

Taylor Maid

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Taylor James Evans was a normal boy if you could call being raised in the State's foster care program normal. He learned early on that having a feminine first name only brought him trouble so preferred being called James. Both his mother and father were spending long time prison sentences for running a major Meth lab. He was ten years old when he entered the system and had several different "families" as he grew into adulthood. Most of those families were alright and one or two even caring. Due to his frequent moves didn't have a lot of friends, was shy and naive. He was more interested in his studies than sports wanting to get into a good college to break out of his miserable life.

At seventeen he was five foot seven, weighing one hundred ten pounds with a fair complexion and green eyes. He is currently living with Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Carter and looking forward to gaining his emancipation when he turned eighteen in six more months. He had been placed with the Carter's three years ago and ready to get out on his own. Of all the families he had been with he hated the Carters the most. The only thing on his mind at present was getting away from the Carters and what they were forcing him to do.

Mr. Carter was forty-three, a long distance truck driver and only home on the weekends. When he was home, all he did was sleep and drink beer while watching sports on the television. He was gruff and short tempered, often taking out his aggression on Mrs. Carter and Taylor. A big man at six foot two and weighing two hundred sixty pounds no one in the family would or could defy him. He was never home when Social Services made their periodic check up visits.

Mrs. Irma Carter was forty years old but looked much older. She was five foot seven and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Her brown hair was speckled with gray and usually up in a bun or pony tail. The only times Taylor saw her in something besides too tight Capri's was when Social Services made a visit. For those occasions she wore a plain housedress and a bit of lipstick. She spent her days drinking white wine, watching the soaps and playing Canasta with her girl friends most evenings.

Taylor hated those evening card games. He was constantly teased and berated by the women initially because of his first name and meekness but later for his actions. The fact that he had to act as their maid only added to his debasement. He despised Inez the most as she was the one who made his life the most miserable and the one responsible for his current condition.

Inez was in her late fifties, thin as a reed and mean spirited when it came to men. She didn't just use her caustic wit and meanness on Taylor as the other women cowered to her will. She kept her gray hair in a short pixie cut, wore too much makeup, always wore skirts and frilly blouses or tailored pants suits. A pair of tortoise shell reading glasses hung from her neck by a golden chain. Her face was triangular with a large hook nose and thin tight lips. She was the unchallenged leader of the four women. She was also the wealthiest of the group having inherited a thriving business selling uniforms.

Maxine or Maxi as she preferred was in her fifties, mousey looking and withdrawn always agreeable and submissive to the others in the group. She was married to an

abusive demanding husband and her only outlet was the weekly games with the girls. When she spoke it was in a high pitched squeaky voice. Taylor often thought that she was a human Petunia Pig. She was fat with a snubbed nose, wore brightly colored flowered dresses, her black hair in a short bob, too much makeup and too much perfume. She made some money on the side by being a seamstress using that income to supplement the meager allowance her husband gave her.

Janelle was a tall woman of color in her mid-forties who owned a salon. She was very well endowed with large full breasts and large heart shaped derrière. She kept her hair very short, wore bright reddish-purple lipstick, colorful eye shadows and vividly colored clothes. Her perfume was a sweet spicy scent. Next to Inez she was the most dominant and outgoing of the group.

Ooo

When Taylor was fourteen, he moved in with the Carter's and his life was turned upside down. It hadn't been that great before but now it was unbearable. His room was small, painted a pale pink with white lace curtains framing the only window which was barred. The twin bed had white linens with a floral imprint and pink satin quilted spread. The solitary dresser was white with gold piping, a matching beside table held a white porcelain lamp with pink satin shade, old fashion wind-up alarm clock and a plain oaken desk with chair the only furnishings. On one wall there was a poster of a boy band. It was the most feminine room he had ever had and hated it immediately.

Upon examining the small closet and dresser he discovered some clothing. The closet held several skirts, two shell blouses, one pale blue and white checked gingham dress and a pair of three inch cork heeled wedge sandals. In the dresser were several pairs of panties, two worn bras, a blue full nylon slip with two inches of white floral lace some of which was separated from the hem and a garter belt. In the drawer of the bedside table he found a well used romance novel and an old copy of Cosmo.

He had gathered up all the clothing and the magazines dumping them into a corner of the closet before unpacking his stuff. It was his intention to get a garbage bag and dispose of them later. He had also wanted to get rid of the feminine linens and paint the walls but was told if he had the money to go ahead. He had three dollars and seventy two cents to his name so that would have to wait. Hopefully the Carter's would let him use their lawnmower to cut the neighbor's grass for some cash.

He learned rather quickly that he would be responsible for helping around the house. Mrs. Carter came into his room without knocking and roused him out of bed telling him that he had housework to do. He was in his boxers and a tee shirt and her pulling the covers off, made him blush. He blushed even harder when he saw what she was wearing. Her yellow terry bath robe was open exposing a dirty white with yellow floral print low cut nylon nightie. Her large breasts were almost spilling out of the nightie.

He spent his first week learning how to mop, vacuum, dust, and run the washing machine and dryer. He also had to hand wash her lingerie and learn how to iron. It was a humiliating job as he considered it women's work and complained bitterly. Taylor was most embarrassed by having to take her intimates and hang them on the outside clothes line to dry. It probably wouldn't have been so bad if there was a high fence but the backyard had a hurricane fence. The neighbors on all three sides could easily see him hanging bras, panties and other unmentionables on the line.

He complained that he should be out cutting grass and washing cars to make some money but they fell on deaf ears. Mrs. Carter had a wide leather strap that she knew how to use without leaving any visible marks. His complaints stopped and he learned

to do as he was told. That first Saturday he tried to get Mr. Carter to let him use the lawnmower and get him out of doing woman's work. Instead of help he received a punch to the stomach that left him breathless and in pain. He was instructed, in no uncertain terms, to do whatever he was told or else and to never bother him again.

He met the ladies for the first time that week. He was kept busy getting them drinks and snacks. It was Inez that said if his name was Taylor and acting as the maid around the house he should be wearing an apron. At that Irma retrieved a pink organza apron with a frill of white lace and tied it around his waist. It was his first experience with a feminine garment and he absolutely hated it. When he tried to untie the double knotted bow, Irma used her strap. He wore the apron without verbal complain from then on and blamed Inez for his humiliation. Hanging Irma's unmentionables wearing that apron were especially humiliating.

That next Monday he was registered at his new school and Irma began teaching him how to cook in addition to his housekeeping duties. He was more than happy to go back to school even if it meant being the new guy with no friends. He rode the school bus leaving at seven and returned at four. It would be a very long walk if he missed the bus so couldn't spend time after school to make any friends.

Prior to moving in with the Carter's, Taylor was a good student but now he found it very difficult to keep up with his studies. As soon as he got home, he had to put on the apron, do the housework and prepare then clean up after dinner. With the dishes cleaned and counters wiped down, he had to finish whatever chores he hadn't gotten to earlier. Mrs. Carter made sure he was in bed no later than nine so he had very little time to complete his homework. While he prepared good meals he seldom got to eat his fill. Mrs. Carter ate first and consumed most of what he prepared. Once she had finished he was allowed to eat whatever was left over. Any complaint was met with several strokes of her strap. If nothing else Taylor was a quick learner. Over time his meager meals which were mostly vegetables dropped his weight to almost anorexic levels.

Ooo

During that first year with the Carter's Social Service paid monthly visits. Now those visits were down to once every quarter. With each visit Taylor was appropriately dressed in neat clothing and smiling. He wanted to tell them what he was undergoing and the whippings but with Irma in the room dared not say a bad word. The only bruising was to his ego and nothing showed on his thin body. Even if he could tell them they probably wouldn't believe him. So he had to do chores and cook that was nothing considered wrong. With no visible marks or scars there was no cause for abuse complaints. He was stuck and had to live with his foster family until he turned eighteen. Each check received from the State for his care was greeted with a big smile and a quick trip to the liquor store.

