

# A Wife For The Doctor



## Ms Maggie Drawers



A "Her Tv" Novel



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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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# **A WIFE FOR THE DOCTOR**

**by Ms Maggie Drawers**

## **ONE**

I suppose it all started when I finished my internship at Mercy Hospital in the Big City and transferred to the small mid-western community where I started a practice in Ob/Gyn (Obstetrics and Gynecology) thereby filling a much neglected notch as I was the only Ob/Gyn for two hundred miles in any direction, even well into Canada.

About me. My given name is Doctor (Miss) Georgina Eloise Burgett, M.D. At the time of my arrival, I was a fresh-faced twenty-six-year-old, full of pee and vee (piss and vinegar), eager to set the world on fire, a dedicated Medical Professional.

I'm rather tall for a woman at five feet eleven inches in height and I weigh a solid one hundred

fifty-seven and a half pounds that's evenly distributed on a 38-C – 28 - 37 frame. I look like a Valkyrie Warrior and I very seldom say anything that might change peoples' preconceived impression of me! I have dark auburn hair that I keep in a close cropped helmet style, flashing hazel eyes and a peaches and cream skin from head to toe and I look and play the role of a Valkyrie Norsewoman quite well, in my opinion!

I'm not all that bad looking either and have had my share of proposals from some men, all of which came to naught. I just couldn't get interested in a single one of them!

My mother still lives on the East Coast and she does quite well for herself as a self-proclaimed courtesan and being a beautiful woman in spite of her almost fifty years, she is acceptable "arm candy" for many of those "gentlemen" desiring such company for an evening or two.

OK, so she's a high priced whore, but she's an extremely successful whore.

It was one of those "gentlemen" who knocked her up – she never knew which one it was, else he would have paid through the nose to take care of his mistake. Actually, **their** mistake (me!), but then, Mother has never accepted responsibility for anything not related directly to her.

That's not true because she did take care of me in her own way and I grew up with a succession of nannies, baby-sitters and the like until I got to high school when Mother decided I was old enough to take care of myself. Within reason. She did not turn me loose to run wild, but she was always there to guide me and keep me on the straight and narrow.

Mostly.

She also has a devoted maid named Geri (Geraldine Foster) who takes care of Mother in a very personal way. When Mother tires of being arm candy, Geri is the one who recharges her batteries, so to speak, and gets her ready for her next excursion into the material world of money and power.

Mother put me through med school without a murmur and she often chided me for my lack of interest in men, in specific, influential men who could advance my career.

Yeah, by becoming their mistress.

And that is not for me!

When I commit to someone for life, it will not be to a male.

I mean, not a **male** male!

Originally I went into Ob/Gyn because I have a decided weakness for all things female and feminine and it had seemed to me to be a viable way to possibly meet an eventual life's companion. But when I got into the swing of it, I stayed because I was irrevocably hooked on Mother Nature's method of human reproduction and continuance of the species!

Besides, where else could someone ask a woman to "spread 'em" and have her do so while you looked at her pussy to your heart's content? I mean for a pussy lover like me, it was the only possible occupation!

From the first I had more patients than I could safely handle so I advertised for an Ob/Gyn N.P. (Nurse Practitioner) or other Ob/Gyn specialist to join me. That was when I first met Jennifer Baker;

she applied for a position as an N.P. Jenny was a recent graduate of State University (second career) and she came highly recommended.

What else mattered?

Nothing!

I immediately hired her and my workload decreased dramatically. Oh, I was still busier than a cat covering up on a hot tin roof, but all the former pressure was greatly relieved!

I made a shy pass at Jenny soon after she started but she informed me that she was already happily married and not interested in another relationship. She smiled at me so brilliantly that I was almost sorry I had even suggested such a thing.

I had been living in a near-by motel while I looked for a more permanent address when Jenny took me to meet her older sister, Mrs. Cora January. We hit it off at once and she (Mrs. January, er, Cora) told me about a house next door to her that was, as she put it, "Kinda small, onney two bedsteads up-stairs, yuh see, but t'would be more than ample fer uh single gal like y'all."

She smiled winningly. "Besides, ah woun't rent h'it tuh jist anyone."

I stared at her in amazement. "I am honored," I managed after a bit.

"Come on. AhI'll show h'it tuh y'all." She grabbed my hand and led me next door to a small, empty cottage that showed that it had been well cared-for in the past.

"It looks very nice," I offered noncommittally.

She opened the front door (nothing was ever locked!) and in we went.

Ten minutes later I had agreed to her reasonable request for rent and we shook hands. "I'll just have my attorney draw up a lease agreement and. . ." I offered.

Cora just looked at me in shock. "Why, ain't yer word enny good?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, but this is business," I replied weakly.

"Oh, dear," Jenny sighed. "Here we go again!"

"Don't need nunna that there rigmarole," Cora stated flatly. "Yuh sed yuh'd be a good tenant a'n ah believe yuh. 'At's all friends need."

And as far as she was concerned, that was all that was necessary.

The house had a few nice appliances; stove, fridge, freezer, an antique Maytag wringer washer, no dryer (I was told, "Freshly laundered clothes were always hung out on the line out back!), a wobbly kitchen table with four equally wobbly chairs and I asked if it would be all right with her if I were to buy some furnishings of my own choice.

"Uh'course, dearie," she grinned. "Ah never thunked yuh wouldn't."

"Our brother, Gerald Baker, owns the furniture store in town," Jenny offered, "and I'm sure he'll be able to fix you up toot suite."

I thought it odd that Jenny and Gerald had the same surname, 'But,' I reasoned, 'she might be divorced and had taken her maiden name again.'

I was wrong about this, but more about that later.

And that's what happened. I was introduced to Gerald who asked my personal preferences, explaining, "If I don't have what you want in stock, I'll be glad to order it for you and it would be here in just a day or so. My people are very prompt about filling special orders for special clients," he explained with an ingratiating smile.

Some difference from the Big City where I had had to wait almost two months for a simple coffee table that I could have acquired elsewhere much sooner! And cheaper!

As a result of my visit to Gerald's furniture store, I was in debt to the bank for over three thousand dollars, all for furniture for my new home.

A fast stop at the local five and dime store for linens, dishes and kitchen things, pillows and other household incidentals. More unearned money gone!

Another stop at an appliance store for some small things; a mixer, a toaster, a coffee maker, a vacuum cleaner and a huge microwave oven.

Even more money I didn't have, straight down the rat hole!

"If'n us'n's've missed ennythang," Cora announced breezily, "Us'n's c'n allus git 'em later awn."

I asked shyly, "How about a washing machine and dryer?"

Cora stared at me as if I were crazy. "Whu'fo?" she demanded. "That Maytag's good 'n does uh better job than enny automatic!" she declared emphatically. "'N yer clothes'll dry better out in the fresh air!"

“But I don’t know how to use it,” I explained weakly.

She giggled. “Naow don’ yuh wearry yer purty li’l head ‘bout h’it! Ah’ll teach yuh thangs yuh never dreamed wuz possible!” And that was the end of that argument!

Then it was off to the fabric store where Cora took charge, ordering material for drapes and curtains and other things, and I did not dare object!

So, another two thousand dollars thrown straight down a rat hole, or so I figured.

I objected that I did not have time to sew drapes nor curtains, nor would I have the spare time needed to hang same.

Cora grinned. “Not tuh wearry yer purty li’l head ‘bout h’it,” she smiled anew. “Ah’m uh danged good seamstress ‘n ah’ll take keer uh everthang. Yuh’ll see. H’it ain’t no big thang!” she informed me.

Not to her, but to me who was expected to pay for all this, it was indeed a “big thang!”

“I’ll have to pay for your time,” I objected, seeing even more unearned dollars flying out the door!

Cora just glared at me a moment, then smiled. “Dang, ah keep fergittin’ y’all ain’t local ‘n gots no idear uh haow us’n’s go ‘bout thangs ‘roun’ c’here!”

“What do you mean?” I asked, puzzled.

“Ah’m yer neighbor ‘n neighbors he’p neighbors w’en they needs h’it, ‘n frum where ah stan’s, yuh fer shore need alla he’p yuh kin git!”

I giggled. “More than you know, Cora!” I agreed.

“Wa’l then, yuh jist leaf alla h’it up tuh me,” she snapped testily.

And that was that, as far as she was concerned.

I went back to my motel, my head awhirl with the day’s happenings. I think I had some dinner, but afterwards, I never could be sure. At any rate, I was not hungry, so something must have happened in the interim.

I was too worried about paying for my newly-acquired debts to worry about food!

As it was, there was an emergency at the hospital, three women delivering at the same time! Jenny and I were exhausted before four squalling babies took up residence in the neo-natal ward!

One of the births was a pair of twins.

But, eventually, everything came out all right and we slept in the doctor’s lounge.

Or tried to. . .

With all the frequent interruptions for one medical emergency or another. . .

After all, it was a hospital, remember?



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## TWO

Anyway, it was early afternoon before I got back to my new home and found two men busily carrying loaded boxes in and carrying empty boxes out.

And, wonder of wonders, there were brand new curtains hanging from many of the windows and drapes hung in the doorway between the dining room and my study-office (it was supposed to be a small bedroom but I needed a study/office more).

With furniture and homey objects filling much of the empty spaces, it looked more like a home than a vacant, lonely house.

“Wa’l,” Cora boomed coming into the house behind me, “Whut d’yuh thank?”

“I think a miracle happened!” I whispered reverently. “It looks. . . *lived in!*”

“Yeah,” she giggled, “jist uh few li’l doodads ‘n stuff scattered hither ‘n yon makes alla duh differmence atwixt uh house ‘n uh home!” she observed sagely.

I smiled at her quaint way of speaking but said nothing.

“Naow, they’s uh li’l casserole in duh oven all heated up ‘n reddy tuh be et up. Table’s all set, so git t’it. ‘N ah’ll see yuh later.”

“Why,” I spoke aloud. “I could stay right here to-night! It’s a real home!”

Cora stared at me. “Why uh course h’it’is, chile. ‘At’s whut yuh wanted, weren’t h’it?” she demanded.

“Oh, yes. Oh, everything’s so wonderful! I can scarcely believe it!”

“Wal, then, belief h’it!” Cora snorted with finality.

“After I eat I’ll just drive back and get the rest of my things from the motel and I’ll be all moved in.”

She smiled maternally. “Naow yer atalkin’, gal!” she enthused. “Naow, better eat up afore h’it gits colt.” And with that admonition and a quick kiss, she was gone.

The casserole was a surprise. It was a spaghetti and meat sauce casserole. I had never had anything so delicious and I admit I made a pig of myself. I was much too full to drive, so I collapsed on my new sofa, groaning at my swollen belly. Later I made my way up to the second floor, took a quick shower and climbed into bed “commando.” I was too tired to bother with my waiting pajamas.

Besides, I was alone and in the privacy of my own home, so who’d know?

And wouldn’t you know, without an alarm I overslept and obviously hurried and disheveled, I got into my car and drove away. Because of the new-borns, things were hectic all day and it was late before I was able to pick my belongings up at the motel, incurring another day’s room rent because I was so late checking out, much to my chagrin.

But, they were not in business to be charitable, so live and let live.

At my new home, I heated up some more casserole and fell into bed without even taking my clothes off, I was so tired. The dirty dishes I just piled in the sink atop those from the previous night.

For the next week or so, I ate at the diner in town or the cafeteria at the hospital or ordered take-out from the local pizzeria or Chinese. Cora had helped me stock the house with staples, but I can't cook for beans.

A total waste of time, money and effort, in my opinion!

As you might expect, the joint was soon littered with discarded pizza and Chinese take-out cartons. As well, when my clothes got too soiled, even for me, I bought more, leaving things strewn around hap-hazardly. In short, I had turned into a slob!

