

# TOKEN MALE



STELLA  
SATIN

## **Token Male**

### **By Bea**

I never gave much thought, until a lot later, on the fact that the national magazine that quoted me and showed a small photograph, could have been the instrument of my downfall. I'm still not absolutely sure, but know a lot better than to ask anyone - that's one way of really getting in trouble around here.

I was in charge of administration services for Jackdaw productions, a small advertising agency. How I'd landed such a plum job, I could never figure out. It was most likely that I'd been in exactly the right spot -at exactly the right time. In a few short years, thanks to deaths, resignations, and other strokes of good fortune (for me), I'd reached my exalted position without having to demonstrate much in the way of leadership or knowledge. I was extremely well paid, and lived accordingly - BMW automobile, house in an exclusive area, well tailored clothes.

It bothered me that Chris, my wife, wanted to keep on working after we got married. I kept pointing out that her 'meager' earnings weren't needed ,but she paid me no mind. This was particularly galling as she worked in the same firm as myself, and it bothered me that people might think that I needed her money. (In all honesty, we spent to the level that we made One of the reasons that things went so bad, so quickly, was that we were so deeply in debt.)

Another thing that bothered me was the fact that she got such terrific reviews all the time. I had never generated that much enthusiasm from any of my bosses, and it became really disturbing to see the quiet girl that I had married turn more and more self-assured. She even started to carry some feminist nonsense back home with her. Naturally, I jumped all over her, but it seemed that I was fighting a constant rear-guard action all the time.

The quote that may (or may not) have started all the trouble, related to a call I'd taken one day. A free lance writer was writing an article on a new PC graphics package. Normally, I'm known as a complete dodo on anything technical. That particular morning though, I'd listened to two young ladies enthusing about the capabilities of that particular new software in the cafeteria, and had picked up enough to sound like I knew what I was talking about.

Naturally, most people in the company were surprised to see me quoted in the magazine, but I'm pretty sure that it was well known where I'd picked up my 'expertise'. A few were even stupid enough to suggest that I should have directed the call to the people who were actually knowledgeable about the software - or at least give the credit to my sources. Anyway, I was only too happy to see my name in print - even if only in a trade magazine - and was not about to share the glory with anyone.

It wasn't too many months after that, that the company got sold to some mystery buyer. No-one knew who it was, but John Clark, who was the managing director, and a good friend of mine was let go, and replaced by Marjory Thorn - a lady sharp by name, and nature - who was decidedly not a friend of mine. I started looking for work somewhere else, but couldn't seem to come up with anywhere close to the same salary, so kept working, just waiting for the axe to fall.

And fall it did - but all around me, never on my neck. I couldn't understand it. One by one, my friends disappeared - and I started to notice a sharp decline in the number of males around me. As a matter of fact, one day I woke to the realization that I was the only male left, - less than six months after the sale of the company.

In the meantime, Chris had had one promotion after another and, all of a sudden actually outranked me. This was too much for my ego. I called Annie, Marjory's secretary, and made an appointment to talk with her. As soon as I got in the door, I walked to

her desk and gave her my resignation - which she refused! I couldn't believe my ears, until she explained.

"Sit down please. Now, quite honestly Alex, I've never been overly impressed with your work and, if it was strictly you - I'd let you go in a minute. You have little or no drive, you're lazy, and you aggravate all of the girls with your nonsensical male behavior. How Chris stands you is beyond me - I'd have put you over my knee long ago - but we feel that she's a real comer in the firm...."

"What do ..Do you mean! - Put me over your knee!" I said excitedly.

"I'd spank you. That's what I mean. If you think I couldn't, just interrupt me like that again!" She retorted. "Now just you be quiet and listen! We want to keep Chris - and to do that, it looks as if we have to keep you but, as of now, seeing you've brought it up, I'm putting you on special assignment, reporting to me. I'm promoting Mary Sloan into your slot. And, while I'm at it, I'll tell you something else. You're going to take a major pay cut."

I stared at her but, mindful of her threat to spank me, chose my words carefully. "You're not accepting my resignation. But then you think I'm crazy enough to take a major decrease in my salary? I don't get it."

She smiled sardonically. "I know all about your job hunting activities -and the amount of success you've had. I'm also very well aware of your financial picture - you can't afford to leave here."

I shook my head in disbelief. "If you do cut my wages, I've got to leave, Chris's salary can't carry us.."

"It will now" she said shortly. "If you consider the new salary I've just been able to swing for her. With bonuses, and stock options, your combined income should exceed your current money by.." She looked at a report lying on her desk, then pulled a small calculator towards her and entered some figures " .. At least thirty percent! - And that's taking the drastic paycut for you into account."

I nearly fainted! This was fantastic! Our financial position would be better, not worse!

"I don't know what to say.." I started gratefully.

"You might want to thank Chris for saving your bacon. If I were you, I'd hold onto that young lady. I think she's going to be your meal ticket for a long time. Now. As to your assignment. I want you to move your things into my outside office - beside Annie. You'll be sharing with her - and even though she's just a young girl, don't be getting any stupid ideas about your status - for your immediate information, she'll outrank you - at least until I figure out what to do with you."

I had lost my office. I had been demoted from head of administration to some sort of lowly assistant to a woman who despised me - I was even outranked by her secretary for goodness sake! But still mindful of her threat, I spoke calmly. "But you don't understand, Marjory. I can't accept this situation.."

She held up her hand to silence me. "No Alex. It's you that doesn't understand. We want to keep Chris here but realize that it's probably a package deal - figure that we need to keep you here as well. You leave? Chris might be unhappy - and that is something we don't want to happen. Accordingly, we don't want to take that chance. If you're determined to leave?" She thought for a second, came to a decision. "We'd let her go as well. Then you'd really have problems paying the bills, eh?"

"But this doesn't make sense. You obviously don't like my work - or me. So just on the off chance that Chris might be unhappy you want to keep me on." I concluded by asking. "Am I the token male, or what?"

She smiled a secretive smile. "As good as any reason I guess. But why don't you go and move your stuff, then you and Chris can take the rest of the afternoon off. Think about your position, and talk it over. If she feels as strongly about your demotion as you do, I'll accept both of your resignations tomorrow morning."

She was obviously telling the truth. I could see no negotiating position for me at all. If I stayed, our financial position was assured. If I quit, we would lose just about everything. Dazed, I got up. "Okay Marjory, we'll . "

She interrupted me again. "From now on, you will address me as 'miss Thorn'. Understood?"

I couldn't help it. I laughed. "But everybody calls you Marjory. It's only the really junior employees who call you..." "You will call me 'miss Thorn'! Understood?"

"Yes" I mumbled.

"Stop mumbling! Yes what?"

"Yes miss Thorn" I said.

"Much better! You can go now. But one thing more. You'll find your timecard in the rack beside Annie's. Start punching in again tomorrow, eight o'clock sharp!"

Totally dejected by this new, humiliating, status drop into the ranks of office girls and suchlike, I started to leave. Before I could stop myself, I heard "Thank you miss Thorn" emanating from my lips.

I cleared my belongings into cardboard boxes, and managed to get them over to my new desk in fairly short order. Just as I finished, Chris came in, looking a little upset. "What's this? Marjory's saying that I've to take the rest of the day off, to talk the situation over with you? What's to talk over? We'd never get a deal like this anywhere else. You can't be thinking of quitting!!"

"I'm not, not really" I whispered. "Marjory.. I mean miss Thorn, suggested it. Maybe we should talk.."

"I don't have time!" She snapped. "There's no way that I want to even give a perception that we've anything to decide. As far as I'm concerned, we're staying." Her voice softened a little. "Look. Annie drives past our place every night and morning. There's a good chance that you'll be working for her. I know that she car-pools with a couple of other girls. Why don't you ask her if you can join them, starting tonight. That way you'll have the chance to get to know her, and meet some of the other girls on a more social basis? You're on

the clock now, Marjory tells me, and I can't work steady hours like that, so I'll need the car."

Helplessly, I shrugged, admitting defeat.

"Good!" She smiled and gave me a quick hug. "I'll be home around seven. Have dinner ready, eh?"

All of the four girls in the car pool were young, pretty, and carefree. Along with Annie, there were Agnes, Sandi, and Diana. The three other passengers were somewhat in awe of me, not knowing of my demotion at first. Annie wasn't too slow in letting them know my new status though, and I became just another junior employee to them. Also, in getting into the car, it had been determined that, as I was the smallest, I got to sit in the middle of the back seat, until the first passenger exited. Until then though, I was right in the middle of an intensely female conversation that covered boys, lipstick, and lingerie sales.

I was the second to leave. As I did so, I heard Annie remind me that "miss Denning wanted her dinner to be ready by seven."

Sandi asked me, "are you miss Denning's cook?"

Annie tittered. "No silly! Her husband!"

The remaining girls looked at me with new respect. My wife was obviously becoming a power in the land.

If the day had been somewhat of a disaster, the evening didn't improve it any. Chris got home about seven, just like she'd said. I had been getting dinner ready, but had allowed myself to be distracted by one of my favorite game shows, so dinner was late getting to the table - even with Chris's help in setting the table.

"This isn't good enough" she started, looking at the plate in front of her.

"Eh?" I responded stupidly, my mind still on the game show.

She did something I'd never have thought possible of my sweet young wife. She took me by surprise by getting up, coming around the table, then grabbing hold of my head, and pointing my eyes towards the plate.

"You call this mess a meal?. Potatoes half cooked, steak burned on the outside- raw inside. Salad missing god-knows what?"

For the first time, I was aware of the physical strength my wife had. "I did my best" I complained. "I'm not a cook, you know."

"Well, isn't it time you learned?' She said coldly. "I don't see me coming home every night, and looking at this kind of excuse for a bloody meal." She paused for a second, then continued. "I think I'll have a chat with Edna Mason. She supposedly knows a lot about home economics. Maybe she can train you."

"Oh Chris!" I complained. "This is getting to be too much."