Other than the clothing he had brought with him his only new outfits were his school uniforms. His school uniform was a pair of tan kaki slacks and chocolate colored pullover collared shirt. During the mild winters a tan sweater with the school logo was used. On rare occasions when a jacket was required Mrs. Carter would give him one of her old pink with white trim quilted jackets to wear. That first year he didn't get a hair cut and now it reached to the shoulder blades and kept in a low pony tail. He was also very proficient in his household duties and had a dismal 2.3 grade point average. With that grade point average his hopes of getting a college scholarship evaporated.

Ooo

It was the beginning of summer after almost a year with the Carter's that life became a living hell for Taylor. Janelle made a comment during one of their card games that Taylor's hair was a mess and that if he were going to wear it long should take better care of it. She also noted that his nails were a mess and his clothing disgusting. By this point in the game, all the women were a bit tipsy and Inez piped up that Janelle should fix both his hair and nails teaching him how to care for them. Janelle laughed and said that she would love to work on a white boy for a change and set an appointment for him that next morning. Inez added that he should look more like a proper maid if he were to continue waiting on them and cleaning the house. It seemed like a jest and the women got a hearty laugh but Inez said for them to come to her place after he had his hair done. Taylor for his part wouldn't mind getting a hair cut. It was getting way too long and hot but didn't like the way Janelle was looking at him.

It was with some trepidation that he went with Irma to the salon that morning. His fears were well grounded as his requests for a buzz cut were completely ignored. Janelle said that he had wonderful full bodied hair and it would be a shame to cut it. Before she started styling his hair he was taken into a back room by two imposing black women where he was forcibly treated to a full body waxing. As they worked they constantly teased him about his scrawny body, girlish sounding screams, baby dick and balls. Their laughter and taunts became even more vicious as they ripped the hairs off his groin and balls. They told him he should have been born a girl and could only please some gay man with his little package.

His mortification became worse as Janelle dyed his hair a strawberry blonde with golden highlights before cutting off some of the length. Then back combing and teasing it created a big bubble shaped bob with the ends tucked under framing his chin. A part across the forehead and pin curled bangs that rested just above his brows finished the style. Satisfied with the results, Janelle set it firmly in place with lacquer leaving it stiff and shiny. With the feminine hair his thick brows looked totally out of place so they were thinned and arched.

With his hair styled and set, he was given a manicure and pedicure. The nails were trimmed and buffed then given one inch acrylic extensions and varnished a deep reddish-purple. The toe nails were also painted in the same bright varnish. By the time his nails were done Taylor was in tears of humiliation. He had tried to resist but they had strapped him into the styling chair and again when he had his manicure. He wanted to fight but with the nail extensions couldn't even make a fist. His already frail male ego was greatly diminished as he saw his reflection in the mirror. All he could do was sit there and let the tears fall.

He was roughly taken in tow by Irma and was soon entering Inez's uniform shop. He was led into the back where Inez and one of her assistants quickly stripped him down to his boxers. As he was being stripped Inez kept up a constant verbal assault on his male ego. Telling him how precious and cute his hair looked and what beautiful nails he now had.

"Oh my Taylor, you know with the proper padding and clothing I bet you would have half the male population chasing after a piece of your booty. Without that ugly body hair, pretty hair style and some makeup they'd be crawling all over you. I just bet you'd love to have some strong man making passionate love to you, now wouldn't you? No, what a pity but after I get finished with you, you'll make the perfect maid for our little get-togethers. Now behave and let's get this over with or I'll borrow Irma's strap and give you a whipping until you can't sit for a month of Sundays. Now get out of those filthy boxers and let Gloria get your measurements," she snarled.

Taylor was fifteen, surrounded by three much larger women and in boxer shorts so there was no escape. He wanted to run but he had no where to run to. His skin glowing a pretty shade of pink he slowly lowered his boxers. Kicking off his boxers, he quickly brought his hands to cover his now hairless groin. His blush became even darker as the women broke out in giggles at his show of modesty. Gloria stepped up and using a cloth measuring tape began taking measurements. She embarrassed him further when she brushed aside his hands to measure his inseam.

"I don't know why you're acting so embarrassed Taylor. It's just us women here and that pathetic little worm of yours isn't much bigger than my clit. Are you sure you're not just some girl with a little deformity?" Inez chirped with a laugh.

With that comment Taylor burst into tears. With the humiliation of being naked, having no pubic hair and the coldness of the room his penis was a shriveled one inch long and his scrotum shrunken into a tight little sack. Their comments and seeing his denuded groin had succeeded in making him ashamed of his manhood. Amid the giggling of the women he quickly covered his groin as Gloria stood up with an ear to ear smile.

"Don't worry sweetie, having a little thing like that isn't all that bad. Being small will make your panties fit so much better and won't spoil the fall of your dresses," she said with a giggle.

"I....I do....don't wear....pant....panties n...and I don't want any dres...dresses," he stammered crying all the harder.

"Don't be silly Taylor. With that hair style and colorful nails you will look fabulous in a nice uniform. Besides all your other clothing is almost in rags and you need something to wear around the house," Irma commented.

"My....my clothes are like this cause....cause you...you won't buy me any new stuff," he cried.

"Tsk, tsK dear, I'm getting you some nice things today. You should be happy," Irma replied stepping up to him and wiping away his tears with a tissue.

"Here blow your nose and stop that infernal crying or I will give you something to really cry about," she added handing him the tissues.

When they left the uniform shop Taylor was wearing a grey and white short sleeved pinstriped cotton maid's uniform with white pointed collar and wing tipped white cuffs. A heavily starched white apron was tied around his waist in a big floppy bow at the back. Under the uniform he was wearing white support pantyhose and unadorned white nylon full slip. Fastened across the part on his forehead was a starched white with grey pinstripe maid's cap. On his feet was a pair of black leather gum soled shoes with a two inch wedge heel. Draped across his arms were several plastic clothing bags containing his other new uniforms. Irma was carrying two large shopping bags containing pantyhose, plain full slips, several maid's caps, aprons, three pairs of shoes and one black satin corselet with scarlet lace trim.

His humiliation didn't end at the uniform shop as Irma made one more stop at a discount store. There she purchased several packages of pastel colored nylon full cut panties, four panty girdles and four white cotton A-cup fiber filled bras. Fortunately for Taylor, Gloria had given Irma his measurements so he didn't have to try on any of the lingerie. He did receive a number of curious looks as they moved about the store which made him cringe. While he thought they saw a boy wearing a dress what drew their attention was his outdated hair style. It took all his will power not to break out in fresh tears as Irma selected his intimates. On the way to the check out, Irma made one

more purchase, a plain black leatherette purse.

Back in his room Irma was helping him put away his new clothing after they had removed all the tags and labels. It was then that she discovered the pile of girl's clothing that Taylor had stashed in the closet and forgotten about.

"Taylor, why didn't you tell me that you already had some of your own girly clothing? Why this gingham dress is absolutely darling. Here let me see how it looks on you," she delightedly said holding the dress up to his shoulders.

"That's....that's not mine. It...it was left here along with that other stuff," he mumbled.

"Well that doesn't matter. This dress looks like a good fit and we can add it to your other purchases," she said turning to hang the dress and put it with his uniforms.

"Emmm, these bras have a bigger cup than what we got for you but the band is the right size. You can get some use out of them and bunting will fill out the cups. This slip is nice but you will have to hem the loose lace before you can wear it. I'll show you how later. These skirts are nice and I'll get you a few more tops. These all seem to be in your size. Are you sure you didn't bring them with you? I think you protest too much sweetie. With all these and your uniforms I think we can get rid of all those shoddy boy's things. Those ratty boxers of yours will definitely have to go," she commented as she examined the other items.

