, young man we are going to use this hot water to clean you up and I don’t want to hear any more back talk.”

Brenda knew enough to accede without further protest, quite secure in the knowledge that his mother wouldn’t be poking too far under his nightshirt. She was much too demure for that sort of thing.

“Very well, mother,” he drawled with an infectious grin, “but no tickling.”

“Silly boy,” she replied with an affectionate smile, “you needn’t worry about that but I sincerely suggest you prepare yourself for some pain when the doctor examines that leg of yours. If it is broken it could be rather painful.”

Brenda gave a solemn nod as she thought that it indeed could be an agonizing experience to have the doctor trying to reset her broken limb. But nothing could compare with the living hell that she had endured after being swept away in the raging river. How she had survived was still a mystery to her.

It had been bad enough being carried away in the flood while she retained her mount. He was a strong swimmer even if she was not and by clinging desperately to him she stood a reasonable chance of surviving. The large tree that smashed into her sweeping her away from her horse while causing her leg to break in a jolting stab of agony quickly destroyed that idea. It was only by sheer chance that she became tangled in some of its branches thereby keeping her head miraculously above water.

A tenuous position that she managed to retain in spite of lapsing into unconsciousness on several occasions as the pain and cold took their toll on her battered body. It was only after regaining consciousness a third time that she became aware of the fact that the tree had stopped racing down the river and was nudging gently up against a bank.

Placing her one good leg gingerly on the bottom she stood slowly up while fighting free of the branches’ tight embrace and pulled herself painfully higher onto the muddy ground sloping up gradually from the swollen river. Dragging her smashed leg behind her she struggled forward until she was at least twenty feet away from the water. Only then did she collapse into an exhausted heap.

The morning sun woke her from a coma-like sleep, her body shuddering from cold and pain. She attempted to stagger to her feet but found the pain too much to bear and fell back in a pathetic, crying state convinced that she would die from exposure. It seemed an extremely unfair fate after having survived the roaring ravages of the murderous flood.

Gradually she pulled herself together and finally decided that she would allow the sun to dry her still wet clothes and then would start to work out some sort of plan to save herself. Closing her eyes, she lapsed back into a troubled slumber and it was only the sound of excited voices that brought her fully back into reality.

“Son, Brad, are you all right? Speak to me, boy,” her father called out as he pulled her lolling head up into his lap.

It was like a prayer being answered as her leg was roughly but efficiently splinted after she explained what had immobilized her. The thought of exploratory hands wandering over her body in an effort to determine the extent of her injuries had snapped her mind back into cohesive thought almost immediately.

Rapidly constructing a travois, the small group soon had her on the way home with only an occasional burst of pain when the going became a bit rough. She was even being pulled by her own horse, which had been found less than a mile from where she had been discovered lying.

As they moved along she couldn't help but be amazed at the lateness of the day. It was obvious that she had lain semiconscious for many hours after waking up at sunrise. How much longer would she have lasted in that state was a question that rolled around endlessly in her mind until they finally arrived at the family home.

Unwrapping the cocoon of blankets that had been wrapped around her, the men soon had her up the stairs and lying on Brad's bed. Almost immediately his mother had marched into the room and imperiously ordered the men out before trying to remove his dirty clothes. Only the opportune arrival of her brother, still dressed in feminine finery, had allowed her to successfully evade Agatha's matronly attentions.

A sudden jolt of pain brought Brenda back to reality. While her mind had been reviewing the events of her rescue the ladies had been busy wiping away the mud and dirt. Only her leg remained to be cleaned and Agatha was busy removing the rough splint.

Noticing the grimace of pain on her son's face, she muttered, “Sorry about that, Brad. I'll be as gentle as possible. I'm afraid it's only going to get worse when the doctor starts doing his business.”

“It's all right, mother,” Brenda grunted through clenched teeth. “If I'm hurting, at least I know that I'm alive.”

“That's the spirit, dear,” Agatha murmured with a frown of concentration as she removed the last of the splint and carefully examined the bare leg lying exposed before her. Thankfully it looked like a clean break and the only surface damage was extensive bruising and swelling. She had seen much worse in her time including jagged ends of shattered bones sticking out of lacerated flesh. This had been her biggest fear as she had carefully pulled away the splint and now that she had seen the extent of the injury she felt much happier about the chances of her son's complete recovery.

Gently wiping the broken limb until it was clean she was proud to see how well Brad handled the ordeal. He was proving to be quite the young man in her estimation while his sister was equally impressive in her feminine role of providing understanding and support. *Perhaps there was hope for my two youngest offspring yet* she thought as she diligently went about her task.

She had just finished when a renewed burst of noise downstairs announced the arrival of the doctor. He was a middle-aged man, by the name of Smith, with a sound knowledge of medical procedures gained over many years of practical experience. Agatha was sure that the competent Doctor Smith would properly look after her son as she sighed in relief that things were turning out so well.

"So where is my patient? Ah, there you are young Brad," Doctor Smith proclaimed as he entered the bedroom. "And I must say looking as if you are in good hands too with three beautiful ladies attending you. What more could a young man want?"

"Doctor, you are too kind," Agatha couldn't help simpering with delight at his blatant flattery. Even Brad felt a flush of pride at being included in the group being complimented.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Fletcher. I'm only speaking the truth and by the looks of it you are not only beautiful but efficient as well by the appearance of Brad's leg. Clean as can be and all ready for my examination."

"Yes, it's his leg that's the problem from what he has told us and what we can determine," Agatha stated.

"That's right, doctor," Brenda chimed in. "It's my leg which has suffered unduly. The rest of me survived this little adventure without any injuries."

"You're dang lucky from what your father told me," Doctor Smith smiled. "It looks like you've got a clean break there and you don't appear to be suffering from exposure. Let's have a closer look. This is going to hurt a bit but I'll make it as quick as possible."

Brenda gritted her teeth as the doctor rapidly but proficiently examined her leg. "Yes, it's a nice clean break and there is no need to realign anything. We'll get it immobilized and you should be as right as rain in about six to eight weeks."

Brad only managed to stifle a horrified groan by a major exertion of his weakening will power. *The doctor has just said six to eight weeks! That could only mean that he and his injured sister couldn't trade places for at least six weeks. How would he ever carry on this masquerade for that length of time?*

"Marvelous news, doctor," Agatha exclaimed. "I thought the same thing myself but it's good to hear an official opinion. Now if you will forgive me, I have to go and prepare a well-deserved dinner for the gentlemen downstairs. Perhaps you will join us?"

"A pleasure, ma'am," the doctor replied gallantly. "How could I resist such a fine offer from a lovely lady?"

Blushing at his continued flattery, Agatha gathered up her skirts and prepared to leave, "Martha, you come with me. Brenda, you stay here and help the good doctor as your idiotic brother seems prepared to listen to you."

Having issued her commands, she then breezed out of the bedroom quickly followed by the maid who took a second to shoot Brad a smug look as he stood in bewildered silence by the end of the bed. *Help the doctor, how can I do that and even worse how can I be expected to keep up this insanity for another six weeks?*

Doctor Smith couldn't provide the answer to the second part of Brad's concerns but he certainly knew how to deal with the first. Within seconds he had the disguised sibling acting as a concerned nurse to the patient and it didn't take long for them to complete the task of efficiently immobilizing the injured limb.

"Now, Brad, stay off that leg for at least a week," Doctor Smith ordered. "By then we'll have a crutch made up for you. More importantly, it will give you a chance to fully recover from your ordeal. Now are you sure that you don't have any other pains? I can give you a more detailed examination if you want."

Brenda, who had stoically endured the doctor's ministrations gave him a wane smile and declared emphatically, "No thanks, doctor, I'm fine. As you said, a little rest is really all I need."

Brad, who recovered at least some of his composure, quickly jumped in, "Why don't you go down and enjoy some of that fine home cooking mother has prepared? Don't worry about Brad, we'll keep an eye on him and will be sure to notify you if anything appears amiss."

"Why thank you, Brenda. That's a grand idea without a doubt so I will take you up on your wise advice. Just make sure that you do get hold of me, day or night, if something does require my attention."

"Certainly, doctor," Brad jumped in quickly as he all but pushed the man out the door. Not that the good doctor required much encouragement to join the others down stairs for what promised to be a fine repast.

As soon as he left, Brad whirled around, his skirts and petticoats flying, and stared intently at his sister. "A bloody mess you've got us into you stupid girl. How am I going to make it through six weeks of this foolishness? Martha already knows and mother is bound to start to figure it out before much longer now that she knows her precious 'son' is safe."

"Calm down and don't be so loud you silly hussy," Brenda growled back. "I've already told you once that we have to play our parts and calling me a girl, stupid or otherwise, is not the way to go about it. Just remember you are the female and I'm the male until we can sort things out. If you don't then we will both be discovered for sure and let's face it, you will be in a much more humiliating position than I will. As for Martha, I've already told you that I will deal with her."

Brad felt his face turn red at the very thought of being discovered in his feminine role. Brenda was quite right, it would be far more embarrassing for him to be found posing in skirts than it would be for her to be caught wearing a man's clothing. No one would understand his need to act like a lowly woman while most could at least comprehend why a woman would want to gain the freedom enjoyed by men.

Brenda watched his predictable reaction with amusement. Her brother was so easy to manipulate. There was no doubt that she would have a considerable amount of fun at his

expense over the next six to eight weeks. As for the issue of dealing with Martha and their mother, she would have to give it some thought.

“Now that we’ve got that sorted out, sister dear,” Brenda purred, “why don’t you get your skirted backside downstairs and bring me up a tray of food. I’m starving after my ordeal of the last day or so. Once I’ve eaten my fill, I intend to get a good night’s sleep as well.”

“Who do you think you are, ordering me around...,” Brad began to sputter indignantly.

“Quiet, girlie,” Brenda cut in. “You will be my willing nurse for the duration of my convalescence so that no one else gets too close to our secret. We can’t afford to have Martha or mother hovering over me at all hours. That will have to be your job. Can’t you think anything through?”

Brad realized that she was right. The idea of having to jump to her every command was a repugnant one but not as bad as being discovered in his womanly role. Logic seemed to dictate that he was going to be scurrying around to do his sister’s bidding for weeks to come.

Much to his dismay, he found that he was reduced to a most feminine reaction of stamping his heeled foot, sticking out his tongue at his smug sister and leaving the bedroom in a flurry of petticoats and skirts. Brenda’s mocking laughter, although subdued, did nothing to help his roiling emotions.

Arriving at the top of the stairs confronted him with the need to negotiate the potential deathtrap with some care and consideration for what he was wearing. Thankfully the effort also forced him to regain control of himself. There was nothing to be gained by storming into the kitchen and everything to lose if he didn’t retain his feminine persona.

The noise of the merry dinners only served to remind him that he could be one of the men sitting around the table and enjoying the hearty dinner prepared by the women of the household. Instead he had been one of those making the meal and now his sister had relegated him to the role of nurse and serving girl.

In spite of his miserable state of mind, he still persevered and adopted a passive, even sweet disposition as he made his way down the stairs and into the kitchen. He had quickly learned that the attitude he projected was every bit as effective as his outward appearance in portraying a realistic feminine status.

Eying the flushed state of his mother and the maid as they scurried around with a newly sympathetic outlook he called out, “Brad wants something to eat, mother. I’ll get a tray together and take it up to him.”

Wiping some hairs back off her face, Agatha answered, “Very well, my dear. I certainly appreciate any help you can provide. Seven or eight hungry men can be hard to keep up with but of course we can do it if we women all work together.”

Ignoring Martha’s knowing looks; Brad quickly put together a tray of food for his bed-ridden sister. Feeling a few hunger pangs in spite of his tight corset, he also added a dish of dinner for himself. It was obvious that if he returned downstairs too soon that he would be put to work in the kitchen.

Scuttling out he managed to avoid any further interaction with either his mother or the maid. Even the stairs seemed to be easier although he was trying to contend with his long skirts and the fully laden tray. A giddy sense of euphoria swept through him as he contemplated the thought of having a quiet repast with Brenda while the rest of the household carried on with their noisy meal downstairs.

Brenda accepted the tray with good grace and they had an enjoyable meal together before she finally groaned in exhaustion and slumped back on the pillows. "I'm bushed, sis. You'll have to run along so I can get some sleep. Good meal though. It looks as if you will be able to take pretty good care of me after all."

Brad felt as if he should be annoyed at his sister's rather cavalier attitude but for some reason he couldn't help feeling rather smug with her offhanded compliment. "Glad you enjoyed it, brother. Just don't get too used to lying around being waited on hand and foot. We will get back to our proper roles soon enough."

"Time will tell," Brenda retorted with a small smile. "One just never knows what will develop next in this tangled web we've managed to weave."

"It certainly is tangled but I'm depending on you to help straighten it out," Brad countered with a note of desperation creeping into his voice. "You will make sure it happens, won't you?"

