

# COMMUNITY SERVICE

*By Sofronia Anne Strong*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## **“COMMUNITY SERVICE”**

**by Sofronia Anne Strong**

### **Chapter 1**

“The crime of which I find you guilty, Mr. de Coucy, is not only a violation of our statutory law, but a crime against the sensibilities of your fellow citizens. In short, Mr. de Coucy, you have offended your community with your rudeness and lack of consideration. You are guilty of showing very bad form and doing so with a certain crudity and bad taste. I am therefore going to sentence you to a course of education in manners, in the expectation that when you have made amends to us all by your penance, you will have learned something of gentility and consideration for others. I don't mind admitting that it is sometimes a pleasure to mete out a sentence. This is one of those times. You have consistently been rude and crude throughout this trial and have failed to show proper deference for the Bench or respect for the jury. I was personally offended to be addressed as 'Your Rancor,' which forced me, not with displeasure, to cite you for contempt, but to send you to jail for two days until you could learn to say 'Your Honor.'

“Unfortunately, the guidelines do not allow me to send you to jail because this is your first offense, or at least the first time anyone has complained of you, for I am certain you have been disrespectful to others before this. This time, however, you have been caught and convicted. All I am allowed to do is sentence you to community service, and so I shall.

“Richard de Coucy, it is the sentence of this court that you be consigned as prisoner into the custody of a probation officer who will assign you to an appropriate duty in community service for a period of not less than one year, nor more than three. You should understand that should you fail to perform as your guardian requires I may send you to prison. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Your Honor, Ma'am.”

“Very well. The prisoner is remanded into the custody of his guardian to serve his sentence. And Mr. de Coucy, learn some manners while you have the chance. The next time you appear before me I will be allowed to send you to prison. I have designated Mme. Esther Crookman to be your probation officer and appointed her your legal guardian for the duration of your sentence. She is not to be trifled with. She generally requires her wards to serve in female dress. You may find this embarrassing, but I suggest you comply with all of her expectations of you. She will make a gentleman of you, young man, and that is what the court is trying to achieve. Take him away.”

The Court rose, the Judge, the Hon. Letitia Westrum disappeared, her robes flowing and Richard de Coucy was led away, his wrists manacled to the chain around his waist. While he was being restrained he talked quietly with his lawyer.

“What does she mean guardian, Molly? I thought she said it was just a probation officer?”

“Your guardian is a probation officer. You are just short of your twenty-first birthday, Richard, so the Judge has made Ms. Crookman your legal guardian as required by Law.”

“What's she gonna do with me? I mean, what kind of community service will I have to do? I hope it isn't something dumb, I mean, something where people will see me like...”

“Well, community service means something for the good of the community. There's food service work, street cleanup and parks work... things like that. It will be up to your guardian to pick something for you. Just don't buck it. Call her, 'Ma'am,' be polite. and do what you're told. You'll get past it. Remember, the idea is for you to develop some manners. This is supposed to teach you gentility and consideration for others. Whatever she gives you to do, just do it, and you had better be nice about it or I'll be back here trying to keep you out of jail, which I will fail at. I know Her Honor. She'll clap you in the pokey in a minute. She doesn't like smarty boys.”

“Cheee...zz, all I did was take a crap on a park swing...”

“Be glad she didn't hear about the rest of your antisocial behavior, the drunk charge I got dropped, and I kept your graffiti writing out of evidence. You were only charged with indecent exposure and disorderly conduct. If they knew about all that you did, you'd be in service the rest of your life. Now off you go, and don't forget to be polite to your new guardian.”

“Hey, what was that bit about female dress? Is she gonna make me wear a dress or

“I'm afraid so, Richard. Crookman is notorious for it. She puts all her wards in pretty frocks. It's just her style.”

“Oh, no, I'm not wearing a dress for anyone.”

“You'll wear them for her, Richard, or you'll do your community service in her underground dungeon. Look, don't sweat it. Just do what she wants and I'll try to get you off on appeal. OK?” The lawyer stepped back and looked at her young client.