She looked at me, and a little tenderness showed. "Alex. For years you've been coasting. How you got your job, I don't know. But get real! You're out in the cold. Marjory has made us an offer we can't refuse. Look at it this way. If we leave, you don't have a job - and not much chance of getting one around here. I can, maybe, get a job. But you know, and I know, that any company hiring me is going to look at what I've made until now. They are not going to look at what Marjory has just offered. There's no way we can keep this standard of living up. We have to take her offer right now. Maybe, six months or so, we'll be out of this hole. But right now, we've no choice."

She was saying what I thought, but the knowledge that Marjory was probably going to degrade me in any way possible, was haunting me. I also had the feeling that even Chris was looking at me differently - especially with regard to the cooking. I was only partially correct, as I found out quickly. She had other things in mind for me as well.

"So what's this about Edna Mason?" I asked "You expecting me to cook on a regular basis?"

"Damn right!" Chris said. "And not just cook. You'll be home before me. You're gonna be earning less money than me. You think I'm coming home and cooking your dinner? Think I'm gonna be cleaning house? Think I'm doing the laundry and ironing? If you're

thinking along these lines, you've got another think coming! As I said, I'll talk to Edna. I'm thinking of asking her if she could be here tomorrow night - give you some idea of what has to be done in a kitchen." She glared at me. "Now, if you've any arguments with what I'm saying, you'd better speak up, because I've had just about all the shit I'm gonna put up with from you!"

Cowed by this new dominant nature of her personality, I put up absolutely no fight at all. Meekly, I simply nodded my acquiescence and did the dishes instead and tidied up as she watched television. That night in bed, we made love very successfully. A major difference though was that Chris was a lot more aggressive than she normally was. I actually had to fight her for the 'top' position.

The following morning, Annie picked me up. Again, the way it worked out, I was between the two girls in the back seat, and felt myself being drawn into their conversation. Agnes actually told me of a crocheting circle that had recently been formed by 'her, and some other girls' - and said that, if I was interested, they'd be glad to let me join. I was amused, but inwardly flattered by the invitation. Politely, I turned her down.

After clocking in, Annie informed me that Marjory had left me an assignment. First thing, I was to report to Cynthia in filing. When I reported there, it was to find that one of Cynthia's girls had called in sick the day before, and probably wouldn't be in for a week. I was the stop-gap. It didn't make matters any better when I discovered that Agnes, my car-pooling compatriot would be my co-worker and trainer for the first day.

"You should be able to handle the job" Cynthia told me crisply. "But, if you have any problems, ask Agnes. If she can't help you .. You'd better come and see me."

So much for any status I'd had in the car pool. I was now being talked to as if I was some sort of helpless incompetent. On top of that, Agnes was now my 'trainer' - a fact that wasn't lost on her and,

in terms of reporting level, I was now even lower than her as I obviously wasn't reporting to Cynthia directly.

Some more humiliation came my way. Not even an hour later, about nine o'clock, Cynthia called me over. "Annie just called. Wants you to go and see her. She also wanted to borrow some coffee so would you take this with you? You'd better run along. I think she needs you. I'll let Agnes know. Thanks."

And, bag of coffee in hand. I obediently hurried to Annie's office and handed it to her.

"Thanks Alex" she said with a big smile. "I'm really running late this morning. Can you give me a hand? I cleared it with Cynthia, so you won't get into any trouble."

"Sure" I said. "What d'you need?"

"Well. Marjory's having her copywriters meeting in about ten minutes. Some of the attendees are already there, but more should be coming in the next few minutes. See that tray of Danish and cookies there? If you'd take it into the conference room, and set it on the side table? Then, if you look in that file cabinet there, you'll see sets of dishes. Take out - let's see, twelve should be enough - cups and saucers and teaspoons. Not the plastic ones - the silverware, and bring them over here. Give them a dust with a paper towel while you're at it. Yeah, then fill the little creamer with milk from the fridge. Make sure the sugar jar is filled, and take them into the conference room as well - oh, and of course, take a bunch of napkins in as well. When you're finished that, ask the ladies whether they want tea or coffee - make sure you ask everybody now. I'll get the coffee on, and get the water boiling for the tea."

I looked at her in total astonishment. "You want me to take orders for coffee?"

She stared at me, her eyes cold. "That's the general idea, yes. Do you have a problem with giving me a helping hand?"

"No" I said lamely. "It's just.."

"Look!" She said impatiently. This is the first time that Marjory's ever given me an assistant. If I have to go to her because you won't do as I ask - when I ask - you'll end up doing it anyway, and I'll look bad. I don't want that to happen, and believe me, you don't either."

"But Marjory didn't say for sure that I was to be your assistant." I protested weakly.

She smiled brightly at me. "Marjory is it?" then paused expectantly.

"Miss Thorn." I corrected.

"She's Marjory to me. Does that tell you anything? Now will you do as I'm telling you or do you want to make an issue out of this?"

She was obviously determined that I was to be some sort of serving wench. I thought of the repercussions that would follow if I made a fuss - and the conversation I'd had with Chris the night before. It just didn't seem worth it, so I gritted my teeth and started to follow her instructions. As I busied myself putting the tray together, I noticed that the conference room was gradually filling up. Hurriedly I moved everything into the room. Horror! Chris was there!

She was part of a small group chatting and laughing with Marjory. As I put the stuff on the table, Marjory caught my eye, and imperiously beckoned me over to her by crooking her forefinger. When I got to her side, she surprised me by putting her arm around me, and pulling me towards her.

"Listen up, ladies" she said firmly, over-riding the other conversations that were going on "I've got an announcement. Maybe I'll write a memo to confirm it, maybe not. Anyway, Alex here has been re-assigned as my personal assistant, effective immediately. Mary Sloan will be taking over his old spot. Any questions?"

An old enemy of mine, Elaine Williams, spoke up. "But I thought Annie was your assistant?"

"She still is." Marjory replied. "Though his duties will be giving her a hand when she needs him, I've got something else in mind." A satisfied expression appeared on her face. "Remember when we

used to get so mad at his administrative ideas? Said he'd no real practical knowledge about the firm? Well, for the next couple of months, I want him to rotate through the office, learning what's going on.. Right now, he's helping Annie with serving the coffee, but for the rest of this week he's helping Cynthia. She's a girl short"

A few of the ladies looked at her with shocked expressions. It was dawning on them that I'd been demoted from a senior management position to one, only slightly higher than an office girl - if that! But no comments were forthcoming.

Marjory let her arm drop, then faced me with a peculiar, warning, gaze in her eyes. "Are you going to get the orders for the tea and coffee now Alex?"

And I knew what she wanted! "Yes .. Miss Thorn" I replied, letting everyone know exactly that there was no question about my status, and that I'd accepted it. I heard a few muffled titters, and a whispered "Never had a male coffee girl before" but ignored them.

Stupidly when I brought the teas and coffees back into the room, I couldn't remember who'd ordered what, so it took a lot longer to get the proper drinks distributed than it should have. Marjory started to glare at me but I managed to scurry out of the room before she said anything.

Sandi, our carpooler was standing chatting to Annie as I came out.

"I'll get back to Cynthia then." I said happily, glad to be getting away.

"Oh. Why don't you just hang on a moment?" Annie said, obviously thinking. "You'll just need to come back to help clean up, and I've got some filing needs doing. I'll give Cynthia a call, and tell her."

And with an "excuse me for a second" to Sandi, she picked up the phone and called Cynthia. "Hi Cyn. Look, I'm asking Alex to stay here and help me for a while. Any problems?" She listened. "Ok. I'll send her .." She tittered "I mean .. him ... back after lunch."

So, while Annie chatted to Sandi - and various other visitors, for the next hour, she kept me busy doing her filing. When the meeting broke up, she had me go in and tidy up the conference room. Chris was still there, talking to another one of the ladies, but managed to get away long enough to talk to me for a moment.

"You really did great Alex!" she enthused. "I know it must have been hard for you, but you really did good. Gotta go, but hang in there baby!" And with that, she gave me a couple of reassuring pats on the backside, and took off. As I turned to watch her leave, I noticed Annie staring at me. She might have been too far away to hear what was said, but she hadn't missed the general idea of the conversation.

After I finished with the room, I reported back to her. She then had me give her a hand with washing and drying the cups and saucers that had been used, and putting them back in the cabinet.

"Guess you can go now" she said carelessly. "Thanks a lot, you were a big help."

"That's ok " I said, heading back for Cynthia's group.

That afternoon, Edna Mason approached me. She was a big blonde lady of about forty. Very down to earth, no nonsense - of Norwegian descent I think. She stood over me, as I sat at my desk.

"Your wife talked to me about training you to do housework." she boomed. "First, does she still want me to start tonight? If she does, we'll start with washing and ironing if you have enough to make up a wash. If you don't, we can maybe start with cooking, eh?"

Looking back, a lot of what was happening was anything but intentional by some of the parties involved. At the same time though my masculinity seemed under constant bombardment. Without any particular incident, or any given moment, it was as if everyone's perception of me had changed. I seemed to have been assimilated into the general office population. Was now considered a woman - like everyone around me.

That's too strong a term perhaps, but there's no question in my mind that, around the time Edna spoke to me, I gave up - and started going with the flow. In front of my co-workers, I set up my first lesson in being a housewife - I could say house-husband, but who would I be trying to kid?

That night in the car pool, Agnes asked sympathetically "Dinner didn't turn out too well last night, eh?"

I reddened. "You're right there. A disaster."

"Miss Denning upset?" Diana asked.

"You could say that." I admitted.

Agnes spoke again. "I remember. The first time I cooked George a dinner? It was so bad! I mean, he was only my boyfriend - but you should have heard him. Even pretended he was going to spank me!" She giggled. "Of course, I didn't let him .."

And the conversation went off into the rights and wrongs of being spanked by one's husband. I'll swear that, at one point, Sandi was about to ask if Chris ever spanked me - but caught herself just in time.

Before the week was out, I had been assimilated into the crocheting circle with Agnes. Within a couple of months I was not only an active participant in the car-pool conversations, I was the top student in the group under Edna's tutelage in home economics - this, from some of the younger girls learning of what I was being trained in, and asking if they could join.