"Don't worry, I'll do my best to make sure everything is resolved for the best, girlie," Brenda drawled tiredly. "Now be a good wench and run along so I can get some sleep."

Heaving a sigh of frustration, Brad picked up the tray and slipped out of the room as Brenda's eyes fluttered shut. She was asleep before he had gone two steps.

I just hope that we can pull this off for the next six weeks he thought as he slowly made his way down the stairs. How are we going to deal with Martha? And by the sounds of it, the dinner is still going strong down here. It looks like I'm in for more kitchen chores.

Chapter 8

Brad gave a small groan as he slowly came awake the following morning. In spite of a relatively restful night's sleep he felt as if his aching body wouldn't even allow him to climb out of bed let alone get him through another day. Last night had been a nightmare as he labored long and hard in the kitchen in what seemed a futile battle to keep up with the steady stream of dirty dishes coming out of the dining room. Martha had ridden him hard in her demands that he work harder once his mother had departed to join the men at the laden table. Without any protection from anyone else, Brad had felt completely vulnerable and had acquiesced without protest to everything the maid told him to do. Her knowing smile as he toiled endlessly filled him with dread and he couldn't seem to summon up any resistance to her domineering manner.

"You just do as you are told, missy and I won't tell anyone about your dirty little secret," Martha had sneered at him as he slaved away at the kitchen sink. "You wouldn't want that to happen would you? But don't worry; I won't say anything as long as you do as you are told. I have plans for you!"

At first he had tried to show some false bravado by stammering, "You'd better watch your tongue, Martha. Brenda said she would sort you out."

"There isn't much she can do all laid up in bed is there, girlie," Martha chortled. "I'll talk to her later and I'm sure we can come to some sort of agreement. But for now, it's between you and me and unless you want me to start screaming so that everybody runs in here, I suggest you do as you're told."

Knowing that he had no immediate defense, Brad quickly caved in and muttered a surly agreement that he would do as she wished.

"Good, I'm glad to see that you have agreed to cooperate," Martha stated coolly. "But you had better learn to be a bit more civil and certainly show a lot more respect for me. When we are alone, you can address me as Miss Martha and I will refer to you as wench. Doesn't that sound like a capital idea?"

Completely defeated by his antagonist, Brad could only give a wane smile and reply, "Yes, Miss Martha."

"That's better, wench. And don't forget to give a curtsy when you are addressing me," Martha gloated.

Groaning in frustration at his impotence in the face of this demented witch, Brad bobbed a curtsy as he replied, "Yes, Miss Martha."

"Not bad, wench. It appears you may have been practicing that particular movement in front of your mirror. It's much too polished for a rank amateur to skirts. Tell me the truth now, Brenda."

Blushing with the embarrassment of having to admit his guilt, Brad still had to tremulously agree that Martha's assessment was only too true.

"Really, we will have to talk about this in more detail later, wench. At the moment you have a lot of work to do here in the kitchen. So get on with it while I sit down and take a break," she ordered.

Completely cowed, Brad dropped down into another curtsy before doing exactly as she had ordered. He could feel her piercing eyes boring into his back as he washed and dried dishes until he thought his legs would collapse from underneath him. Even when his mother popped her head in the kitchen door she only exclaimed, "Well done, Brenda. How thoughtful of you to give Martha a hand while she takes a well deserved break."

"I really do appreciate it, Mrs. Fletcher," Martha called from the kitchen table where she was sitting. "She is being a great help. Is there anything else we can do for you at the moment?"

Agatha smiled and replied, "No, nothing thank-you, Martha. The men are just sitting around the table enjoying their after dinner drinks and cigars. I really should leave them but I think I'll be naughty and stay at the table a bit longer. You just finish up in here."

"Certainly, ma'am," Martha answered. "You stay and enjoy yourself. I've all the help I need with dear Brenda giving me a hand. Why it's almost as if I have my own little maid-in-training!"

"It's about time that she showed some interest in woman's work," Agatha laughed, "so I'm happy to see her being such a big help. You're doing marvelously, dear, keep up the good effort."

And with those parting words, Brad's mother was gone and he was left to the tender ministrations of the household maid. Needless to say she continued to rest on her laurels while keeping him hard at work on the chores that would normally have been done by herself.

It was only as the dinner guests began to make their cheerful way to the front door, full of good food and liquor that Martha stirred from the chair. "You keep working on those dishes, wench. I'll go and clear the table and bring in what's left in the way of dirty glasses and the like."

Choking back a tired sob, Brad did exactly as he was told and remained at his assigned workstation. He could hear his parents giving polite farewells to their loudly departing guests and then Martha telling both of them to get to bed while she and dear Brenda finished up in the kitchen.

"Sounds like a grand idea," Walter boomed. "I'm getting too old for all this gallivanting around. I need a good night's sleep in a comfortable bed."

"I must admit I need a good night's sleep as well. Thank goodness that Brenda is being so helpful," Agatha chimed in. "I'm confident that we can leave everything in your competent hands, Martha. I'll check in on Brad and then go to bed myself."

"Don't you worry, ma'am," Martha replied. "Everything will be taken care of as it should be and I'll make sure Brenda is properly looked after."

"Lovely," Agatha giggled, "and you don't need to worry about helping me undress tonight. I'm sure I can manage with a little bit of help from Walter."

"I'm sure we can," Walter laughed, "I may be old but I'm not that old!"

"Oh, Walter," Agatha simpered, "you can be such a beast at times. Now let's get upstairs so that Martha can get on with finishing up here."

"Goodnight, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher" Martha called as they both helped each other up the stairs obviously slightly worse for wear after a long stressful day culminating with more than a little to drink.

Moments later she was back in the kitchen carrying a tray filled with dirty glasses. "Here you go, wench. The last of the washing and drying that needs doing tonight. Get on with it while I finish cleaning up the dining room."

Bobbing down into an abbreviated curtsey, his arms still in the sink, Brad muttered a fatigued, "Yes, Miss Martha," before returning to his seemingly never-ending task of dealing with an endless stream of cutlery, pots and dishes.

"Don't sound so sorry for yourself, wench," his tormentor snapped. "You don't know the meaning of hard work but you will before I'm finished with you. Now, get on with it before I take a switch to your little backside."

Brad stifled a stinging rebuke that bubbled to his crimson lips at the maid's insufferable attitude. He just didn't know how to respond to her apparent control over his life. The

thought of being exposed to his parents and the rest of the town as a man wearing female attire was so onerous that he seemed paralyzed into continual compliance. And he was starting to think that Martha really wouldn't hesitate to use a switch to enforce her will on him.

Pouting he merely replied with a strangled voice, "Yes, Miss Martha," as he bent his knees in yet another curtsy.

"You don't sound very sincere but I just don't have time to sort you out at the moment. Maybe later you ungrateful little hussy," Martha threatened as she left for the dining room.

Brad didn't even bother to answer her parting comment. No matter what he said she seemed determined to make life miserable for him. He had no way of knowing that the family maid had always been smitten by the young son of the household but he had never shown any reciprocal feelings for her. In fact it had seemed as if he didn't even know that she existed. Now the situation had changed. Even though he obviously had a fetish for women's clothing there was no doubt in her mind that he would still make a very good catch. Indeed his suitability was further strengthened, not diminished, by the fact that he liked to play the submissive female. A dominant woman like herself could parlay his obsession into a considerable advantage in their relationship. And she was determined to make the most out of this god given opportunity.

In spite of his growing fatigue, it didn't take Brad long to finish the last of the dishes and glasses. He felt an almost glowing sense of pride at how well he done throughout the day under such adverse circumstances. Martha might not think much of his accomplishments but he had been laboring under the double handicap of carrying out work he had never done before and of fearing, almost constantly, being discovered in his feminine role by his parents. *Let her try that for a day before she finds fault* he thought.

"I see you've finally finished, wench," Martha stated as she returned to the kitchen and startled him out of his reverie.

"Yes, Miss Martha," he replied while retaining the presence of mind not to forget to curtsy.

"At least you are remembering your manners, wench. You have done quite well for your first day under my supervision. But the day isn't over for you yet. Come with me," Martha commanded imperiously.

Brad felt compelled to do as he had been told while sincerely hoping that she was going to take him to his bedroom so she could help remove his corset before he retired to his bed for a well-deserved rest.

Unfortunately, she led him instead to her small bedroom, which was situated behind the kitchen on the main floor. He couldn't remember the last time he had been in this part of the house. It must have been years.

The room was small but it was obvious that she had spent a considerable amount of time in cleaning and decorating her refuge from the rest of the household. It was as neat as a pin but still cozy and warm. In spite of his fears of what was to come, he still couldn't help being impressed with what she had accomplished with so little.

"It's very nice, Miss Martha," he couldn't help enthusing.

"Why thank you, Brenda," she replied with a warm smile. "I like it when you sound sincere instead of acting like a surly wench."

Brad blushed at her words. He had been acting in a rather uncivil manner towards her but then what did she expect as she threatened him with exposure and continuously attacked his sense of worthiness. Still he couldn't help feeling embarrassed at realizing that he had been a part of the problem by the way he had reacted to her actions. Underneath her stern exterior it was possible Martha was a warm and giving person who would respond positively to any cheerfulness on his part. Or at least he sincerely hoped so!

"But enough of the sweet talk, wench," Martha carried on with a stern look on her face. "Come over here and stand in front of me."

Any hope of finding more than passing sympathy from his tormentor rapidly fading, Brad bobbed down into an abbreviated curtsey and replied, "Yes, Miss Martha," before hurrying to comply.

Sitting down on the bed as he hustled into position, she couldn't help giving a small smile at the realization that Brad responded well to a dominant female. It was obvious that she should keep him firmly in his place if she wanted to ensure her ambitions were going to be achieved. Vowing to do just that she imperiously pointed to a spot just in front of her as a silent signal that was where she wanted him to stand.

As soon as he had hustled his skirted posterior into the required position she curtly told him to place his hands behind his back and to leave them there unless he wanted to be severely punished. Once again he hastened to comply although his trembling body was a true barometer of how anxious he really was as she continued to dominate him completely.

Pulling up the long skirts of his dress, apron and petticoats, Martha snaked her right hand up past his drawers and chemise until it closed on his penis. It immediately became erect.

"What is this then, Brenda? It seems that you have something here that a nice girl wouldn't even know about, let alone have attached to her groin," she demanded in a cold, knowing tone.

Brad couldn't even stutter out an explanation. It had been bad enough that the maid had clearly suspected his masquerade but the fact that she had demonstrated her knowledge in a graphic and crude way was completely demoralizing. Worse, his immediate erection was an undeniable indicator of how much her domination and his corresponding submission was proving to be a massive erotic experience for him.

Nor was this fact lost on Martha as she continued to firmly hold his still expanding tool. His involuntary reaction was everything that she could have hoped for in the way of yet further evidence that here was a little sissy who would thrive on female domination.

A superior smile on her thin face she asked again, "Well, girlie, what do you have to say for yourself? How do you explain this most unfeminine organ that seems to have a mind of its own? Come on now, tell me or I'll have to think of some way of punishing you for being a stupid hussy."

"I...I'm sorry, Miss Martha," Brad stammered in fear and humiliation. "I can't pretend to be my sister anymore. It's true, I'm really Brad."

"Of course you are, you silly trollop," Martha replied indignantly. "Do you take me for a complete fool? But it's also obvious to me that you are a little sissy who likes to wear women's clothing and to be dominated by a strong woman. And to think that all the local girls think you are such an eligible bachelor. For goodness sakes, I used to think that you were something special too. Now, I can see that you're an effeminate sissy who needs a strong hand to keep you in your proper place. Lucky for you, I could be the answer to your pathetic desires. Aren't you fortunate to have me?"

"Y...yes, Miss Martha," Brad mumbled, well aware that his throbbing member was indicating exactly how much he desired to be dominated by the shrewish maid.

"Maybe that should be Mistress rather than just Miss when we are alone in a bedroom, don't you think, Brenda?"

"Yes, Mistress Martha, anything that you say," Brad agreed in a subdued tone as the consequences of his exposure began to sink in. Martha, the household maid, was now completely in control of his life. Whatever she told him to do would be an order that he couldn't refuse. Not unless he wanted his dirty secret revealed to everyone else.

"Just Mistress will suffice, girlie. After all we don't need to use my name as there is only one mistress in your pathetic life," Martha gloated. "And from the looks of you, one is more than enough."

"Yes, mistress," Brad moaned with a mixture of fear and ecstasy as Martha hadn't stopped holding his still throbbing member. In fact, she had begun to slide her hand gently up and down its hard length impressed by its size and obvious vitality. She licked her lips in anticipation of the enjoyment such an impressive organ could provide. It had been a long time, too long, since she had allowed herself the pleasure of having sex.

Sensing that he was about to erupt in a violent orgasm, she abruptly stopped her expert ministrations and pulled her hands away allowing his voluminous petticoats and skirts to fall back into place. In spite of his intense humiliation at allowing himself to be so consumed by her sexual attentions, Brad couldn't stop a groan of frustration escaping his crimson lips. He had been so close to erotic release and now she was denying him that shameful pleasure.