“You'll make a fairly pretty girl, Richard. It's embarrassing as hell, but they say it works like a charm. Be pretty and be good

The deputy led Richard away as his lawyer packed papers into her briefcase, tossing her long auburn tresses clear of her coat collar. She smiled and winked at her client, fetchingly, looking over her shoulder as her high heels clicked on the parquet floor. Richard hung his head and scowled at the petite deputy who steered him by his elbow toward the side door and to the waiting squad car. She eased him into the back seat and climbed behind the wheel as the dispatcher handed her a clipboard.

“Esther Crookman,” announced the dispatcher. “She'll learn him some manners, I reckon.” The deputy let out a long slow whistle.

“Mr. de Coucy,” she announced, “Her honor has selected only the best for you. If Crookman can't teach you to be a gentleman, no one can. but don't try her out, sonny. She'll break you like a stick. Thanks, Charlie, I'd better get this prisoner out to La Esther or she'll be on my case, a fate worse than death. Richard, my boy, you are going to do community service like you never imagined. The Crookman has redesigned the meaning of the term. With her you serve. I mean you really serve and serve and serve. Here we go.” The deputy pulled out into traffic. Richard squirmed on the back seat, opening and closing his manacled hands uselessly. The torque of the turning car caused him to tip over on the seat.

“Sonofabitch,” he mumbled, unable to right himself. The chains and shackles rattled noisily as he pulled his pinioned legs up onto the seat. He lay disconsolately on the seat as the deputy smoothed the patrol car onto the freeway. She carried on a ceaseless chatter which Richard, having no choice, was forced to hear.

“Your new guardian has a reputation for being a sweetheart, and real housemother, just a kindly old aunty who provides guidance and counsel to the boys the Courts send to her. But butter won't melt in her mouth. The Lady runs on ice water and if you cross her, or fail to measure up, you can expect the punishment gigs to get real tough. She's got a room in the basement where she puts the hard cases to sleep with the rats. She's got an iron cage and a lot of other scary stuff down there, but it's up to you. Just don't give her an excuse. Hey, you look like a big strong lad. You'll be able to take it. Just treat her like she is an empress and you'll do fine. You look like the kind that won't crack up.”

“Crack up? I mean, people crack up, like break down? What's she gonna do to me? The judge said she's gonna make me wear dresses. I don't think I can take that.”

“Oh, you'll take it. That's how she takes the fire and spunk out of you guys. It's fun to see how swishing around in petticoats and high heels brings you smartasses down. You'll take it. You ain't got any choice. Then, she'll find you some nice kind of service job that will make you remember why you're there. There's food service work. That's her favorite. Most of the waitresses at the Chambers Club are her probationers. She probably start you out cleaning bathrooms or as a coat check girl. It isn't so bad, pal. Hanging up coats and handing out towels isn't the worst work in the world. It beats working on the highways.” The squad car rolled out of town and into the plush terrain of the city's lakeshore mansions. It swung up a long curving driveway and beneath a porte cochere. Richard stared in awe as a butler moved into the drive with a wheelchair. The deputy opened the car door and helped the butler lift Richard out and into the chair. The deputy handed the butler the clipboard she carried.

“Richard de Coucy, one to three for being a jerk, Edmonds. Treat him nice, he has a temper and calls people nasty names when he's mad.”

“Oh, dear, me,” said the butler, staring down at Richard. “I trust we won't have to put a gag on you, Miss. They are terribly uncomfortable, you know.” Richard cringed.

“Miss! You called me 'Miss,' Sir. I'm not a 'miss' you silly bug...” He abruptly bit his tongue and clapped his mouth shut.

“I am Edmonds, Miss,” announced the butler in a soft tone, “and that is how you may refer to me, if you please. I called you 'Miss' because my mistress has informed

me that is what you are now. It is right here on your commitment papers, Miss Renee de Coucy, prisoner.” Richard covered as the white haired butler released the brake on the wheelchair and wheeled him through the huge oak doors and down a long gallery beneath hanging chandeliers and past oil portraits of family luminaries. Near the far end of the gallery he opened a concealed door and wheeled Richard into a dark cubicle, closing the door behind him.