As our house was too small to train six (that's the final class size), I ended up, along with the others at Edna's, twice a week - right after work. We all wore aprons. Now make no mistake, my apron was not what would normally be considered as a mans. At the same time, it was no more effeminate than anyone else's. But there was no escaping that I was now considered 'one of the girls' - to everyone, including myself.

Edna was a very good trainer. Under her tutelage, I became an extremely competent housewife. Not only could I do more than

rudimentary cooking, I had gained the confidence to depart from the recipes, and actually came up with some good meals. My baking wasn't to the same level, but she assured me that all I needed was confidence. Using the washing machine and drier were a snap, but she was quite strict in demanding that I learn how to iron clothes well - particularly Chris's lingerie. I protested that even Chris didn't do that, but Edna was adamant and, after Chris raved about how good it felt, it became an on-going duty for me.

She also stressed the need for me to be a competent seamstress. I breathed a sigh of relief when I discovered that the classes held at the local high school had just started their semester, and that I'd have to wait for a few months before registering. She did teach me to sew by hand though - and, as Chris had never been one for doing much in that line, I had lots of her clothes to practice on - buttons on blouses, zips on skirts, small tears in dresses and lingerie. Chris was happy with the results, but not that happy when she discovered that I'd been taking her clothes for repair to Edna's, and doing them in front of the other girls.

"I know it doesn't show me in a masculine light" I said "but it's the only way I can learn.."

She laughed, not unkindly. "Dear? Would you know a masculine light if you saw one?"

At my blush, she patted my arm. "I don't care how feminine you look either. I just don't feel too happy about these girls seeing my lingerie, that's all."

At work, I had my share of being the 'coffee girl' and, in one humiliating episode, Elaine Williams used me to go and buy her some panties that were on sale in her favorite department store. But by and large, the novelty of having a man perform as an office girl soon wore off and I was let alone.

At home, the difference in our relationship was easy to see. Somehow, without any discussion or confrontation, I had become the totally submissive partner. I wore the same aprons to do my

housework as I did when I was being trained by Edna - Chris even told me I was 'pretty' one time. I did the cooking, the housework, the laundry. In bed, I waited for Chris to initiate sex and, to be honest, we had more - and better - sex than we'd had when I was in the driver's seat. I now played the feminine role, underneath, all the time.

Time passed, and change came. Marjory Thorn was promoted to be personal assistant to the new, mystery, owner - and Chris took over the whole show at the office. I think I felt a small quiver of jealousy, but in many ways was thrilled at my new status in the office - the boss man's wife, as one idiot defined it.

I didn't have to work for Annie any more. I was even given a small group of two, very junior, girls to supervise. "Don't let me down, for Christ's sake!" Chris warned. "You've been doing very well, and everybody knows it - but there's some who'll say it's nepotism."

Sincerely, I promised not to make waves, and did my best to make her proud of me.

At home, our relationship continued to change. I can't put my finger on any one incident that reflected a dramatic change in how we saw each other. For sure though, Chris was now the dominant force in our marriage. She didn't beat me up, or anything like that. It just seemed that, one night, I realized that I was now deferring to her opinion in most things - and that she expected me to! I also noticed that she became very considerate of me, opening doors for me, ordering for me in restaurants - as well as paying the bill. Looking back, I see that, as she became more and more self-confident, I became more and more submissive.

One night at home though, she seemed strangely nervous. "You know, dear .. You've been doing very well in the cooking, and looking after the house - maybe I've boasted a little too much ...? But I've something to ask."

I blushed with pleasure at the compliments "Who have you been boasting to?" I asked shyly.

She sighed. "I'm afraid.. Mrs. Martin, and Marjory Thorn"

I was really complimented. "Mrs. Martin? .. The new owner ?"

She nodded, ruefully - then took a deep breath "I've invited them to dinner on Friday evening."

"Oh. My goodness!" I said, my heart fluttering "What do you want me to make .. what? .. that's not very much time .. Oh dear!"

She laughed sympathetically. "Don't get flustered dear. It's not really that big a deal, and you've got three days to prepare."

"Maybe not a big deal for you" I retorted "But what would they think if..."

She interrupted "That's the important thing I'm afraid .. What they will think."

"I don't understand" I said.

"Well... It's very difficult to explain and, to be quite honest, I'd rather not even try .. but would you have a major problem with wearing an apron in front of them?"

I gulped. "Doesn't exactly give me a warm fuzzy feeling, but I've been wearing one so long now .. well, I guess I could."

She smiled "Wow! That's great!" She stood up suddenly "I bought one specially for the occasion. Let me go get it."

I started to get a feeling of dread. The feeling wasn't helped when she returned, holding out a full skirted, white apron, with full straps - frilled along the edges of course, and wide, frilled ties to match. She held it out to me. "Isn't this lovely? Why don't you try it on? See how it is."

I backed off a step. "Oh Chris! That's really kinda effeminate, don't you think?"

She grimaced "Well, maybe .. But honest, I've got a reason. Please try it on? Please?"

And I stepped into it. She fastened the skirt at the back with some kind of hooks and eyes, then tied the shoulder straps and the side ribbons behind me, into a full bow.

"But it's like a dress!" I complained. "The skirt's so long that you can barely tell if I'm wearing pants."

"You look just fine." She said, "But let's try this as well."

She reached into one of the apron pockets, and pulled out something, lacy and white. Before I could even come close to stopping her, she had put it on my head, and seemed to be tying a ribbon or something. I started to jerk away.

"Be still! Would you! I'll just be a minute" she said impatiently.

I couldn't see what she was doing, but knew it was some kind of cap. I sighed, and let her finish.

She finished tying whatever it was, then I felt her pull some of my hair out from under the cap, onto my brow. She positioned it lightly with her fingers, then stepped back, her face flushed and a kind of excitement glinting in her eyes.

"Told you!" She said huskily. "You look just fine!"

When she stepped back, I could see my reflection in the mirror - dressed in a maid's apron and matching lace cap. Some tendrils of hair had been pulled down and had been arranged, quite prettily, on my forehead. "See! Don't tell me you don't look nice" she dared me to disagree - "and that was with very little time to do anything to you. By the time Friday rolls around, you'll feel much more comfortable in it. I'll help make your hair a little nicer - and you know you feel better when you look better. You won't have any trouble at all!"

"But if I'm going to be cooking in it, it'll just get all dirty" I said, still hoping against hope to convince her.

"Oh! I don't expect you to cook in it" she replied airily "I thought you could have the dinner pretty well ready before they came. You can use one of your other aprons for the dirty work."

"But then .. What would I use it for, then?"

"Why, for taking their coats and bags as they came in, serving up drinks, and the meal, and then cleaning up. Once you've finished all that, you can take it off if you want - and I wouldn't care if it's dirty by then. They're not gonna see it, and - it's washable, right?"

"I'm not going to spend much time with the Marjory .. I mean .. Miss Thorn, or Mrs. Morgan then, am I?" I complained.

She got the uncomfortable look back on her face. "That's true .. Yes, I'd say that's very true. In fact, to be quite honest, this dinner is more of an upper management meeting than anything else, so... I wasn't intending to have you.. eh .. interact with them much at all"

"But you want me to.." I started, when what she was really saying dawned on me.

"You just want me to be a maid!" I gasped.

She looked me straight in the eyes. "That's right" she said quietly. "It may sound cruel, but I couldn't say it better myself. That's exactly what I want you to be."

I felt the flush rising up my neck, and suffusing my face. "But I'm your husband, Chris!"

"..And that's why!" She said, excited. "That's exactly why! Don't ask me how I know, but I know for sure! Mrs. Morgan believes that her executives should have a.. a .. charisma, that carries over, even into their homes. She doesn't really like men at all. If she sees that I..we..you..." "Do as I'm told?" I asked bitterly.

"That's it! If she sees that I .. control.. you. Then she knows that I have what it takes."

She paused, and took a deep breath. "Alex. This can help us. If you were one of these big, macho, guys? Well, we wouldn't be here in the first place. But you're not! You're nice, and soft, and sweet. I love you! You've never been all hung up with what 'guys' do, or what they don't. They've been treating you more and more like a girl at work, and you don't complain - Please! Please! Do this for me. For us!"

She came forward, and kissed me. As usual, I felt myself weaken. I did continue to argue, but with less and less conviction. Finally "Well...it's only for a couple of hours.." I conceded.

"Right!" She said, grinning now, sensing my surrender "Just a little while. Hardly any time at all."

"..And no other surprises!" I pretended to growl, just kidding.

"Well... justone little thing" she purred, stroking my thigh under the skirt of the apron.

"Oh, please Chris" I complained weakly, as she drew me in for another kiss. This lasted for quite a while. Then she pulled on my ears until my lips were off her mouth, and giggled softly. "Mmm..You wouldn't mind ..ahem.. dropping a little curtsey now and then?"

Her hand had found my erection, and she was starting to lift the skirt of the apron to get to me, pushing me down onto the couch at the same time.

"Uh..no..Chris..uh..no." I pleaded, incoherently, as my pants were being unzipped. "Please don't ask.. Please, no curtseying, eh? Please?"

"But what would Mrs. Morgan think if I had a maid that didn't curtsey when she was spoken too?" She cooed, having worked my pants and underpants down, "and didn't you just agree to be the maid for the night?. Eh? Now you don't want to be breaking your promises, do you?"

The skirt of my apron was up over my head, my pants were down, and she was straddling me, riding up and down on my erection. Sometime during the next five minutes or so, I agreed that curtseying wouldn't be so difficult.

Lying in her arms after the sex, I found myself also sleepily agreeing that it wouldn't look too good if I forgot to curtsey at any time - and yes, it might be appropriate for me to start practicing right away - only at home of course - but curtseying when she spoke to me, and addressing her as "miss".

I've said that the change had been slow and gradual. At this point in time, it started to accelerate. The following night, she taught me to curtsey. Though the apron I wore wasn't the new one of the night before, it was a new and more effeminate version of my earlier ones.