Martha grinned evilly at this latest sign of weakness being displayed by her feminized sissy. It was obvious that denying him too much sexual pleasure would be yet one more tool in completely dominating his feminine alter ego.

"What's the matter, wench? Did you like what I was doing, you horrible little slut? You're not much better than a common whore are you? Don't just stand there like the mindless girl you are, answer me," Martha demanded.

"Y...yes, mistress," Brad stammered. "I mean, no mistress..."

"For heaven sakes, wench," Martha interjected with growing asperity. "Don't you know what you like? I'll break it down so that even a simple-minded tart like you will understand. Did you moan because you wanted me to continue what I was doing?"

Cheeks flaming with embarrassment and his eyes downcast Brad managed to mutter faintly, "Yes, mistress."

"I thought so," Martha exclaimed triumphantly. "Now for the next part, does that make you not much better than a common whore?"

Flinching with even greater humiliation, Brad made a strangled attempt at giving an answer, "I...I don't think so, mistress. I'm not that kind of ..."

Martha interjected savagely, "...that kind of girl. I know, I've heard it all before from silly little wenches like you. And you had better believe that I don't think it has the least bit of truth in it. You are all the same, more than ready to spread your legs to satisfy your wanton desires. I can see that I'm going to have to take a very firm hand in your training. I expect my sissy to only think of pleasuring me, not to be concerned about her own carnal desires. You had better be prepared to learn that very quickly. Understand, Brenda?"

"Yes, mistress," Brad replied all too aware that he had better comply completely with Martha's demands. And he was acutely cognizant of the fact that his penis had strained up into a painfully hard erection as the stern maid had lectured him on his whorish tendencies. It was obvious that being severely dominated while dressed as a woman was an unprecedented erotic experience for him.

As if reading his mind, Martha's hand flashed forward and she grasped his male appendage through the numerous layers of cloth covering his groin. "I can see that you don't really understand anything, wench. If you were only thinking of my pleasure you wouldn't have your little friend standing at attention. Yes indeed, I can see that your education is going to have to be a very strenuous one."

Brad gulped in anxious anticipation as she gave his penis a savage pull before letting it go. His skirts and petticoats were more than sufficient protection to ensure that her effort was more humiliating than painful but his manly tool began to deflate.

"You may start your training by helping me undress, wench," Martha commanded imperiously as she rose from the bed. "It will be a real pleasure for me to have a mere maid performing that duty for me instead of the other way around. Quickly now, girlie, we don't have all night."

Feeling awkward and embarrassed at having to carry out such an intimate task with a woman, Brad still managed to carry out her bidding as she patiently talked him through the procedure.

"First, undo my apron strings, unbutton the shoulder straps and then neatly fold the apron up and put it over there on the dresser, wench. That's it, girl. Now undo the buttons on the front of my dress. As you can see, it's much like the one you are wearing, black cotton with front buttons but it also has a white collar and cuffs. Let me step out of it and then you fold it up neatly."

Brad felt a fine sheen of perspiration break out on his forehead as he helped Martha out of her dress so that she stood in front of him only in her underclothes. Concentrating on carefully folding the garment up he managed to get his shallow breathing under control.

Martha sat down on the bed and pulled up her single cotton petticoat to her knees before ordering him to his knees so that he could unlace her boots and remove them. Chiding

him to be gentler she still gave a sigh of appreciation as their tight grip was loosened from her aching feet.

“It is such a relief to get those off after spending a day on your feet. I’m sure you will learn the same lesson, wench,” she purred with a smug smile on her face. “Now, give my feet a massage while you are down there on your knees.”

Biting back a sarcastic retort, Brad slowly massaged her feet while she sat with a large grin on her normally serious face. It was obvious that she was enjoying immensely every minute of his servitude to her. *At least I can relate to her pleasure he thought ruefully my shoes are killing me as well.*

“That’s lovely, Brenda,” Martha stated, “but we don’t have all night so let me stand up and you can remove my camisole and corset.”

Rapidly regaining his feet, Brad was quick to help his demanding mistress by removing her camisole and corset. Both were cheap, cotton imitations of the more splendid versions of the same garments that he was wearing as was the single petticoat that she also had him remove.

As she stood there, dressed only in her thin, almost translucent, cotton chemise, white drawers and wool stockings he began to tremble in a mix of embarrassment and desire. The scanty clothing did little to hide the true feminine beauty of her curvaceous body and he felt his male rod begin to harden yet again.

Martha smiled quietly to herself as she observed his reaction. She knew her face was thin and on the plain side but her luscious body was a different story and Brad wasn’t the first to find it an exciting sight to behold.

“Well, wench, don’t just stand there gaping like a silly goose. Help me with my chemise,” she snapped with a gleeful abandon. *This should get my little sissy going she thought. Between my feminine charms and his love of humiliation and women’s clothing he won’t know what hit him once I’m finished with his training.*

With shaking hands Brad carefully removed Martha’s chemise exposing her magnificent breasts standing out proudly from her torso. The sight was almost enough for him to ejaculate prematurely. It was only with a concerted effort that he managed to wrest his lustful gaze away from the twin mounds long enough to fold the chemise and place it neatly with her other clothes.

“Now my drawers, my little maid,” Martha simpered acutely aware of the overwhelming impact her nude body was having on her helpless victim. She also knew full well that as attractive as her breasts were to men that the feminine treasure nestled between her legs was even more of an irresistible lure for any man lucky enough to see it.

Slowly, carefully, almost reverently Brad untied the drawstring on her drawers and pulled them down her stocking covered legs. The fact that the stockings weren’t fine silk like those that he wore, but heavier, coarser wool, did nothing to detract from the well-rounded limbs he was pulling the garment down. His breathing became rapid and erratic as he knelt in front of her with his nose almost touching her groin and the erotic smell of her revealed sex wafted towards him.

Smiling broadly Martha smacked the top of his bent head to break the almost trance like state that he had fallen into while contemplating the magnificent sight inches from his eyes. "Come on, wench. Don't dawdle like a lovesick tart. Get those drawers off and then you can do my stockings."

Rousing himself with a visible effort Brad hurried to comply. The thought of running his hands along her long, firm legs as he took down her stockings was almost too much to bear. His erection began to throb in anticipation.

As he stood to place the folded drawers on the pile of Martha's clothing she lashed out with her hand and hit Brad firmly between the legs. He yelped in pain as a flash of agony lanced through his testicles and his penis deflated with amazing rapidity.

"I told you to stop thinking about yourself and your pleasure, wench," Martha growled in exasperation. "How can you be attending to my needs if you keep getting hard? I've told you before and I'll tell you again, you are to keep your mind firmly on my pleasures. Not yours unless I tell you otherwise. Do you understand that, girlie or do I have to take more drastic measures to ensure your compliance?"

"No, mistress, I understand," Brad babbled desperately in an attempt to keep her from striking him again. The pain had only been transitory in nature as well padded as he had been by his numerous layers of clothes but he had no desire to take any more hits in that part of his anatomy.

"Make sure that you do, girl. I'm not in the mood to have to repeat myself even to an unremarkable, empty-headed wench like you. I know that I should have patience in deal-



ing with a sissy of limited potential but I don't so you will just have to do your best to learn quickly."

Brad was completely nonplused to hear somebody talking down to him in such a condescending manner. He had always been acknowledged as a bright and promising young man even if he was slow to show any great ambition to do something with his life. Now he was being called a dimwitted girl.

Much to his dismay this latest assault on his manhood only caused him to become even more excited and with a growing horror he realized that he was regaining his erection. It was only with a supreme effort that he managed to bring himself under control. The thought of being hit again in the groin was enough to refocus his attention on his demanding mistress.

Martha smiled cruelly as she saw his rapidly shifting emotions mirrored on his painted face. There was no doubt that her campaign of intimidation and dominance was having the desired impact on her helpless victim.

"Come on, wench, we don't have all night," she commanded. "Get these stockings off so that we can get on with your so badly lacking education."

"Yes, mistress," Brad mumbled in reply as he contemplated the idea of running his hands along her delightful legs while trying to keep his lustful body under control. Taking a moment to smother his less than innocent thoughts he finally pulled himself together enough to carry out her latest order.

In spite of his best efforts his hands were still trembling slightly as he untied the ribbons that secured Martha's stockings in place but he managed to remove them both without arousing her ire. It was with a sigh of relief that he turned away to place her hose neatly on the pile of clothes that he had already removed.

Stretching out on the bed with a feline grace his tormentor stared at his bent head. "What's the matter, little girl? Are you afraid to look at a real woman," Martha purred with a smug grin. "Or maybe you are just jealous because you don't have a body like mine. Is that it, wench?"

"No, mistress," Brad stammered in reply as he kept his eyes focused on the floor.

"What, you don't think my body is good enough," Martha growled in a sudden burst of anger.

"Oh no, mistress," Brad cried in abject horror. "You have a lovely body but I can't look at it and not become aroused. I don't want to upset you."

"You poor baby," Martha cooed sympathetically. "I'm so impressed to hear that you want to keep me happy and that you find my figure so erotically arousing. Maybe you will be able to learn your new status in life more easily than I thought."

"Yes, mistress," Brad replied with a hopeful smile. He was inordinately pleased that Martha for once was praising rather than ridiculing him.

"I know it's hard for a pathetic sissy like you to control her emotions, at least until she has been properly trained, so I will not get too upset if you become excited while you look

at my body. After all you are going to have to learn all about it if you want to worship it properly," Martha stated. "You do want to worship it, don't you?"

"Oh yes, mistress," Brad replied with a pleading tone all too apparent in his trembling voice.

"Then you may raise your eyes, you silly goose, and look at the delights that will be yours to worship. But you will only do so on my terms, wench. Make sure you understand that particular point, Brenda," Martha demanded.

"Yes, mistress," Brad answered with the absolute conviction that any failure to comply would be dealt with very severely indeed. Still he couldn't help licking his carmine lips with hungry anticipation as he raised his eyes to feast on the sight of Martha's reclining body.

It was all he could have hoped for in its splendid totality. Large, well-shaped breasts with sizable aureoles culminating in hard nipples, small waist, large, fleshy hips and curvaceous legs all combining to make a luscious feminine body. And the short, curly bush at the juncture of those superb legs barely concealed the plump lips of the ultimate erotic treasure awaiting the attentions of anyone lucky enough to be invited to enjoy it.

Martha laughed to herself as she watched the lust and desire that manifested itself on her little sissy's face. She found him as easy to read as an open book and this knowledge would help her to manipulate him into doing anything she wanted. The very thought of this unbridled power over her helpless victim made her wet with desire.

"Do you like what you see, wench? Is it enough to drive you insane with naughty thoughts? I can see that it does so I really must do something about it," Martha growled in a voice made guttural by her own wanton needs.

"Yes, mistress," Brad replied in a voice quavering with a mixture of lust and anxiety at the latent threat resonating in his tormentor's question.

"Turn around, sissy," she commanded, "but before you do, hand me one of my stockings."

"Yes, mistress," Brad acquiesced as he hurried to do as she ordered while wondering what she had in mind.

As soon as her sissy maid-in-training had turned his back after handing over the stocking, Martha instructed him to hold his hands behind his back. In seconds she had secured his wrists together in a crude but effective restraint. There was no way Brad would be able to free his hands without her assistance.

"All right, wench," she ordered, "turn and face me, quickly now!"

Responding to the urgency in her voice Brad twirled around while desperately trying to maintain his balance. Having his hands tied behind his back made it more difficult than he thought it would be.

"Get on your knees, now you little tart," Martha commanded in a tone that clearly demonstrated her impatient desire to have some sexual relief.

Brad rushed to obey although once again he had to struggle to do something that would normally be a relatively simple task. However after a tentative start he ended up

kneeling in front of the bed in a flurry of petticoats and skirts around his lower body but without injury.

"Very nice, girlie," Martha stated smugly as she sat up and swung her legs around so that her feet were on the floor on either side of her anxious captive. She grinned down at the top of his down turned head.

"Enjoying the view, wench? I wouldn't be surprised if you turn out to be a right little tart, a whore of the lowest morals," she taunted him.

Brad gulped nervously as he had been rather enjoying looking at the feminine treasure hidden in the juncture of her shapely legs. It was only a few inches from his startled eyes once his tormentor had finished positioning herself. It was almost impossible not to ogle the supreme reward that Martha had to offer anyone lucky enough to engage her fancy.

Taking his nervous silence as an indication of his being completely overwhelmed by what was sitting right in front of his eyes, she plunged on in her determined effort to dominate him completely. "Well whore, don't just kneel there like a sack of potatoes. Give me some pleasure!"

"But how mistress, my hands are tied behind my back," Brad whined with a pleading look in his eyes.