Richard squirmed in the darkness, tried to stand up, unsuccessfully, and listened carefully for any sound. Beyond the wall in front of him he heard the tinkle of laughter and women's voices. He strained to hear.

“A girl,” tittered one of the voices. “Really, you're going to turn him into a girl? I don't believe it. How precious, so ingenious, Esther. He'll just die of shame.

“I doubt it, but he'll be pretty embarrassed for a while. How else do you teach a clod to be genteel and mind his manners? Why you turn him into a little lady for a while. Girls are everything Judge Westrum wants this one to become, so we'll just make him learn to be a little lady.” Peals of titters leaked through the door and the room went silent.

“Shit!” he said, but not loud enough to be heard. “Oh shit, oh dear, oh crap, oh crud. What have I gotten into?” He would soon find out but not until he has spent some considerable time cramped up in his wheelchair, straining for more voices. He lost track of time and began to lose consciousness from time to time. His discomfort and the rattling of his chains brought him back, however.

## Chapter 2

Dozing, Richard was awakened by the turning of a lock. A moment later the panel door slid open and Edmonds wheeled Richard into a richly appointed library, carpeted in oriental carpeting, with paneled walls and a large chandelier hanging in the center of the ceiling. At one side of the room, behind an ornate, gilt desk, sat his new guardian. Her golden tresses, slightly tinged with white, were piled in coils atop her head. Seated in a gold, straight backed chair, she leaned her chin on her elbows, her long, crimson nails tapered at the ends of her fingers. Several rings flashed in the light. She wore a black, turtle necked sweater of silk jersey and a knee length sheath skirt with a jacket of red and gold brocade which had a gold pin on the left lapel. Her black hose were patterned with black lace and on her feet she wore a pair of court pumps of black ribbed faille with French heels about three inches high. Her face was a perfect masque of delicately blended hues with glossy crimson lipstick and deeply set, dark eyes enshrouded in shadow and eyeliner. Her arched black brows had been brushed and darkened carefully. From her ears dangled pearl drop earrings set in gold. Richard detected a twinkle in her eyes and an air of amusement about her. He had rarely seen a more beautiful, or appealing woman. He sucked in his breath, blinking in the new found light of the room. He wanted nothing more than to tear her clothes off and carry her away to bed. That thought unnerved him, in the light of what he had been told about the character of his new probation officer.

“Welcome to Crookman House, Renee, my dear. This is your place of penance. I am your guardian, the keeper of your fate. You may call me 'Madame'.” The butler leaned down and whispered in his ear.

“Say, 'Good afternoon, Madame,' if you know what's good for you.”

“Good afternoon, Madame,” he mumbled. It came out in a croak.

“Good afternoon, Renee, dear. How good of you to come.”

“I do apologize for keeping you waiting in the closet. It's awfully stuffy in there. I was conferring with Mme. Willoughby about your community service. She is the Maitresse de Salle a Manger, at The Chambers. Do you know The Chambers, dear?” Richard wished she would stop calling him dear. It was bad enough to be called Renee.

“Yes, Madame. I did lunch there with my lawyer.”

“Then you know it to be the club where the people from the bar association gather. You will serve the legal profession there. Mme. Willoughby has an opening for a powder room attendant. Have you ever been a powder room attendant, darling?” His guardian smiled broadly, her amusement spreading across her lovely face. Richard cringed at having gone from “dear” to “darling.”

“No, Madame,” he replied, his heart sinking.

“Oh, good,” she replied. “Then this will be a new experience for you.” Richard realized that, and squirmed in displeasure at the thought of handing out towels to lady lawyers and judges.

“Now, then, precious Renee, that's all settled, isn't it? I'm going to tell you what I want, and then you can tell me what you want. We shall negotiate an understanding. That way we will get along famously. shan't we?” Richard nodded his assent. “First, you must tell me what you want more than anything else right now.”

Ah...gee, I guess I want to be out of these manacles."