With his girl's clothing put away, Taylor spent the rest of the day cleaning the house. It was late afternoon by the time he finished and Irma sat down with him to show him how to sew the lace back onto the slip. When he plopped down on the couch, she reprimanded him for not sweeping his skirts under before sitting. She spent the next forty-five minutes teaching how to properly sit, with knees pressed tightly together and legs bent slightly to the side feet either crossed or together. Using a needle, thread and thimble for the first time plus having unaccustomed long nails was awkward but after several attempts sewed the lace to her satisfaction.

"Good, you're making progress but you need to learn how to walk and manage in your skirts. I want you to walk to the end of the hall, turn, make a curtsy and walk back to me. A proper maid should know how to curtsy and not look like a bull when she moves around. Now watch me as I show you how to curtsy," she ordered once the sewing was completed.

For the next hour Taylor walked, one foot in front of the other, elbows pressed to his side, shoulders back and head held high. At the end of the hall he dropped into a curtsy, the hem of his uniform held between thumb and forefinger and raised high enough to show the hem of his slip before walking back to her and dropping another curtsy. His legs were aching by the time he was dismissed to begin dinner preparations.

That night he was given a lime green nylon sleep cap to put on and a neck pillow to use. Janelle had provided them to keep his hair neat while he slept. She had also set up weekly appointments for him to get his hair shampooed and restyled. Before he left the salon he was instructed to avoid getting his hair wet at all costs because if he did, his hair would become a matted mess.

That next morning Irma supervised his dressing. Handing him one of his new white cotton bras showed him how to adjust the straps and hook it behind his back. Telling him to pick up another bra watched and corrected him as he attempted to adjust the straps and hook it. Taylor found it very difficult to move the impossibly small slides on the straps with his long nails and hold the band while trying to match the hooks with the eyes in back. By the time Irma was satisfied with his attempts, his arms felt like

they were going to fall off. Kneading pantyhose up his legs wasn't as hard but still difficult. He had a similar problem with the small slides on his slip. The tight panty girdle required him to use baby powder on the inside to wiggle it up and over his butt. As the girdle snapped into place just below his navel a sharp pain shot up his spine from his groin. Irma had to reach in to push his testicles back up into his body and his penis back between his legs before the pain eased.

However he had his most difficult time putting on his new lime green semi-transparent nylon uniform as it buttoned up the back. He positively loathed his three new nylon uniforms. They were unclaimed dinner uniforms in lime green, yellow and pink with white cotton collars and pointed white cuffs. The small pocket sewn over the left breast contained a white hankie with matching ruffled lace trim for each uniform. A short white starched cotton apron with matching piping and stiff nurse styled cap came with each outfit. His slips and bra straps clearly showed through the thin material.

He also found his new clothing very distracting as he performed his duties about the house. The bra and slip straps seemed to have a life of their own as they kept slipping off his shoulders requiring constant adjustment. The nylon slip and skirt made him feel like he was slipping off any chair when he sat and the movement around his thighs distracting. What bothered him the most was the constant tugging and pulling of his bra as he moved. It was bad enough having to wear this most feminine of garments but to be constantly reminded of it eroded what remained of his masculinity. The girdle didn't help either as the day went on became very noticeable building up heat around his groin. The only positive in his situation, if you could call it that, was he appeared to be a young girl when dressed. With a bit of makeup would actually look pretty. Not beautiful but definitely pretty. Seeing that reflected image did nothing to affirm his masculinity or self esteem.

Taylor was very self conscious as he worked in the unfamiliar garments. There was a constant blush of embarrassment on his cheeks. Irma's constant harping on his mannerisms and movements didn't help the sinking feeling he felt in his stomach. The stinging slap of her leather belt as she corrected some wrong mannerism seemed amplified through the thin material covering his backside. It was a very long day and sleep was a welcome relief even if he had to wear bra and panties to bed. Irma gave him one of her old satin sleep shirts to put on over his lingerie and a pair of tattered terry slippers. The sleep shirt had a V-neck with faded floral embroidery across the bodice and a notched hem reaching to his knees.

Ooo

It was card night. A night Taylor was dreading as he would have to wear his special uniform for the evening. It was a French Maid's uniform made of bright pink bridal satin with tutu like white net petticoats to hold the skirt out almost horizontally. It had short puffed powder pink chiffon sleeves and a low rounded neckline. The black satin with scarlet lace trim corselet pinched in his waist and added a bit of flesh to fill out the smooth satin cups of the corselet's shelf bra. It came with a pair of black satin panties covered with row upon row of gathered white floral lace on the back, black seamed hose with a floral lace welt, white lace fingerless gloves, and a frilly white head band of lace with thin pink satin ribbon streamers woven through the band. To complete the uniform was a white lace choker with pink cameo and a pair of three inch black patent leather stiletto pumps. Irma had to use her leather strap to get him to don his uniform.

Needless to say he was ridiculed and the center of attention that evening. He had been reduced to tears on more than one occasion which delighted the girls even more. They

pinched his bottom unmercifully and taunted him with comments about how the men would go nuts over him. Janelle even pulled out her lipstick, pinched his cheeks making him pout and coated his lips thickly saying it would bring out his natural cock sucking look. Her comment brought laughter from the other women and more raunchy suggestions about what he could do with those lips. Inez suggested that Taylor should wear makeup all the time to which they all agreed.

Taylor didn't think his life could get any worse but after that night Irma made a point of teaching him how to use and apply makeup. Since she seldom wore any makeup had to enlist the help of Janelle. On his next visit to the salon, Janelle had her cosmologist teach him what he needed to know. The only technique she taught him was a night time glamour look on Janelle's instruction. He spent a good portion of the day applying, reapplying makeup and learning how to care for his skin. When he left the salon he carried a large bag of cosmetics and instruction booklet.

Ooo

In addition to making him practice feminine mannerisms Irma kept him at her vanity for at least an hour a day working on his makeup application. Inez added her two cents telling Irma that Robin should sound like a sweet little birdie. From that day forth, Robin was forced to speak in higher soft modulated tones. To help him speak correctly he read aloud from the romance book and Cosmo left behind in his room as he sun bathed. Lapses in his speech patterns were met with harsh whippings.

When he wasn't wearing his uniforms Irma had him wear one of the skirts with a blouse or the gingham dress. He hated it when she told him to put on one of his skirts as that meant she was taking him out of the house. The skirts were very short reaching only to upper thigh and tight, molding to his backside. The sleeveless shell tops clearly revealed some of his bra through the armholes and left his lower stomach bare. Once a week she took him with her to the grocery store. She enjoyed embarrassing him as she did her personal hygiene shopping often asking his opinion about a particular product. At the check out she made him flirt with the bag boy by batting his heavily mascara coated lashes, smiling prettily and bending over as he helped the boy put the bags into the car.

Occasionally she took him to the mall. There she purposely took them through the men's department pausing to look at boxers or slacks before heading to the women's. Irma got a thrill seeing his look of hopeful anticipation as she held up a pair of boxers then she let down when she led the way out. She seldom bought anything but enjoyed watching him as she held up intimate apparel against his body or a dress. On one of those trips early in the summer she purchased an aqua blue skimpy bikini for him. The top was nothing more than two small triangles and the bottom not much more.

She made sure he got good use of his bikini by making him spend an hour every other day in the backyard in a lounge chair reading that old romance novel. It didn't take him long to develop well defined feminine tan lines. Because his genitals made an ugly bump in the bikini bottoms she had him push his testicles back up inside his body and push his penis back between his legs. To make the area look absolutely smooth she had him insert a sanitary pad in the bikini bottom. The absolutely feminine pad like the bra was another major blow to his ego.

On the weekends when Mr. Carter was home, Robin wore a black satin short sleeved maid's dress with white nylon lace collar and cuffs, black support hose and black patent leather three inch pumps. A fancy white organza bib apron with floral lace detailing at hem and bib completed the outfit.

When Mr. Carter first saw him with his hair styled and dressed in that black maid's dress, laughed so hard tears were streaming down his face. Managing to get control, pointed at the mortified boy and said, "Hot damn! If'n I didn't know any better I'd thought yah a flat chested little bitch. Oh boy, yah sometin' else kid. Shit! What a fuckin' fairy. Don't jest stand there, go get me a fuckin' beer faggot!"