"There is nothing wrong with your tongue, wench. Now lean forward and start using it where I'll appreciate it the most," Martha snarled in frustrated annoyance.

"What? Surely that can't be natural," he stammered in surprise. He wasn't a complete virgin but he had never heard of anyone doing anything of the nature the maid was suggesting.

"Don't be so silly, girlie. How do you think women make each other happy? And if it's good enough for them it will certainly be more than good enough for a sissy like you."

Brad could tell by Martha's tone that the discussion was over unless he wanted to pay heavily for any further insubordination. With a groan of mortification he leaned forward and hesitantly began to lick and kiss the area between his mistress' thighs. Much to his surprise it wasn't an entirely unpleasant experience.

"That's it, whore. Over a little bit to the right with your tongue," Martha sighed with satisfaction. "Oh, yes, there, right there. I'm coming already. See how hot you have made me you filthy tart."

Brad fell into an increasingly proficient rhythm with his rapidly tiring tongue as the maid's sighing and squirming quickly became guttural moans of delight and her hips began to buck back and forth convulsively. As her movements became more pronounced he began to have a harder time keeping his face where she demanded his attention be directed. A problem she solved by grabbing the back of his head with trembling hands and pushing it firmly into place.

Finally she gave a small screech of joy and pushed him away. Brad, in the middle of lapping up the flood of feminine sexual juices that had flooded down towards her thighs, could barely comprehend that she wanted him to stop. Although his jaw and lips ached from their unaccustomed labor he had become quite excited about being able to dominate his demanding mistress so completely that she had descended into a sexual frenzy.

Pulling himself together with a shudder, he shook his head and licked his wet lips while watching Martha lying back on the bed, her legs spread wantonly while small tremors ran through her spent body. A small smile crept onto his face as he thought about how she had changed so completely from a domineering, sarcastic mistress to a sex starved woman whose needs had to be appeased.

Martha opened her eyes and looked between her jutting breasts at the sissy kneeling between her legs. *By the look on your face you are rather pleased with yourself, girlie* she thought. *I had better reel you back in before you start to think you are anything but my little hussy and maid-in-training.*

Sitting up she looked down on Brad who once again had averted his eyes downward. "Not bad for a first time, wench, but if I hadn't needed that so much it wouldn't have been half as easy as it was to satisfy me. Next time you will have to work much harder to get it right. After a few lessons, I imagine you will make quite a satisfactory little whore with a talented tongue to keep her mistress happy."

Brad squirmed under the verbal abuse raining down on his bowed head but couldn't help realizing that once again his traitorous penis was become rock-hard as Martha's callous words beat against the crumbling bastion of his male pride. His conscious mind barely registered the fact that she obviously expected him to repeat this rather perverse act on demand. Rapidly growing sexual desires made it a rather moot point as there was little room for rational thought in his rapidly escalating need to obtain his own relief.

Almost as if she could read his mind, his tormentor asked why he was squirming and added ominously that it had better not be because he was starting to put his own needs ahead of hers again. The latent threat of her words acted like a cold shower and he quickly became flaccid as images of what she might do to him flashed through his mind.

"You wouldn't want a release of your own, would you, wench? Tell me the truth now," Martha demanded.

Brad dithered as he twisted on the horns of the dilemma he found himself on. Should he admit that he desperately wanted what she was asking and risk her ire or deny any desires and take the chance she would give him no satisfaction?

"Come on, girlie. Answer me at once," Martha snapped angrily as his long silence became intolerable.

"Yes, I mean no, or yes, mistress," Brad cried out in a jumble of conflicting emotions.

"Oh, you stupid girl, that's no sort of answer at all," she answered in a sharp tone. "It's obvious that you can't think for yourself so I will have to tell you what is going to happen."

"Yes, mistress," a chastised Brad mumbled unhappily.

"Seeing that you are a dimwitted wench I'm going to send you to bed immediately without any kind of release at all," Martha stated vindictively. "We will try this again tomorrow evening to see if you deserve any better. In the meantime, I fully expect you to not give yourself any relief and believe me, I will know if you do and the consequences will not be pleasant. Do you understand, whore?"

“Yes, mistress,” Brad bleated in abject misery for being denied any enjoyment at all and at the prospect that he would find himself between her knees again tomorrow evening.

In minutes he found himself sneaking back to his room after Martha had untied his hands and had him take off and then loosely replace his apron, dress and camisole so that she could loosen his corset sufficiently that he could remove it before retiring for the night. Stealing through the quiet house with his clothes and makeup in utter disarray was an unsettling experience but no one stirred as he made his stealthy way towards his sister’s bedroom. Even so, it was completely demoralizing to be sneaking about like a violated female servant who had been victimized by one of her superiors and then left to her own devices. The thought of being discovered in such an untenable situation by one of his parents was almost too much to bear.

Once in Brenda’s room, he quickly removed all his clothing, put on the pink silk nightgown he had worn the previous night and fell into bed completely exhausted. The thought of providing himself any sexual relief didn’t even enter his mind as he rapidly fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 9

Now it was another day and the uncertainty of what would happen next was almost as debilitating as the physical aches and pains his body was suffering from after the strenuous ordeal yesterday. In spite of his concerns he couldn’t help stretching luxuriously while enjoying the sleek feel of the silk of his nightgown rubbing softly against his skin even as his muscles screamed in protest.

There was a loud knock on his door and before he could even summon the strength to tell who ever it was to please go away, Martha briskly walked in with a large smile on her face. A smile that turned to a frown as she saw him huddling under his bedding. Stopping to close the door, she marched purposely over to the bed and whipped back the covers.

“Come on, wench. Get up and stop lying there moaning. There is much to be done today and I don’t have time to be looking after you all day. It will be the other way around if you get my meaning.”

Brad looked at her with pleading eyes as he replied in a quavering voice, “Please, mistress, have some mercy. I can hardly move after yesterday. I need to stay in bed.”

“Don’t give me that nonsense, you silly girl, you have a lot of work to do today and I won’t take no as an answer. Now get out of that bed instantly before I take a switch to your backside,” Martha growled without an ounce of sympathy in her voice.

Still whimpering, Brad slowly pulled himself out of bed and stood swaying weakly in front of the maid. Every inch of his body protested loudly as he did so but his fear of this insidious blackmailer was stronger than any physical discomfort offered by his aching limbs.

“That’s better, missy,” Martha laughed. “You will soon feel better once you have moved around and loosened everything up. I know, after all I’ve had to work a sight

harder than you on many a day and you can be sure that there was never any time off. Now get that nightgown off while I lay some clothes out for you."

Brad's first reaction was one of extreme embarrassment and an almost involuntary negative response to her order. He had never stripped down to his bare skin for any woman. But then he remembered that she held an immense amount of power over him and hadn't been the least hesitant about appearing naked before him last night.

With a sigh of resignation he slowly stripped off his soft silk nightgown and placed it carefully on the bed. His cheeks flamed red as he realized that she was staring intently at his body.

Martha chuckled with amusement at his obvious discomfort while enjoying the sight of his slender but well proportioned body. It wasn't rippling with muscles, in fact it was rather soft looking but there was no doubt that his manhood hanging between his legs was of a good size. Even as she watched, it began to rise up in an unmistakable indicator of his sexual arousal by her continuing domination.

"Enough of that, wench," she snapped while stepping forward and deflating his member with a swift swat of her hand. "I told you to keep your thoughts on my needs rather than your own, didn't I?"

"Yes, mistress," Brad cried as he cringed back in pain.

"Then make sure that you follow my instructions, you silly hussy. You will only become aroused when I tell you to do so in order to give me pleasure. Can you understand that simple guidance, girlie? Or should I bring out the switch?"

"No, mistress, I understand. You don't have to bring out the switch," Brad gabbled frantically. There was no way that he wanted even more pain inflicted on his already aching body.

"Very well then," Martha stated. "I know that you are new at this so I'm prepared to give you a bit of leeway. But as you may have ascertained, I'm not a particularly patient woman when it comes to dealing with sissies so don't keep making the same mistakes over and over again."

"Yes, mistress, I understand," Brad obsequiously concurred as he thanked his lucky stars that he seemed to have talked himself out of any serious punishment. But how was he supposed to stop himself from becoming erect when he found this whole experience so arousing?

"Very well then girl, let's get on with getting you some clothes," Martha conceded with a small smile. "We don't have too much time and you have much to do so it will have to be something practical. Let's see what you have."

Quickly rummaging through Brenda's drawers and wardrobe, she soon had a number of clothes that she threw on the bed. "Here you go, wench, start with these wool stockings and elastic garters. Did you hear that there was something called suspenders now being used to hold up women's stockings in Europe and out East? Apparently they are much better for your legs so we really must look into getting you some."

The black stockings were of much finer wool than those worn by Martha but Brad was still a little miffed at not being given silk stockings to wear. From experience he knew that

the silk ones would feel so much nicer on his legs. However he wisely refrained from saying anything and soon had the hose firmly held in place with the white garters. As he was pulling them into place he couldn't help but wonder what the new suspenders would feel like.

Martha threw him a pair of fine white linen drawers. "Here you go, put these on. It must be nice to have such fine underclothes to wear. I can't see any plain cotton ones in here so you will have to wear these."

Brad quickly pulled the garment up and buttoned the waist closure at the back. For some reason it felt comforting to cover up his male member from the maid's piercing gaze. At least it shouldn't be so obvious if he became inadvertently aroused.

"Now for your boots, wench," Martha declared. "Sit on the bed and do them up yourself. Here is the shoehorn and buttonhook."

Brad thought that Martha was certainly a clever woman to think of him putting on the narrow, formfitting boots while he was barely clothed. He certainly wouldn't be able to do it when she had him laced into a corset. Still, she should have really done his boots up as part of her duties in assisting the ladies of the house to dress. Not that he would dare bring this particular point up while she was so completely in control of his destiny.

"Here's your chemise, a cotton one I'm happy to say," Martha cut in. "A silk one is much too fine for somebody who is going to be working as hard as you."

Brad took the simple white garment with a grimace although it had a lovely lace neckline and hem. Raising his arms he allowed it to float down over his torso until it came to a rest with its hem just past his knees. It felt deliciously cool but it just didn't have the caressing touch of silk.

"Here are your petticoats, two will be enough and you should be grateful to hear that they are a nice light cotton so you won't get too warm as you work during the day."

Brad was anything but grateful as he had so enjoyed wearing the silk petticoats the previous two days but he also had to silently acknowledge the fact that they hadn't been particularly comfortable when he had been scrubbing the kitchen floor.

Tying off the last one at his waist he gave them a vigorous shake to make sure they lay properly over his stocking-clad legs. The two white petticoats had lovely lace hems but unlike silk they didn't make the distinctive rustle or have the sleek feel he loved so much.

"Come on, girl," Martha commanded. "Stop sulking and let's get your corset on. Turn around and I'll lace you up once you have closed the front clasps."

The corset was made of plain white cotton but still had an impressive array of stays to help mold his body into a more feminine form. Brad wrapped it around his torso and fastened the metal loops and studs along its front so Martha could start the laborious process of pulling the back laces tightly enough to produce his pseudo breasts and small waist.

With a final satisfied grunt the maid tied off the laces and stood back to examine her work. "You are starting to look very sissy-like, wench. Get your camisole on while I lay out a dress and apron for you."

Once again the garment was plain white cotton rather than silk but Brad only complied quietly with Martha's order and quickly buttoned it up. There just didn't seem to be any point in arguing with his assertive tormentor.

"I've left the dress and apron on the bed," Martha stated. "I'm off to the kitchen to start breakfast. Finish getting dressed and join me there after you finish getting dressed, wench."

"Yes, mistress," Brad replied as he sank into a hasty curtsy to the haughty maid who was rapidly leaving the room and closing the door on her way out.

With a sigh of exasperation at being so dominated by Martha coupled with a sense of relief at being left alone for at least a few minutes, Brad turned to the bed and quickly began to comply with his latest orders.

The dress was the same simple black, front-buttoning one he had worn the day before and it only took him a few minutes to have it covering his rather plain cotton underclothes. And although the apron wasn't the one he had worn earlier, it was a freshly laundered version of the first and he soon had it tied in place.

I'm going to take the time to tie a black ribbon in my hair, do my makeup and put on the same jewelry that I've worn for the last two days he thought. Martha can just wait until I've done those few things. That should show her that she wouldn't always get her way without any reaction from me. And if the truth were known, I don't think it will hurt to keep up appearances unless I want everyone else in this household to know who I really am.

With these thoughts rattling around in his head he rapidly but carefully put on his cosmetics and jewelry before tying a ribbon in his long hair. His sense of defiance didn't extend to dawdling for too much time over these tasks and it wasn't long before he was making his way down the stairs to the kitchen with a feeling of apprehension that Martha might take exception to his tardiness.

Indeed his entrance into the kitchen was met by a frosty look from his demanding mistress but she only pointed to the dirty dishes in the sink before getting on with her own tasks. Brad scuttled over and immediately commenced the washing with any further thoughts of even minor resistance firmly banished.