“Why certainly, how ungracious of me, just when I am trying to teach you graciousness. Edmonds, take them off her, if you please.” The butler bowed and touched his forehead with a knuckle.

“Do sit over here by my desk,” proffered his elegant mistress. “There, just make yourself comfortable while we have a nice chat. Edmonds, would you send Monique in with the tea tray. Our Renee looks famished. Will you take tea with me, dear?”

“Yes, Madame. Thank you, Madame. I love tea.” It wasn't true. He detested tea. Beer was more his style, but Richard didn't want to get off on the wrong foot with this awesome woman.

“Now then, I have given you something you wanted, and just for the asking. May I tell you what I want more than anything right now?”

“Yes, Madame, please.”

“I want you to be a pretty girl and a perfect little lady. Can you do that for me?”

The maid entered and set the silver tea service and a stacked tray of cakes and sandwiches on the desk. Ms. Crookman poured and shoved the tray toward Richard. “One lump or two, my dear?” Richard asked for two, and lemon. She handed him the Limoges cup and saucer. The tea was surprisingly comforting and he was quite famished by the day's ordeal

“Yes, Madame, I'll try, but I'm not a girl. And even if you call me Renee, I don't see how I can do it, but I'll sure try.”

“Why you will have all the help we can give you. You will have pretty frocks to wear, and pert little uniforms, a wig and high heels, everything you need to be ever so feminine. The realization that your failure to succeed will bring upon you the most distasteful punishments should motivate you to be ever so gracious and dainty. You see, it is by joining the female gender that you will learn to behave as a gentleman when your period of probation is over and your pants are returned to you.

“You will give me what I want, won't you? It will admittedly be more difficult than my removing your restraints, but I am sure you can do it if you will.”

“Yes, Madame. I mean, I'm not in a position to refuse, am I?”

“Of course not! I should hate terribly to make you work off demerits. You wouldn't like it at all. So, it will be very much better if you can be a pretty girl for me without my having to persuade you. Drink up your tea, now, sweetheart, and do have a cucumber sandwich. We must turn you over to Monique, shortly, to get you into your work uniform. You'll just love it. The ruffled apron and satin cap are so dainty. Have you ever worn a uniform before, dear?”



“No, Madame,” was all he could say. The watercress was bitter on his tongue and it shriveled his mouth.

“No more manacles and chains for you then. We are agreed on that, or at least until you stop being sensible. You do seem so sensible, my dear, not at all what I expected from your court records. I can't imagine what could have caused you to leave ca-ca on the park swings. Were you drunk at the time.” Richard was afraid to admit it for fear that he might wind up back in court facing Judge Westrum again. He was afraid to lie, however, for fear that his mistress might seal up his mouth. The deputy had horrified him with tales of prisoners wearing gags for lying. She had said that whatever part of a prisoner offended Mme. Crookman was disabled in retaliation, and lying was a grave offense.

“Yes, Madame, we had been drinking. I guess I must have been out of my mind.”

“Most assuredly. During your stay here we will see to it that you remain in your mind. Now, what else do you want?”

“Um... I want to do my community service where no one will see me, like...being seen would be kind of embarrassing.”

“Oh, dear, but that is how you will learn, my dear. Nothing is remembered so well as the lessons learned in humiliation. I can't grant you freedom from embarrassment. You will have to deal with that yourself, but I do think as you become accustomed to your work and your little uniform, that you will outgrow the embarrassment. When you have done so, you will have succeeded in the acquisition of humility, which is one of the things you are here to learn. Now then, we must get you to work on time. Edmonds, please advise Monique that Miss Renee is ready to dress for work, ready to be transformed into a powder room attendant. Take heart Renee, in time you will move up to bus girl; then to waitress and; if you are very pretty and very good you will become a dining room hostess. Isn't that exciting?”

“Yes, Madame,” he replied. The pictures in his head didn't excite him all. They just made him blush. The maid returned, curtsying as she entered. Mme. Crookman stood and walked from behind her desk. She took Richard's hands in hers and kissed him on both cheeks, very maternally.