By the end of that summer Robin was sixteen and more feminine than masculine. His constant beauty rituals, manner of dress and behavior had been so controlled by Irma and the other ladies he didn't think twice about whatever he did. He moved about gracefully and could apply full nighttime makeup in less than an hour. Wearing bras and girdles 24/7 was totally natural. The way they compressed and moved about his body no longer attracted his conscious attention. His housekeeping routine was firmly established. Monday he changed all the bed linens, Tuesday he did the laundry and ironing, on Wednesday he vacuumed and mopped, Thursday he waxed and dusted the furniture, Friday he cleaned the kitchen from top to bottom. Saturday and Sunday he did the cooking and tended to whatever Mr. or Mrs. Carter wanted. Tuesday through Thursday afternoons he dressed in his pink French Maid's uniform and waited on the girls as they played cards.

For the only visit from Social Services that summer his hair was put back into a low pony tail and allowed to put on his school uniform. The only feminine garment he wore was a pair of white nylon panties. To his surprise wearing male attire felt odd. The fabric of his slacks felt rough against his hairless legs and the shirt irritated his nipples. Even the swishing of his pony tail about his neck was strange. The woman from Social Services didn't stay long but noted in his records that Taylor seemed more subdued and shier than usual. What she didn't put in the record was that she thought he was gay.

In her exit interview with Irma asked if she thought Taylor might be gay. Irma responded that Taylor was definitely gay and she had caught him in her lingerie drawer on too many occasions. Despite that she cared for him dearly and that he was a great help around the house. She went on to elaborate that Taylor seemed to thrive doing household chores and being neat. Being gay didn't matter as far as she was concerned as he was such a pleasure to be around. She dutifully noted Irma's comments into her record book then asked about his friends. Told she didn't know of any the social worker encouraged her to find him a friend or two. She also said she would only be making semi-annual visits and would see them in six months.

Mrs. McAdams, the Social Worker, shook her head as she got into her car. The Taylor boy was exhibiting traits that she had seen all too often in her work. He, like so many, had developed a shell around him masking his true feelings. From his mannerisms and soft voice and Irma's statement, she knew that he was homosexual. Being gay wasn't bad but it further alienating him from normal society. Other than being very skinny he exhibited no signs of abuse or neglect. It was strange that he would be wearing his school uniform at this time of year but again nothing too unusual. Not having any friends bothered her to some degree but then again many of her charges were like that. Living from home to home with no real family foundations and moving often didn't contribute to having many friends.

"Oh well, I guess he's doing as good as expected. The Carter's have a good history with the wards we have assigned them so moving to semi-annual visits will cut my work load," she thought as she turned the ignition.

Mrs. McAdams' visit was the topic of conversation at the next card game. Janelle was happy to hear that the visits were going to be every six months. "Working him in at the

salon to repair the damage caused by putting it back into a pony tail is inconvenient. I'm glad we'll only have to do that every six months," she said.

"What was that about having friends? Do you think that will cause any problems?" Maxi asked.

"Oh I don't know. She asked about them but didn't seem overly concerned," Irma responded.

"Nonsense," piped up Inez. "Taylor is old enough to be dating and you did say that this McAdams believes he's gay. I think if he had a couple of boyfriends by the next visit it would make things easier. Janelle don't you know some nice gay men that would be interested in going out with our Taylor?"

"They're a couple I know of.....but....you know...they're swishy like Taylor. Not nearly as feminine but I don't think they would be interested. They like those muscular hunks," she replied.

"You're probably right but why don't you ask and see if they have some recommendations. There has to be someone out there that would adore our precious Taylor," Inez stated.

Ooo

After Mrs. McAdams visit things went back to normal. Taylor had his hair put back up into the big bubble bob and donned his uniform. About a week later he was given a surprise for his seventeenth birthday. Maxine had brought over several boxes gaily wrapped in silver paper with wide pink satin ribbons and large floppy bows. The other women from the card game also gave him smaller presents. Taylor was both surprised and suspicious by their gestures. They had never been particularly friendly and this gesture scared him.

He opened Irma's present first, to his surprise the box contained a pair of antique button up high top women's black leather three inch heeled shoes with a severely pointed toe. Inez's gifts were several pairs of old fashioned woolen black stockings. Janelle's gift was a black velvet banded cameo necklace and added that as soon as he had received all his gifts, she would re-style his hair. For a moment Taylor hoped that meant a buzz cut but seeing what he had received so far doubted he would be pleased with whatever she was going to do. The final gifts from Maxi were in two large dress boxes.

His hands were trembling in fear as he began undoing the first box. He had a premonition that whatever Maxi had gotten him, he would hate. As he pulled the ribbon away Maxi said, "I hope you just love it sweetie, I spent the last seven months sewing that for you."

Taking the top off the box Taylor removed a black cotton garment and held it up. His mouth dropped and his eyes popped as the material unfolded. It was an old fashioned maid's dress from the early 1900's. It was floor length with a very full skirt, full leg-of-mutton sleeves and a high collar. As he held it up the other women all oohed and ahed, some even clapped their hands in appreciation of Maxine's skill. Putting the dress aside he removed the full pinafore styled apron from the box which also received praise from the women. The final item inside the box was a strange device with a large pad attached to some straps.

Holding it up by one of the straps with a puzzled look, Maxi saw his confusion and piped up, "That's a bustle dear. It will fill out the back of the dress."

Inside the second box was a very full multi-layered starched white cotton petticoat,

white lace frilled leg-of-mutton styled cap with black notched streamers hanging from the back, a heavy boned canvas Victorian corset with a soft inner lining and a pair of white nylon double layered pantaloons with row upon row of white floral lace on the knee length legs.

With the garments spread about his feet, Taylor was gasping like a guppy out of water. "They couldn't possibly expect me to wear this ghastly outfit can they? It has to weigh a ton and with that corset impossible to do anything in. No, this has to be some kind of sick joke," he thought.

"Oh look Maxi our darling Taylor is so over come with happiness he can't say a thing. Come on girls let's help Taylor get into his new uniform. I bet he can't wait to put it all on," Inez said with a laugh.

Irma and Janelle grabbed him and propelled him into his bedroom while the others picked up all the gifts. It took a good whipping before Taylor allowed the women to dress him in his new uniform. The heavy corset was pulled into place and the laces drawn as tight as possible leaving him breathless. The cups of the corset were a full C-cup and filled with bunting to give them a nice roundness, his waist was reduced by a good six inches and the boning gave him a nice "S" shape. Once the corset was tied securely, the bustle was buckled on giving volume to his back side. Gasping and trying to catch his breath Taylor was sat on the vanity stool as Irma kneaded the woolen hose up his legs and fastened the welts to the twelve garters hanging from the corset. Next the pantaloons were pulled up his legs and settled about his waist followed by the shoes. Irma had a difficult time buttoning the tight fitting shoes even with the help of a button hook.

"Damn! This is a bitch to hook up. Inez couldn't you have settled on a pair or regular heels?" she snapped.

"No, I wanted an authentic look and those shoes are a significant part of the uniform. You have no idea how much trouble I went through to find those. Besides just think of all the fun you'll have watching him trying to put them on later," Inez chided.

Taylor had a bit of trouble standing in the shoes as the heels were hooked inward and not straight down. They were also pinching his toes something awful. The petticoat was lowered over his head and tied off at his now very narrow waist and the dress quickly followed. The dress was very snug precisely sewn to fit his corseted body. Maxine had a bit of trouble buttoning the back but with the final button snapped into the high collar was pleased with the fit. Everything about the dress was snug and form fitting from the sleeves to the high necked stiff collar. The pinafore was tied off in a big floppy bow and the choker cameo fastened about his neck. Dressed he sat at the vanity while Janelle got to work. It took her some time and a lot of lacquer to fashion his hair into a big Gibson Girl style. With his hair finally done the last piece of his costume the leg-of-mutton styled cap was pinned into place.