No, I had just reverted to form!

I had no idea of how to use that Maytag washing machine than a gnat does, so laundry piled up at an alarming rate. My new clothes bill rivaled the national debt! But, a girl can't run around the countryside naked, can she? No, of course not! At least not in that neighborhood!

It was getting so I had to tread carefully in my own home lest I start an avalanche of dirty laundry, discarded cartons, medical journals, my books, my magazines and all those things one acquires just by living in one crowded space.

So it came as no surprise to Cora when one morning, late as usual, I was rushing about, my skirt at half-mast with my blouse wrongly buttoned and hanging out about my waist, my nylons wrinkled (second day of wearing), one shoe on, one shoe in my hand, medical journals clutched under my arm, my coat hanging by one sleeve and a cup of coffee in my other hand, trying to open the car door, dress myself, get my shoes on and balance everything, all at the same time.

Cora came charging out of her home and before I knew it, she had my blouse unbuttoned, rebuttoned properly, tucked into my waist, my nylons straightened, my shoes on, my journals on the front seat, my coffee in a cup-holder, had guided my arm into the other coat sleeve and was fastening it securely.

“Mah Heavens, gal!” she admonished. “Whut y’all need’s uh husband tuh look after yuh better’n t’is c’here!” she observed, scolding me the whole time.

I blushed helplessly.

The **last** thing I needed, in my opinion, was a **husband** to care for too!

That complication in my life was not only unneeded, but totally unwelcome!

“Now, y’all git off tuh werk, dearie ‘n leaf h’it tuh yer ol’ Aunt Cora! Ah’ll take good care uh everthang, so don’ weary ‘bout ennythang!”

And before I realized what she was going to do, she had done it! She leaned down and kissed me fully on my startled lips! Then, with a sly smile, she closed the door and walked away.

A bad auto accident on the interstate just before we knocked off for the day kept me at work all night and most of the next morning tending to the injured.

When I finally took a breather, I collapsed in the doctor’s lounge.

It wasn’t the same as sleeping in my own bed, believe you me!

But it was better than sleeping on the tiled floor which I had done many times while an intern!

Thank the good Lord!

Besides, beggars can't be choosers.

Right?

Right!

It says so in The Book!

At least I think it does. . .

Like Jenny says, "It depends on which Book you're quoting!"

She's such a smart ass!

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### **THREE**

Anyway, it was three days before I got back to my home and what a surprise greeted my eyes when I walked through the front door. I stared in wonder and for one fleeting instant I thought I was in the wrong house! Gone were the haphazard piles of medical journals, magazines, books, laundry, dirty dishes, forgotten coffee cups and other accumulated junk. In other words, a cyclone had struck during my absence and blown the mess clean away!

Looking about with amazement, I went into my kitchen. Clean! The dishes had all been washed, dried and put away. Gone were my greasy fingerprints on appliance surfaces. Gone were the coffee rings on counter tops. Everything gleamed in the late afternoon sunshine.

Shaking my head with wonder, I went upstairs to find the same whirlwind had descended upon it and I

stared with shock. My bed was made up fresh for the first time since I had moved in. I could see the carpet and it had been freshly vacuumed! That in itself was the Eighth Wonder of the Modern World!

At least in my mind.

And it's my story, so I'll tell it my way! Shades of Sinatra!

I went into my bathroom and stopped short. It looked just as it had when I moved in! Wet towels had been replaced with fresh, the gleaming tub had been scrubbed to within an inch of its life, the mirrors reflecting the bright, late afternoon sunlight, dazzling to my eyes because everything had been highly polished!

Going back to my bedroom, I opened a drawer to find my freshly washed bras and panties folded neatly and arranged for easy removal without disturbing everything. Similarly my slippers and half-slippers had received the same treatment and were folded in neat rows. In another drawer my nylons had been paired and folded neatly.

Stepping to my huge walk-in closet. I discovered that my scrubs, uniforms and street clothes had all been washed, dried, or cleaned, carefully ironed and hung on their individual hangers in neat rows. My mismatched shoes had been paired and cleaned and polished and arranged in a neat row on the floor.

When I checked I found that everything had been carefully, lovingly inspected for any needed repairs or replacement.

In short, I thought that I had stumbled into some fairytale palace, the **Princess** awaiting. . . what?

‘Surely not her *prince?*’ I thought with sudden alarm.

I went downstairs, poured a cup of fresh coffee and sat at the counter, marveling at what had happened during my unexpected absence.

There came a soft knock at the back door.

“Mought ah cummed awn in?” Cora asked when I went to investigate.

“Certainly!” I invited. “This is all you, isn’t it?” as I waved my hand about.

“Wha’, don’ yuh la’k h’it?” she asked in alarm.

“Like it? Hell, no!” I bellowed. At her stricken look, I added, “I love it!”

“Ah am so glad. Us’n’s werked la’k slaves uh gettin’ duh place cleaned h’up. Youse’re such uh slob, li’l gal!” she scolded fondly.

I blushed. I had no response to her accusation.

Then her words registered on me. “We?” I gasped.

She nodded as she poured a cup of coffee for herself. “Yep. Teri he’ped me,” as if I knew to whom she was referring.

And I had absolutely no clue!

“Well,” I admitted sheepishly, “you did a magnificent job! I have never seen things so organized, so ready for whatever!”

“Teri’ll be so pleased tuh hear h’it,” Cora smiled. “Y’all had yer dinner yet?”

I admitted that I had not.

She rose, taking my hand in hers. “Then yer eatin’ wi’h me. Ah gots uh whole lasagna whut’s jist waitin’ fer some hungry bellies tuh satisfy!” she teased.

“Let me change out of these scrubs and I’m game for most anything!” I teased.

She glanced at me slyly. “Oh, yer in season, eh?”

It took me a minute to realize what she meant. I mean, I was no longer in the Big City but in the wild, wooly, hinterlands where hunting was an accepted practice.

“In season,” I chuckled. “I’ll have to remember that.”

“Better’n bein’ sum hunter’s trophy head’n ‘is bat cave!” she teased.

I had a momentarily sight of my head mounted on a plaque and hanging on a wall in some hunter’s lodge and I shivered with dread. Or was it dread? I giggled nervously.

The lasagna was delicious. I’m a sucker for good Italian food and I dug in with both feet, so to speak, stuffing myself like a starved hog. Finally I could imbibe no more garlic bread or lasagna and I sat back, sipping quietly at my coffee.

“Cora, that was delicious,” I praised.

“Oh, Teri’ll be so pleased!”

“Why?” knowing the answer already.

“Wa’l, Teri’s uh danged good cook, ‘at’s why fer,” she commented.

Again it was taken for granted that I knew who “Teri” was.

I still had no clue. Not one!

Taking my leave, I went home, kicked my pumps off, undressed willy-nilly, then dropped my discarded clothing as usual, where it fell, took a long, luxurious bubble bath before crawling “commando” between fresh sheets and falling into a deep, refreshing sleep. As usual, I was rushed the next morning. I had forgotten to set the dangd alarm, so I had overslept.

Again!

This was starting to become a habit with me. I had never been allotted so much sleep when I was in residency! But now that I was the bigga boss, I was taking blatant advantage of the situation!

Oh, well, sue me.

When I rushed from the house that next morning, I was met at the car by Cora who immediately pulled my clothing this way and that until I was presentable. Fully dressed, I mean. Holding my coffee cup, she waited until I was inside before handing it to me and once again she kissed me soundly before closing the door in my startled face. I was in a quandary all the way to the hospital.

Dang!

Double dang!!

Once more when I returned to my home that evening, the house was spotless! Everything had been cleaned up, clothes removed from the floor, shoes back in the closet, freshly cleaned, my uniform washed, dried, ironed carefully and hung in place.

The bathroom was scrubbed clean, my bed had been remade and it looked great! I didn't know who this **Teri** girl was, but she was a jewel of the first order in my humble, considered, opinionated, estimation!

I had to meet this paragon of virtue!

No!

I needed to more than just meet her!

Was she the one I had been searching for all these years?

I should be so lucky!

But there was more!

In the kitchen I found a note written in a flowing, feminine hand:

**“Dear Doctor Burgett,”** it read:

**“I repaired that broken bra strap for you, so that’s one less thing that you won’t have to worry about anymore.**

**In the oven is a fresh tuna and noodle casserole. Turn the oven up to 4000 and bake for thirty minutes or until bubbly. Be extremely careful as the glass will become very hot.**

**Have a good evening!**

**TERI.”**

True to her word, there was a casserole in the oven. I did as told and thirty minutes later when I came back down from the bath, it was bubbly and

smelled so delicious, my mouth was watering so bad I almost ate directly from the hot dish!

But at times I am not a slob and this was one of them. Especially since the table had been set for one, just waiting for the food and the one who would eat it.

I couldn't resist.

I dished up some casserole, sat down with a fresh cuppa, and dug in hungrily.

WOW!

It was so good! I had two huge helpings before my swelling stomach called for a stop by growling and aching pleasantly in its glowing, overfilled aftermath.

My tummy stuffed, I sat on my sofa and read my new medical journals before my eyes dropped tiredly and I went to bed.

Yes, I was my usual slobby self and left a trail of devastation behind me as I moved carelessly through the place. Again I went to sleep "commando."

As was her usual, Cora met me at my car the next morning, me in my usual state of dishevelment and I stood placidly as she got me, "dressed properly," her words!

"Honestly, gall!" she scolded. "One'd thanked yuh'd take better keer uh yerse'f!" Then she pushed me inside the car, still holding my coffee cup, kissed me soundly, handed me the coffee cup and closed the door on me before I could say one word.

As usual, it was a hectic day and it was late when I finally parked in my drive. I saw a welcoming light in the front window and sure enough when I entered,

the place was immaculate! Everything picked up and in its place with nothing out of place.

In the kitchen a full plate of casserole was waiting patiently in the microwave and the table was set for one. So, I reheated it, sat down and ate hurriedly.

Then I kicked my shoes off, started upstairs, undressing as I went and was completely naked when I entered the bath. I ran a hot bubble bath, climbed in and relaxed, even falling asleep in the warm, soothing water. I awoke much later, shivering with cold. I dried haphazardly, dove into bed “commando,” as usual of late, and was asleep almost before my head hit the pillow.

Yes, I overslept again and was in my usual state of disarray when I stumbled out to my car the next morning where I was met by a frowning Cora. Without asking, she pulled my clothes this way and that way until I was presentable, “tsk tsking” all the while.

“Honey chile,” she finally ran down. “Ah don know whut ah’m goin’ tuh do wit’ youse! Yer way too durn old tuh sent tuh yer room ‘n yer way too durn big tuh spank ‘n yer way too danged stubborn tuh change, but sumthang’s gots tuh be did, ‘n did soon afore yer uhway too fur gone tuh blazes!” she declared in finality.

Now what did she mean by that?

Yeah, yeah, I did know! Out with it!

“Ah still thank yuh needs uh husband er uh baby-sitter tuh take yuh in hand!” she averred fervently.

Oh, no, not **that** old refrain again!

I still didn't want nor need a **husband** to complicate my life further! And I'm much too old to have a babysitter! I was too mature for that!

Except that in Cora's eyes, I was still a child who needed someone to take care of her! In short, a baby sitter! Or a nanny, which was just as bad. Or worse.

"Have uh good day ennyhaow, li'l gal," and she kissed me soundly, sending me on my way. I was getting used to her daily kisses and welcomed them eagerly, and she knew it!

I knew she did by the way she would smile at me after kissing me and only the knowledge that she was my landlady kept me from making an overt pass at her!

Yeah, in a lot of ways, I am a devout coward!

Picture that?

But it's the truth of the matter!

I was totally intimidated by Mrs. Cora January!

No, I was deathly afraid of her!