"I wanted you in a fuller apron" she explained "Your other ones are too masculine and too tight to the body to let me see if you're curtseying properly. Now, let's get started..."

And I learned how , and when, to drop deep curtseys, and when to do a simple 'bob'. How to smile (nicely), but keep my eyes downcast and keep my arms folded demurely in front of my apron while being given instructions or being addressed. How to, at all times, respond with 'yes'm' or 'yes miss'. She was really surprised at how quickly I learned but was also adamant that I learn to 'flounce' my apron at all times as I walked - "Just a little dear, but honestly, it looks so nice and feminine!"

I haven't mentioned it, but she'd started criticizing my haircuts some months earlier on. She had an ex-worker of hers, Flora, come around once a month to do her hair, and finally coerced me into trying her as well. Flora was a skilled hairdresser, there was no question about that, but at Chris's requests, my hair had gradually been let grow longer and longer, which made my hair more and more difficult to fix in any semblance of a masculine style. I can't say it was a woman's style, but the additional length was forcing my hair to fall down the sides of my face in what was definitely a 'softer' look. Some of the girls in the carpool had actually asked me who my hairdresser was.

On the Thursday night before the dinner party, Chris had Flora come to work on both of us. As Chris's generally took longer, and I had some work I wanted done, it was agreed that I'd go first.

"Getting a little long, Flora" I said, settling into the chair, as she buttoned the cape around me. "Cut it back some, would you?"

Chris overheard this, and walked over to the chair. She gently pulled some of my hair out to its full length. "That's so silly!" She said "You've got nice hair. I don't think it's long enough yet. Another couple of inches and it'll look really pretty!"

Flora spoke "Well Chris, I can see what he's getting at. It's getting kinda hard to control at this length. With a girl, right now, I'd suggest a light wave and set, but.."

"What's wrong with that, then?" Chris asked.

"I'd have to put rollers in.." Flora said, confused, but I could see her reflection in the mirror, and she was starting to grin.

"Why don't you give him a shampoo? - And could you brighten up his hair a shade or two while you're at it? Then you can set it." Chris said, in an no-nonsense tone.

Later, my hair up in rollers, and tied with a blue chiffon scarf, Flora showed me how to take the rollers from Chris's hair, and brush it out.

"Yours needs a bit more firming up." She said, "So sleep with the rollers in. Don't brush it out until just before you go to work, but do it the way I'm showing you just now. I think it'll turn out nice."

The next morning, I was crying in front of the mirror. Chris heard me, and got up from bed. "What's the matter dear? Don't tell me Flora made a mess of your hair?"

"I look just like a girl!" I sobbed "Look!"

She hunkered down beside where I sat at the dressing table, and put her arm around my shoulders. She smiled. "Well. It's not.. exactly.. masculine.."

I twirled one of the blonde curls that came over my ears, but couldn't help laughing at what she'd said. "You got that right, sister!" And managed a little tearful giggle.

She laughed with me. "C'mon dear. That's better. Dry your eyes now, and get ready for work. Make sure you wear a cap in the shower."

"I'm not going to work like this!" I said firmly.

"Oh, come on now" she moaned. "I'm not going to fight with you at this time in the morning..."

"I'm not going!" I repeated. "I'm going to wash this out.."

And I put up my very last battle with Chris. I didn't win - but I didn't lose altogether. I didn't have to go to work that day, but I had to keep my hair that way until Sunday night at least. I called Annie and told her I wouldn't need to be picked up that day, and asked her to tell my boss for me.

The evening came around all too quickly. I had prepared all the ingredients for a wilted spinach salad, so that all that had to be done was heat the dressing and toss. The main course was shrimp scampi, over rice. The dessert was a simple mixture of whipped and ice cream, and a hot fruit sauce.

I showered in the late afternoon to be out of Chris's way when she got home. At her request, I was to wear black pants and a black rayon turtleneck sweater with a sort of sateen finish. "Shows off the apron" she'd said. Nervously I changed, and put the apron and cap on - she'd shown me how she wanted the cap ribbon and apron tied.

Our guests weren't due to arrive before seven, but around six-fifteen, I started getting very nervous. Chris should have been home before then - and what was I to do if they arrived before her? The house was as clean as hard work could make it, but was I supposed to make conversation with them in her absence? The doorbell rang, and made me jump. Who could it be? Chris would let herself in. Should I answer the door in my apron? But I was already on my way there. If the guests arrived early, and I wasn't dressed properly, I knew there'd be hell to pay. I opened the door - and it was Chris after all!

"Just testing" she said. "Good evening Alexis. How are you?"

I dropped a curtsey. "Good evening miss. Fine, thank you. Can I take your bag and coat?"

She beamed at me. "Very good Alexis - in case you hadn't noticed, I modified your name a little - more appropriate for this evening, wouldn't you say?"

I bobbed. "Yes ma'am."

She nodded, smiling her approval. "Very good then. I'm running a little late, so hurry upstairs and lay out some clothes for me. I'd like the black velvet skirt, and the full white blouse. Oh - and lay out that light gray lingerie. Don't forget the full length slip. You can go now."

I bobbed again, and hurried upstairs. As I did so, I heard her say behind me. "The house is looking good. Maybe it was a good idea to

have you stay home after all. But one thing dear - you're forgetting to flounce. A little more movement on your skirts and petticoats, eh?"

"I'm sorry" I said. "I keep forgetting."

"I'd suggest you didn't forget any more" she said, a dangerous tone creeping into her voice. "I've a pair of ladies shoes for you. They're not high heels, but they're high enough that you'll have a constant reminder of how to walk. Just forget again, and you'll be in these shoes - and nylons to go with them."

This threat was enough to keep me on the straight and narrow (and a little bouncy) for the rest of the evening.

As she showered, I set out some munchies - potato chips and the like. Just as I was finishing, I heard what sounded like the tinkle of a little bell from upstairs. I went up there, to find Chris grinning, and putting the little maid's summoning bell on the dresser. "These are great" she enthused. "I thought they'd come in handy, so got a couple. Saves me from yelling." She sat down "Give my hair a brush out, will you Alexis?"

She really didn't need much help, but was obviously liking to flaunt her supremacy over me. She relaxed for a moment or two, enjoying my services, then sat up and looked at her watch. "They should be here any moment. Nervous?"

I bobbed. "A little, ma'am."

She grinned "You know, you really are a natural, aren't you?"

She didn't expect a reply, so I just bobbed again.

"Come here to the mirror for a second. I've got something for you."

Cautiously, I approached her. She picked a tube of lipstick from the dresser, took the top off, and worked it until a pink tube showed.

"C'mere then! Don't just stand there! Good! Now pout these nice lips. C'mon now! Don't be naughty! Let me make your lips all pretty!"

And she made up my lips with lipstick. The taste brought back long-buried memories. She looked at me strangely when I pursed my

lips and rubbed them back and forward, but said nothing, simply handed me a tissue to blot off the excess.

"Now. Just a little dab of perfume" she said picking up a small bottle from the table. Meekly, I stood while she applied a little behind my ears and on my wrists. Just as she finished, the doorbell rang.

She gave me an appraising glance. "Very pretty. Now hurry to the door - and don't forget. I want you to be an especially good girl tonight!"

The references to my gender were becoming more and more numerous, and more and more feminine-related, I thought, hurrying to answer the door. With my long apron flouncing and billowing around me as I descended the stairs, with the taste of lipstick on my lips, and the smell of my perfume wafting around me, I had to admit, however, that there was probably some justification in how I was being addressed. I opened the door, and dropped a curtsy to the two ladies standing there.

"Please come in." I said "Mistress will be down in a moment. Can I take your coats please?"

Marjory Thorn shot me a glance of quiet amusement. "Found your true calling at last Alex?"

"It's Alexis, miss" I said, bobbing. "The mistress prefers that name now."

"Seems appropriate enough to me" the other woman said, removing an evening scarf from around her hair, and shrugging her way out of a short mink coat, then handing me both articles. "I'll hold onto my purse for a while." she said.

I took them from her, and turned to Marjory who was divesting herself of her coat, when it struck me. Amazed, I turned to look at Mrs. Morgan.

Her hair was blonde now. She had filled out to become a good sized, though not heavy, woman. She filled her red pant suit outfit with a great deal of confidence - she looked even more prosperous,

more self-assured, than the young woman who'd made my life a misery for a while.

"A ..A .. Angela!" I stuttered.

Her bright red lips parted, showing the snow-white, even, teeth that still showed up in my more scary dreams. "...And I thought you'd forgotten me." She purred. "Gone on to new things .. new people .. but I see you didn't forget all the things I taught you?"

My knees had actually started knocking together under my apron. I could literally feel them hit each other. Instinctively, I dropped a deep curtsey "Oh no Ange.., I mean, .. Mrs.. Morgan. I haven't forgotten.."

"Alexis! What are you doing! Stop chattering to our guests! Put their things away, then come back into the living room!" And Chris came sweeping down the stairs, beautiful and confident, going to Marjory and Angela and kissing them both.

I scurried away with their coats and scarves, hung them in the hall closet, and swept back into the living room. I don't really know what I expected, but somehow, thought that I'd at least be the butt of some snide remarks, jokes, or whatever. Looking back, I probably thought that I should be the center of attention - or something. What I was, was the maid. For the rest of the night, until the guests left, I was kept busy serving drinks, meals, coffee and after-dinner drinks. No-one paid the slightest attention to me!

But it was that evening that established my role from that point. I saw these three women, assured, strong, self confident - handsome. And I saw myself: submissive, weak, (maybe even pretty?) Only too willing to be dominated - and realized that things were the way they should be. At one slack moment, I even made my way back to the bedroom, and freshened up my lipstick. I think that Chris might have even noticed the difference as she nodded approvingly when I returned.

Marjory and Angela left, thanking Chris for a 'very pleasant evening', but without another word to me. Chris's mood changed,

however, the moment they left. She thanked me, perfunctorily, for a nice meal - and passed a nice compliment about my behavior. She did wander around a lot as I was cleaning up - smoked a couple of cigarettes in a herky-jerky way, then sat down and stared at me, in a way that did little to bolster my self confidence. Finally, I finished. With a sigh of relief, I undid the apron and threw it into the laundry chute. Nervously, I waited for what was coming. I didn't know what it was, but was certain that it wasn't going to be too good for me. And I was right!