Gasping and almost falling from the tightness and weight of his garments Taylor stared at his image in the full length mirror. "OMG! They really did this to me. I can barely stand in this outfit much less move or do anything. They can't possibly keep me dressed like this. Once they have had their fun I can get out of it. Oh, please let that be the case. I'm dieing in this thing," he thought.

His prayers went unanswered as he was helped back into the house where the girls resumed their card game. He of course had to wait on them the entire time serving drinks and snacks. By the time the game came to an end, he could barely stand. The corset and high tight collar kept his posture ram rod straight and his chin up. The

weight of the garments had him sweating gallons and exhausted. The tightness of the shoes had his toes and feet screaming in agony. With the area finally cleared he pulled out a kitchen chair and sat. Even sitting was most uncomfortable as the bustle forced him to sit on the very edge of the seat. The volume of petticoats and skirt made him plant his feet to keep from sliding off the chair. Giving up he was forced to stand.

“How in the world did maids back then get anything done? I’m totally exhausted, feel hotter than hell and hurting all over,” he mumbled as he stood wobbling on his aching feet.

“You will find sitting not a comfort Taylor. In the old days maids were dressed that way to keep them on their feet and doing their duties. I must say Maxi did a fantastic job on your uniform. I can’t wait to get you into my shop to model it. Of course, I’ll pay you minimum wage for your services but I expect full cooperation as you serve my customers tea and scones while they shop. I know that uniform is uncomfortable but if you disappoint me, you will find yourself sleeping in that corset and wearing those shoes. Do we understand one another?” Inez said as she entered the kitchen.

“Ho....how often?” he gasped. He wanted to tell her to fuck off but knew it would only get him more punishment. So he bowed to the inevitable.

“Only all day Friday and Saturday but I guess Irma will want you to dress like this for our card games,” she replied.

“I....I have school starting next week. I...I can’t go to school with my hair looking like this, work on Fridays or....or serve at the card games,” he stammered.

“Oh yes, school, no that won’t be a problem Taylor. Your grades aren’t that good you know. Since Inez will be paying you and you turned seventeen you can drop out. I’m sure Mrs. McAdams won’t mind,” Irma broke in.

“No, you...you can’t do that! I have to finish and get my diploma otherwise I’ll never get into college,” he gasped.

“College?” Inez laughed. “Honey you have a job working at my store and as a maid for Irma. How do you expect to attend college with two jobs? When you turn eighteen you can do whatever you want but for now you will do as we tell you. Now stop that silly prattle and get me and Irma another glass of wine.”

To Be Continued

TAYLOR MAID

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Taylor cried himself to sleep that night. His only hopes of escaping his life were being denied him. His foster mother, Irma had dropped him out of school. Without a high school diploma his chances of ever getting into any college had dropped to nil. Plus he would be working two days a week for Inez in her uniform shop. That might have been bearable but he would be wearing his turn of the century maid’s uniform while serving tea and scones. The employment forms he had to fill out also disturbed him. Inez had him use only his middle initial and check the “F” box on his W-2 and other employment documents such as his social security card application. Taylor J. Evans, F, would be recognized as a woman in those official records and that really distressed him. The application for employment even had a picture of him attached which could

not be mistaken for a man.

The uniform was a form fitting full skirted ankle length black cotton with leg-of-mutton long sleeves and a high tight fitting collar, white ruffled pinafore apron and a little leg-of-mutton cap. What made the uniform so unpalatable was the Victorian canvas corset, a heavy white cotton layered petticoat, thick black woolen stockings and antique button up sharply pointed shoes with a three inch heel. The boned corset would mold his body into a stiff “S” shape and severely restrict his movements. The bustle would prevent him from sitting comfortably which meant he would be on his feet for the entire eight hour shift. He was not looking forward to that experience. So far he had only worn it while serving the girls during their card games and a miserable experience. He didn’t know if he could bear it for a full eight hours.

When he wasn’t working for Inez he would be “hired” as a full time maid by Irma. Over the past two plus years he had performed that duty and attended school without pay. Now with him dropping out she would pay him minimum wage for those services. When he attended school he wore a boy’s uniform but now no male clothing would be allowed. His complete immersion into womanhood would be non-negotiable. He would be forced into a totally unwanted lifestyle for at least the next six months. Once he turned eighteen would be free of the Carters, his imposed femininity and free of the foster care program. It was the only thing he had to look forward to or keep his hopes of returning to manhood alive.

Inez was talking to Janelle that same evening. “So tell me Janelle that you found our Taylor a suitable young man to become his friend or better yet more than one.”

“Well, I did talk to my gay friends and I think I have at least one man in mind. They were reluctant to talk about him but he’s a bit older, almost thirty but likes really feminine boys. He’s also a bit strange but then again I think most gays are a bit strange. He’s into piercings and tattoos in a big way. As a matter of fact he does that for a living. My friends say he is good at what he does,” she replied.

“So what’s wrong with him? What made your friends reluctant to talk about him?” Inez asked.

“Well according to them he is a control freak and a slob. Totally gay but can never keep a lover. That’s all they would say. Sorry but it’s the best I could come up with for now,” Janelle answered.

“Well what’s his name and do you have a contact number for him,” Inez demanded sharply.

“Errrr, yeah, hang on a sec and I’ll get it. Oh, his name is Killer of all things,” she replied.

Ooo

That next afternoon Inez paid a visit to Killer’s shop. It was located in a somewhat shabby mixed ethnic neighborhood. The shop appeared to be neat and clean which surprised her somewhat. As she entered the shop the bell over the door rang out announcing her entrance. A large muscular man came out from the beaded curtain at the back of the shop wiping his hands on a towel. He was wearing tight blue jeans, clean white undershirt and black biker boots. He was a good six foot tall, with a shining bald head, full handlebar mustache and tattooed over most of his exposed skin. A large number of piercings covered his face and from the indentations on his white undershirt had his nipples pierced as well.

“Yeah, what can I do fer ya?” he asked in a deep resonate voice.

“You must be Killer, right?” she asked and seeing him nod in the affirmative continued, “Well, I have a proposition for you that I think you will absolutely love. Do you have some time for us to sit down and discuss what I have to offer?”

Inez left the shop an hour later feeling very pleased with herself. “Oh this is going to be such fun. I can’t wait to tell the girls I have found the perfect friend for our Taylor,” she thought.

Ooo

Taylor was wearing his pink translucent nylon waitress uniform standing over the ironing board. Trickle of sweat ran down the side of his head. Janelle had his hair in the Gibson Girl style and between the hot ironing and heat from the mass of lacquered hair feeling miserable. He accepted the discomfort as part of his daily grind but looked forward to getting a buzz cut as soon as he was free.

“Six and a half months to go. Six and a half months to go,” he kept repeating in his mind as he moved the iron over the nylon slip.

As he folded the black slip and put it on top of the pile of lingerie he had been ironing, Irma came into the room. “When you finish that ironing, I want you to go take a bath and put on your pretty gingham dress. We need to do some shopping,” she said turned on her heels and left the room.

Taylor groaned at the mention of going shopping but happy to get out of his other chores for the day. The hot bubble bath felt good against his tired body. It was something he had hated at first but now looked forward to. The soothing oils and floral fragrance calmed him and eased the aches and pains of his daily drudgery. Even after all this time he wasn’t happy seeing his denuded body. Janelle made sure he had a full body waxing every month. However, like everything else, was accustomed to his body just like the clothing he wore or how he acted. He even enjoyed the feeling of soft nylon as it caressed his skin but that was the only thing he took any pleasure in.