Dominant, take charge women like her, have always intimidated me!

Even though I am one myself!

Hell, my very own Mother intimidated me until I left home to go to University!

And again that night when I returned, late as usual, the house was immaculate, as usual, and I made up my mind to meet this **Teri** paragon before too many more days had passed.

That didn't stop me from leaving the place in a mess the next morning!

Cora muttered under her breath the whole while she got me "presentable" (her word for it!) and on my way.

Yeah, I was afraid of her, but I loved the way she looked after me!

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## **FOUR**

Anyway, that afternoon I slipped away early and quietly made my way home, parking in the street to avoid unnecessary noise to alert my unsuspecting prey.

Entering the house as quietly as I could (I'm usually sorta clumsy, stumbling and falling all over myself), I could hear sounds from upstairs of a girl working. She was singing softly and happily as she worked (some chick song I didn't recognize), and I crept quietly up the stairs and into my bedroom.

The sight that met my eyes stopped me dead in my tracks!

Bending over my bed, her last year's short shorts clinging to her plump, full hips showing the long expanse of tanned legs below was a teen-aged girl busily snapping a sheet into place, followed quickly by the top coverlet which she tucked in expertly while rearranging pillows, all the while singing merrily to herself.

"Hello, Teri," I whispered hoarsely, staring at her behind in stunned disbelief.

“Hunh?” She looked around, startled. “Oh, oh! Eek!” she squealed as she fell to the bed, scrambling up against the head with her legs drawn up defensively. The sharp tang of urine filled the room as she wet herself in fright, the crotch of her too-tight shorts darkening with wetness!

“Who. . . who are you?” she squeaked in alarm.

“I’m Dr. Burgett. I rent this place from Mrs. January,” I explained.

“You’re supposed to be at work!” she accused in astonishment. “What are you doing home at this hour?”

“I wanted to meet you,” I tried to explain.

Then I became aware of the slight bulge between her legs and I realized that Teri was not a girl.

No, **Teri** was a **boy**, for crissakes!

A fucking **boy**!

How could I have been so stupid as to think that Teri was a **Teri** and not a **Terry**?

Oh Hell, you know what I mean and if you don’t, why’re you reading this story? Yer sittin’ in the wrong pew in the wrong Church, Buster!

“Oh, oh,” he cried as he scrambled from the bed and ran from the room, down the stairs and out the front door. From my front bedroom window I saw his girl ass scamper across the lawn, swing up on Cora’s porch and disappear through the door, awriggle!

In a semi-state of shock, I followed, but I rang her doorbell instead of barging right in. From inside, I heard a quiet, “Come awn in, dear.”

I entered to find Teri cuddled in Cora's arms as he cried brokenly, something about, "She wasn't s'posed to come home until after I was gone!" he cried. "Oohh, dear Lord, what must she think of me!"

I just stood there, ill at ease, not knowing what to say in my defense.

Cora glanced up at me through hostile eyes. "Why **air** yuh home so early, gal?" she demanded querulously.

"I . . . I . . ." I stammered. Then, I gathered my thoughts together. "I just wanted to meet this girl who was keeping my home in such fine shape," I tried to explain. "I am so sorry I scared you, Teri," I offered by way of apology. "I just wanted to meet you and thank you for the wonderful job you've been doing while I was at work!" I babbled.

Cora held the sobbing boy for many long moments, then looked up at me. "Wa'l, since duh cat's outta duh bag, lemmie gi'e yuh some uh her background."

For the next few minutes, over coffee, she told me all about Teri. Seems he was the youngest child of her sister, Jennifer Baker, **my** Jenny Baker, fer crissakes!

And I discovered why Jenny was so happily married. Teri's father was a small man who lived full-time as a woman, as Jenny's wife!

Jenny had discovered his predilections in high school in Home Economics class and she had taken him in hand, marrying him right after graduation with him the bride and her the groom (she kept her surname but her new "wife" took hers. That's why she had the same surname as her brother Gerald! Simple when you know. Right?), and over the years,

they had four children, three girls, Jenny Jr., Cora Two, Diana, and one boy, Teresa Anne "Teri" Baker.

Yeah, I know Teresa is usually a girl's name, but Jenny was a liberated woman and her "wife" did not object when it was his husband's wish! Little Joann knew which side his bread was buttered on. Jenny had impressed that on his bared bottom on more than one occasion in the years since their marriage.

Jenny's daughters were as dominant and demanding as their mother, completely subjugating their father and brother to their wills. Joann had objected to his daughters' domineering ways, once, but a quick trip over the oldest daughter's lap with his skirts way up, his wrists held together at his waist behind his back, silky panties down around his knee hollows and her wood-back hair brush beating a sound tattoo upon his helpless behind, soon brought him to heel and he had been obedient to the girls from thence.

Cora laughed merrily as she told this story while Teri hid his face shamefully against her breasts. She patted his back affectionately as she continued.

"Ennyhaow, w'en Teri got old enuff, 'bout three er four, duh girls started trainin' 'im tuh be uh housemaid, gettin' 'im used tuh sweepin' floors, washin' 'n dryin' dishes, gatherin' laundry togedder 'n sortin' h'it so's h'it cud be did at duh girls' leisure.

"Wa'l, Teri took tuh h'it wi'h uh will 'n learned well. So well, in fack, 'at bah duh time he were ten er so, alla duh household chores became 'is sole responsibility. As they air tuh this day, right sweetie?" she asked the blushing boy gently.

"Ye. . . yes, Aunt Cora," he whispered, face flaming with embarrassment.

“‘N w’en ah seed whut uh slob y’all wuz, mah dear, ah determined tuh ha’e Teri pitch in ‘n straighten yer home aout. ‘N he’s did uh danged good job so far, h’ain’t he?” she demanded, leaving no doubt in my mind what answer she expected!

“Yes, Miss Cora,” I replied, completely cowed.

She continued doggedly, “Yass, ah thunked as much!” she nodded in approval. “Ennyhaow, as Teri progressed, he wuz enrolled in duh domestic sciences in ha’h skool ‘n he’s become quite expert in all housewifely aspects. He’s so good ‘at he he’ps his teacher teach t’other girls haow tuh sew, cook, keep house, ‘n so on ‘n so on.

“Ah has hopes,” she smiled into the boy’s flaming face, “‘at air Teri eventually becomes engaged ‘n married tuh sumbuddy who kin properly utilize ‘is talents in ever possible housewifely mode!”

She leaned down and kissed his forehead warmly. “Ain’t that so, sweetie?”

He nodded and with voice atremble with shame, replied, “Ye. . . yes, Aunt Cora, if you say so. . .”

“Of course you mean for him to marry a woman?” I asked, aghast.

Cora smiled brightly. “Oh, no, mah dear, an appreciative, virile male’d make a n’ideal husband fer air Teri!” She tipped Teri’s flaming face back. “Ain’t that also true, pretty li’l Teri?” she cooed expectantly.

With a stricken glance at me, he nodded slowly. “I suppose so, Aunt Cora,” he agreed, but it was obvious, at least to me, that his heart wasn’t in it.

I wouldn’t want such a fate for myself and I could just imagine how distasteful it must be to him!

“Yuh see,” Cora continued, “Air Teri’s uh subservient masochist at heart. H’it’s been apparent to us since he wuz uh baby dat he could never be happy unless he were kept firmly under someone’s demanding thumb ‘n made tuh obey irregardless of any personal tastes er wishes in the matter.

“Oh, Aunt Cora!” Teri cried in anguish.

“Quiet you!” she ordered, slapping his curved bottom crisply. Immediately he quieted and lay quiescent in her enfolding arms.

“I learned tuh love mah husband’s base sexual advances ‘n needs, ‘n ah’m quat sure y’all kin too, Teri, if’n you’ll jist put yer mine tuh h’it.”

“But, Aunt Cora,” he wailed in anguish and I felt sympathy for him, “I’m a **man** for God’s sake! I could never accept that! It’s not right!”

She laughed. “Oh, Honey, h’it onny hurts duh firs’ coupla tahmes, den duh hurt fades ‘n pleasure sets h’in.”

“But, Aunt Cora,” Teri cried, “he would expect to put his. . . his. . . **thing** into me!”

“Uh course, chile, a wife’s expected tuh accept their husband’s prurient needs as uh matter uh course. H’it’s allus s’pected outta uh married woman!” she concluded emphatically.

I didn’t agree with her, but wisely kept my mouth shut.

She continued. “Y’all’ve been datin’ dat naice boy, Charles Davis, fer sum tahme ‘n frum whut he sez, y’all’ve ben most accommodating tuh his sexual advances,” she teased Teri unmercifully.

Teri squirmed with embarrassment. “Oh, Aunt Cora!” he complained. “You know I only date him because you and Mom insist!”

“Duh two uh yuh makes such uh cute couple,” she teased. “Ah hears yuh give head l’ak uh pro,” she added thoughtfully. “So, h’it cain’t be all that bad.”

“Oh, Aunt Cora!” he squealed in anguish.

“Naow, no more protesting. Us’n’s know you satisfy him, so whut’s yer prolem?”

“But, Aunt Cora,” he squealed in anguish. “He’s a **man!**”

“Of course,” she agreed with a sly smile.

It was obvious to me that Teri was not homosexually inclined. Oh, he could be forced into accepting a male lover, but his heart would never be totally accepting of such a relationship. He was too heterosexually inclined, too oriented to femininity and other things female. He was born to be of service to a dominant and demanding woman. . .

IMHO (In my humble opinion), there could be but one viable solution to Teri’s problem.

**ME!**

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**FIVE**

Teri shuddered in shame as Aunt Cora expounded on his “talents” in his sexual accommodations with his “boyfriend,” Charles Davis, a classmate, something that had been arranged by Aunt Cora and the mother of said Charles who had long suspected that her son was homosexually inclined. His willing acceptance of Teri as his steady girlfriend had confirmed her suspicions as nothing else could have.

At first, their dates had been innocent with neither knowing how to act with the other, yet neither being totally innocent of what was expected. . . eventually.

Aunt Cora took the long view, with an eventual “marriage” between the two her goal. But even then, she was not being vindictive. To her way of thinking, Teri needed guidance. He was indecisive, submissive in the extreme, unsure of his sexual leaning, and because of his stated interest in Charles, she had jumped to a wrongful conclusion.

Teri was always dressed as a teenage girl, a girly-girl who loved lace and frills and silk and satin and heels and makeup and jewelry, especially earrings (although his earlobes were not pierced then), long hair, painted nails (top and bottom), arched brows, in short, anything and everything girly-girl.

Charles liked Teri in a dress because it made their being together on a date look “normal,” important to any boy that age.

Teri, for his part, liked the attention of one of the most popular boys in school even though Charles was a cold fish, rude and uncaring for others’ feel-

ings, especially with Teri and he was extremely self-centered and introverted.

Marriage had met with Charles and his mother's outright approval although Teri had mixed expectations, not the least being an eventual submission to a husband's distasteful and outright unsavory (to Teri) conditions thereof.

From their second date, Charles had been the aggressor, forcing Teri to do things Teri found "different," yet not "repulsive." For instance, Charles had insisted that Teri sit close beside him in the car with his (Teri's) smaller hand placed caressingly atop Charles' hard thigh. This had soon progressed to the point that Teri's hand was actually caressing the hard flesh under the taut denim!

From that, it was but a short step for Charles to place Teri's cupping palm directly over the hard bulge, encouraging him to squeeze and fondle the hard lump, much to Teri's blushing and totally unwilling (mostly) acquiescence!