"So you knew Angela before? How come you didn't tell me?" She asked me coldly. "I don't know what to think now! Shit! Here's me, thinking to impress her with bossing you around - and you're an old friend of hers! Goddam it! Why didn't you tell me?"

I gulped. "Honestly Chris! I didn't know! I haven't seen her in years! And I wasn't exactly an old friend of hers.. and her name was different then - Wilson, it was"

"If you weren't a friend, what were you, then?" She asked. "I think you'd better fill me in - and I wouldn't leave anything out if I were you." And I proceeded to tell her.

The story:

One summer, just after my fifteenth birthday, my mother decided that I was looking a little peaked and made arrangements for me to go visit my spinster aunt (Jenny) who lived in a secluded farm in Yorkshire - the area now known as 'Herriot country.'

"A couple of months there'll maybe put some color in these pale cheeks of yours." She said, packing my suitcase.

I wasn't overly keen but then, as now, seemed to be in the thrall of strong-minded women. So off I went.

Aunt Jenny was a big, earthy, strong woman who got some amusement from my lack of knowledge pertaining to farm functions (which wasn't very fair, I thought) and my lack of 'manly' strength (which was).

"Have seen little girl'uns stronger than thee" she'd jibe "C'mon int'a house. I'll find summat fer thee to dae there.." And I'd end up sweeping the floor. Or washing the dishes - considered far below a 'normal' boy's duties, although totally suitable for a girl.

She scoffed at me being able to cook but, being an awful cook herself, soon learned that I could put a pretty good meal on the table. Soon, I was not only making the meals, but buying the staples as well. Twice a week, a butcher's and baker's van would come by the road at the end of the lane. It got to be quite a treat for me to go and buy the foodstuff there, as I usually managed to work a way to get a chocolate bar for my troubles.

One afternoon I was standing daydreaming, waiting for the van, and was quite astonished to hear a woman's voice call me "Boy? Boy!"

I came out of my reverie to see a gigantic car had stopped close by - a Rolls I think. A chauffeur was driving, but looking straight ahead. A woman in a feathered hat had rolled the window down, and was the person who was talking to me. She had a sharp intelligent face, and was obviously used to having people do as she told them. A girl of about my own age was sitting on the other side of her, not quite visible from my viewpoint.

"Yes mum?" I managed.

"Where do you live?" She asked.

"Up there" I answered, pointing up the lane "with my aunt Jennie."

"Ah!" She said, and rolled up the window again. I saw her talking to the girl, and delving into a large handbag on her lap. Then I saw her writing something. She rolled down the window, and handed me a piece of paper. "Take this, and give it to your aunt - do not read it!"

I will admit to being curious, but simply folded it into my trouser pocket as they drove away without any farewell. I got the groceries when the van came a few minutes later, then walked slowly back to

the house. I gave the note to aunt Jennie. She read it, then fixed me with a stare. "How'd you meet these folks?" She asked.

I told her. She shook her head "Well. You've to go up to the big house tomorrow. Their daughter, Angela's her name I think, wants you for a playmate."

I was quite thrilled. For one thing, life wasn't exactly full of excitement on aunt Jennie's farm. Another was the fact that though I really was a bit of a 'loner', I'd discovered that I much preferred the company of girls to that of boys - and the girl in the car had looked quite pretty.

And she was pretty - in a boisterous way, as I discovered when I got to their mansion - that's what it was - the following morning. She was also larger than I'd thought: a couple of inches taller than me; and older by about a year. She showed me around at first and one thing struck me almost at once. I didn't see any men. I commented on this, and asked where the chauffeur was. She surprised me with her answer.

Seemingly, after her father had died, her mother had got rid of all her male servants "Doesn't care for men at all" she said simply. Then notified me that the chauffeur was a lady as well "Mary's a kinda masculine one." Angela giggled. "But a woman."

"I feel kinda funny being the only man around here" I said, laughing.

She looked at me coolly. "You don't strike me as much of a man" she said, the hint of a sneer in her voice. Then she stopped right in front of me, and turned to stare directly into my eyes. "You're my playmate - and you look like you'll behave - but if you start acting like a snotty boy, I'll put you over my knee and give you a good spanking! Do you have any problem with me saying that?"

I took a step back from her. "Hey! I didn't mean anything" I said defensively. "And if you're going to be that bossy, then I'll just go home - and I won't come back!"

She took a firm hold of my arm, glaring at me now. "Don't you dare use that cheeky tone of voice to me! You'll go home when I let you, and you'll come back every day, unless I tell you not to. Now! Are you going to behave, or are you going to be naughty?"

The threat on her face scared me a lot. Meekly, I surrendered immediately. "Behave." I gulped.

She smiled then, and let go of my arm "That's a good... boy(?)" she said, the question mockingly obvious in her voice.

And, by the time a week or so had gone by, she had answered the question as to my gender - at least as far as she was concerned. I still 'looked' like a boy, but I was more like her little 'girl' friend. By threats and intimidation, and one 'ceremonial' spanking "Just to convince you that I can do it to you when I want", she had me behaving just the way she wanted. I giggled like a girl, I spoke softly, like a girl. Sometimes she'd make me skip along the paths beside her like a girl.

Then, she 'graduated' me to "dressing" games, in clothes from her mother's old trunks. Naturally, as the clothes fitted me more than her, I did most of the 'dressing'. She also liked for the two of us to 'read' suited to me, it was only natural that I read the girls parts-while dressed appropriately.

The maids started grinning at me when I came to visit, and a couple of the cheekier ones used to make little 'kissing' sounds at me when I passed, or called me 'miss' when they talked to me. This was understandable as it often turned out that Angela wanted me to have tea with her mother and her - me in little flapper dresses, cloche hats - and made up with lipstick, and other cosmetics like blush, eyeshadow, mascara, and so on. It got so that I was rarely out of women's clothes from the minute I got there until I left. She also gave me a sequence of little evening purses to carry 'my' makeup in.

She taught me a series of her facial expressions that signaled when she wanted me to freshen up my lipstick, my rouge, or everything. Every so often, in front of a maid, or her mother, she'd

give me the 'look', and I'd have to pull whatever cosmetic she signaled - and 'freshen up' my makeup, without giving the impression that it was her that was making me do it. I think that Mrs. Wilson caught on, but she still got a big kick from seeing demonstrations of her daughters power over me.

Naturally, my mother picked one of these days to come and pay a flying visit. We had just finished with afternoon tea, and I was playing croquet with Angela and her mother. I was in full makeup, a light blue, sequined dress with matching high heels and a little straw cloche hat with a medium veil. Naturally, I didn't see the arrival, and was squealing girlishly at something Angela had said or done.

Mother and aunt Jennie had naturally gone to the front door. They were ushered outside to our presence by Tillie, one of the more aggressive maids. She really grinned as she announced who they were, and 'who' they were looking for.

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In re-living these experiences I had gradually forgotten who I was telling the story to. Chris brought me back to earth with a thump.

"Let's see" she said. "You're in full drag and makeup, playing croquet - as girlishly as you know how - and your mother and aunt find you that way? How did they react?"

"Oh." I said, remembering the expressions on their faces. "Aunt Jennie wasn't 'too' surprised I think, but pretended she was. Mother was absolutely amazed - she didn't even recognize me at first. Angela's mother just acted as if nothing unusual was going on ... So I guess they had no choice. They ended up pretending that everything was perfectly normal to them as well. Even mother, when she came to hug me hello, kissed me on the cheek like she would've done with a girl.

Then Mrs. Wilson suggested that we all stay for dinner - (Angela whispered to me that this would give me a chance to change out of my 'play' clothes), and as neither my mother or aunt could think up a

good reason for refusing, they agreed. Mrs. Wilson sent Tillie off for drinks for the adults. And I went off with Angela to change.

By this time, I was fully aware of Angela's tricks. At the same time, however, I admitted to being totally unprepared for what she pulled then.

"Didn't let you back into your own clothes, did she?" Chris interposed, grinning.

I nodded. "That's right. She said I couldn't possibly wear the clothes I had come in - they were dirty - and I surely couldn't wear dirty clothes if I was going to eat dinner with our mothers, could I?"

"So what'd you wear?" She asked.

"A kind of red dress" I mumbled.

"Tell me - a pretty red dress?" She pressed.

"Yeah. A kind of party dress that she'd grown out of." I admitted.

"What did she wear?"

"Pants and a sweater, I think. I don't remember, truly" I answered.

But I really did remember. Angela in nice, but plain slacks and blouse. The adults in fairly plain daywear - and me in a frilled, organza, party dress. Puffy sleeves and bodice, frilly slip peeking from below the hem of the dress, a ribbon in my hair, and a big puffy bow tying the sash of my dress at the back.

And my mother's visit seemed to last forever. They kept her there "It's a shame you can't spend more time with us here, but there isn't much sense in going all the way back to Jennie's, and then past here to catch your train is there? And this'll give us a chance to get to know you." Mrs.. Wilson told her. "I'll have Mary take you to the station in the car when you're ready to leave. Why don't you stay and have dinner with us?"

My mother, awed by this rich woman, just nodded in agreement.

I turned to Chris at that point.

"That afternoon changed my whole life. The whole situation seemed to make my mother pretend that there was absolutely nothing wrong with her son dressed in feminine clothes - and what with me doing a very passable job of acting like the little girl friend of the hostesses daughter, it didn't seem to take her very long to fall in with what they wanted.

Before dinner, Angela suggested that she and I show my mother around the garden. Mother was delighted. You see, she really was a bit of a snob, and being treated like an equal by rich folks - I guess she thought she was in heaven. So the three of us meandered off, me in my little red dress, carrying my handbag. Then out in the middle of the garden, Angela gave me the sign I'd been dreading - but I knew better than show any argument.