As soon as he had finished the dishes he was delegated to carry a tray laden with breakfast up to Brenda, not surprisingly still reclining in bed with her immobilized leg. In return he got to carry out her chamber pot, empty it into the toilet and clean it before returning it to the bedroom.

The whole day became an endless grind with both Martha and Brenda keeping him busy with a constant stream of orders and requests. The added ordeal of wondering when his parents would finally see through his masquerade made it a living nightmare.

The arrival of the morning mail brought with it a partial answer to his prayers that he wouldn't be discovered. Agatha received a letter stating that her older sister, living out east, was gravely ill. This unsettling news coming so soon after believing that her son had been killed proved to be too much and she took to her bed. As a result, Walter became completely preoccupied with wondering what he could do to cheer up his wife as she had never reacted to adversity in this manner.

With both of his parents not paying the least bit of attention to him, Brad felt much more confident that he would not be found out at least for a few more days. Unfortunately both Brenda and Martha also took advantage of the situation and increased their demands on his time without fearing any questions about their behavior from either Walter or Agatha.

The day ended late with Brad nervously returning to his sister's bedroom with his clothes in complete disarray after Martha took advantage of him once again without offering him any sexual relief. Although he found this to be an ever-increasing source of frustration it still had the effect of increasing her ever-expanding power over him as he sank further and further into her feminizing web.

The next morning began in much the same way with Martha dressing him in the same clothes and setting him to work early. It was only in middle of the morning that his father called him to the bedroom where Brenda was lying and made the announcement that initially seemed like an answer to his avoiding further detection.

"Brad, Brenda," Walter began, "I have an important decision to tell you about. I'm really worried about your mother and feel that we all need to do something to help her out. It may not be the best of times to do this but I think it's important that I take her back east so that she can see her family. I've checked with the doctor, Brad and he doesn't think that you are going to have any problems in healing up so although we hate to leave you bedridden like this it shouldn't be a problem. In fact you should be up and about by the time we get back. Doctor Smith fully expects that in another week or so you should be out of bed and getting on with regaining your mobility.

"As for you Brenda, both your mother and I have been most impressed with how you've buckled down and helped Martha over these last few days. We feel most confident that Brad will be in good hands if we leave the two of you to look after him while we are gone."

Brad and Brenda exchanged relieved glances as their father spoke. Brad with growing hope that he and his sister could be back in their respective roles by the time his parents finished their trip and Brenda with the thought that she could extend her journey into male territory at least until they returned.

She was the first to gather her wits about her and say, "I think it's a capital idea, father. Mother needs the break and so do you. I can give Joe a hand down at the freight company once I'm on my feet again. How long will you be gone?"

Walter beamed at the words he was hearing. He had hoped that Brad would be willing to help out at the family business; indeed, he had been going to mention it as something he would very much like to see happen while he was gone. And now his son had brought up the fact that he would help Joe Fowler, the general manager, on his own violation.

"I'm really happy to hear that you are willing to do that, Brad. I was going to mention it but you beat me to it. I know that Joe can run things with no problem but it will be nice to know that you are keeping an eye on things and learning something about the business. As for how long we will be gone, I figure it will probably be about two months so we should be home before the snow flies."

Brad gave a small gasp of relief as he absorbed the fact that his parents would be gone for eight weeks, surely that would be enough time for his sister's leg to heal up so that they could get back to their respective roles. *And listen to the uppity hussy volunteering to work at the freight company without even asking me if I would be willing to carry on there after we do change back* he thought.

As her brother stood there with a relieved yet perplexed look on his face, Brenda jumped in again. "Don't worry about anything, father. You and mother take all the time that you need for this visit. I'll take care of everything here. This leg won't hold me back for long. When are you and mother going to depart?"

Walter gave another big smile, "I'm glad to hear that you are so keen to help, son. I think that we will leave tomorrow. I don't want your mother sitting around fretting too long or we'll never go."

"Good plan," Brenda replied with a laugh. "You tell mother that there is nothing for her to worry about. We'll be just fine, won't we Brenda?"

Brad, who had been following the conversation with less than his full concentration, had to sharply remind himself that he would have to answer his sister's question before his father became suspicious.

"Yes, there will be no problems at all and everything should be just right as rain when you arrive home," he conceded with a thinly veiled statement that he and Brenda would have reclaimed their appropriate positions in the household by the time Walter and Agatha returned.

Brenda couldn't repress a grin at her brother's obvious wish to get back into pants as quickly as possible. *Not if Martha and I have our way, dearest* she thought. *It's obvious that she has plans for you and I think I'll just have to make sure that those plans include keeping you in skirts for the foreseeable future. That way I'll get to enjoy this male lifestyle as long as possible.*

Unaware of his sister's devious thoughts, Brad gave his father a broad smile as he continued, "Just make sure that you and mother have a good trip and return safe and sound, father. I'll go and tell Martha to help mother pack."

"Just like a woman," Brenda chortled. "Their first priority is always to make sure that they have a big enough wardrobe to take with them where ever they go. Off you go, sis, while Dad and I discuss the business. I'm sure you'd rather be doing more womanly things."

Brad shot his sister a nasty look but once again he didn't dare make a scene with his father present. Instead he gave a haughty harrumph and swept out of the room, followed by the amused chuckles of his father and 'brother'.

Darn her anyway he thought. *Who does she think she is? Lumping me in with the women and then stating that I'm not intelligent enough to stay and discuss the family business. I'll sort her and that overbearing Martha out once mother and father have left.*

Sweeping down the stairs he entered the kitchen and found the maid hard at work preparing the lunch. She gave him an exasperated look as if to say where have you been, wench? But before she could open her mouth to say anything he quickly told her of his

parents' departure the next day and that she would undoubtedly have to help his mother pack.

"Indeed," Martha replied to his hurried explanation of what was happening. "And how long will your mother and father be gone?"

"Two months, more than enough time to get things sorted out in this household," he replied with a big smile.

"Yes, it will be," she agreed while thinking *more than enough time for your sister and I to get you exactly where we want you, wench. We had a little talk yesterday but I see that I had better have a longer one with her today to sort out the details.*

"Here, you wash up these dishes and get things set out for lunch while I go and have a word with your mother," Martha continued with a toothy grin as she thought of the fun that lay ahead. "I'll finish up the meal when I come back down. I won't be long as I'm sure that most of the packing will take place this afternoon."

Brad couldn't help dipping down into a quick curtsy as he replied, "Yes, Miss Martha."

I'll have to do better than that he thought as the maid gave him a condescending sneer as she left the kitchen. *If I'm going to reassert my rightful place in this household after mother and father leave I can't keep submitting to the two females. Heck, one is in bed with a broken leg and one is a lowly maid. They will just have to do exactly as I say.*

Even as these thoughts were running through his head, Brad was busy at the sink doing the dishes. It was still a pleasantly novel experience and he found that he quite enjoyed working alone in the kitchen.

The rest of the day seemed to flash by with the household in an uproar as Agatha's wardrobe was packed for the trip, Brenda's needs were seen to and the normal household activities such as meals were attended to by Martha and Brad. The pace was so hectic that both of them were exhausted by early evening. As a result, everyone went to bed early. Brad wasn't sure if he was relieved or disappointed by the fact that he didn't have to attend to the maid's intimate sexual needs. Not that he had much time to dwell on the issue as he was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Chapter 10

"Get up, wench," were the words that welcomed Brad to a new day. He groaned as he rose from a deep slumber that had kept him comatose for the whole night. His body still ached from the unaccustomed labor but it wasn't as bad as the previous morning.

With a sigh he quickly slipped out of the bed and watched Martha quickly lay out some clothes for him, the same ones he wore yesterday.

Catching his inquiring look, the maid curtly stated, "These will do you quite nicely, wench. You will be busy again today and I will make sure that you have something else to wear after the household settles down once your parents have left."

"Yes, mistress," was Brad's almost automatic response even as he thought that he would certainly be wearing something else after his parents had left, his male clothing!

In minutes he was again clad in the black wool stockings, white linen drawers, boots, white cotton chemise and two white cotton petticoats so that Martha could lace him into the corset. A task that seemed to take longer as she tightened it much more severely than she had previously and only laughed contemptuously when he tried to complain.

As soon as she was finished, she left ignoring his faint whimpers of pain and ordering him imperiously to put the rest of his clothes on while she went to help his mother.

Gasping with the effort as he adjusted to the tightly bound corset, Brad managed to put on the white cotton camisole, black dress and white pinafore apron before tying a ribbon in his hair, putting on makeup and donning the jewelry he had been wearing since assuming his sister's role.

Stopping to catch his breath he pondered what he should do next. Martha had left no directions so he hemmed and hawed for several minutes before deciding to go down to the kitchen. It seemed to be the most logical thing to do if he was to retain his feminine persona until his parents were gone.

Martha, long since finished helping Agatha dress, shot him a stern glare as he minced in with a small smile on his crimson lips.

"Come along, wench. Don't dawdle like a princess of the realm. There is work to be done and not a moment to lose if we are to see your mother and father off later this morning. Come and help with the breakfast and then take a tray up to your 'brother'."

Once again, Brad found himself immersed in a whirlwind of activity and the hours flew by so quickly that he didn't have time to develop a plan on how to regain his proper status in the household once his parents were on their way. The thought that he should really be preparing for the resumption of his rightful place entered his mind several times but the press of the tasks being assigned to him by Martha and Brenda always forced him to postpone any serious consideration of the problem.

It was almost time for their departure before Agatha and Walter had him sit down for a few minutes. His heart thudding painfully fast within the confines of his tightly laced corset, Brad wondered what they were going to say. Had they finally seen through his ridiculous charade?

"Brenda, we just wanted to say that your behavior has been absolutely marvelous these last few days," Agatha began. "There is no doubt that we wouldn't even be considering this trip if we didn't have absolute confidence in the fact that you will look after your brother and give Martha a helping hand while we are gone."

"Yes," Walter added. "We are more than a little proud of the way you have proved yourself by raising to the occasion, my dear. And we know that you will continue your good work until we return."

"I must be brutally blunt and say that we were seriously considering sending you back east to a suitable young ladies' finishing school before these latest events unfolded," Agatha continued, "but we are both sure that won't be necessary now. You have proven

yourself to be a compassionate, hardworking young woman who has no need of such an education."

Brad was stunned into a confused silence. He had no idea that his parents had been so disgruntled with his sister that they had intended to send her to a finishing school. And now she was off the hook mainly due to his efforts.

"Brad has also done splendidly," Walter interjected. "We are confident that he will do well at the freight company if his grit and tenacity in the last few days are any indication. Of course we expect that you will fully support him in his efforts."

Brad stammered, "Of course, father. You can count on me."

"Oh, Brenda, it is so comforting for both of us to see you rightfully take your proper feminine role so seriously," Agatha gushed as she reached forward and gave her 'daughter' a motherly hug.

Brad enjoyed the feel of his mother's arms around him even as his mind reeled in turmoil. It seemed that both he and his sister had finally succeeded in impressing their parents by acting out each other's roles. What a mess!

His emotions continued to ricochet around as his parents departed in a flurry of good-byes and wishes for a grand trip. It all became too much and to his acute embarrassment he began to sniffle into a dainty lady's handkerchief a grinning Martha passed to him.

Before he knew it they were gone and he felt vulnerable and alone rather than strong and confident. It was not an auspicious start to his campaign to regain his rightful place in the household.

Even as the wagon taking Walter and Agatha, along with their mountain of luggage, was clattering off to the town's train station Brad was being herded upstairs by Martha who had firmly closed the house door after they had waved the departing parents a teary farewell. In seconds they were both standing in front of Brenda who was reclining on the bed with a book in her hands.

"Everyone away then," she asked after looking up once Martha cleared her throat to announce their presence.

"Yes, Mister Brad," Martha replied with a sly grin. "Your parents are on their way and you are in charge while they are gone."

"How true, it shall be as we discussed earlier, Martha," Brenda drawled with a large smile on her face.

Brad who had still been sniffing quietly into the handkerchief began to get a very bad feeling about the banter back and forth between his two female tormentors. This conversation was not setting the stage for the reassertion of his masculine rights in the household.

"What are you talking about, you silly women," he demanded shrilly. "I'm the male of this household and I will be the one in charge."

Brenda and Martha exchanged amused glances before the former stated, "You sure don't look like a male dressed the way that you are, wench."

"Stop calling me that name," Brad cried. "It's bad enough that Martha has assumed airs and taken advantage of my situation. I don't need you joining in as well. Now that

mother and father have left there is no real reason that we can't return to our proper roles. I'm only dressed like this because of your stupidity."