Then Charles had unzipped his trousers, freeing his stiff organ so that Teri's hand was in direct contact with the warm, pulsating flesh which he obediently squeezed, caressed and stroked, at first clumsily, then with an innate expertise that came quite naturally to the blushing, humiliated boy! To his astonishment, Teri had felt a vicarious thrill at Charles immediate response. Never had he imagined that such an act could be so enjoyable, so exciting, so satisfying. He found himself eagerly reaching for his date's erection, to hold it, caress it, squeeze it, stroke it and feel the growing excitement in his date's trembling, gasping and eventual explosion!

It was on the fifth date that Charles had first forced Teri's head down to rest in his lap where his rampant

organ stood, fully erect from his groin, waiting, expectant!

Teri stared in disbelief as Charles caressed his warm crown across his bright red lips, seeking entrance.

“Go on,” Charles urged. “Suck it! You know you want to and I know you want to, so take it into your mouth and suck!” he urged.

Involuntarily, Teri’s lips oveled and Charles slipped inside! Teri was surprised, but not totally averse to Charles’ demands. Teri figured that if he did as Charles asked, it would all be over.

So he sucked gently, letting Charles slide in and out of his mouth. To his vast surprise, Teri liked the feelings this act roused in him. A thrill of accomplishment shot down his spine as Charles pulsed and vibrated in his mouth and when Charles grabbed his ears to prevent escape, driving deep and exploding, Teri automatically swallowed. When Charles relaxed, he continued sucking and licking, cleaning his rapist to the best of his ability!

To his consternation, once completed, Charles refused to kiss Teri’s lips, saying, “I won’t kiss a cocksucker!”

“But. . . but. . . I did it for you,” Teri protested.

“You’re just a cocksucker and I don’t kiss cocksuckers!”

Deeply hurt, arriving home after the date, Cora immediately saw Teri’s disheveled clothing, his smeared lipstick and his embarrassed blush, and she knew instinctively what had happened!

With adroit questioning, Cora soon had the entire story from a stammering and completely humiliated, yet strangely proud Teri!

As he related the evening's events, he began crying uncontrollably, whereupon Cora held him close to her soft bosoms, caressing and soothing him. "And he called me a cocksucker!" Teri wailed in anguish.

Soon she had the sobbing boy calmed down and was assuring him that what had happened was quite normal and that he should feel no shame, rather he should be pleased that he was able to accomplish the act with expertise.

"You're just being a girl, my sweet," Cora soothed. "It's a rare girl indeed who has never sucked a boy's organ and liked it."

"But, Aunt Cora," Teri protested. "I'm supposed to be a boy!" he cried.

"Sweetie, you have never been a real boy," she soothed. "Your mom and your sisters and I knew that from the first time you submitted to one of us. You were so eager to please us and we recognized that your destiny was to be a wife. Had you objected to being a girl, you would have rebelled. But, you never did. Even when we suggested you date Charles, you went without word one of protest!

"I loved seeing the smiles of satisfaction on your lips when you would return from your date and I knew you and he were ideally suited to one another.

So, while not totally homosexual, Teri was being seduced into accepting what was happening to him and somewhere, in the back of his mind, he accepted that he would eventually be "forced" to marry Charles and be a loving, accommodating wife.

On subsequent dates, while Teri wasn't completely at ease sucking Charles' organ to orgasm, he took a strange delight in his accomplishment!

Until the arrival of his new Mistress.

Since meeting her, he had become convinced that to love his Mistress was all that mattered.

Besides, upon graduation, Charles intended to move to San Francisco and he did not want to take Teri with him. Or so he said.

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## SIX

Eventually, Cora turned to me. "Wa'l, air yuh atall satisfied wi'h air Teri's housewifely talents?" she asked quietly.

"Completely," I replied with feeling.

"Den shall us'n's continue tuh avail airse'fs uh his services on yer behalf?" she asked pleasantly.

"Oh, absolutely," I agreed hastily. "I couldn't agree more!"

She tipped Teri's head back. "Air yuh reddy tuh swear allegiance tuh uh nother Mistress?" she asked the blushing boy.

"Er. . . you mean to Doctor Burgett?" he asked shyly.

"Uh course, yuh silly goose! Whom else did yuh thanked ah meant?" she asked slyly. "Er did youse have someone else on yer mine?" she queried with a laughing trill. "Perhaps Mr. Charles Davis? On yer

knees fer a man er a woman. Whut's the differmence?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Cora!" he hastened to reassure her of his sincerity.

"H'i kin still be arrangeded. . ." she continued with a knowing smirk.

"Oh, no, Aunt Cora! Please! Not *that*! Please!" he begged.

She turned to me. "Uh course yuh mus' realize 'at Jenny's girls have firs' call on air Teri's services, but he's free tuh serve yer personal needs at any 'n all other tahmes. Arir us'n's in agreement then?" she asked me.

I nodded. "Absolutely."

"Very well." She pushed Teri from her lap. "Yuh know whut yuh gotta do!" she ordered the hapless, blushing boy.

"Yes, Aunt Cora," he replied, moving over in front of me, kneeling obediently and pressing his face deep between my thighs, his hair pressing my tummy tightly. I waited expectantly, not knowing what was about to happen!

"Doctor Burgett, please accept this worthless person into your service, to make itself available for your exclusive use in any and all manner you desire, so long as it does not interfere with my service to my mother and sisters.

"In return, I promise to fulfill those assigned duties to the best of my ability and should I be derelict in any manner, you are free to punish me in any manner you might decide and I will submit my will to yours unconditionally for so long as it pleases you!"

He paused while I caressed his hair absently and mulled his words over.

That he was so willing to offer himself unconditionally into my hands, to use or to abuse as I wished, without comment nor complaint from him, ever! The thought made my thighs twitch with sudden need and I wondered if **that** were included!

“I do have one request,” I replied after a moment’s thought.

“And that is?” Cora asked with lifted brows.

“I thought he was a girl at first, and I do not want any boy servicing my intimate needs, so. . .” my voice trailed off in embarrassment.

“So?” Cora prompted.

I gathered my wits about me and answered slowly, deliberately, “Our Teri must continue to be a girl so long as **she** continues in my service.”

I felt daring asking this of him, but at the same time I wanted to see just how far I could push him without undue protest.

After all, I reasoned, Teri’s father was subservient to his wife Jenny as well as his three daughters and I assumed (correctly, I was to learn) that the man was completely feminized and kept in skirts and heels with all the trimmings, and since Teri was used to all this rigmarole, wearing dresses, heels and all would be no big deal and that he would acquiesce without protest.

Which he did, eagerly, his eyes shining with pleasure!

“I will expect you to greet me when I come home with an appropriate drink in your hand, my mail waiting on the coffee table for my perusal, and when I kick my heels off, you will kneel and massage my aching feet. Then you will serve my dinner, standing by in case I need anything extra. If I do, you will curtsy and hurry to obey.”

Cora lifted his head from my lap. “You heared yer Mistress, Teri, have yuh enny objections tuh being’ uh girl fer her ‘n livin’ as uh girl while employed bah her?”

He shook his head shyly. “Oh, no, Aunt Cora. That is completely acceptable to me!” Then, to me, he added shyly, “Mother has had me wearing skirts and heels for the longest!” he admitted.

Cora giggled. “Why, that scamp! ‘N she never told me! Ah’ll jist have tuh have uh werd er two wi’h ‘at gal!” and she slapped her thigh meaningfully.

Both Teri and I knew what that meant!

All at once I was glad I wasn’t Ms Jennifer Baker!

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## **SEVEN**

And that was how I acquired the exclusive services of the prettiest boy in town, bar none. And he was incredible. I mean, he was the most ordered, efficient person I have ever known. Nothing escaped his attention, or if it did, I never knew it!

Every night when I got home, my dinner was waiting for me, either ready to be baked or cooked or reheated in a few short minutes. And I never had to

worry about cleaning up after myself. I just up and walked away, knowing that when I returned, it would all be gone, and in its place the next service laid, awaiting my pleasure.

My clothes were washed, dried, ironed, repaired as needed, and put away in their places, neatly and ready for instant use, if wished.

I was still a complete slob, but with Teri to pick it all up, my sloppy behavior was all but invisible. I knew and I know Teri knew, but never a cross word from him! He just went about his duties cheerfully, a song on his lips always and a ready smile for me.

Sometimes I wished he would just explode and chew me out as my own mother used to do when I was a teen. But, he never did. Not even a sigh of exasperation! Oh, I had found a jewel all right!

We crossed paths only occasionally because he was a graduating senior and my work kept me busy. Between his studies (A+ all the way!), keeping house for his sisters and mother and his full-time chore of keeping me on the straight and narrow, he had his hands full.

And (I suspect), to his relief, he was no longer forced to date Charles!

One time when I came home unexpectedly, I found two maids busily cleaning and straightening up.

Yes, it was Deann helping his son because Teri had a special program at his school that required him to finish up quick and be out on time.

Deann was an older version of Teri with the same subservient manner about him. I was not a bit surprised when Deann curtseyed politely when Teri in-



troduced us. I allowed him to kiss the back of my hand as Teri did from time to time. I liked that!

Why, the man was almost as pretty as Teri! Somehow I had pictured him as a frumpy, ill-dressed male in drag. What I saw was none of that! Instead, a pretty, poised, articulate woman dressed in a clean, neat afternoon frock, his tiny feet shod in high-heeled operas and with full makeup, met my eyes.

It was obvious to me that Teri had inherited his smallness and beauty from his sire, Mrs. Deann Baker! Not that Jenny was ugly but her wife was beautiful!

The special program was the senior play and Teri had been selected to be the female lead, a natural assumption given his history.

Anyway the story was that of a high school girl coming of age and discovering emotions of a different sort, **she** was attracted to a certain schoolmate of **hers**, a boy!

And some of the scenes were overly explicit!

At least to me.

The director, a history teacher (female) insisted that they be letter perfect and completely believable in their roles and made them practice the scenes until they could do them in their sleep!

I knew nothing of the play's action as I was busy at the hospital. There seemed to be an inordinate amount of babies being born, so many more than one would normally expect given the number of fertile females in the area.

That's when I discovered that females from outside our area had heard about our Ob/Gyn clinic and were transferring their maternity needs to us!

Figures, doesn't it? Do your job well and you become overwhelmed with new patients. It ain't fair but that's the way the cookie crumbles, so to speak.

I barely had time to attend one of the three performances and when I saw what my Teri was doing on stage, I saw red! I mean I was outraged!

And green with jealousy!

I was flabbergasted when I saw Teri dressed as a 50's teen being soundly kissed by a boy from that era who was her former wannabe boyfriend, Charles Davis! And it looked to me like he (Teri) was quite receptive to Charles' advances because as the story line developed, Charles began to push the limits and soon had Teri's blouse completely undone and was sliding his hand inside when Teri broke away, crying, "No, Byron! I'm not that kind of a girl! Not without a wedding ring!" he declared.

The final curtain descended a few minutes later with Teri in Charles' arms, being kissed as he flashed the new engagement ring for everyone to see.

The audience applauded loudly and the two stars came through the curtain to bow and kiss one more time for the audience's wild clapping and appreciation.

I was outraged.

Later at my home with Teri serving my dinner, I began to berate him for getting involved with **that** boy again! I accused him of being secretly in love with Charles and preparing to run off with him!

Teri protested that this was not true, but I wouldn't listen!

In a fit of blind rage, I grabbed the protesting boy, flipped him face down across my lap, brushed back his skirts, lowered his panties to his knee hollows and started slapping his up-turned, plump bottom cheeks with the flat of my hand which soon started to pain me as he kicked and squirmed, trying to escape my wrath.

Stopping momentarily, I dumped him to the floor and left him sobbing there as I went upstairs, secured my hard wooden back hair brush and returned to draw him back over my lap with his enflamed bottom up-turned as before.

With no preliminary, I started applying the back of my brush to his bared bottom and watched as it slowly turned red, then purple, then covered with the blotches of outraged blood beneath the surface!