“You mustn't be frightened, precious. I am sure that everyone has told you the most dreadful stories about what I do to my wards, but they are quite exaggerated. Those tales are all gossip and rumor. They arise when I am required to apply stringent measures to correct uncooperative wards. I think we are off to a good start together. You have nothing to fear so long as you are a polite, gracious and considerate probationer. It's up to you dear. Now run along with Monica and let her dress you appropriately for your work. Monica, I have laid out Renee's work uniform on her bed. Let me see her when she is dressed and tell Clarke he will take her down to work at five.” The maid curtsied again, acknowledging the orders. Richard followed the little maid out of the room, lusting after the wiggle of her posterior as she clicked along on her heels. As he went out the door he overheard his guardian commenting to the butler.

“This one's a pussy cat, Edmonds, just a sweetie. I don't think he's going to give us a bit of trouble. Did you see his face? He's terrified. Nevertheless, you had best stand by in case he freaks when Monique brings out the corset and brassiere.”

“Certainly Madame,” said the butler, bowing. “Stand by it is, then. And Mme. Wiloughby called with her best compliments and would you be prepared to see the waitress Bettina, whom she is sending down for correction?”

“Certainly Edmonds. Rig the stocks. We shall find out just what our Bettina has done, or failed to do, and let her meditate a while on her sins. I suppose she has forgot to curtsy again. She is such a stupid girl. I despair of her ever passing for a certified waitress. We will drill her on her regulations while she sits for us.” Richard trembled at these words. Monica steered him along by one elbow.

“Dear me,” she said, “Poor Bettina, she can’t remember the difference between Coq au Vin and Poulet Evangeline, a Manhattan and a martini. I think Madame is right, she will never qualify and will remain a bus girl forever.”

“What are they going to do to her, Monique?”

“Oh, just put her feet up in the stocks for a while and drill her on her wait persons manual.”

“Will they hurt her?”

“Of course not, silly. Madame wants her prisoners to squirm, not to writhe in pain. She wants to reach your emotions, not make you scream.”

“But the deputy said...”

“Of course, she did. They want to scare the hell out of every prisoner. It's just their kind of game. Just be good and you'll have no trouble.”

“Please Monica, this costume I have to wear, I mean, is it really awful? I mean it is a dress and all, isn't it? I've never worn a dress before. Is it terribly uncomfortable?”

“Just the corset, sweetie, and the heels. But you'll get used to both. Once the corset conforms to your shape, it gets real easy to wear. I wouldn't be without mine anymore. It's like a second skin. And the heels, well, they take some getting used to, but once you've been in them for a few days, you'll feel weird without them. Don't worry, honey. You're going to make a great girl once you get over being embarrassed about it.”

Monica ushered Richard into a small cubicle containing a cot, a vanity table and a washstand with two chairs. On the cot lay Renee's work uniform, a pile of black and white silk garments. Monica told him to undress as she held up a black satin corset, ruched and ruffled and festooned with lace. Richard hesitated and blushed.

“Oh, go on, already, you silly twit,” chided the maid. “Don't you think I've seen naked boy/girls before? You guys are all the same. You want to conquer us on your terms, but you're afraid to have a girl see you naked. Now off with it all before I have to send for the kitchen maids to strip you.”

The idea of being stripped by two burly kitchen girls moved Richard to action and he was soon standing naked in front of Monica, holding his hands over his groin like a virginal maiden. Monica giggled as she wrapped the corset around his waist. The cool silk encompassed his waist. He felt like he might faint.

Richard really did regret his outlandish behavior in the park that night. He had had a few beers and all the resentment and antipathy which he harbored in his heart dropped down from the recesses of his unconscious and expressed themselves, all over the playground equipment. Later, when he came to in the jail cell he was horrified. He actually felt a genuine remorse, not only for his antisocial behavior but for the embarrassment all this had caused his parents. They were really decent people who had raised him to be a respectful, dutiful and responsible person. What frightened him the most was the realization that he was harboring these resentments just under the surface of his psyche. He was too naive to realize yet that we are all that way, that civilization, etiquette, respectfulness and cooperativeness are a thin veneer over a raging inner turmoil of emotions which may get out of control at any time. Alcohol is a great solvent for that veneer of decency and, coupled with the desires of the id for sexual union, make an explosive mix.