Back in his room he selected a pair of aqua nylon panties with a frill of white lace about the legs, matching fiber filled A-cup satin/spandex bra, muted green with its shiny satin diamond paneled panty girdle and a pair of ecru panty hose. Dressed in his lingerie he sat at the table he used for a vanity and applied his makeup before putting on the gingham dress. Slipping his feet into a pair of blue patent leather three inch spike heeled pumps, he checked his appearance before picking up his black purse and heading out the room.

He was surprised when Irma took him into one of the upscale lingerie shops in the mall. Usually she liked to taunt him by stopping first in the men’s department of one of the anchor stores. He was even more surprised when she picked out several matched sets of very sexy lingerie in his size. From the lingerie store they went into a nicer dress shop. There she selected several outfits and he tried them all on for fit. A couple of the skirts she decided needed to be hemmed higher but purchased them anyway. Taylor thought they were too short as it was but didn’t argue.

“Maxie can hem these for you,” she said sending him back into the change room.

From the dress shop they made one more stop at a shoe store. There she purchased three very dressy shoes. Two pair of strappy sandals with four inch spiked heels and one pair of black ankle boots with a three inch block heel. Taylor was very confused by all the new clothing Irma had purchased for him. She had never spent so much nor bought such sexy clothing for him in the past. As they drove home his confusion was turning into worry.

“Why did she buy me all these outfits? Whatever her reason I’m sure that I won’t like it. She has to be up to something. Mrs. McAdams, my social worker, isn’t due until my birthday to release me from all this, so what’s up?” he thought.

He was modeling one of his new outfits, a black woolen above the knee length skirt with a rainbow colored belly shirt when the doorbell rang. When he answered it, Maxie was standing there with her sewing kit.

“Hello sweetie, what a lovely outfit. That’s new isn’t it and where did you get it?” she squeaked pleasantly.

Back in his room, Taylor stood on a small stool as Maxie pinned up the hem of the skirt. With the hem pinned it had become a micro-mini. If Taylor wasn’t very careful when he sat his panties would be on full display. By the time she left, all of his new skirts were hemmed to be micro-minis. They decided not to raise the hem on his two knee length dresses. Instead Maxie would make several stiff organza, tulle and net crinolines to fluff out the skirts. Using three different materials to make the crinolines had the additional benefit of making a loud feminine rustling sound with any movement that was guaranteed to draw a male’s attention. It wasn’t until Thursday, as he served the girls at their card game, that he found out why. He was stunned when Inez told him that he had a date for Sunday.

“Taylor darling,” she began in a saccharine sweet voice that he knew meant trouble. “We’ve decided that you have been spending entirely too much time alone. Why even that social worker....errr...what’s her name....oh Mrs. McAdams said you needed a boyfriend or two. So the girls and I have found a wonderful man for you to date. He’ll be here Sunday afternoon to take you out....and we expect you to act appropriately....pleased and affectionate. He’s a bit older but we have been assured that he likes young....ladies....just like you. Aren’t you pleased?”

“Wha....what? I...I don’t want any boyfriends. I’m not that way no matter how you make me dress or act. No, I refuse. You can’t make me do that!” he said in stunned disbelief.

“Oh, I was afraid you would take that position but sweetie we’re doing this for your own good. You need to learn how to socialize with others especially men. Now, if you don’t agree to go out with Killer and play all nice nice with him we will take drastic measures. How would you like to spend all your time dressed as you are in that lovely Victorian costume? Oh I almost forgot, that also means sleeping in your corset and shoes too. Another thing you might want to consider. Maxie almost has your new Victorian outfit ready. It, unlike the one you have now, is a forest green velvet with a much tighter wasp waist corset. I understand it is quite exquisite despite being very heavy and cumbersome. I think you will look positively lovely with an eighteen inch waist, don’t you?”

“Wha.....What? An eighteen inch waist? Tha...that’s six inches smaller? Impossible, I....I couldn’t stand that,” he gasped.

“Of course we would probably have to take your waist in a few inches at a time but I assure you, your waist will be eighteen inches or less. Maxie tells me the outfit will be finished by this weekend. Maybe you can wear it this Saturday when you come to work dear. Perhaps that will give you an incentive to go out on your date. In any case, it looks like we girls need refills and you can think about it. Now scoot and fetch our drinks,” Inez finished waving her hand dismissively.

Ooo

It was nine o’clock and Taylor had been up since six getting ready for Saturday

morning. Friday working in his Victorian dress had been very difficult and tiring but this new ensemble scared the daylight out of him. Maxine had brought it over Friday night and after two hours, as she made her adjustments, almost brought him to his knees. The wasp waist corset was indeed a killer. Maxie had used a lustrous heavy black satin for the corset with iron spring boning spaced one inch apart. She had thoughtfully lined it with a soft lamb's wool and trimmed it lavishly in red floral lace and ribbon bow detailing. They were only able to draw it in four inches but it was more than enough to make him pant for breath. The heavy velvet dress shimmered and shined beautifully as it flashed through the spectrum of green colors but weighted a ton. When combined with the many layered cotton petticoats, corset and tight pinching shoes he could barely stand. He wasn't looking forward to spending eight hours serving tea and scones in the new uniform.

When he entered the store, Inez gushed her approval and made sure that his day was a busy one. At least he had a tea cart to use and didn't have to carry a heavy tray. Inez threatened to make him carry a large silver plated one if she found him not happily serving her customers. He was allowed a fifteen minute break every two hours and half an hour for lunch but otherwise kept busy. By eight o'clock when the store closed Taylor could barely stand he was so exhausted. If the cart hadn't helped support him by closing time he would have surely collapsed to the floor.

Inez for her part was more than happy as all her customers praised "that wonderful young lady who served the tea" or "what a beautiful costume." She was still beaming as Taylor got into her car for the trip home.

"He looks like he's ready to fall asleep. Well too damn bad. I'll make sure he sleeps in that corset and shoes unless he agrees to go out tomorrow. I won't have him disrupting my plans," she thought as she put the car into gear.

"Taylor, have you decided to go out with Killer tomorrow or would you rather spend the night in your corset and shoes?" she asked.

"Ye.....yes....I'll do it just promise tha....that I won't have to wear this ever again. I've never been so hot and exhausted in my life," he answered after a few moments. He was almost too tired to think but knew he couldn't take wearing that horrible corset much longer.

"I'm glad to hear that you have come to your senses sweetie but you were such a hit today. So I'm afraid you will have to wear it next weekend. Look on the bright side though, by going out you won't have to sleep in it or wear it around the house," she laughed.

Ooo

Sunday morning Taylor was allowed to sleep in and wasn't awakened until ten. He was still woozy and achy from Saturday but the hot bubble bath helped. When he got back to his room Irma had laid out his clothing for the date. Groaning he picked up the bright red nylon hip hugger panties with white lace detailing and reluctantly stepped into them. The matching satin gel filled B-cup push-up bra did nothing to help his sagging spirits. He spent a few moments looking for the panty girdle but it wasn't there. He didn't like wearing the restrictive girdles but they did hide his equipment preventing unwanted disclosure. Giving up the search he kneaded the red stay-up hose up his legs. He wasn't familiar with real hose having only worn panty hose and had a bit of trouble making sure the rose pattern at the back was straight. Next he stepped into the lustrous red satin half slip with its two inches of floral lace trim before applying his makeup.

He groaned again in exasperation as he buttoned the pale pink bell sleeved chiffon blouse with a lacy cravat. His bright red bra clearly showed through the thin material. It was definitely going to be one of those days and the micro-mini black skirt wasn't going to improve his situation. A wide red patent leather belt with flashing gold buckle and red patent leather four inch stiletto heeled strappy sandals completed his dressing. For accents, Irma had set out four feminine rings, several red metal bangles for his wrist and a thin gold necklace. Now all he had to do was wait for his date to appear.

The waiting was the hardest part of his day so far. What little he had for breakfast threatened to come up more than once as he contemplated his fate. "I can't believe I'm going on a date with another boy...no man. I like girls not other guys. This is so sick. My first date and it's with another guy! Ugh, I think I'm going to be sick again."