In front of my mother, I opened my handbag, pulled my compact out, and checked my makeup in the mirror. With the dainty little brush, I applied some blush to my cheeks, then patted some sheer face powder over it. Then, lightly and expertly, I touched up my lipstick.

Angela smiled tolerantly at my mother "He really does like to keep his appearance up - so fussy about his makeup." Then she turned back to me and gave me another sign that she'd been teaching.

"Is that a run you have in your stocking dear?" She said.

It didn't mean anything of the sort, but I did as she wanted. I let out a little squeal, and lifted the hem of my dress at the back to show the expanse of frilled petticoat there. Then I looked "There's nothing there Angela, you're just teasing me again." I said in a very feminine, pouty, way, letting my dress fall back again.

Mother accepted my behavior without pause and seemed perfectly serious when she said to Angela. "Oh. I'm so glad he's found a playmate like you here. I was so afraid he'd have nothing to do." Then she horrified me by linking one of her arms in mine, and continuing the walk like a mother and daughter.

Dinner passed without any major embarrassment - I was just a teenage girl friend of Angela's, amongst a group of grown women. Jennie did make some comments about my housekeeping skills - for which my mother blushinglly took the credit, while Mrs. Wilson complained about Angela's capabilities in the same area.

When it came time for mother to leave, Aunt Jennie stayed at the Wilson's. "You can see your mother to the station - you'll at least have a half hour or so to visit with each other, without me being there. I'll wait here so that when you get back, we can walk back to the house together." She said.

And so I was given the additional humiliation of accompanying my mother to a public rail station, still in my party dress. She asked me, almost as soon as we were in the car "Why, in heaven's name are you in a red dress?"

"Mummy ... she made me" I started.

"How? Did she beat you up? I don't see any marks!"

"Well" I stammered. "Not exactly... but she said.."

"She said? She said? What exactly did she say? - Go and put on that red dress?"

"Just about, mummy"

"Well, I think blue is much nicer on you. You were much prettier this afternoon. Red is not really your color, even though it does go with your hair quite nicely - and I will admit that your lipstick ties in with it quite well..."

I realized how badly I'd misunderstood what she was saying and started to cry softly. She took my hand.

"I don't mean to be cruel dear - but really, you'll have to learn what kinds of dresses to wear, and what not to wear.."

"You're treating me like a girl!" I remonstrated.

"But I thought that's what you'd want" she answered, puzzled. "You look like you're enjoying acting and looking like one - and you're very good at it too. Am I supposed to say that you're not?"

I shook my head helplessly. She kissed me gently, then spoke again.

"Look dear. You've never been very strong and, to tell the truth, not much of a boy. Now, you seem to be a lot happier and, to tell the truth, you make quite a pretty girl."

She stroked the dress material. "This is a nice dress. I could never be able to buy you one like this you know."

"Take me home with you mummy" I pleaded "I don't want to be a girl."

She shook her head. "I can't dear. Not right now. You'll just have to make the best of it. But here we are at the station, and I think that's my train coming in."

As it so happened, it wasn't but, by the time she'd found that out, her train was pulling in. A quick kiss (again on the cheek) and a hug, and she was gone.

Aunt Jennie was waiting for me when we got back. To my horror, she said "Well it's too late to change out of your dress now - and it doesn't make sense to dirty other clothes into the bargain. You can just wear it home. Tomorrow, you can wash and iron it, then bring it back. Are you going to thank Angela for the loan of it?" Angela grinned "Oh. I've grown out of it. Why doesn't she just keep it - maybe get some use out of it?"

Jennie lifted the hem, to show the lace trim on the petticoat. "But this is such pretty underwear miss Angela. What about this?"

Angela nodded. "Same thing. May as well keep that as well."

Jennie turned to me. "Isn't that nice? Say thank you to Angela. Say it nicely now - like a good girl."

And, with her hand pressing heavily on my shoulder as a cue, I knew exactly what she meant me to do. Putting one foot behind the other, as I'd seen the maids do, I pulled out the skirt of my dress at both sides, and curtsied. "Thank you for the clothes.." I mumbled, blushing at the humiliation.

"The pretty clothes.." Jennie's voice grated in my ear.

"..The pretty clothes, miss Angela." I finished.

It was the first time I'd ever curtseyed to her, but I saw by the delighted expression on her face that it wasn't going to be the last, especially when I sensed the growing alliance/friendship between her and aunt Jennie. She drove another nail into my coffin.

"Well aunt ..ok if I call you aunt? .. Jennie. Now that I think of it, I've got a ton of clothes I've grown out of. I know you want to get home so I won't keep you - but I'll have one of the maids look through my closets, and make up a parcel for him to bring home tomorrow. You were saying at dinner how he likes to do housework - these would be a lot more suitable I think. How does that sound?"

"Oh miss Angela. That's very nice." Aunt Jennie laughed "but I can't be having him do house chores in party dresses..."

"Oh. I wasn't talking about them." Angela smiled. I meant skirts, blouses, that kind of thing. Though there would be some 'nicer' dresses he.. she.. could wear at night?"

"Oh! I'm sure that that would be lovely!" Aunt Jenny agreed. "Now, when he's .. she's ..doing work in the house, she'll be properly dressed. More in line with how someone should look doing housework."

Chris broke into my memories. "That Jennie sounds like she didn't like you much."

I shook my head. "Aunt Jennie loved me. I found that out in the next week or so. She loved me ... but only when I dressed and acted like a girl. If I wore a dress or skirt and blouse, she couldn't have been kinder. Taught me how to sew, some cooking.. and would even sit and talk to me at nights. Even took me to the movies a couple of times.

"In girl's clothes?"

"Chris" I said. "Until I left there, I never wore boy's clothes again."

She held up her hand. "Whoa! I was starting to get the feeling that .. If you didn't ..like.. dressing and acting like a girl, well you

didn't exactly hate it either?"

Ruefully, I nodded in agreement. "You're right, to a certain extent. Look at it this way. With Angela and aunt Jennie, everything was fine .. But only as long as I was a girl. If I wore pretty clothes, I was treated like a friend, or a companion. But the minute I showed any sign of masculinity.. Well, things could get nasty."

"So you took the path of least resistance?"

"Yes. I guess so."

"So, why'd you leave, then?"

"Angela just had to press it." I said bitterly.

"You mean, she thought up some other way to humiliate you?"  
Chris laughed. "Must have been a real doozie!"

I thought back to the afternoon before her birthday party. "I wasn't needed by her that day, so was helping aunt Jenny with some dressmaking, when I saw the Rolls drive up, and Mary get out with what looked like a couple of dresses on hangers. I couldn't make out what they were at the time, because they were wrapped in plastic garment bags. Aunt Jennie went to the door."

"For miss Alexis to wear for tomorrows party. She's to be there about seven a.m. - and has to go and see Tillie as soon as she gets there" I heard Mary say.

Then I heard aunt Jennie thank Mary for the dress, and invite her in for a cup of tea. This was turned down with some laughing remark. Next, I heard the door close and the car drive away. Jennie came in with the garments folded over her arm. "What's this?," She said coyly, pulling up one of the plastic wrappers to have a look. "Ooh! It looks lovely! A brown taffeta I think. But this looks new. Doesn't look like one of her old things at all."

I thought of Angela's demands to have me measured the previous week.

"I think it is new" I said. "But what's in the other one then?"

She had already started pulling the wrapper off of the second one.

Speechless, we both gazed at the full length petticoat with lashings of layered lace making for a very bulky skirt.

"My goodness!" Jenny muttered "This'll be some outfit, I'm thinking."

And she was right. By the time we got the wrappers off and disclosed the total contents, it was obvious why Angela wanted me to report to Tillie the following morning. She had sent me a brand new, brown taffeta dress with a billowing skirt - obviously to take a heavily frilled petticoat - heavy lace trim at the neckline, hem, and sleeves. To go with the dress was a white apron and matching mob cap. She had sent me a maid's uniform! And, it wasn't just a uniform. It was the most feminine outfit I'd ever seen designed for a maid.

Jennie was thrilled by the outfit, and talked me into trying it on. Naturally, it fitted perfectly and, once she fastened me into it securely, I realized that it was made in such a way as to ensure that I'd have to have someone help me in and out of it. But even Jennie took pause when she got the apron and cap on me. She shook her head slowly.

"She's a terror, that miss Angela. I have an awful feeling that once she sees you in this, you're not going to be her playmate much longer - I think she wants you for an employee."

All of a sudden, despite my pretences, I knew I loved wearing the dress - and everything that went with it. But I was positive, knew beyond a doubt, that if I were to go to Angela's party the next day, I would be put to work as a maid. I also knew that it would be a long time before I ever got the chance to be anything else.

Early the following morning, I ran away.

I had to borrow some money from aunt Jennie's purse - but mummy paid her back when I got home.

"Did it feel funny changing back into boy's clothes that morning?" Chris asked.

"I couldn't," I said "my hair was too long by that time, and I'd been wearing perfume for so long.."

"It'd be noticeable?" She giggled "So you ran away in girl's clothes?"

I nodded.

"Ok" Chris said, getting to her feet. "I think I've got the general idea. You got home, and managed to get back into a boy's life.."

"Not quite that easily." I said.

"Don't tell me your mother..."

"No." I said "But the day I arrived home, I was standing at the door waiting for mummy to answer it, when some friends of hers arrived. I was too frightened to think and, instead of walking away, stood until mummy came and answered the door. Naturally, I had to go in with her friends. She introduced me as her niece."

"But didn't her friends know you?"

"I guess I should have explained. She'd got a short term job that meant living in a new area for a while - she had made new friends there. But as she only had about three months left, we decided that I'd keep on .. being...."

"A girl?" Chris asked.

I nodded.

"And you changed back to being a boy when you got back to your real home?"

I nodded again.

But you didn't meet Angela again?"

"She wrote me a couple of letters, wanting me to come and visit her and talk over old times." I admitted "but I was too scared, so didn't take her up on it. Aunt Jennie died in a motor accident the following year, so we didn't have any other reason to visit that part of the country."

"Amazing!" Chris said, and that was the end of the night of the dinner party.