I spanked him until my arm was too tired to continue. Teri had long since given up his struggles and lay quiescently across my thighs.

Finally I stopped and dumped him to the floor squarely upon his savaged bottom! As my thighs parted, he twisted and buried his tear streaked face deep between them, his sobs loud and tortured in my ears. I caressed his hair as his lips kissed the crotch of my soaked panties and that only made me soak them even more!

Finally I shuddered through my orgasm, reached down and drew him up to sit in my lap. "Oh, Teri, I am so sorry!" I whispered.

"No, Miss," he objected, "it was all my fault for letting myself go!"

I kissed his pussy-soaked lips gently, loving the taste of myself on them. I then realized that I had missed this most of all in the preceding weeks!

Taking him by the hand, I led him up-stairs to my bedroom, undressed him to his skin, noting the fully erect condition of his baby flag before laying him face down atop the coverlet, getting some soothing lotion and beginning to massage the cooling liquid into his outraged flesh.

Soon he began writhing for a completely different reason!

“Oh, Miss!” he whispered hoarsely. “That feels so good!”

I bent down and kissed the up-turned mounds tenderly, softly, gently.

“Ooh,” he whispered brokenly, “that feels even better!”

I rolled him off onto the bed and, lying beside him, took him into my arms. In mere seconds we were kissing like there was no tomorrow! My work clothes disappeared somehow and I was lying atop him, fitting his hardness between my pussy lips and lowering myself savagely, bursting through my weak defenses, and you know? It wasn't all that bad, not near as distasteful as I had supposed. After, I lay beside him with his face cuddled against my breasts, savoring his soft kisses to my still hardened nipples.

If this was heterosexual love, give me more!

Teri spent the night with me and before morning we had experimented with my dildo and surprisingly, he loved being penetrated by that hard plastic!

No accounting for some people's likes!

I shouldn't have been surprised because I had climaxed more times than I like to think about with it shoved deep up my own hungry cunt!

Oh, my, YES!

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## **EIGHT**

Then graduation. Teri was valedictorian – straight A pluses for six straight years. There was no question of his right to be top dog!

And true to his promise, Charles Davis left the area without a word to anyone. Nor has anyone heard from him since his leaving. Good riddance, I say!

Even with all the hullabaloo surrounding his final school activities, Teri was still expected to complete his chores at home without fail. On pain of a spanking by the lady he had offended by his failure to comply.

Still, he never complained that I ever saw. He had red-rimmed eyes on several occasions and I knew he had been punished in some manner, but I said nothing and he offered no explanation.

For a graduation present, his sisters relieved him of his household duties for the summer, shifting them summarily onto Deann's slight shoulders.

Cora took him shopping at the Mall and bought him several new dress uniforms to celebrate his emerging adulthood. He passed his eighteenth birthday with a small intimate party of his aunt, mother, sisters, and me, with Deann as the server and who did not take an active part in the festivities.

Teri wore a cocktail dress of white lace over antique white satin that he had sewn for his final home economics project, worn with nude nylons, a padded bra (I think), silky pink panties (I know that's true because I checked, much to his embarrassment!), and black open-toed sandals with ankle straps and four-inch high heels that he handled like the thoroughbred he is. I was so proud of his poise.

Cora positively glowed.

Jenny said nothing, just took it as a usual expectation from her fourth "daughter."

Yes, daughter.

Teri had been wearing skirts, blouses, dresses, heels and all since he had started grade school, continuing all through high school. People had long since forgotten that he had been born a mere **male**!

In fact, the townspeople would have been surprised and disbelieving had anyone suggested otherwise!

It was a good thing they did because it would have been unthinkable for a single woman, me, living with a single male, Teri, in that uptight community.

But any woman could have a maid, live-in or not.

Which brings us up to his final slavery with and for me.

Yes, I said slavery.

What else would you call it when someone relinquishes any and all responsibility for him or herself in future, placing him or her self under the full and absolute control of another person, one to whom they

would swear their undying loyalty and unwavering allegiance?

Because that's exactly what Teri did for me.

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## **NINE**

At first Teri came and went at his leisure. But in late June, I had a long talk with Jenny to discuss Teri's future.

First of all, I wanted him to move into my house so he would be readily available for my use at any hour of the day or night, seven days a week.

Yes, there would be no days off unless I gave my specific permission. So far, this had been the norm and there had been no complaint forthcoming from Teri!

So, if it ain't broke, don't try to fix it!

My bedroom was huge, just right for me, but the other, smaller, bedroom would be perfect for a maid's room. The small bedroom downstairs was my office/study and I saw no reason to upset the status quo.

I talked it over with Cora and she had the most brilliant idea. Teri blushed to his blonde roots when he heard. Her idea was to acquire a "youth bed" with movable sides that could be raised to prevent him from falling out at night.

I said nothing about him falling because it was my intention to develop more of his girlish attributes and introduce him to the delights of girl-to-girl love making.

OK, OK, so I'm a Lesbian. Hadn't you guessed that by now? I mean, I've given so many clues. . . even said it right out several times!

Jeezums!

Some people's kids!

I mean, jeezums!

That was when I discovered that Teri, at age eighteen, was still a sometimes bedwetter and was usually thickly swaddled in cotton diapers covered with rubber leakage preventative pants when it was his bedtime.

Oh, how he blushed when she revealed this bit of information to me.

To say the least, I was greatly intrigued.

In my practice, I had run across this phenomenon several times, but always with girls and even some grown women and usually it had been correctable with medication.

I determined that such would not be the case with Teri.

Well, not at first, I mean.

When I returned one evening to find a smiling Cora waiting for me, I was sure she had something up her sleeve besides her arm. And, I was right.

Taking me by the hand (she always led me around by holding my hand like I was a little girl but I liked her maternal attitude towards me and even encouraged it!), she led me upstairs to the maid's bedroom where I found, to my vast delight, an over-size crib, actually a larger size **youth bed**, but it looked exactly

like an overgrown baby's crib, complete with twin movable side rails, a hard mattress and several other strange attachments (chains, straps and such) that I wondered about. . . briefly.

Cora showed me all the benefits of this bed, pointing out that it was not a new item because it was the very one Teri had been sleeping in since his toddler years.

I would never have guessed such a thing could happen in this day and age.

Just shows to go ya!

Cora called down to Teri, ordering him to come up.

Presently his blushing face appeared at the door. "Mistress? You called?" he asked uncertainly.

"Ah, there yuh air, baby," Cora cooed.

I beckoned. "Come here, girl!" I ordered sternly. "Assume the position!"

Cora stared at me, her eyes filled with wonder.

Obediently, Teri entered, came to my side and knelt with his chin on his chest. "Mistress," he whispered softly.

His bowed neck was bright with his blush and Cora reached out to caress his skin gently. "Mah, mah, he is so well trained. . . awl reddy!" she murmured.

I smiled. "Yes, you get them young and train them up right and ninety-nine point nine-nine-nine percent of your domestic problems are rendered non-existent from the get-go!" I bragged, my voice full of pride at her praise.

Cora laughed. “Yais, ah kin see’t!”

To Teri, “Well, little girl,” I demanded. “How do you like your proposed sleeping arrangements?”

Blushing furiously, he replied, “Very well, Mistress.”

“Yes, I thought you might like it,” I teased. “May I assume you have some proper sleepers too?” I asked blandly.

His bowed head nodded. “Yes, Mistress, I do.” He replied softly.

“You may go back to your mother’s home and bring your possessions here as you live here now.”

His head nodded. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Everything!” I warned. “No use in wasting any more time than necessary.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied subserviently, head still bowed in submission.

“Well?” I demanded. “What’re you waiting for, an engraved invitation? Hop to it, Girl! Get with the program!”

Hesitantly he kissed the back of my hand and, walking on his knees, left us on his errand.

Cora stared at me. “Honestly, dear,” she cooed, “was ‘at there necess’ry? Him walkin’ around on ‘is knees, ah mean.”

I laughed. “A nice touch, don’t you think? His sister Diana suggested it. It’s one of her favorite humiliations. But, I think he really likes it when he is so

harshly treated and humiliated, especially when a forceful woman does it. Like me!”

Cora giggled. “Ah do believe yuh air absolutely ra’ht!” she agreed.

“He is such a flagrant little sissy masochistic fag-got,” I added slyly.

“Indeed,” she agreed with that knowing smile.

“Diana told me that I’d have to establish my dominance over him, that I would have to make him afraid of me. Oh, not physically, but fearful of not being pleasing in his performance or lack of same,” I explained hesitantly.

“’N haow did air Diana say h’it wuz tuh be did?” Cora was interested.

“She told me that to spare the rod was to spoil the child,” I admitted slowly.

“Oh? She advised heavy handedness, did she?” Cora giggled.

I nodded. “Exactly.”

“Yes, Diana has allus ben uh most demanding bitch, quick tuh strike out ‘n slow tuh apologize.”

“I’m afraid I don’t understand,” I admitted.

“She would bare his bottom ‘n use her hair brush er uh dog whip er uh cat-o-nine-tails er uh leather strap er uh ping pong paddle er uh willow withe, whatever wuz on han’ tuh whip ‘is bottom. Several tahmes she wauz so cruel ‘at she drew blood. Jen had tuh warn her so many tahmes ‘bout ‘at!

“Ah thin’ she moughta learned sum restraint as she grew older, but mebbe not,” Cora admitted. “She’s such uh li’l scamp!”

I nodded. “Yes, I can see that.”

Privately I told myself that I would never whip him so hard that I drew blood or scarred him in such a manner.

And I don’t!

I may leave his flesh black and blue and covered with welts or the marks of a sound correction, but I never draw blood!

But I digress as that’s getting way ahead of the story.

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## TEN

Cora had returned home when Teri returned with two heavy suitcases and asked my permission to carry them up to the maid’s bedroom.

I refused, telling him, “Open the suitcases down here so I can see what I have to get for you that you do not have already.”

Blushing furiously, he opened first one suitcase and then the other on the dining room table.

Without asking, I began to go through his belongings, setting some aside and discarding others. He watched me stoically and I knew that some of the things I had rejected were among his most prized possessions.

I knew I'd relent later, but I loved making him squirm with resentment.

Oh, it was such good fun owning a slave body and soul!

For me!

For him, I am not so sure.

But I digress.

I embarrassed him greatly with my requirements but I suspect that secretly he took great pleasure in obeying. After all, his sister Diana had subjected him to worse by far, so I felt no qualms about pushing the envelope, as it were.

I liked to watch his girlish bottom as he worked around doing his various chores, especially if he was wearing sheer panties or a bikini bottom and nothing else. And as I had ready access to various hormonal supplements, minerals and such, I soon had him swallowing several pills a day to "correct" his "vitamin deficiencies."

As a result, his waist shrunk even more, his musculature softened and smoothed out in a most becoming feminine manner.

But most apparent (to me) was his accelerated breast growth! From his baby nubbins with their small nips, he had become a 30-B cup almost overnight.

It was as I had suspected from my first conversation with Cora regarding his life before me. His nipples grew to be protuberant displays beneath his blouses or other tops, including his dresses which he wore as a matter of course now.

One Saturday when he was doing laundry (he knew how to use that old Maytag where I had no clue!). I was enjoying the sight of his thonged form bustling about and I got a devilish idea.

“Teri, are you going to hang the clothes in the back yard?”

He looked at me as if I were crazy. “Why, of course,” he squeaked. “That’s what the lines are for!”

Good,” I smiled. “When you hang them, make sure you go exactly as you are!”

He paled visibly. “Like. . . like. . . this?” he croaked in disbelief. “In just my thong and no bra?”

I gazed at him steadily. “Why, of course. It’s rather too warm for a jacket and besides, I like watching you this way.” My hands described arcs in the air. “Don’t you like the feeling of freedom with no bra hampering your rack?” I teased.