"I'll call you anything I like, wench," Brenda replied coolly. "And don't give me that nonsense about you being dressed as a woman due to any stupidity on my part. If you were any sort of man you would never have agreed to exchange clothes with me. If anyone is being stupid it is you for assuming that we can change back while I'm still bedridden. What will the doctor or any other visitor say when they find out that 'Brad' is miraculously cured and his sister has a broken leg instead? Don't you think that they might be a tad curious about such an unusual phenomenon?"

Brad spluttered and blustered at Brenda's comments but he had no real answer to her observation about her medical condition. In spite of his fond hopes of both of them returning immediately to their normal roles there was no doubt that her broken leg was going to be a problem for some time to come. He silently rued the fact that he had not given the matter more thought before this confrontation took place.

"Not only that but Martha also knows about our little charade," Brenda continued remorselessly. "We have had a little chat about her continued discretion on the matter and she has been more than forthright with me about what will be required to ensure her silence. I have agreed to her demand and unfortunately for you there will be little choice in carrying it out."

The hairs on the back of Brad's neck began to rise as he considered this latest news. It was obvious that his sister was not going to prove to be a staunch ally against Martha. In fact it appeared that she would prefer to side with the maid rather than her own brother. Things were really starting to look bleak.

"W...what demand," he stuttered with a real note of fear in his voice.

"That she will run this household as she sees fit while mother and father are away and that you will do everything she tells you without argument. To make it quite clear, she will be in charge and you will do whatever is required of you by either her or me," Brenda replied in a quiet but firm manner.

"Why that's preposterous," Brad argued. "Even if I was to take your place until the broken leg was no longer a factor I would still be in charge of the household and Martha, as the mere maid, would be following my orders."

"True, if it was me and not you wearing the dresses," Brenda countered with a hard look in her eyes. "But you are not a real woman, you are just a little feminized sissy and as such you will be the lowest ranking member of this household."

"But that's not fair," Brad wailed as the significance of what his sister was saying began to sink in. In effect he was being demoted from the top of the group to the bottom with the household maid holding power over him. A thought that was unfortunately both distressing and exciting at the same time.

"Who said anything about being fair," Brenda demanded. "You wanted to dress as a woman and to see what it was like to live as one. Well, now here is your chance to see what it's like to be treated like a second class citizen instead of an almighty male."

"I won't do it," Brad screamed in protest. "You can't make me do it and I won't be treated like this!"

Brenda gave an exasperated sigh and looked at Martha. "You were right, Martha. She is going to be an unruly little sissy so we had better get on with sorting her out right now."

"Yes, Mister Brad," Martha giggled as she suddenly pushed Brad forward so that he fell across the bed. Brenda kept her injured leg out of the way but quickly trapped him with her other leg so that he was held securely face down in spite of yelling and kicking his feet ineffectively as the tight corset severely restricted his ability to move.

His gasping screams only increased as he felt Martha pull the skirt of his dress and two petticoats up to his waist exposing his chemise and stocking-clad legs. Seconds later his chemise hem was also pushed up so that his white linen drawers were also completely on view. The vice-like grip of his corset and Brenda's sturdy leg were more than enough to ensure his struggles continued to be ineffectual even after this latest indignity.

An indignity that was intensified a hundred-fold as Martha brought a switch whistling down with great force on his defenseless rear. He bleated in pain as the blows rained down in a merciless rhythm of agony that soon had him sobbing in anguish. A misery brought on not only by the physical suffering but from the very idea of being so humiliated in front of two women.

In a very short time he ceased trying to extricate himself and lay crying pathetically as each blow landed on his cruelly punished buttocks. Noting the complete collapse of his earlier defiance, Brenda signaled the maid to cease the beating.

Martha had also noticed the fact that he had stopped struggling and was reduced to only sobbing heartbrokenly whenever the switch landed on his twitching rear. She was quite happy to stop as there was no real pleasure to be taken in hitting such a pathetic, defenseless sissy.

"Brenda, are you ready to do as you are told without question," Brenda demanded in a stern tone.

Brad was blubbing so loudly he was hardly aware that he was being spoken to, in fact he was so traumatized by the thrashing he had just received he was barely cognizant of the cessation of the punishment. It was only the sternness of his sister's voice that made him respond at all.

"Please don't hit me anymore. I'll do as I'm told. I really will. I promise to be a good girl," he babbled without even being sure of what Brenda had said.

"It sounds as if our little sissy has the general idea of what is required of her," Martha laughed gleefully.

"Yes, it does," Brenda chuckled with a smug smile on her face. "I don't think we will have to remind her again for at least a few days or at least until her backside begins to feel less raw."

Brad continued to snuffle in humiliated pain as his two tormentors bantered back and forth. His embarrassment was only amplified by the fact that he had a bone-hard erection. The most intense one he had ever managed to achieve. There was little doubt in his mind that it would take very little for him to erupt like a volcano. Something that he prayed

didn't happen as it would only make him more vulnerable to the manipulations of the two witches dominating him so completely. In spite of this fear his treacherous penis didn't become flaccid but continued to throb menacingly as he continued to lie across the bed.

"All right, Martha, get this silly girl off of my bed and sort her out," Brenda commanded. "And you stop that silly sniveling, wench, or we will really give you something to cry about."

Her last words were accompanied by a hard slap to Brad's already burning buttocks and he yelped in pain as Martha pulled him back up to an upright position. Frantically brushing his dress and petticoats down to hide his still throbbing shame he managed to cease his trembling sobs.

"Before you go, girlie," Brenda drawled, "make sure that you understand your new position in this household. You are at the bottom of the pecking order and you will remain there until our parents are due to return. If you are very good, I will allow you to return to your male persona. If you don't do as you are told with good grace there is a chance that you will remain in your role of the darling daughter of the household. You certainly seem to have impressed mother and father in that position more than I ever have. Is that quite clear to you?"

Keeping his eyes down, Brad muttered weakly, "Yes, I understand and promise that I will behave, particularly if I can get back to being myself."

"Silly girl, you are being yourself now, certainly more than you ever did as the son of the household. But we won't get into that at the moment. You will have enough on your plate as it is. Now before you go, I think it only appropriate if you address me as Master Brad and curtsy when I speak to you. It will be an excellent reminder of your new status in the household. And of course you will address Martha as Miss Martha and extended her the same courtesy of a curtsy. Clear, wench?"

"Yes, Master Brad," Brad complied as he sank down into a painful curtsy.

"Good, now go with Martha and she will get you organized."

"Yes, Master Brad," a thoroughly chastised Brad replied as he curtsied yet again before following Martha out of the bedroom as tears continued to trickle down his rouged cheeks.

Walking carefully to alleviate the pain in his tender rear and to avoid teasing his still rampant cock made it difficult to keep up with the maid as she led him downstairs and into her bedroom. Much to his chagrin the thought of the erotic activities that had already taken place in this small room caused his straining penis to maintain its position of rigid attention.

Once she had closed the door, Martha snaked her hand out with astonishing speed and grasped his rampant male member through the material of his dress and petticoats. In spite of its bulky covering she knew immediately that her little sissy was suffering from an enormous erection.

"Just as I thought, wench," she gloated. "That switching gave you a great deal of pain but it also caused you to become terribly aroused. It's so typical of a whore like you to re-

act in such a slutish manner. Didn't I tell you that you should keep your mind on servicing your betters?"

Afraid that she was going to pinch and twist his throbbing penis Brad could only blubber meekly, "Yes, mistress. But I couldn't help it. Honestly, I tried."

Much to his relief, Martha merely smiled and said, "I know, girlie. It's just your true character coming to the fore. We will just have to make good use of your little problem, won't we?"

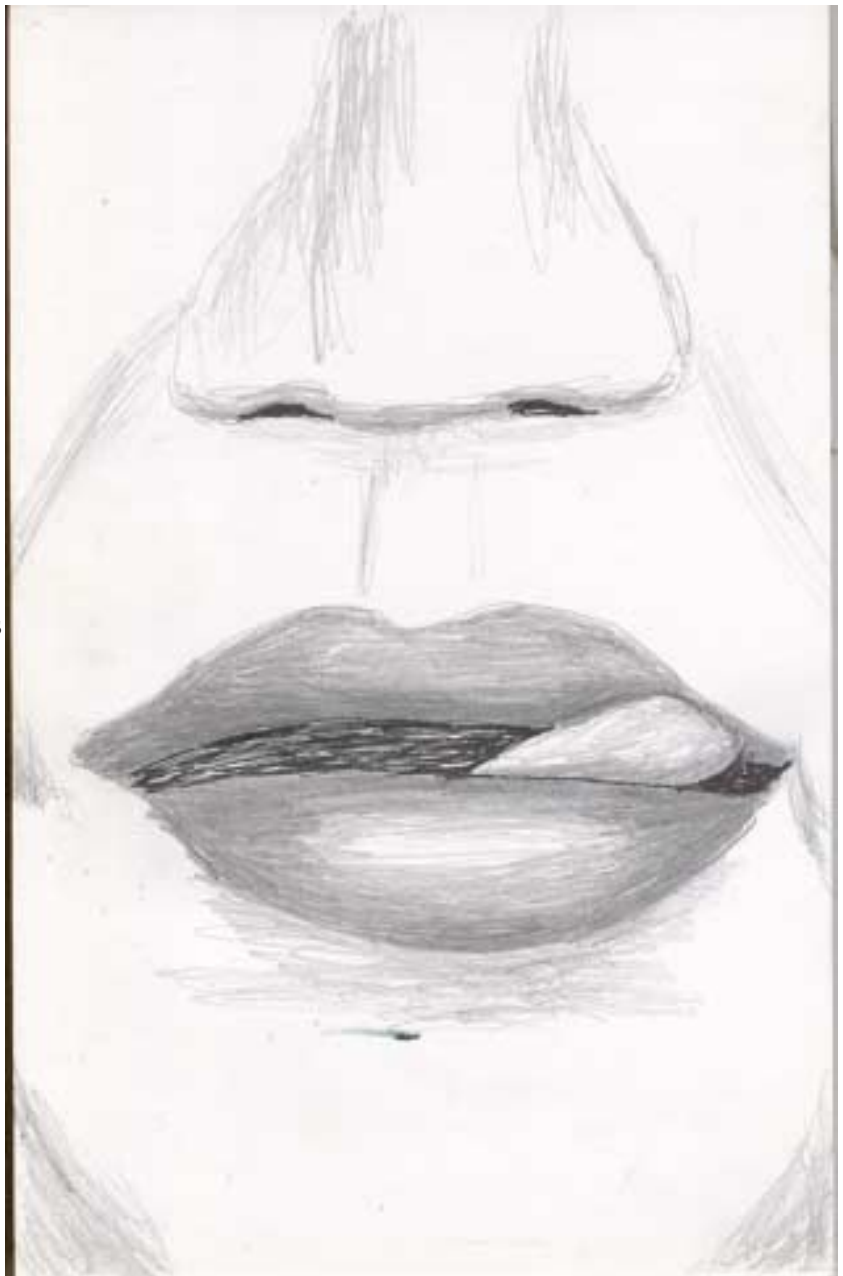
Not sure of what she was talking about, Brad only muttered, "Yes, mistress," as he waited for the searing pain of having his male rod abused by his stern tormentor. Fresh tears rolled down his red cheeks in anticipation of this latest insult to his manhood or at least what remained of it.

Instead, Martha released her tight grip and curtly told him to help her undress. Something that only took a few minutes as he had become quite accustomed to this task and she didn't wear the numerous undergarments that he did while dressed as his sister.

"Now that we've done that, wench, let's get those clothes off you," Martha said with a predatory smile. Due to her greater experience, once again it only took a few minutes although there were more clothes to deal with as he was gently but firmly stripped.

Blushing as his penis stood out like a throbbing spear in front of him, Brad had the presence of mind not to try and hide it as he stood in front of her in all his naked splendor. Standing stock still he resisted the temptation to squirm as her eyes roamed hungrily over the combination of his soft body and hard penis.

"Very nice," she rasped as her tongue ran expectantly



over her lips. "Does your bottom still hurt, Brenda?"

"Yes, mistress," he whispered in shame as his treacherous body betrayed his sexual excitement.

"Then I'll have to do something about that before I take full advantage of what you have to offer, won't I," she stated as she reached for a small jar of ointment. "Lie face down on the bed, girlie."

Brad hurriedly complied but was careful not to crush his still throbbing rod. He could hardly believe it as Martha carefully, almost lovingly, applied a cool cream to his burning buttocks. The relief from the searing pain was almost instantaneous and her kindness filled him with a feeling of gratitude.

"Is that better, baby," the maid crooned gently. "Does that make my little sissy feel better?"

"Oh yes, mistress," he replied with his joy at receiving some tender care evident in his lilting voice.

"I'm so happy to hear that, wench. I didn't really want to hurt you but you heard Mister Brad tell me what to do and we girls have to follow the men's wishes, don't we?"

"Yes, mistress," Brad answered although he wasn't sure if he liked being considered just a female who had to follow men's desires. Still he was happy to hear that Martha hadn't wanted to hurt him.