Richard really liked girls. He was long past the awkward stage of isolating them in their own world where he would be safe from them. He pursued them, especially the delicious Allison Wilts, the mere presence of whom turned Richard's knees to jelly and brought his member virile instantly to attention. Allison had something about her that turned Richard into a testosterone terror. He could usually keep his behavior within the bounds of propriety, but when he nestled his face into her long, curled blonde locks and the odor of her perfume filled his nostrils, everything came unglued, especially if she probed his mouth with her long, pink tongue.

He thought how fortunate it had been that Allison wasn't around the night of the beer bust in the park. Had she been, he was certain, he would have lost it altogether and now be doing time for a more serious crime. Allison had been the soul of understanding and compassion at the trial, and had even testified as a character witness for him. He thought that was very kind, given what he now knew of the instability of his erotic desires. Judge Willoughby had congratulated Allison on her devotion to her boyfriend, saying she was sweet to be so kind. But, underneath it all Richard could tell the judge wasn't really buying it.

Now he was being transformed into a girl and that was somehow supposed to put a harness on his id. How would that work, he wondered.

Monica had him on his stomach on the little cot threading the laces of his corset through their eyelet's, pulling each crossed lace tight as she went, crushing his waist in the grip of the whalebone stays. How, he wondered, did Madame Crookson figure that this effeminization was going to teach him to be a gentleman? It was backwards, he thought. Military officers were said to be gentleman, he thought, and he could have understood if Judge Willoughby had consigned him to a military academy, there to learn manners and discipline and emerge a gentleman. But an attendant in a powder room, feminized, mincing about in high heels? Certainly that might teach him to be a lady. In fact, that is what she expected him to learn; "to be a perfect little lady." Those had been her very words, scarifying words, excoriating words, but how, he wondered, would perfecting himself as a lady teach him to be a gentleman? He decided to inquire into this question with his guardian whenever he might be allowed. Monica threaded the last eyelet and tied the laces in front after wrapping them around his waist twice.

“Oooh, svelte, really trim. Here, let me measure.” The dressmaker's tape encircled Richard's waist. “Twenty four inches, Renee, darling. Very nice! If you're good, I am sure Madame won't make me take you down below twenty two inches. Below that, we have to start removing ribs.”

Richard's head swam. They couldn't do that, could they?

“Monica! They can't do that can they? I mean, that's surgery. They can't do surgery without my permission, can they?”

“You're a prisoner, sweetie. La Madame can order anything she deems necessary for your reformation.” She pointed derisively at Richard's semi-erect member and followed up. “And we had better find a way to keep that thing out of sight or she'll have it off as well. Here, let me find you a gaffe to hide it in.” She rummaged amongst the pile of ruffles and garments on the bed and produced a satin gaffe with lace edges on its straps and held it out to him. Blushing, he pulled it on and tucked his genitals out of harm's way.

“Come on Monica, you're kidding, right? I mean, surgery. That's going a bit far. Removing ribs! They don't do that anymore, right?”

Monica smiled as Richard blushed crimson. She held out a pair of sheer black nylon hose to him, indicating that he should roll them on.

“Madame said she wants you to be a pretty girl, Renee, and she's the one who decides if you are pretty enough or not. When she gets a look at you in your femme attire, she'll make recommendations for becoming prettier. If that involves fewer ribs or new teeth or breast implants, that's what happens.”

Richard rolled on the stockings, awkwardly as Monica stood back and smiled approvingly. He wished she would shut up.

“I wouldn't worry about it too much,” she encouraged him. “Let's get a brassiere on you, some hip pads and then have a look. You're young and your complexion is very smooth -and baby-like. Not much beard yet, although I wouldn't be surprised if she orders some electrolysis, at least. Just be thankful you aren't one of these middle aged macho types she gets. They are a major undertaking. Here, just slip into your bra, sweetie.” Richard nearly fainted as the silicone inserts filled out the D cups and his breasts sprang to life.