His thoughts were interrupted when Irma came into his room. "Good, I see you are ready and your date is here. Just remember I had better get a good, no, make that a very good report about your behavior while on your date today. Inez will be particularly interested in how it went and you know what she will make you do if not. Stand up and let me see how you look. Put some more of that raspberry gloss on. Your lips need to look enticing, aching to be kissed," she stated.

Trembling as he followed Irma into the living room it was difficult keeping a smile as he was about to face his doom. For a brief moment he thought that living 24/7 in a wasp waist corset almost worth refusing to go on the date. When he saw Killer, he swallowed trying to get the lump out of his throat. Killer was wearing skin tight black jeans, white undershirt, black leather biker's jacket with tons of chromed zippers and chains and black leather biker's boots. He had more tattoos and piercings than Taylor had ever seen on one person. He was also the most terrifying man he had ever met despite the large ear to ear grin on his face.

Taylor reached out his hand when he was introduced to Killer but before he could react found himself in a tight lip lock and strong embrace pressed hard against Killer's muscled chest. When the tongue thrashing kiss broke, Taylor stepped back gasping, his face ghostly pale.

"OMG! What just happened? He kissed me and stuck his tongue down my throat. OMG! I think I'm gonna be sick," his numbed mind screamed.

Before he could do anything Irma pulled him close and whispered harshly, "Look Taylor, don't you go getting sick on me! You do whatever Killer wants or I swear you will live to regret it. Now put that smile back on your face and enjoy your date."

The date didn't turn out all that bad but Taylor was very uncomfortable. Killer took him out to the boardwalk where he won a number of fluffy stuffed animals for Taylor. He had his first decent meal of hamburger and fries which he found difficult to completely eat. What made the date difficult was Killer's possessive nature and constant demands for a deep passionate kiss. The kissing was difficult but doing it in a crowd mortifying. Wherever they walked, Killer's arm was either around his waist guiding him or his big hand firmly planted on his ass. Taylor wasn't totally naive and knew that such behavior by a girl told everyone within sight that she was easy.

His most embarrassing moment came as they were waiting in line to use the port-a-potty. Killer was standing right behind him, his groin pressed tightly against Taylor's ass with his arms draped across Taylor's shoulders and his big hands covering Taylor's breasts. As they waited Killer began slowly rubbing his groin into Taylor's ass and squeezing his ersatz boobs. A couple of shouts of "Get a fuckin' room," made

Taylor's face flush scarlet while Killer hooted back, "Maybe we will but wouldn't you rather watch?"

At Irma's door Killer not only kissed Taylor deeply but licked up his face from chin to ear leaving a sloppy trail of saliva and whispered, "Next time you better show more enthusiasm or I might tell Inez you were uncooperative. I'll see you same time next Sunday and don't be such a prude either."

When Taylor walked into the house holding a handful of stuffed animals Irma immediately wanted to hear all about his date. Her questions and innuendos deeply embarrassed him but happy that she seemed pleased. He wasn't so delighted about plopping his stuff animals on his bed though. The room was more than girly enough for his tastes with its pink walls and white lace curtains.

Ooo

Throughout the week Taylor was kept so busy doing his household chores he didn't have time to worry about his upcoming date. Of course the girls had a delightful time teasing and making crude comments about his date as he waited upon them. It wasn't until the Thursday afternoon game that Inez made him consider his next date.

"Taylor I had a wonderful talk with your boyfriend Killer yesterday evening. You will be pleased to hear that he enjoyed going out with you and most definitely wants to see much more of you. I sort of promised him that you felt the same way. You Will see that he is more than pleased this coming Sunday won't you. I'd really hate to be proven wrong you know and tomorrow when you come to my shop make sure you are wearing your new uniform," she stated stressing the word "will."

Turning her attention to Irma added, "Darling it would be so nice of you if you would do your best to bring Taylor's waist down a few more notches," she said as she made her meld and took up the discards.

"Crap! I hope Irma disagrees with her. She knows how much that thing hurts," Taylor thought hearing what Inez said. The idea of cutting his waist down to eighteen inches sent shivers of horror up his back. The wasp waist corset had only been pulled in to twenty inches the last time and he felt like he was being cut in two then. How would he ever manage the tight constriction about his torso and the heavy clothing he had no idea.

"Sure Inez, I think we can do that," Irma responded dashing Taylor's hopes.

"By the way, you might want to do that tonight before he goes to bed. It might help him adjust to it better," Inez replied staring directly into Taylor's eyes.

Her threat was clearly understood by Taylor and he shivered. "That woman is pure evil. I hate her. Tomorrow is going to be hell and if I don't make Killer happy I'll be stuck in that thing all the time," he thought.

Sure enough Irma got his waist down to the required eighteen inches but Taylor had to sit several times before she succeeded. He had worn it all night and wouldn't have slept at all if Irma hadn't given him a strong sleeping pill. Friday morning, fully dressed and having to breathe in shallow breaths, moving about was particularly difficult. Inez wasn't totally heartless and gave him three times as many breaks than normal. Letting him get a bit more rest wasn't totally altruistic either. She didn't want him so exhausted he couldn't go out on his date and show Killer a good time. Even his Gibson Girl hair hurt as he arrived back at Irma's that night. The only good thing that happened was when she said he wouldn't have to sleep in the corset. A big sigh of relief and he quickly fell into a deep sleep.

He was allowed to sleep in again on Sunday getting up around ten. Like last time Irma had put out his clothing. She had selected his lingerie in a vivid plum color, nylon hip hugger panties with a white floral lace panel in the front, satin push up gel filled bra with a hint of lace, embroidered garter belt, full slip lace embellished at the hem and delicately embroidered on the bodice and sheer nylons.

For outer wear she chose a semi-sheer white chiffon balloon sleeved blouse with a tiered white lace frilly jabot and purple with white diagonal pin stripping micro-mini skirt and a pair of four inch spiked heeled white pumps. Purple plastic bangles for his wrist, several gaudy feminine rings and a block beaded purple plastic necklace completed his dressing. His makeup was highlighted by a reddish-purple glossy lipstick painted slightly outside the lip line to make them more pillow like and kissable.

Killer showed up dressed exactly like last time and had that same ear to ear smile. This time he took Taylor to a matinee porn movie not far from his shop. Taylor had protested that he didn't want to see a porn movie but Killer insisted. To make matters worse it was gay porn and Taylor was made to sit in Killer's lap. During the showing when Taylor wasn't feeding him popcorn, Killer's tongue was plowing deeply into his mouth or licking his face while squeezing his fake boobies. It took all of Taylor's concentration to keep from vomiting. The movie was absolutely obscene and Killer's attention completely unwanted but he had no choice. Besides, it was too late to do anything about it anyway.

On the way out of the movie, Killer took him into the men's room and pushed him toward the flaking mirror over the sink. "Fix your face while I take a piss baby," Killer ordered marching over to a nearby urinal.

The bathroom was filthy beyond description and there were noises coming from the single cubicle. As Taylor worked on his face he could see the walls of the cubicle moving and it was obvious what was going on. He almost lost it as he realized what was happening in that stall. Gulping down bile, he finished applying his lipstick when Killer walked up and said, "Let's go. I want to show you my shop."

Taylor was elated to hear those words and couldn't wait to get out of that place. As they came out of the movie there was a light drizzle and he covered his hair with a pale pink plastic cape to protect it. Killer took off his jacket and put it around Taylor's shoulders kissing him wetly on the cheek as he did so.

"Come on baby, I've got something special for you over at my shop. It's not that far," Killer said taking a firm hold around his waist.

The two block walk wasn't that bad as most of the sidewalk was under building overhangs. Taylor was shivering, not from the wet cold but the fear of what Killer was going to do next. His fear became all the greater as he was led into the back room of Killer's shop.

"Baby, you remember the guy in the movie that had a hummingbird tattooed over his left shoulder blade. Well, that was a piece of shit work by some retard. Take off that blouse and I'm going to show you how it should have been done."