"Well, you just do as I say and I'm sure that Mister Brad will have no further reason to order me to use the switch on you again. Although judging from your reaction, it wasn't entirely a miserable experience for you. Maybe I'll have to do it again sometime but not quite so hard," Martha mused.

Brad squirmed at the thought of being whipped by the maid but the image conjured up did nothing to alleviate the hardness of his male member. If anything, it only made it throb more potently.

As if reading his mind, Martha commanded him to turn over on his back. Struggling to hold back the blush of embarrassment that reddened his cheeks he was still quick to comply with her order.

"My yes, that is one fine looking specimen," the maid chuckled. "It's obvious that I'm going to have to give it some treatment as well. Don't move, wench."

Before he knew what was going on, Brad found his arms spread wide and both of his wrists were attached to the headboard of the bed with a couple of scarves. Martha's dexterity with knots indicated that this was something she had done before.

Leaning over the supine body of her sissy, she slowly caressed his male hardness while watching him close his eyes and tremble with unbridled erotic desire. Sighing quietly with satisfaction, she straddled his hips and impaled herself on his erect staff.

Brad's eyes flew open as he felt her tight vagina slide down his stiff male member. It felt so good that he couldn't help crying out with wanton delight.

"Doesn't that feel absolutely lovely, girlie," Martha asked with a smug look on her face. "Do you want me to keep going?"

“Oh yes, mistress,” Brad begged. “Please don’t stop. I love it!”

Martha commenced to move slowly up and down on her captive’s masculine spear delighting in the moans of pleasure emanating from the sex toy underneath her thighs. It was apparent that the little sissy was being transported to heights of sexual pleasure that he had never approached before.

A sadistic smile twitched across her lips as she stopped moving forcing him to beg for more.

“But what’s in it for me, Brenda? I don’t know if I should give you any pleasure unless you have feelings for me too. I don’t want you to think that I would do this for just anyone,” she teased him while sitting perfectly still.

“Oh, mistress, please continue, I beg of you,” Brad cried in frustration. Never had he felt such a strong need to find relief from sexual tension. He would do literally anything to be able to ejaculate.

“You’re not listening to me again, wench,” Martha growled. “I need to know how you feel about me before I continue.”

“Yes, mistress,” Brad cried in lust. “I really do love you and everything you do to me.”

Even as the words left his lips he realized that they weren’t just empty platitudes, he really did feel a great affection for Martha, even if she was just a lowly maid. And he did love her domination of him, more than he would ever have thought possible a few days ago.

Martha’s face glowed with satisfaction as she stared down at her captive sissy. It was obvious that he was being sincere in his comments. *Just give me a few more weeks, girly, and I will have you begging to marry me so that I can continue dominating you for the rest of your live she thought. But this is a good start and I will prove that unquestioning love will be well rewarded.*

“I love you too, my little sissy,” she purred as she recommenced her up and down movement on his hard cock.

Brad thrashed and squealed in unabashed erotic abandon as he felt her riding him slowly but steadily towards a thunderous climax. Not that Martha allowed him the pleasure of reaching it too quickly. Instead, she varied her pace; almost stopping when it seemed that he was on the brink of coming and then gradually increasing the rhythm of her gyrations. As a result, Brad was brought to the edge numerous times so that an ever increasing urgency drove his desire to reach the seemingly unattainable climax he was so desperate to achieve.

Finally he moaned, “Oh, mistress, I love you so much, please let me come!”

His plaintive words were like nectar to a bee as they reached Martha’s ears and she quickly increased her up and down movements to allow him release while sending herself over the edge of a tremendous climax.

Chapter 11

For several long minutes after their mutual release, Martha hugged and cuddled the limp but completely satisfied sissy who remained tied to the bed. He muttered words of endearment in her ear and she reveled in how far she had brought him in such a short time.

But a strong sense of the need to continue his complete domination soon compelled her to move on to the next phase of her campaign. Pulling away from his relaxed form she got on her knees and told him firmly to be quiet; that it was time for him to be a good sissy and to clean her up.

With those words she quickly positioned herself over his face and with a deeply guttural tone in her voice told him to use his tongue to carry out her bidding. In spite of his initial shock at being ordered to do such a servile service, Brad found himself doing exactly as she commanded after a short hesitation. Still basking in the glow of his long-awaited release he couldn't bring himself to deny her anything no matter how perverted it might seem to others.

Martha grinned to herself as she allowed his subservient tongue to rapidly bring her to another climax. Everything was going just as she had planned it.

Brad for his part gulped down a strange, salty concoction of their combined bodily fluids as his tongue darted to and fro in his bid to satisfy his mistress. It wasn't entirely unpleasant and his submissive streak was enthralled with the thought that he was being such a slut that he wasn't objecting to swallowing a man's come, even if it was his own.

Giving a satisfied groan, Martha finally pulled herself away from his sexual attentions and stood beside the bed looking down at her trussed sissy. A satisfied smile flitted across her face as she watched him hungrily licking the wetness of his lips.

"Very good, Brenda," she cooed. "But I'm afraid I detected a slight hesitation when I first told you what to do. We can't have that now can we? I think a little punishment is in order."

Brad turned pale as he gushed, "Oh, mistress. Please don't spank me again. I promise to be a good girl."

Martha laughed at his meek compliance. "No, wench, I won't spank or switch you. I have something much more cunning in mind. And don't bother asking what it is. You'll find out soon enough!"

"Yes, mistress," Brad replied with a sigh as she quickly untied the stockings holding his wrists to the headboard. He knew better than to try and elicit any further information from his demanding mistress. She wouldn't hesitate to take the switch to him again if he didn't do as he was told.

Martha went to her dresser and pulled out some of her older clothes lying in the bottom drawer. Turning around, she smiled and handed Brad a pair of frayed, thin white cotton drawers. "Here, wench, put these on."

Eying the old garment that had turned gray from age, he still managed to hold his tongue and quickly don the less than pristine undergarment. Compared to the fine linen or silk clothing he was used to, it felt rough and common.

“Here are some stockings,” Martha stated.

Once again they were a plain cotton/wool mix and well darned but Brad pulled the black hose up his legs before securing them with white garters without complaint.

“And here are some old shoes of mine; they should fit you quite well. The heels are only two inches so you won’t find them difficult to wear. They have laces so you don’t have to worry about a button hook.”

Brad found the shoes to be a bit tight but again he put them on without making any comment about this strange attire he was being forced to wear.

“Put this chemise on, wench,” was Martha’s next order.

The garment was a well-patched, rough cotton chemise with no lace at the neckline or hem. Brad pulled it down over his head almost shaking at the coarseness of the material rasping against his soft skin, which had become quite accustomed to the soothing caress of finer textures.

“Petticoat,” the maid stated as she handed him the piece of clothing she was referring to with a smirk on her face.

Forcing a small smile, Brad took the garment and stepped into it before tying it off at his waist. It was an ankle-length, starched cotton petticoat bulked out with layers of flouncing. The coarse material rubbed unpleasantly against his chemise and stockings.

“Time for your corset, girlie,” Martha chuckled as she indicated he should turn around.

He did so and grunted as she wrapped the yellowed, old corset around his torso and vindictively began to tighten the laces. In spite of its plain, stark appearance the foundation garment still had more than enough resilience to survive her rough handling as the edges slowly came together under the pressure of the tight lacing.

Brad began to pant as he felt crushed by the devilish device of whalebone and cotton. It seemed to be grinding the rough cotton of his chemise right into his skin. Biting his lip in apprehension he decided that silence was still the best course to follow.

Finishing the lacing of the tight corset around her now squirming sissy Martha turned to the bed and handed him a plain corset cover. “Put this on, wench. Hurry and button it up we don’t have all day.”

Feeling as if he was being cut in half by a vicious vice Brad still hurried to comply with her shrewish demands. *Why is she doing this to me* he thought as he scrambled to do up the buttons of the cotton camisole.

“Very good, Brenda, now stand still while I put this dress on you,” Martha ordered brusquely. “Get your arms up you silly girl.”

A black, wool uniform dress was pulled over Brad’s head and Martha buttoned it up the back while he tried to adjust to the feel of the strange garment. As in everything else he was clothed in, it was plain and unadorned with any type of lace while the material was old, coarse and uncomfortable. Its stiff, stand-up, white collar was tight and high around

his neck so that it rubbed and irritated his throat if he tried to turn his head even slightly. The skirts fell to within an inch or two of the floor and the white cuffs of the long, full sleeves were clasped tightly around his wrists with four buttons each.

He only came out of his ruminations when Martha told him to put on his white pinafore apron that he had been wearing earlier. As soon as he had done so, she placed a white maid's cap on his head and reapplied his makeup with a practiced skill.

Stepping back she studied him with a smug smile, "Yes, you'll do very nicely. We are going to have such a good time while your parents are away."

"What are you talking about, mistress? I don't understand why you've dressed me up in these old clothes. They aren't comfortable at all," Brad whined pathetically. He just couldn't understand why Martha was acting so strangely. As he basked in the afterglow of their mutual climaxes he had honestly thought that she really loved him. Now it seemed that she was intent on making his life a misery.

"Stop your complaining, wench," Martha snarled. "Unless you want another good session with the switch you will do as you are told and not ask any stupid questions. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress," Brad quavered meekly as he sank down into a submissive curtsy.

"Good, now pick up the clothes that you were wearing when we came down here and follow me. I will explain everything when we get to our destination."

Happy to hear that he would get an explanation of her strange behavior, Brad scuttled about picking up his discarded clothes and then following her out of the room. The fact that she was parading about the house completely nude was a true indication of how much things had changed since Walter and Agatha had left a few hours earlier.

Struggling to keep up with Martha while wearing the heavy, confining uniform was not a pleasant experience but Brad was determined to find out what was going on. Taking short, shallow breaths and mincing along in the tight shoes he stayed right on her heels.

Martha opened the door of Brenda's bedroom and swept in while Brad struggled in behind her.

"Put those clothes on the bed, wench. You can put them away in a few minutes after I have explained what your new status is going to be for the next few months. As a start point I want you to look in the full length mirror over there and tell me what you see," Martha commanded imperiously.

Dropping down into a hasty curtsy, Brad minced over to the full-length mirror and stared in complete amazement at his reflection. All he could see was the image of a lowly housemaid. An attractive one but still only a subservient female servant all the same.

"What have you done to me," he wailed as the full impact of how he was dressed swept through his struggling mind. The coarse feel of the cheap, old clothing he was wearing only served to amplify his sense of being an unworthy wench.

"Dressed you for your new role in this household, girlie," Martha chuckled. "A role that you will serve obediently in until I and Master Brad tell you otherwise. If you don't understand that simple fact I'm sure that Mistress Switch will soon make even a simple

slut like you comprehend what you need to do to keep your superiors happy. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

Brad felt his heart sink as he heard Martha's pronouncement but at the same time he couldn't help but feel erotically aroused at the thought of being so completely dominated. His penis began to twitch beneath its multiple layers of female clothing.

"Yes, mistress," he replied as he curtsied. "But may I ask a question, please?"

"As you asked so nicely you certainly may," replied a grinning Martha.

"These clothes, mistress, they are so common and uncomfortable, couldn't I at least wear some of Brenda's things as I've been doing for the past few days?"

Martha smiled maliciously as she heard Brad's pathetic pleading for some more luxurious feminine clothing. How predictable her sissy was proving to be.

"You are Brenda, you silly girl," she laughed. "But for the moment you can wear those old clothes of mine since you are taking my place as the household maid. In fact you will be staying in my room downstairs and I will stay in this bedroom. I will be wearing the clothes that are in here as well. I can hardly wait to try on all these soft, frilly garments. I'm sure that they will feel so much nicer on my skin than the ones I've had to endure up until now."

"But mistress," Brad cried as he wrung his hands in front of his pristine, white apron.

"Enough of that, wench," Martha cut him off before he could say anything further. "One more word and I will take the switch to you again. Do you understand?"

Biting his tongue, Brad nodded his head and bobbed down into a brief curtsey even though his unhappiness was obvious on his tearful face.

Taking some pity on him Martha continued, "If you are a good girl and try really hard as the maid, I will consider letting you earn some of these nicer clothes back as a reward."

It was a small concession but Brad gave a small smile of gratitude as he curtsied yet again and thanked his mistress for her generosity. It was obvious that he could be manipulated by his love of silk and fine linen and his tormentor stored away that piece of information for future use.

"Enough of that for now," she commanded. "Instead of putting those clothes you brought up away, you can perform your first duty as a maid by helping me to put them on. I will instruct you on how to do it properly as you haven't really had much experience. Make sure you pay attention as I'll expect you to be able to do it properly after you have been shown the correct way of carrying out such an important task."

"Yes, mistress," Brad replied humbly as he trembled at the thought of performing such an intimate service for his mistress. She had such a wonderful body.