He said nothing but when he had rinsed that load, he carried the basket out back and hung everything as carefully as if he had been fully dressed! If anyone noticed his lack of covering, no one ever said, not even Cora who saw, and knew, everything!

After that, until the weather got too cool for such exposure, Teri hung the wash in his almost naked condition (bare assed and bare breasted with long, tanned legs and bare-footed), and he never objected (except for that first mild question) in the least.

Whatever “Mistress” (me!) wanted, “Mistress” (me!) got!

I even took him shopping at the local Mall with him dressed minimally; no panties, no bra, just heels and

a flirty dress which he claimed he did not like particularly.

He acted like a prude, but I knew better!

Teri was an inveterate exhibitionist and loved showing his femininity off to the outside world. He would have gone naked had I requested.

But I was not inclined to go that far!

Not then and not now!

Well, maybe. . .

As I had known I would, I allowed him to keep many of the things I had censured at first. It made him happy and with him happy, my life was comfortable, ordered and uncluttered.

Granted I was still not quite presentable when leaving for work in the morning even though breakfast was always ready, my journals piled neatly waiting for me to pick and choose and a cup of coffee in a capped cup ready to go.

But my clothes were in an almost permanent stage of disarray when I emerged, to be greeted by Cora who soon had me straightened out, in my car and soundly kissed before being sent on my way.

OK, OK! So I did it deliberately just so she'd kiss me! I happened to like being kissed by this dominant woman and had she asked, I would have become her slave girl in a hot minute!

But she didn't and I never offered so I never did.

Teri was another story.

He was coming more and more under my thumb as time passed. After two or three bare bottom spankings, he trod very lightly around me, totally afraid that he'd do something to displease me in some manner and be spanked again!

His sister Diane had told me what he liked and I went out of my way to please his sense of fearfulness.

I'm not sure I've explained that right, but I think you get my drift. And if you don't, you're obviously reading the wrong book!

To get on with it, Cora was at me constantly with the admonition, "Yuh need uh baby-sitter tuh keep yuh straight!" And no matter my protests to the contrary, she kept at it like a dog gnawing on a bone!

To escape her nagging, even for just a few days, I took Teri on a short vacation trip to New Orleans. I insisted he go with me as a girl and, blushing quite prettily, he did so. I had reserved a room right in the heart of the city and we were right in the middle of the festivities, much to his obvious delight. The flashy costumes, the rampant nudity of the participants, the acceptance by all of anything and everything "different," he drank in avidly.

I took him to a costume shop where I had him fitted with a Gay 90's Can Can dancer's clothes and in my power suit (the one with pants) I took him to a restaurant where despite his blushes, he was just another costumed girl in the gaiety!

When we returned to the room, he was just a wee bit tipsy and I have to admit, I took blatant advantage of him. By morning, we were dead tired from our exertions!

If I hadn't experienced love with him, I would never have considered such a thing happening to me. He was so gentle, so tender, so clumsy and yet so knowing of what would please me the most. I mean he took especial care that everything he did was to better please me, to bring me the ultimate pleasure.

I realized that I had to marry this wonderful lover before someone else snapped him up as their wife!

I had had visions of him walking down the aisle with some hairy male.

How revolting!

Much better if he walked beside Deann who would give him away. . . to me!

Now that was a much better scenario in my estimation!

I kept him in feminine finery the whole time and not once (to my knowledge) was he "read!" He looked so female in a dress and all of his mannerisms and gestures were those of a teenaged girl, and thus he was accepted as such without question!

I even bought a minuscule thong bathing suit and took him to the beach where I insisted he take part in the teenagers' activities; beach volley ball, swimming, hanging out on the pier, shuffleboard and roller blading. I know he had fun as he blushed and stammered when I teased him about the boys' attentions!

After our vacation, I settled into work at the hospital with Teri a stay-at-home wife. Well, for all practical purposes, that's what he was. He took care of the house, did all the cooking, did the laundry, did the

food shopping and performed all those mundane chores an average housewife faces every day.

And, he loved it! I loved to hear him singing as he worked and his blushing smile when he caught sight of me watching him work always warmed my heart!

There was no way to deny it, I had fallen in love with my Teri and in my confused state, I was even more disheveled when I started for work than I had been before! As always, there was Ms Cora to straighten me out, get me properly dressed, soundly kissed and sent on my way!

Damn! If I didn't know better, I would swear that woman had a thing for me and was just teasing me with those kisses that always left me reeling and wanting more, which was not coming!

I tried concentrating on Teri and that worked after a fashion as we had discovered how to please one another in bed, and that kept me from going bananas!

So, one afternoon, I went home early and bearded Cora in her own den! I mean I cornered her in her own living room where Teri served us afternoon tea before I sent him on a makeshift errand so I could talk to Ms Cora man-to-man, er, I mean, woman-to-woman about my problem.

I came right out with it. "Ms Cora, are you deliberately trying to seduce me?"

She smiled at me. "Wah, whute'er gived yuh 'at idee, chile?"

"It's the way you dash out in the morning to rearrange my clothing, straighten my seams, adjust my blouses, pat my hair into place, then give me a kiss that starts sky rockets off in my brain! I swear, if I

weren't inside my car, I think you'd pat my ass to send me on my way!" I blurted.

"Oh, dear," she whispered, face reddening. "Have ah been that obnoxious?"

"No, not obnoxious at all, more decidedly intimate and more loving than not," I explained weakly.

She smiled. "Yuh air uh very sexy gal, Doctor Georgina Eloise Burgett, M. D.!" Taking my hand in hers, she squeezed gently, "One'd have tuh be stone daid not tuh be affected bah yer blatant charms!"

I blushed rosily.

"Air yuh askin' me tuh stop tendin' tuh yer obvious needs?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, no, of course not!" I hastened to reassure her. "But if you're trying to get into my panties, just say so and something can be arranged!" I blushed even harder.

She smiled. "Dear gal, ah'd la'k nothin' better'n tuh take yuh tuh bed. But, mah concern's fer Teri. Ah don' wanna cause uh rift atwizt duh two uh yuh."

I just stared at her.

She had scruples, this woman!

My God, I hope it wasn't catching!



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**ELEVEN**

That was the first afternoon I spent in Cora's bed and it was a revelation! She had more twists than a corkscrew and she knew how to use all of them too! By the time I staggered next door to my own little bed, I was worn out!

Teri met me at the front door with a cuppa fresh coffee, asking, "Would Mistress like a nice warm bubble bath before she retires?"

"Sounds good," I agreed and when she took my hand in hers, I followed her lead obediently to the bathroom where she sat me on the throne while she started the water flowing. Then, without asking permission, she undressed me right down to my bare skin pausing occasionally to kiss something before handing me into the fragrant bubbles.

I had no sooner slid beneath the bubbles than she was kneeling beside the tub, soapy washcloth in hand as she washed me thoroughly! And there was not a spot on my body that she missed nor tried to avoid!

I stood patiently while she patted me dry, then followed her to the bed where she soon had me beneath the sheets and I drowsily fell asleep.

I awoke about ten that evening, ravenous! I had not eaten earlier, you see.

But I needn't have worried. As soon as I roused, Teri was standing beside my bed, a filmy negligee held at the ready. I went for the bathroom but Teri beat me there, waiting to lift my robe so I could sit and relieve myself. Then, a soft tissue passed be-

tween my lips and when I stood, a soft, intimate kiss to my crux!

“Is Mistress hungry?” Teri asked gently.

“Ravenous!” I whispered as a flush of pleasure engulfed me.

She smiled, stood, took my hand in hers and led me down to the kitchen where she seated me at the table, then busied herself in the kitchen. A cup of fresh coffee appeared magically by my hand and I sipped gratefully while she made a meal.

If I had expected any recriminations from her about my session in Cora’s arms, Teri kept them to herself.

Once my hunger had been satisfied, I sat on the sofa with the TV turned to some inane “drama” program that made no sense to me in my agitated state of mind. When it went off to be replaced by the national news, I turned the damned thing off just as Teri reappeared.

Thankful for the interruption, I took her in my arms and kissed her sweetly, and surprisingly enough, she kissed me with equal fervency!

“I love you, Miss Teri Baker,” I whispered in her ear.

“I have never doubted that,” she replied softly. “I love you too and I trust you implicitly!”

“Even when I fall off the wagon as I did this afternoon?” I queried.

Teri giggled. “Oh, that! Aunt Cora has been trying to get into your panties for the longest! She means no harm and it keeps her happy.”

I looked at Teri in astonishment. “You’re not angry?”

She shook her head emphatically. “Nope, how could I be? We aren’t married and you are free to sleep with whomever you wish with no offense taken by me.”

“Teresa Baker, will you marry me?” I asked right out of the blue.

“Oh,” she gasped. “This is so sudden!”

“Do you love me?”

“Yes, you know I do.”

“Then what’s to think about?”

“I have to be sure. . .”

“OK, you have one week to think about it. Then I’ll ask you again, and if you say ‘yes,’ we shall marry. If you say ‘no,’ I’ll forget all about you.”

She stared at me in shock. Then, she curtseyed deeply. “I shall think on it.” And so saying, she hurried off to the maid’s room, closing the door firmly behind her.

‘Well, Burgett, you managed to fuck that up royally! What’ll you do for an encore? That’ll be hard to beat, but I have faith in you! If there’s a way, you’ll find it!’

Feeling sorry for myself, I went upstairs, crawled between the sheets, tossed and turned for an hour or two, slept fitfully and long before morning arrived I was totally discombobulated, disoriented, out of sorts and all like that.

I called Mother to tell her my predicament but she was less than helpful as she was getting ready to attend some lavish gala; she would call me when she had more time.

She never called back!

I had not expected her to call.

Cora tried to jostle me out of my bad mood, even trying to get me to confess my troubles. I drove away after her kiss, knocked over the stop sign at the end of our street and got stopped for speeding – eighty-five in a forty m.p.h. zone! Then I straddled a parking strip, taking up two slots, and got a warning about “parking courtesy.”

Jenny put up with me until noon, then sent me away until, “You get your shit together!”

I got on the interstate and started driving. One thing about driving, the dullness and the steady hum of the tires lull one as nothing else. Soon, the tenseness left my shoulders and with the windows down, I let the wind soothe me.

When I realized that I had been driving at high speed for the better part of six hours and was deep in North Dakota a good five hundred miles from home, I pulled into a truck stop to eat.

Feeling much better, I rented a room and after a hot shower, went to bed. It was shortly after five in the morning when I awoke and after a hasty breakfast, I pointed the car eastward, put the pedal to the metal and went home.

When I appeared at the hospital, Jenny about took my head off! “Where in blazes have you been, girl?” she demanded. “We’ve been so worried about you!

Cora even called the State Police and had them looking,” she accused.

“I had a lot of baggage to get rid of,” I replied.

“You ready to get back to work?” she asked quietly.

“Yes.”

And between us, the past was buried.

Not so with Cora!

That woman is worse than my own mother ever was! I had her claw marks up and down my back long before she was through.

But the worst part was when she grabbed me, hauled me over her lap, pulled my slacks, pantyhose, and panties down and applied the back of her wooden hair brush to my defenseless bottom!

I was thoroughly cowed long before she finished and promising never to disobey again, except that I hadn’t disobeyed her in the first place! But minor details have never been of great concern to Mrs. Cora English!

And once she was done, she took me by the hand, led me into her bedroom where she seduced me all over again! Oh, I admit, she didn’t have to do much seducing. With a blazing bottom, I’d was ready for anything!

Yes, it was true. With Cora I was the quintessential submissive, even more so than Teri!

That does not mean that I ignored Teri.

On the contrary.

On Valentine's Day, I took him to dinner and a chick flick I knew he wanted to see, then drove up to Lover's Lookout where I parked. Cold as it was, we got out and walked to Lover's Leap and sat on one of the many benches to admire the view.