Taylor's eyes widened into saucers hearing what Killer wanted to do. For a moment or two his mouth worked but nothing came out. The idea of being tattooed and with such a feminine one was beyond his imagination. His voice wasn't working but his feet began moving backwards as Killer's hand lashed out catching him on the side of the face.

"I said take off that fuckin' blouse," echoed in his brain as Taylor swayed under the blow. His face was ablaze in pain and his mind stunned at the slap. Reaching behind

his back with trembling hands began unbuttoning the blouse.

Two hours later with tears streaking his makeup Taylor looked at his reflection. Covering his left shoulder blade was a surprisingly realistic almost three dimensional tattoo of a hummingbird. The body of the bird was brilliantly colored in greens, aquas and royal blues. Its gossamer wings a flutter and its beak open revealing a bright red tongue. It was truly a work of art but something Taylor never imagined would decorate his body. What made what would have been true art pornographic, was the realistic penis the hovering bird's tongue was licking. The penis was stiff with a large pearl droplet at the eye and the tongue plunged into it. A tattoo only a whore or gay man would ever even think about getting.

After that date Taylor's life took a deep spiral downward. Of course he had to show that horrible tattoo to the girls but most of the time it was completely covered by his clothing. All of the women except Inez were so shocked by his tattoo they couldn't say much more to humiliate him. Inez, as usual, was the exception telling him that it was "oh so adorable and fitting for someone like him."

He could put up with the sloppy kissing and groping as he only had six months to deal with it but this tattoo was permanent. It was something he would have to carry around with him forever. It was a permanent mark that screamed "GAY" and guaranteed to make any woman who saw it shy away from him. How would he ever get a girlfriend much less a wife with that obscene art on his shoulder? He could only hope that once he was free he could find some way to remove or cover it up.

Ooo

It was Sunday and time for another date with his boyfriend. Taylor tried to refuse but a combination of the strap and sleeping in his wasp waist corset stopped any complaint. Like the past two dates he was allowed to sleep in then dress in whatever Irma put out for him. His lingerie was always his sexiest and brightest, his dresses the most revealing and of course heavy night time makeup.

What made his outfit for the date humiliating was the halter neck of his dress. It completely revealed his tattoo to the world and no amount of complaining changed Irma's mind about him wearing it. The dress was a lavender rayon full skirted mid-thigh length and fluffed out with Maxie's stiff petticoats. He quickly discovered that a good breeze would lift the hem of his skirt high enough to reveal his bright red satin panties or at least his red garter straps and welts of his pink nylons. Killer was more than pleased seeing his tattoo prominently displayed.

No dark movie this time. Killer took him back to the boardwalk where every head turned to look at Taylor as they slowly walked up and down the midway. It was especially breezy and Taylor had to be very careful with his skirt. They were halfway down the boardwalk when a stiff gulf breeze lifted his petticoats and skirt giving everyone a view of his stocking tops. The shameful way Killer's hand gripped his ass and the constant tongue twisting kisses didn't help ease Taylor's mortification at being out in public. Loudly whispered, "Get a room," "Whore," and "How disgusting" didn't escape his hearing. He came home with a number of stuffed animals and a ring of hickies around his neck. He had never been so glad to get back to Irma's than he was that evening. It had been the third worse day in his life. The first being stuck with the Carters and the second was getting the tattoo. He had never felt so ashamed or embarrassed in his life until today.

On their forth date, Killer took him back to his shop. Taylor didn't care if he had to spend the rest of his life wearing a wasp corset but he wasn't going back into that

shop. He struggled, slapping at Killer as hard as he could without any visible effects and shouting his objections. Killer had laughed at his weak efforts but when he started shouting slapped him hard. It was hard enough for Taylor to see stars. Inside Killer quickly got to work and he was pissed.

“Gawd damn it, ya got me madder than hell. I was planning a nice surprise but now I aint gonna be so friggin nice. Ya mine and ya gonna accept dat,” he shouted.

When Taylor left the shop he had a number of unwanted piercings. His left nostril had been pierced and a large pink rhinestone stud inserted. A chrome stirrup inserted over the outer corner of his right eye, a barbell into his tongue, a navel ring with a rectangular golden tag filled in with small pink rhinestones saying “Killer’s” and six piercing into his ears. The most painful and demeaning piercing was to the head of his penis. Killer had inserted a gold ring through the head with an attached chain that fastened into another ring piercing below his scrotum. His penis was forced back between his legs and would have to sit to pee.

“I wasn’t gonna do dat but ya pissed me off. Since I’m not the giving kind of guy don’t matter to me if’n ya can’t use it for anything but peeing,” he said as the ring between his legs was closed.

Seeing what Killer had done to his groin, Taylor gathered up all his rage fed courage and spat, “Yo....you can...can’t do this! I never consented to this! I...I will go to the police!”

Taylor braced for the expected slap but it didn’t come. Instead Killer laughed and began digging around in a desk drawer. Pulling out a piece of paper and holding it up said, “This here gives me the right to do any damn thing I want to ya. Ya legal guardian done gave me authorization! Says here dat she fed up with ya bitching and complaining about wanting to get tattoos and piercings even. So go to the cops. I’ll jest tell em ya asked for it den had second thoughts.”

Seeing the release and knowing what Killer said about the cops was probably true all the fight went out of Taylor. What masculinity, what strength he had fled like air escaping from a balloon. Gaining his freedom from the foster care program wouldn’t erase what had been done to his body. He slumped down to his knees and cried in defeat.

When he was forced to show the girls what Killer had done his humiliation was complete. He was broken and without the hope of ever being James again. Nervous giggling was the common response and a few, “oh my, that must have hurt,” comments. Only Inez seemed to be pleased, telling him that he wouldn’t have any use for his itty bitty bits anyway. His lament that they had ruined his life didn’t get much sympathy.

Ooo

Over the ensuing months Taylor went out with Killer every Sunday. On their sixth date they went back to the pornography movie theater. Inside a frightened Taylor was made to bend over and suck Killer’s seven inch cock for the first time. Killer had threatened to take him into the men’s room and stick him into the stall. Anyone using the stall was considered ready and willing to perform. Taylor’s pleas of not being gay had no effect on Killer. With Killer’s broad hand on the back of his neck, he performed his first oral sex, throwing up on the filthy movie floor when the act was done.

In addition to performing oral sex Taylor was further deprived of his remaining

masculinity. A floral tattoo was added around his ankle, a tramp stamp of interwoven violet roses wound up to mid-torso in a burst of blossoms and just before his birthday a ring was tattooed on his left ring finger. The ring tattoo confused him as Killer said that after his birthday he would make it official.

At one minute after midnight on Taylor's eighteenth birthday, Killer did exactly that. For that special date Taylor was dressed in white satin lingerie frilled with lace and delicate pink satin bows. The above the knee length white lace cocktail dress had a crystal beaded bodice and a rounded neckline with bell sleeves. Killer had taken him to a nice restaurant for dinner before bringing him back to his place. Once the clock struck twelve, Killer pushed up Taylor's skirt, pulled down his panties and made good his promise. With his ass pulsing in pain Taylor was completely broken.

To say that Mrs. McAdams was both surprised and amazed upon seeing Taylor would be an understatement. She was at the Carters to have her final interview releasing him from the foster care program. Taylor walked into the living room wearing a tight lavender satin above the knee straight skirt, pink ruffled chiffon puff sleeved blouse, sheer hose and pink four inch spike heeled pointed toed pumps. His black satin camisole and bra were clearly visible through the thin fabric of the blouse. His hair was styled in a big bouffant page boy with a big floppy lavender bow attached in the back. Large eight inch golden hoops hung from his earlobes and the pink nasal piercing glimmered in the light. Another surprise was the big bald headed man with the amazing handlebar mustache at his side. She was not that surprised when Killer announced that he would be taking care of Taylor from now on. After all, Taylor was gay, wasn't he?

The End