For a few days after that, she seemed to be very thoughtful, but then started being kind of mean and cold to me. I didn't know what I'd done, but tried to make it up to her by being especially attentive, cooking her favorite meals, looking out her clothes for her, making

sure they were immaculate, and so on. None of these seemed to help though.

Then, one night, I had an idea. Through the years of our marriage I had bought her the occasional sexy nightdress, until I discovered that she didn't like them at all, much preferring linen or cotton. With this in mind, I searched through the cupboards where she had stored some stuff. I found a pair of baby doll pajamas, and matching peignoir I'd bought her - still in the gift wrapping.

It was a Friday night, the dinner dishes were done, and she was watching something on tv. Before I could change my mind, I applied some perfume behind my ears and to my wrists. This committed me to my course of action. I stripped off my clothes, and put on the baby dolls and peignoir. Then I sat at the mirror and put on some bright red lipstick. Then I remembered the high heeled shoes she'd threatened me with the night of the party. It didn't take long to find them. They were really too dark to go with the light blue of the baby dolls, but they were all I had.

Trembling with a combination of excitement, fear, and humiliation, I went back downstairs. Engrossed in what she was watching, she didn't see me. Slowly, I walked to the couch where she was sitting, my peignoir wafting around my body. Startled, she noticed me then, and smiled at me for the first time in days. Silently she held out her hand. Carefully, I laid my hand in hers. She drew me down.

Later, in bed, she was obviously relaxed from our lovemaking, but I sensed that the coldness was starting to enter her again. Enveloped safely in her arms, I didn't want to lose what we'd just had.

"Chris?" I said softly, "What's wrong? You've been mean to me until tonight, now I feel you getting all tense again. What's wrong?"

She stirred, as if to shake me off. Then I felt her relax. She pulled her supporting arm away, then raised, propping herself up with one arm and looked down on me.

"You're very sweet" she said tenderly. "You made yourself pretty for me tonight - don't think I don't appreciate it - but I'm still kind of mad at you.."

"Why?" I gasped "I haven't been naughty!"

She pinched my cheek between her fingers, but a grin was starting to show on her lips. "Well...." She said slowly "I think you've been naughty. You've been making me jealous.."

"Eh!?" I exploded "What are you talking about?"

She looked closely at me in the dim bedroom light, but sensing I was telling the truth, backed her head away again.

"Ok" she began. "Look at it from my point of view. I'm new at .. playing the .. man's role, but you must know that I like it?"

I snuggled into her body, and nodded.

"Well, how come, until tonight, you never make yourself pretty for me? You wear your nice smock for Agnes when you're doing your crocheting. You wear your pretty aprons for Edna when you're at her class. I ask you to wear a pretty apron, for one night! And you complain about how feminine I'm making you. - And then you tell me about all the pretty clothes you wore for Angela. You seem to be everybody's girl but mine! How do you think that makes me feel?"

I saw what she was getting at. "I'm sorry Chris" I mumbled. "You must know that I'm your girl! Look what I'm wearing for you!"

"Well then!" She said firmly. "Maybe so. But you have been naughty, eh?"

Shaken, I tried to snuggle into her some more, but nodded.

"What happens to naughty girls, Alexis?" She asked, though I could tell she was losing her bad mood.

"They get a spanking?" I answered timidly.

"And what happens to naughty girls when they forget - and think that they are boys?" She asked.

I was confused. "I'm sorry, Chris. I don't know" I whispered.

She paused as she sat up in bed, now propping her back with some pillows, but gradually pulling me over her knees. With little

effort, she pulled up the tops of the baby dolls to have my frilled panties visible. Then she laid her hand gently on my bottom.

"Wouldn't it be a good reminder for a naughty girl like that to wear pretty underwear all the time? Wouldn't that help move some silly ideas from her head?"

As her other hand was firmly pressing my face into the bed, I could only nod in agreement.

She continued, "Like, she could wear panties and bra .. And garter belts and stockings - I hate the idea of my girl in panty hose - wouldn't that help to remind her? "

Again I nodded, and felt her relax.

"Well missy" she said "I think I'll spank you now. It'll smart, and you might cry, but I want you to make some real pretty squeals, and kick your legs - just like the girls getting spanked in the movies- right. If you do? I might not be too mean"

I nodded. And proceeded to learn just how strong she was. She did get rid of a lot of frustration I guess - I had difficulty in sitting all of the next day. Starting the following evening, after she had shopped, I found myself back into filmy, lacy, lingerie again - with all of my male underwear gone.

I was allowed to wear my male outerwear to work but she did have some sport with me in allowing me (sometimes) just to wear panties, instead of everything. Not always, mind you. Most times I wore full female regalia causing no end of fear in me as, sometimes without notice, someone would want me to do something that might necessitate the removal of my jacket. I was never stupid enough to think that the straps of my underwear would not be easily visible beneath my shirt.

It may seem strange to anyone reading this, that I still thought along the lines of trying to appear a man. I was the butt of some of the more masculine girls humor, and the feminine ones .. Well, they considered me one of their own. No-one in the firm ever gave the

slightest indication that they considered me masculine. At the same time, my jackets, shirts and pants gave me some vestiges of masculinity. I was pretty sure that, if anyone had ever seen evidence of my lingerie, I'd never wear men's clothes to work again.

But I shouldn't have worried. One night, not long after, Chris came home, more excited than I'd ever seen her. Seemingly, Mrs. Martin had approached her and offered the job as her chief trouble shooter for her total corporation. The only thing was that it would involve a trip of around six weeks. Chris was literally chattering with excitement. "I asked if I could take you with me. Angela didn't say yes or no, but said it would probably be a good idea for you to pack - but to pack your cases separately from mine just in case."

"Do you have to go?" I pleaded. "I don't like there being even the slightest chance that you'll leave me."

She kissed me gently, but her lips were throbbing with an excitement I could feel. "I know baby, I know. But Angela made it pretty clear that the trip is my trial period - and this is the kind of job I've dreamed of all my life. Please, please, try to understand " she put her hand down the back of my pants and stroked my panties "and mummy'll buy you all sorts of pretties for you to wear."

The following Friday night, Angela sent a car round, to take us to the airport - as I thought. At first I was too excited to notice but it didn't take me long to realize that we weren't heading for the airport at all.

"Well, I didn't want to tell you, 'cause I know how scared you are of her" Chris said in explanation " But she wants us to have dinner with her before we leave."

Scared wasn't the word I thought, as we stood waiting for Angela's door to be opened. I wasn't surprised when a very pretty blonde maid in a beautiful royal blue uniform, answered the door, took our coats, and ushered us into a room where a table had been set for three. Angela was waiting for us there, rather scruffy looking to tell the truth, in a pair of brown pants and green sweater.

She laughed. "Sorry for my appearance, but I've already had two formal 'do's' today. Just felt like unwinding. Why don't you two do the same? Take off your coat jackets and relax."

Chris said "Thanks Angela, this flight will be long enough, and I'm going to grab any chance I can to get out of this suit." With that, she slipped her jacket off, as Angela rang for a maid.

They both looked at me, waiting.

"Well Alexis, what are you waiting for?" Chris asked, as another maid, different than the first one - but just as pretty and well turned out in a grey uniform came into the room. On Angela's instructions, she took Chris's jacket, then came for mine. I wanted to demur, but saw the warning in Chris's eyes. I slid it off, and handed it to the girl. I knew that she saw the outlines of my light blue lingerie under my shirt immediately, as her eyes widened a trifle.

Then, as her back was to the other two, she grinned seductively then put her lips together, and mouthed a little kiss at me before leaving. Then I was allowed to sit at the table for dinner with the other two. Sit was just about all. They immediately fell into a long discussion about the business, while a succession of maids, three in all, served drinks and dinner.

I was struck by how pretty these girls were. The blonde who had let us in, then an auburn haired girl, and the brunette who had mocked me. All were in uniforms, but what uniforms! Full skirted, swirling taffeta, one in royal blue, another in steel grey, the last in black. Full petticoats flashing under the skirts. They all walked as if modeling their outfits (which, in a sense, they were) and their face were all beautifully made up under flighty lace caps.

And they all had their fun with me. It was obvious to anyone that Chris and Angela were too busy to notice anything but what they were talking about - and these girls took advantage of it. They winked at me, and made the little kissing gestures. A couple of times, the blonde snapped my bra straps as she pretended to serve me or fill

my glass. Naturally, the redhead had to take it one step further. One of the straps on my camisole was loose - I'd felt it myself. I froze in horror when she stopped behind me and I felt her adjust it through the fabric of my shirt by taking hold of the little metal slide and pull the adjusting strap.

That sudden reaction drew Angela's attention to me. "I'm sorry" she laughed. "This must be awful dull for you, Alexis, but the flight's not for a couple of hours yet. I've really got to take Chris to my office upstairs and show her something. Would you like to watch television or something?"

Chris addressed me. "Yes dear. This is really important, but I don't think I want you watching TV. Why don't you give the girls a hand to tidy up? It'll give you something to do."

She turned to the brunette, who happened to be the one in the room at the time "Just get an apron for him. Trust me, he's very good around the house."

The maid snickered softly, but audibly. "Oh, I'm sure he is." Then to me "If you'll just follow me - sir?"

Less than five minutes later, I had been introduced to the maids: Helen, the blonde; Alice, the redhead, and Terri, the brunette. Naturally, I was Alexis to them, and in my apron and cap was busily engaged in helping them clear the table. Someone else came in the room, a woman well groomed in a conservative cashmere dress, a string of pearls, pale ash-blonde hair, short and tight to her head. She looked somewhat familiar.

"Well? I guess that your name is Alexis now? " she said softly. "Remember me?"

And I did. It was Tillie. The young maid from the past. Now matured beyond recognition. She saw I knew her, and smiled again. "You've got all 'mannish' again since I last saw you. Tut tut! But you do look nice in that apron - doesn't she, girls? But you're all finished, so why don't you take it off, and we can talk about old times?"