Suddenly, without preamble, I was on my knee before him, his left hand firmly in my grasp. "Miss Teri Baker, will you marry me?"

He stared at me in shock, "Oh, Mistress," he whispered.

Encouraged, I slipped the small diamond ring onto his third finger left hand and repeated, "Miss Teri, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

"Yes! Oh, God, yes! I thought you had forgotten!" he whispered.

"Never!" I leaned up, put my arms around him and drawing him close, I kissed his red, red, trembling lips passionately. "You will never regret it, my dearest!" I assured him.

Tears glistened in his eyes as he replied, "Never!"

Back in the car, he snuggled close to me, his diamond flashing in the dash lights as he caressed my thigh, hesitantly, then with greater courage.

"You what!?" Cora bellowed. "Oh, I am so happy for the both of you! Oh, I just can't wait to tell Jenny!"

And in seconds, she was on the phone telling her only sister that her youngest daughter was engaged to be married, and guess who to?

Of course Jenny knew the answer to that!

And the next few weeks were filled with those activities that all women love, planning a wedding!

We had settled on May 1st, May Day.

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## **TWELVE**

Of course I had to call my mother and she was ecstatic, promising to be there with bells on. Then she asked if she could bring Geri and I told her it would be all right. That out of the way, I went on with my life.

Well, I tried to go on with my life.

But I was not allowed.

Not entirely, that is.

I was allowed to go into the kitchen, up to my bedroom and into the bath, but the rest of the house was placed off limits to me, "for security reasons!"

Security?

Were they planning the overthrow of the government?

Were they doing anything illegal?

Hardly.

They were planning and preparing for a wedding!

You'd have thought they were getting ready for the Second Coming the way they whispered behind my back and screened their mouths whenever I appeared.

Cora was there to enforce my movements which she did, generally with a solid smack on my butt that was more embarrassing than hurtful.

I didn't need this!

I retreated to the hospital where, at least, I was recognized as someone of import, not ignored and abused like I was **there!**

I avoided my own home as much as possible, even reverting to renting a motel room again and eating either at the cafeteria in the hospital or the local diner. I threw myself into my work in an effort to forget my mistreatment at their hands.

Then, in mid-April, Jenny approached me, asking, "What are your exact body measurements?"

Surprised, I blurted, "What?"

"We need your measurements for the wedding," she explained curtly.

"Oh, really? Now I'm needed?" I demanded sarcastically.

She giggled. "I told Cora you'd take it personally!"

"Damn straight! All of a sudden I'm chopped liver? Like Hell!"

"You gonna give 'em to me or do I have to guesstimate?"

Reluctantly, I gave her what I thought was a true estimation.

"Not good enough," she cautioned. "I'll tell Cora and she'll come down here and take them herself. And you know damned good and well she'll do it!"

“Tell her to try her damnedest!”

Two hours later, I was being hustled into an examination room by a disgusted Cora who ordered, “OK, Missy, strip!”

She stood there with hands on hips, glaring at me, a cloth tape measure draped around her neck like a stethoscope and a belligerent look on her face.

Awestruck and blushing like a school girl, I stripped to my underwear.

“Everything!” she demanded.

Timidly, I took the rest of it off, feeling like “September Morn” on the beach with unknowns watching. “Stand up straight!” she ordered.

When I did, she whipped that tape up and down while murmuring to herself the whole time.

“I don’t understand what this is all about,” I tried acting innocent.

“Shut your mouth, you brat! What I ought to do is blister that fat ass for making me come down here myself!”

“Cora English!” I gasped in outrage. “I do not have a fat ass! And you know it!”

“Better quit while you’re ahead, girl! I’ve about had it with your reluctance to help us!” she accused.

“Me?” I stormed. “I’ve been banned from my own home!”

“And you know it’s bad luck for the groom to see the bride before she comes down the aisle! We’re just trying to protect our Teri’s innocence!”

Teri's innocence?

What about *my* innocence?

But for once I had nothing to say.

“Now, do you want a light blue tux or do you want a white one like Teri's? It'll be made of satin in any case and I think the light blue would suit you better than white,” she mused thoughtfully.

I thought a minute, then replied, “The light blue, I think, with white stripes down the legs, white gloves, white shirt, white bow tie, white pumps, white nylon jers and sorta like that,” I added.

“OK. I'll be here in three days for a preliminary fitting of your tux, so be ready,” she warned.

“Yes, Ma'am,” I agreed.

And with that, she was gone.

I breathed a sigh of relief, redressed and went about my rounds.

I was still shaking slightly when I quit for the night and went off to the local diner for a bite before sleeping.

And in two days, Cora showed up as promised and she fitted the tux to me. She had done a superb job because it fit me perfectly!

“That's that,” she exclaimed, sitting back and looking at me fondly. “You're very easy to make clothes for,” she commented. “I wasn't going to tell you this, but Teri did most of the cutting and sewing. She said she owed you.”

“Owed me? For what?”

Cora giggled. “For saving her from becoming Charles’ wife.”

“Oh, that. But I thought he had told her he was leaving and she wasn’t invited along?” I asked, surprised.

“Oh, he had a change of heart right after graduation and tried to convince her that he was sincere, but she didn’t trust him after the cruel things he had called her and his abusive treatment in recent days.”

“So I’m second choice?” I asked in disbelief.

“By no means! Even before you surprised her at work that day, she had formed a romantic attachment to you and when you turned out to be a strict mistress, she knew she was destined to be a wife all right, **your** wife!”

That stopped me cold. “You mean you were planning on me marrying her even before I asked her formally?” I was astounded.

Cora nodded. “Of course. Teri needed a strict mistress and you needed a nanny or housekeeper or babysitter or something.”

“Well, I be damned!”

Cora giggled. “That’s between you and your God.”

“And Teri was available.”

“So, in other words, I’m a sacrificial lamb?”

“Oh, I wouldn’t put it quite that way, more a willing woman.”

“So, what’s next?”

“The wedding, you silly girl, the wedding!” Cora chortled.

Somehow, I had forgotten where all this was leading!

I was a dead duck!

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## **THIRTEEN**

I stood beside Cora (my Best Man?) at the altar, waiting. . .

The prelude to the Wedding March wafted among the ambient air and I shivered with dread. What in the Hell was I doing here? I had patients waiting, patients that were on the verge of delivery, and here I was, standing like an idiot at the far end of a long aisle, waiting. . .

I stared at the closed door at the end of that aisle before me, wondering what was awaiting me. . . out there.

For some weeks now, I had not seen Teri. Had not been allowed to see Teri! I was the only one who didn't see her. I kept getting random minute by minute up-dates from Jenny, from Cora, from Diana, even from Deann!

But nary a word from Teri!

I felt like a leper!

Shunned by everyone.

Of course, that's a gross exaggeration, but I think you catch my drift.

But, inevitably in due course, May the First dawned, the day of reckoning. The day I met my Waterloo. My downfall. The end of life as I knew it. All that, and more!

Cora arrived at my motel room at exactly five in the A of M. Hell, it was still dark outside. I think. Through my bleary eyes I wasn't sure of anything!

Cora got me into the shower and when I wasn't quick enough for her, she got right in with me and I was scrubbed to within an inch of my life! In more normal circumstances, it would have been an enjoyable interlude. But, it was strictly business on her part, even when I tried to get "personal" with her.

Then I had to stand there like an idiot while she dried me off, did my hair (comb it out and tease it a bit), then get me dressed to her satisfaction.

A damned corset around my middle, tightened to a twenty-six inch circumference before being tied off. I could hardly breathe!

"Quit your bitchin', girl," she admonished. "Think what Teri's going through with her eighteen-inch show corset!"

The top of my corset was of a "bullet" bra construction that gave me twin, sharply-pointed cones to fill my shirt, actually a man-cut blouse that fit me like a second skin.

Once I got used to the bra top, I rather liked the picture I made and I stood just a little bit straighter! Then she sat me at the vanity and slid my feet and legs into white nylon pantyhose, snugging them tightly around my pinched waist. It was only after I had been shod (white operas with five-inch heels) and stood up that I discovered my crotch was wide

open! I mean, there was nothing covering my pussy and ass, leaving me vulnerable and shamefully exposed.

When I pointed this out to Cora, she shrugged. “So? Who’s gonna know unless you tell ‘em?”

I had to admit she had a point.

Still, it was rather daring, I.M.O!

Hunh? Oh, the initials. ***In my opinion***, an internet thing.

Besides, what good would it have done to object?

Her Majesty, Mrs. Cora English was in charge!

Period!

It wasn’t so bad once I had my tux trousers snugged around my waist and the satin cummerbund secured. The trousers were made of a light blue satin material and had white satin stripes up the outside of both legs.

And there was no fly. Instead, they zipped closed up the back and fit like another skin. No pockets whosoever! And Cora conveniently forgot panties!

The jacket was no more than a slightly larger bolero jacket that fastened closed with one huge gold button right below my thrusting breasts, the twin lapels cradling them individually, high and proud, like a second, invisible bra!

I looked at my image in the mirror and I caught my breath. If I looked this good, what must my bride look like? My mouth watered at the thought!

“Well?” Cora prodded. “What do you think?”

“Cora, I would never have believed it! You took an ugly duckling and made a veritable swan out of her!”

“The swan was there all the time,” she whispered. “All it took was the proper accouterments to bring it out! Now, be careful because we still have to get to the church on time!”

Which brings me up to the beginning of this chapter, me standing like an idiot beside Cora with music floating through the air, me staring down the aisle.

My mother, beaming happily, was seated in the first row on my side of the church with Geri close beside her. They were holding hands, their arms entwined.

Suddenly, the music changed, the door at the end opened and a vision in white satin stepped through. My breath caught in my throat as I saw my bride-to-be take her first hesitant steps towards her future.

Clad in white satin from head to toe, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen! Her lace-gloved hand rested lightly on Deann’s forearm as she floated on air towards me. For one long moment, I forgot to take a breath and a red haze fell over my eyes. I staggered slightly and Cora poked my ribs. Hard!

“Don’t you dare faint!” she hissed sotto voce as I jumped a mile!

I turned slightly to watch Teri, putting my back to Cora. All at once, I felt her caressing hands cupping and squeezing my defenseless bottom cheeks and I felt a rush of passion flood my crotch!

I just knew my damp trousers betrayed everything!  
I moaned softly.

“Like that, do you?” Cora hissed in my ear as she squeezed again.

I wanted to turn, throw Teri to the floor, tear her clothes off and rape her on the spot! My God, what a spectacle that would have been.

Instead, I gritted my teeth and dug my nails into my palms.

It didn't help.

Then, Teri stepped up beside me and I saw a shy smile on her red, red lips. My thoughts were interrupted by another voice.

“Who giveth this young woman in marriage?” a deep, sonorous voice asked.

“I do, her father,” Deann replied proudly as she placed Teri's white gloved hand in mine. I could see the pleased look on Teri's face as she stepped up beside me, proud as a peacock! or the pussycat who swallowed the canary.

And I was the canary!

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the joining in Holy matrimony of these two young people,” and he was off with his long-winded sermon about the sanctity of marriage, the responsibilities of same, etc., etc.

God, how the man loved the sound of his own voice!

Finally, he ran down and asked, “If there be anyone who objects to the joining of these two young peo-

ple, let him or her speak now, or forever hold their peace!”

I held my breath.

There was the usual creaking of pews as those seated there craned their necks to see if there were any objections. Of course, none were.

Somehow, I felt somewhat disappointed.

The preacher went on for some minutes before, “Do you, Doctor Georgina Eloise Burgett, take this maiden, Miss Teresa Anne Baker, to be your lawfully wedded wife? To love her, to honor her, to cherish her, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live?”