Chapter 12

Brad gave a deep sigh of contentment as he stood at the sink washing yet another load of dirty dishes on an early Saturday afternoon. How many times had he done this in the

last six weeks he wondered? Too many to count he thought as he cast his mind back over the hours he had spent as the household maid.

After the initial shock of hearing Martha's announcement that he was going to be taking her position until his parents returned, he had adapted remarkably quickly to his new status in the house. Even sleeping in Martha's small downstairs bedroom didn't really bother him too much especially as she had him spend many an evening hour in what had been Brenda's room with his face held firmly between her soft thighs. After she was finished with him and sent him downstairs he would invariably collapse into bed and fall asleep immediately. The long days of housework and Martha's sexual demands were more than enough to ensure he was completely exhausted by the time he managed to finish his evening toilette.

Within a week he had managed to earn the right to leave Martha's old, itchy, coarse clothes behind and wear much nicer feminine clothing again. Not that he still didn't have to wear a maid's dress, apron and cap but that didn't matter to him as long as he could have fine silks and linens underneath his outer wear.

There had even been a few days when the doctor came to see how 'Brad's' leg was healing that he had actually had the chance to wear some of Brenda's nicer dresses for at least a few hours.

The doctor's visits had been few in number as 'Brad' was out of bed in less than a week and was soon getting around with the aid of a crutch. And after sitting around the house for four weeks and driving the 'maid' crazy with all kinds of demands, 'he' went into their father's freight company's office from Monday to Saturday in an effort to start learning something about the business. By then he had graduated to limping around with the aid of a cane.

Martha on the other hand never left the house unless it was to go out and get groceries or supplies and she supervised the 'maid' almost every minute of the day. At first he had been confined to doing the simpler household tasks but as the weeks went by, Brad had found himself learning more and more complicated chores. Soon, he was being entrusted with almost every kind of duty a maid could be expected to carry out, even preparing some of the easier meals. Martha seemed more than happy to teach him how to do something and then let him do more and more of the work while she pursued genteel feminine pastimes such as needlepoint and reading.

Brad found her to be a patient and loving mistress although she could be very firm if she felt he needed punishment. She certainly never shirked from using the switch on his helpless posterior. And although she hadn't felt it necessary to correct him so severely in the last few weeks, it was still an act that filled him with a mix of dread and erotic excitement. Nor had she allowed him to climax more than a few times in all the evenings he had carried out his intimate services between her legs. Even so, those rare occasions had been almost terrifying in their intensity and he lived for the next orgasm she would allow him.

Brad had to be brutally honest with himself and admit that he had fallen madly in love with Martha. She provided him with everything he would want in a wife - a domineering woman who would force him to dress in female clothing and be an obsequious little sissy

maid on a regular basis. She had made it quite clear that was what she wanted to do and he would be more than happy to oblige her.

Brenda had given her blessing to the idea of his marrying the maid and it now remained a matter of convincing his parents that it was a good idea. They weren't snobs by any means but he knew that his mother in particular had always wanted him to marry a girl from one of the more well-to-do families in the town.

The telegram that had arrived that morning indicated that they had just under two weeks to decide how to break the news to Walter and Agatha as they would be returning a fortnight from today. Brad wasn't entirely sure if he could manage to successfully campaign for the wedding he desired but after seeing Martha and his sister in action he knew that there was every chance that his parents would eventually agree.

"Brenda, where are you, wench? There you are," Martha exclaimed as she swept into the kitchen. "We have to talk with Brad tonight when he gets home from work and tell him about the telegram. It's obvious that we are going to have to start planning for your parent's return."

"Yes, mistress," Brad replied as he did a small bob of a curtsey due to the fact that his hands were still immersed in the hot, soapy water he was using to do the dishes.

"Don't worry, I won't bother your pretty little head with the details," Martha grinned. "All you need to know is that we are going to have to change the way we operate around here, at least for a while. When we get married things can be like this again."

"That would be nice, mistress," Brad responded with a dreamy look on his face.

"Finish cleaning up the kitchen and then we will discuss what we will prepare for dinner. I'll be in the parlor."

"Yes, mistress," Brad answered. His sense of contentment with his present style of life being so strong that he didn't even take umbrage at being treated like an unworthy wench who wouldn't be able to understand the details of the plan his superiors were going to be discussing.

While Brad quietly but efficiently served the dinner his sister and Martha argued over the steps that had to be taken before Agatha and Walter returned. Standing unobtrusively off to one side, hands folded primly in front of his pristine white apron he concentrated on making sure that both of them had adequate food and drink in front of them. What they were talking about barely registered even though the plans they discussed would have a major impact on his immediate future.

"Darn it, I don't want to go back to being a woman. I really like this male lifestyle," Brenda exclaimed. "And look at the little sissy standing there prim and proper as a good maid should. There is no doubt that she makes a much better woman than I'll ever be or want to be."

"I know that," Martha replied with some asperity. "But we can't live like this when your parents have returned. I'm sure that you would be in some eastern finishing school for young ladies before you knew it and poor Brenda there would probably be thrown out on the streets, skirts and all. And so would I for that matter. Use your common sense; we have to make some short-term sacrifices for longer-term gain. Surely you can see that!"

"I know, blast it anyway," Brenda grumbled. "I just don't want to go back to being the daughter of the household."

"All the more reason to convince your parents that your brother and I should get married and to give us a hand in setting up a separate household," Martha continued. "The things we could do then would help to set you free and ensure my little wench gets the things she needs in life."

"True," drawled Brenda, "it's just going to be so darn hard giving all this up even for a short time and knowing my parents it could be quite a struggle to convince them about you getting hitched to their son. It could be years and I can't wait that long!"

"Maybe we should just go ahead and get married before they return," Martha mused. "Do you think that would work?"

"Hum, it might just be the answer," Brenda chuckled. "They would be madder than hell but what could they do about it? If it was presented as a romantic elopement they might even buy into it after some initial grumbling. I don't think they would just kick Brad out of the house because he went and got married while they were away. Particularly if he was working out well at the freight company and their dear daughter was proving to be a fine little woman without being sent back east to attend finishing school. And of course, if you showed yourself to be an ideal bride for their son there would be even more reason to accept the wedding."

"Let's go ahead and do it then," Martha enthused. "It shouldn't be that hard to organize and the sooner we get on with it the better."

"It's going to be tough changing back though. If we want this to work, I'll have to go back to being the daughter of the household on Tuesday and Brad will have to start working at the freight company. That way we will have time to ease back into our respective roles. I'm going to have the leg cast off Monday so that shouldn't be a problem. Luckily there isn't anything that I've learned at the company that Brad wouldn't already know from the times he spent there earlier," Brenda stated.

"Well, we can enjoy our present status until Monday then," Martha sighed. "Of course we can still indulge ourselves on occasion after that until your parents return. Then we will just have to be patient for a while."

"Yes," Brenda agreed, "that will be difficult. I suggest we get you and Brad married up about a week before mother and father arrive and get a new maid in a few days before they get back. We can't have you being their new daughter-in-law and the household maid at the same time."

"Good points and I'm in full agreement. We make a good team," Martha chuckled. "Maybe we need to find you a husband who will enjoy being treated just like your brother. I'm sure we could get some little sissy who needs a firm womanly hand."

"That's not a bad idea," Brenda laughed as she raised a glass of wine in salutation. "He could wear the skirts and I could wear the pants in the house. That's not a bad idea at all, my dear. Once we get you and Brad set up, I'll definitely have you give me a hand in organizing a similar household."

Brad listened to the two women with a growing sense of wonder. Although he hadn't really been paying attention earlier their conversation had finally penetrated his almost trance-like state of mind. Now he could only shake his head in amazement at how they planned to manipulate people to allow themselves a lifestyle they wanted. If he wasn't so captivated by the idea of being allowed to continue a life in feminine finery he would feel obliged to report them both to the authorities before they could bring their fiendish plans to fruition.

I hope that I get along with Brenda's sissy husband he thought as he stood quietly in the corner. We will be able to discuss the latest fashions and makeup tips. Not to mention keeping abreast of proper housekeeping techniques and the like. It will be fun to have another sissy to confide in.

Brad chided himself for even thinking such thoughts but it did little good as he realized with a chilling clarity that Martha owned him body and soul. He would do anything to stay with her and continue the submissive, feminine lifestyle that she had imposed on him. This sobering thought had barely registered before he was pulled back into listening once again to the ongoing conversation.

"I've just had another couple of thoughts," Brenda stated. "See what you think of these ideas. First, we could get mother and father to buy the old Armstrong ranch to set you and Brad up on. I've heard them talking about doing just that to compliment the family ranch that Jason and Bill are running. That would be a perfect setup for me and my new husband to join you later. And that far out we would have all the privacy in the world to run the kind of household we are contemplating."

"What a great idea," Martha exclaimed. "I like it. What's the second idea?"

"You and Brad should really elope to get married and be on your honeymoon when mother and father arrive. That will give me a chance to sort them out before you return so that they accept the marriage and offer you the Armstrong ranch as a place to live."

"That sounds good too," Martha enthused. "How long should we be away before we return?"

"About a week should do it," Brenda speculated. "By that time they will have cooled off and I can use my feminine wiles, if I dig deep enough I should be able to find some, to get them to agree to the Armstrong ranch idea."

Martha, who had been glancing occasionally at Brad standing unobtrusively in the corner, noticed that he was now paying close attention to the conversation. A small smile flitting across her face she queried, "Listening to your betters are you, wench? What do you think of the ideas we are discussing?"

Flabbergasted at being asked what he actually thought rather than being told what to do, Brad gasped and stuttered for several seconds before he could bring himself under sufficient control to mutter his answer.

"It sounds brilliant, Miss Martha. You and Master Brad certainly seem to have thought of everything. I don't doubt that mother and father will do exactly what you wish of them. Are you really going to look for another sissy to marry and feminize, Master Brad?"

Brenda gave a delighted laugh, "I think you would like that wouldn't you, girlie? Somebody else to be dominated by us and to share your feminization would make your life a lot easier. But it will be some time before that happens so don't get too excited."

"No, Master Brad," the sissy maid agreed although it was obvious that his sister was just as enamored with the idea of another sissy in the household as he was. Even Martha was grinning like the cat that got the milk at the prospect of having a second maid to order around. There was little doubt in Brad's mind that some poor unsuspecting fool was soon going to be joining him in skirts. *Let's hope that he likes feminine finery as much as I do he thought. If he doesn't, life will be a misery for him.*

"All right, wench, enough of this small talk," Martha announced sternly as she reasserted her authority. "Get these dishes cleared off the table and clean up the kitchen. Once you have done that, report to me in the parlor. We don't have much time to enjoy your services until everything is resolved so you had better be prepared to be extra good until Monday."

"Yes, Miss Martha," Brad curtsied as his demanding mistress and sister left the dining room.

That evening Brad undressed Martha and spent a long time worshipping her femininity with his now well-trained tongue. It was only after she had enjoyed three massive orgasms that she allowed him to lie on the bed so that she could tie his wrists to the bed's headboard. Anticipating a long-awaited sexual release of his own, he squirmed happily on the bed as she pushed his dress, petticoats and chemise up to his waist and pulled his fine linen drawers down to his stocking-covered knees.

"Well, what do we have here," Martha exclaimed as she stroked his pulsing erection. "It would appear that my little sissy maid is more than ready to get her just reward for such devoted service to her mistress. Do you think that I should give her, slut that she is, the whorish thrill that she so obviously wants?"

"Oh yes, mistress," Brad cried in a high-pitched, feminine tone that he knew Martha adored. "Please give your little whore what she needs!"

With a knowing smile, Martha straddled Brad and eased herself down onto his rampant member with an ecstatic sigh. There was something so satisfying about dominating a silly sissy so thoroughly.

Staying absolutely still she demanded of her feminized maid, "Do you love your mistress?"

"I do love you with all my heart, mistress," Brad trilled in eager anticipation.

"And will you do anything that is required of you to make sure you can live with me and continue to enjoy being entrapped in feminine finery and a sissy lifestyle?"

"Absolutely, mistress," Brad agreed with complete sincerity.

Martha began to move up and down slowly as her captive sex-toy trembled with mounting passion. "You are aware that it will be hard having to pretend to be a macho male while knowing that you are truly an effeminate sissy who only wants to do her mistress' bidding, don't you," she stated while continuing her slow, tantalizing movement.

“Yes, mistress,” Brad groaned in a mixture of erotic pleasure and the realization that what she was saying was true. It would be hard to go back to presenting a masculine front but he also knew that he could do it, at least temporarily, in order to reach the ultimate goal of living a feminine existence under Martha’s stern dominance.

His mounting passion and growing resolve were easily discernible to his mistress who gradually increased the momentum of her movements so they could climax together. Just before all rational thought was temporarily blotted out by her mind-shattering orgasm she suddenly had a flash of intuitive insight that her plan was truly going to succeed. *It might be a tangled web that’s been woven but it’s still going to ensure that I get everything I want out of life. Thank goodness for little sissies who love feminine finery!*

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