Gratefully, I did as she suggested, then remembered, too late, that my lingerie was fully visible again. But she made no comment on it. "Why don't you come with us, and we'll show you our accommodations? I'm sure you'll be interested." I really didn't have a choice. The other girls had all crowded around me, and started to follow her down a long hall. Totally surrounded by rustling, sweet smelling femininity, I went along. We all turned into a fairly large bedroom - all in shades of pink and white, a large canopied bed. Even a couch and an easy chair, with a small table between them.

"Why don't you sit on the couch dear" Tillie suggested. "Sit in the middle, between Helen and Terri. I'll take the chair. Alice? Why don't you open up the closet, so we can see the uniforms - thank you."

Tillie took the chair opposite the couch, then Alice came back to the group, and sat on the floor in front of, and facing, me. She adjusted her ballooning skirt around her, then leaned forward and started doing something at my feet.

Tillie sat back in the chair. I saw the sheen of her nylons, the flash of the black lace trim on her slip. I tried to lean forward to see what Alice was doing, but was stopped as I felt a slim arm slide around my shoulders from Helen's side, then another from Terri. On top of that, they both used their other hand to gently, but firmly, force me back into their combined embrace. I felt as if I was drowning in a sea of women.

Then I felt one set of fingers start to loosen my shoelaces, others start on undoing my shirt buttons. "Are you wondering what's going on sweetie?" Tillie asked mockingly, as my shoes were slid off my feet.

"Tillie. Please. I've got a plane to catch" I said, almost weeping as, almost simultaneously, a small hand found its way inside my shirt and started putting something soft inside my bra cups, while my pants started to be unfastened at the front.

"Well?" She said smoothly. " Maybe if you'll cooperate - maybe you'll catch the plane - but maybe you might not want to? Look over there in the closets. All the pretty uniforms. And there's drawers and drawers of pretty lingerie, even prettier than your own stuff - and this nice room. And it's all be for you! Isn't that nice of miss Angela? Wouldn't you like to thank her? Thank her in person?"

I had already seen inside the closet, and the flashes of brilliantly colored fabrics hanging there, but I was losing any chance of responding to Tillie's question as my shirt had been removed, my arms lifted straight above my head and a rustling garment was being pulled over my face, and my arms guided through the strap loops. As the full skirt of the petticoat was being pulled down over my knees, my pants were being pulled off.

Quickly then, I was pulled up almost to a sitting erect position, my arms lifted again, and a voluminous taffeta garment was being pulled on over the petticoat. I had been struggling weakly with the three giggling girls, but knew now that any further show of resistance, no matter how futile, was a total waste of time.

"Ok Alexis" Terri said "You can stand now, and I'll fasten you into your pretty uniform." The other girls pulled away, and I stood - the sounds of my taffeta dress loud in my ears. Terri spun me around gently, and started fastening me in at the back. As she did so, I saw my reflection in a wall mirror.

The dress was a russet brown. Full in the skirt as I said, but also in the sleeves and bodice. The hem of the skirt, sleeves and neckline were trimmed in a dark brown lace. Very similar to the uniform I'd run away from all those years ago.

While Terri was engaged in closing me in at the back, Alice stepped into my front and started tying dark brown ribbons that were laced through the sleeves at the elbows. She and Terri finished what they were doing at the same moment, and I was guided, un-resisting, to the dressing table, and sat down on a small chair, facing

the mirror. Again, Terri and Helen stood behind me, one at each shoulder. Each of them took an arm, while Alice came and applied something to my ear lobes. I thought for a moment that it was perfume - it had a 'cold' feel to it, but I didn't smell anything. Then Alice came back. "This'll sting a little" she said, "but be a good girl, and don't cry."

And something did sting my right lobe. It didn't hurt too much and I was a god girl - more curious than anything else. Then, just as she moved to my left side, it dawned on me - she was piercing my ears! I jerked, but the girls on either side held me with ease, and she was done.

"I'll just put these posts in for now," I heard her say.

"Why don't you put in the long diamante ones instead?" Tillie suggested, " They're far prettier - but wait until we've got her made up."

"That might be a better idea" Alice said agreeably. "I can go find them while Terri puts on her makeup."

Terri didn't take long, and when she was finished, any resemblance I'd had to a male was practically gone. Adding the earrings, small lace apron and matching cap, and I was practically interchangeable with the girls who stood around me, admiring their handiwork.

Tillie came over to stand beside my chair, then crouched down alongside me and put her arm around my shoulder. "We're all going to go back and see miss Angela," she said "and show her how nice you look. Now, if she likes you, and you decide to stay - then we'll see how things work out."

"Oh. I'll not stay, you can bet on that " I said. "What makes you think I would?" I added.

She smiled. "The nice room, all the pretty clothes - being with girls of your own kind.."

"Own kind!" I said, astonished "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, nice and submissive, silly" she replied. "But be quiet for a minute, and I'll let you know what the set up is, before you make any hasty decisions. First of all, you'd join Alice, Helen, and Terri as one of miss Angela's. ah .. girls."

"What..?" I started.

"Oh do be quiet!" She said impatiently "Look! About three or four times a week, miss Angela wants some .. feminine companionship.. in bed. Her girls parade in front of her, and she picks one. That one doesn't have to do any work at all, until the next time that Angela picks another girl. Now, I've got to be honest. If you do decide to join us, you'll be the junior maid - you pretty well have to do what the other girls tell you - so you'd be smart to make miss Angela pick you..."

Just then, I heard a bell chime down the hallway. Tillie looked at her watch. "Oh. Thought we had at least fifteen minutes. C'mon girls, show-time!"

As I joined the other maids in swirling down the hall, Tillie told me that I'd have to line up with the other girls and, on command, drop a nice curtsy to Angela. Sometimes she'd ask someone to walk or turn in front of her, but as often as not, she'd just point - and that would be that.

Seconds later, we swept into the dining room, and lined up in front of Angela - and Chris!

Angela came and looked at me closely. Then turned away. " A very creditable job, girls. She looks very nice" then she turned back to me.

"You'll do. But your mistress wants to talk to you, so follow her into the library. You can talk in private there."

I dropped a curtsy, "Thank you miss Angela." And followed Chris through a doorway.

She let me pass, then closed the door behind her. She was grinning. "My god!" She said "I'd never have believed it!"

"Chris! Please! Stop this! You've got to help get me out of here!" I pleaded.

She shook her head. "Do you want to say that again, in a different tone this time? - And if you can curtsey Angela, why can't you curtsey to me?"

She was still grinning, but I could tell she was serious. I curtseyed.

"I'm sorry ma'am. But I'm frightened.."

"Me too" she replied, still smiling. "I'm frightened that you're going to cost me the best job I've ever heard of..."

"But she's going to treat me like a girl!" I cried. "She takes these maids to bed, and if I'm not wrong, she wears.. a ..a.."

"Dildo?" Chris supplied.

"Y.Y.Yes" I faltered "and I'll bet she wants to use it on me."

"I think you're right" Chris said coolly "But think of it this way. If you went to prison, you'd probably end up as some big guy's girlfriend - and he'd hurt you a lot worse than she will. She's told me, and I believe her, that she's going to break you in slowly.. Start with little ones, then work her way up .." She giggled again "In more ways than one."

I stared at her in astonishment. "You don't mind me.. going.. making love with another woman? Don't you care?"

She came over to me and pulled me into her arms. "Of course I care. But look at from my point of view. She wants to ..use.. something of yours that I've no interest in. If I let her, I get a fantastic job and, when I get back from the trip, you'll be even more girlish - and you know that's how I want you. We'll have a lot of traveling to do in my new job, I just can't make up my mind whether to take you along as my companion, or as my personal maid." She giggled again. "And anyway? I'm not leaving you with another woman. As far as I'm concerned? You're the woman when you're with her."

I stood transfixed. The smile left her face. "Look Alexis. You left a rich - a very rich - woman years ago. She was pissed off when you

left, and I guess she was always determined to find you again. She owns a lot of diverse companies now and was actually looking for a small advertising company to buy, when she saw that quote of yours in the trade magazine.

"You mean..?"

"That she bought it, just to get you?"

I nodded, speechless.

"I don't know, but I wouldn't put it past her" she admitted.

Then the whole picture started making sense to me. "You're telling me that I don't have any choice?"

"Yeah" she said simply. "But c'mon. I've got to get going to catch my plane, and I think you'll have to get in line with the other girls. I'll see you in about six weeks."

She gave me a gentle kiss. "Now be a good girl. Don't do anything I wouldn't" and, taking my hand led me back into the dining room.

Angela and the maids were still there when Chris led me into the room.

"Alexis has decided that she wants to stay. Isn't that right Alexis?" Chris asked.

"Yes ma'am" I said shakily, curtsying.

"Well? Why don't you go and join the other maids," she said, lifting the back of my skirts and slapping me lightly on the posterior.

I made sure that I flounced when I joined the line of girls. I curtsied to Miss Angela when I was in place.

She smiled. "Aren't you just the sweetest little thing Alexis? I think I'll want you for tonight. Want to wear a pretty nightgown? Be my girl?"

"Yes mistress" I said, well aware of the warning on Chris's face.

Angela smiled, then addressed the other girls. "I know this is unusual. But I'll want you to take Alexis here in hand starting tomorrow morning. Until Chris comes back? I want Alexis to be your maid girls. Do any chores you want done, do your laundry and ironing. And? If she misbehaves? I want you to spank her. Is that

clear, girls? When my friend Chris returns? I want her husband to be the prettiest, most obedient, best trained maid you can imagine. Understand?"

The three maids grinned widely. "Oh yes mistress! Thank you!" they chorused in unison.

"Fine then! Take her and get her ready for my bed. But Alexis? Before you go? Why don't you say goodnight to your mistress Chris. You won't be seeing her for a while."

I could feel the tears stand in my eyes. "Goodnight mistress. Have a nice trip." I said, curtsying.

As I stood up again, the three maids surrounded me and started gently tugging me away, cooing encouragingly. "Don't cry Alexis," one of them said. "Wait and see how pretty we're going to make you for Miss Angela."

"Be a good girl for Angela now!" Chris said, waving her hand and laughing as I was led out of the room.

The End