I stood there like an idiot. Then Cora poked me in the ribs again, in the same place, and it hurt! “That’s your cue!” she hissed loudly and I’m sure everyone heard because I did hear some nervous titters from the watchers. Her hand, hidden from view, slapped me briskly between my unsuspecting thighs, catching me fully on my swollen pussy with a loud smack!

“Oh? Oh! I do,” I managed through my shock and I heard sighs of relief from several directions, especially from my mother! Glancing sideways at Cora, I saw the beatific smile on her lips. Innocence personified. Yeah, right!

“And do you, Miss Teresa Anne Baker, take this person, Doctor Georgina Eloise Burgett, to be your lawfully wedded husband? To love her, to honor her, to cherish her, to obey her, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” came the hushed reply. “Oh, Lord, do I.”

“A simple, ‘I do,’ will suffice, my child,” the preacher smiled beatifically.

“I do,” Teri repeated dutifully.

“May I have the rings?” he asked.

“Right here,” Cora replied, handing him a small ring box.

He handed one ring to Teri. As she held my left hand, he went on, “Repeat after me, ‘With this ring, I thee wed. . .’”

A month or so later, Teri slipped a gold ring onto my third finger left hand and he turned to me, gave me a ring (I think), then commanded, “Repeat after me, ‘With this ring, I thee wed. . .’”

Again, when I hesitated to come back to earth, that danged Cora gave me a third shot to the ribs, unerringly hitting the same sore spot and I jumped a mile at least!

“Pay attention, dammit!” she hissed. Again I heard titters from those who heard her angry retort.

I guess I repeated the words, because soon, “In so much as Georgina and Teresa have pledged their sacred vows one to the other and by the power vested in me by His Holiness Above and our great state, I do pronounce that they are husband and wife! What He hath joined together, let no man put asunder!”

He closed his hymnal with a sharp snap. “You may now kiss your bride.”

I stood there like an idiot.

Surely this wasn't happening to me?

I mean, I wasn't even here.

Was I?

I had no idea which way was up, much less where I was!

Again, that damned poke in the ribs! "Kiss her, you fool!" Cora hissed.

As if in a dream, I raised Teri's veil over her head, leaned down and kissed her gently, as if for the very first time!

"Husband," she whispered.

"Husband! **My** husband! We are husband and wife!"

"Wife?" I wasn't too sure of anything!

"Your wife, my dearest husband," she replied fervently.

"My **wife**?" I repeated inanely.

"I am Mrs. Doctor Georgina Eloise Burgett!" she replied. "Your wife forever!"

My God, what had I done?

We turned and Cora slapped my behind crisply. "Get on with it, idiot!"

My head spun as we raced down the aisle to those same doors through which Teri had emerged just moments before.

It was like a dream to me. I floated along, even though I knew I was wearing five-inch heels, something I had done rarely in my life.

In real life, I never wore heels.

I'm five foot eleven inches tall, for gossakes!

Therefore, it had to be a dream.

People only did in dreams what they did not or could not do in real life.

Right?

Then why did my ribs hurt?

I thought you couldn't feel pain in a dream.

I was learning fast!

I watched as Deann and Cora removed Teri's wedding gown to reveal a array underneath that looked suspiciously like what I wore, or rather, didn't wear?

Teri wore no panties either!

And her bullet bra top formed twin cones that thrust proudly outward and upward, begging for a caress. . . **my** caress!

I stared in awed wonder.

And her stiffened little flag had a bright pink ribbon tied in a bow around it, as if meant to be funny, except that I saw no humor in anything!

Teri saw me looking at her and she blushed harder than I have ever seen her blush! I mean she was rosy red even under her corset!

Then they had a bright red cheongsam settled over her body; it was buttoned closed up the back and the stiff collar held her head high. It had long sleeves and the skirt fell to her ankles, the dress fitting her closely. They released her and she started walking towards me. I noticed that she took very short, hesitant steps before I realized that her pencil slim skirt did not have a kick pleat! And she was still wearing her white satin-covered five-inch heeled operas, further restricting her walk!

Women can be so sadistic towards one another!

I made a quick trip to the bath to repair as best I could the leakage Cora had started at the altar. I found a tampon, inserted it and hoped it would do the job!

When I returned, Cora appeared and we were whisked off to the reception in the church basement where a local band was playing appropriate music and Teri and I enjoyed our first dance as husband and wife, "I Love You Truly."

I finally introduced Teri to my mother and Geri and the three of them took to each other like pink frosting on a chocolate cake!

"Congratulations, Georgina," mother whispered. "She's absolutely beautiful! You did well!"

What could I say to that?

"Thank you," I murmured.

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## FOURTEEN

At long last, things seemed to settle down and we made our escape to change into our traveling clothes, jeans, tee shirt, loafers and a leather jacket for me, a summery print frock in place of the cheongsam, but with the same high heels, nylons and all the rest. A furry, white bunny coat and Teri was ready to hit the road.

Only where were we going?

I hadn't a clue.

When we got to the airport outside town, I climbed in wordlessly and settled into a seat beside Teri.

"Where are we going, Terr?" I asked.

"You'll see when we land," was all she would tell me.

But it was dark when we landed and from the angle the plane took, I couldn't read the name on the front of the main building. Dang!

Finally, Teri let me in on the secret. We were in Acapulco, Mexico and we had reservations at an exclusive hotel, on the top floor yet, where we had a magnificent view of the bay and ocean beyond!

Except we never did get further than the balcony for the first three days! We spent that time getting intimately (re)acquainted with one another.

If I had not been in love with Teri before we got there, I was deeply in love with her by the end of the first day!

I don't think there was anything we did not explore in depth and I found her to be not only willing to learn, but she was wildly inventive in her own right!

We had room service, else we would have starved. As it was, one of us would wrap a sheet around us when the valets appeared. I mean, for the first three days, clothes were forgotten completely.

We reverted to the Garden of Eden dress mode.

And we had no fig leaves!

We tried heterosexual love with Teri on top (missionary style), then with me on top, side by side, sixty-nine, orally, hands on, etc., etc.

On the fourth day, wearing abbreviated thong bikinis, we ventured down to the pool for an afternoon of frolic and play in water.

On the fifth day, we dressed as tourists (me in a white gym-suit and sneakers, Teri in three-inch wedgies, nylons, a snug waist cincher, a bullet bra, thong panties and a sheer summery print dress) and we took one of the offered tours.

On the sixth day, we boarded a plane for home. I mean, Acapulco is a fine tourist destination, but there is only so much you can do, especially since neither of us speaks Spanish, and most people there do.

I was glad to get back to our little cottage and familiar things. Teri settled right in as Mistress of the House, and she wasted no time in setting me straight on that score!

The first thing was picking up after myself. I had almost thirty years of being a slob to unlearn. I was so used to just dropping things as I went along that it

never even occurred to me there was another way of doing things.

It was brought home to me in a rush one morning when I went to get a clean uniform for work and found my closet empty of clean clothes!

“Teri?” I called.

“Yes, dearest?” she replied in that syrupy tone that boded no good.

“I have no clean uniforms. Didn’t you do laundry?”

“Of course, yesterday.”

“Then where are my clean uniforms?” I demanded.

“I did everything in the hamper,” she cooed. “Everything in the **hamper!**” she repeated emphatically.

I looked around me, seeing discarded clothing from one end of the house to the other, all of it just where I had dropped it!

“Can’t you pick these up and wash them?” I demanded sarcastically.

“Mr. Burgett,” she replied coldly, “I am not an automatic know-it-all. For all I know, you fully intended to reuse those articles because you didn’t say otherwise. I wash, dry and iron everything in the hamper. If it’s not in the hamper, I can only assume you have further use for it and I am to regard it as such and let it be!”

“But you always picked up before,” I wheedled, seeing where this was going.

“Make do today, but if you want a clean uniform tomorrow, put them in the hamper and I’ll take care

of it. Now, if you will excuse me, Aunt Cora and I are going grocery shopping.”

And with that, she flounced out the door, leaving me with my mouth hanging down to my knees!

Slightly chastened, I went around and picked up everything I had worn and discarded and placed them in the hamper. The last items I put on top of the hamper because it was overfull as it was!

I found my cleanest dirty uniform, got dressed and went to work. To be met by Jenny and, “A little the worse for wear this morning, dear?” she teased.

I realized that they were all in on it.

I was being reprogrammed in spite of myself!

Still, the next morning, my closet was full of clean, freshly pressed uniforms and my drawers were filled with freshly laundered bras and panties.

Lesson learned.

On to the next lesson.

Used dishes went into the kitchen sink to be washed, dried and put away for their next usage.

I couldn't find a clean coffee cup and I knew I owned at least a dozen or more. But when I pointed this out to Teri, she replied, “Oh? I did the dishes but there weren't any coffee cups so I thought you weren't done with them.”

I started to say something sarcastic but shut my mouth, went around, gathered up all the coffee cups, took them to the sink, rinsed out one and got my coffee.

As I passed Teri ensconced in an easy chair, she commented, "There, now that wasn't so hard, was it?"

OK! OK! I get the message!

Even at work Jenny's been at me to pick up after myself. "Nurses have better things to do than clean up after you!" she admonishes.

Makes me feel about two inches tall!

Damn, I never thought this was part of being married.

Isn't it all supposed to be great sex, soft words, fresh coffee, master of your own world, controller of destiny, etc., etc.?

Apparently not in my marriage!

Teri is such a nag!

And she doesn't have to say a word!

If I didn't know better, I would swear that I am being domesticated, house-broken, made more livable. The worse part of it all? I like it.

I like fresh coffee in the morning.

I like a fresh, clean uniform to wear to work.

I like clean undies.

I like peace and quiet.

And as long as I obey my wife, I get all the peace and quiet I can handle! Hell, sometimes I want to scream it's so quiet!

It's almost a relief to go to work, just for the chaos and noise.

Almost.

In spite of myself, I am slowly but surely becoming more civilized and am adjusting to the new regime because of the stability it offers me.

I mean, meals are always ready for me when I get home from work. I have a clean uniform every morning. Clean undies. Fresh coffee to see me to work. I am even more or less dressed by the time I get to my car, but Cora is always there to kiss me, pat

my butt affectionately and send me on my way.

Life is good.

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## **FIFTEEN**

I found this in my computer's memory today.

I thought I had sent it in months ago.

Funny how your mind plays tricks on you.

But to bring you up to date, Teri and I have been married for two years now, and believe it or not, she has completely domesticated me! I no longer toss my clothes willy-nilly behind me when I undress. No! It all goes into the hamper. And miraculously, it appears clean and pressed in my closets and drawers soon after.

"Progress!" Teri smirks.

We just dedicated a new wing at the hospital devoted in its entirety to pediatric medicine – kids, I mean. Its name? The Cora English Kids Center.

Cora finally got away from that needing-a-husband thing for me!

As she now says, "I was entirely wrong about you, Doctor Georgina Eloise Burgett! You never needed a husband at all! What you really needed was a *wife!* And here you are, safely married, with a devoted wife and what's even better, you're happy about it all!"

And she's more right than she knows.

You see, I'm pregnant!

And, yes, Teri is my baby's father.

Cora and my mother want me to have a sonogram so that they can know the sex of the baby before birth. I refuse. I want to be surprised.

Cora has been working on Teri to get me to change my mind. But Teri stands firmly behind her husband!

Cora just shakes her head in disgust. "I have created a monster!" she moans.

Teri just grins.

Jenny is somewhere up in the clouds. She'll be a grandmother, something she never thought would happen!

The maid's room (Teri's former bedroom) has been converted into a nursery for our baby and she, Cora, Jenny and my mother have about turned everything upside-down in their quest to get the best for the baby.

The pangs of birth have started.

What did I have?

Use your imagination.

Do I have to tell you everything?

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