“Oh my God, they're Winnebagos.” he cried out. Monica tittered mischievously.

“Yes, indeed, Winnebagoes they are,” she tittered, “but quite proportional. With a forty-two inch chest band, they have to be D cups. Otherwise you'd look underdeveloped. Now if we pad those hips out to about 35 inches, you're going to look just fine.”

Richard stared down over his bosom, over the dull black lace covering the strain of his brassiere, as Monica tied the hip and buttocks padding around his nipped waist. The pads too were of lace covered black satin. The maid knelt and slipped black patent leather pumps with ankle straps onto his feet and buckled them on. As he rose, he toppled forward. Monica steadied him.

“Oh, Lord, I'll never be able to walk in these,” he complained.

"Of course you will, dearie," Monica corrected him. "Just keep stepping heel to toe and heel to toe. Bend your knees and keep them together, fanny up and out, shoulders back and roll with the step." Richard stared at her incredulously. "Maybe a "Ladymaker" will help. If I don't put one on you now Madame is sure to order it later. Let's see now... Ah, yes there it is, right under your slip."

"A Ladymaker? What's a Ladymaker?" he demanded to know, leaning up against the wall.

"Just two little leather garters, hon, with a couple of links of chain between them. See, one goes around each thigh, right here above the knee. It keeps your stride short and your thighs together when you sit down." She buckled the straps around his thighs and led him by one hand back in front of the long mirror. "Sit down there, she commanded, and we'll make that face of yours ever so pretty. Have you ever worn make up before?"

"N...no!" he answered looking up at her beseechingly. "D... do I have to?"

Monica broke out in peals of laughter.

"How do expect to be a pretty girl without make-up? I don't think you understood Madame at all. All pretty girls wear makeup."

"Don't you have a girl friend? I'll be she wears make-up. You do have a girl friend don't you, Renee?" She peered closely into his face, pursing her lips and slathering foundation onto it with a plastic paddle. "Oh, dear, maybe you don't... Are you one of those boys who doesn't like girls? Are you a sissy boy, Renee?" Richard felt the hot rush of anger and passion run through him. He seized the maid's head in both of his hands and pressed his lips to hers forcibly.

There's you answer, you damn bitch," he shouted. "I may be called Renee, and I may be wearing heels and a corset, but I'm no damned sissy. Yes, girls turn me on. You turn me on, Monica, and so does Madame. I may have to do my time in dresses and tresses, but I like girls." Monica stepped back, holding her hands to her mouth. Edmonds stepped through the door.

"Is our Miss Renee being difficult, Monique?" he asked loftily. "Madame has authorized restraint should he prove difficult."

"Yes, Edmonds, our Renee has just lost it."

"So I noticed. Would you care for some assistance?"

"Yes, Edmonds, if you would hold his head still while I lace on a neck corset, and we can secure his wrists to the arms of the chair maybe I can get him made up and manicured before it's too late and Madame will be on a rampage. He mustn't be late to tend his powder room the first day. Mme. Willoughby will have him cleaning toilets the rest of his natural life." Edmonds held Richard's head motionless in a vice grip as Monica fitted a stayed little corset of black satin around his neck and laced it up in back. There was a long stay at each side of it which poked him beneath each ear and prevented him from moving his head. Another at the front kept his chin elevated. Edmonds tied his wrists to the arms of the chair with blue satin ribbons and left Richard at the mercy of his cosmetologist. The end result was a masterpiece of cosmetology, a

bright masque of firmly drawn colors, as fine as those he had seen on his guardian. Richard stared in amazement at the delicately hued girl face in the mirror as Monica painted the second layer of enamel on his newly lengthened talons.

“Please, Monica, can I have this thing off my neck now? It's awfully uncomfortable and I feel silly. I'm sorry. It won't happen again. Please, Monica?”

“Oh, my, dear, dear me no, darling. You've earned your little collar and only Madame can order it removed. Did you see the little ring just under your chin. That's for your lead chain, sweetie. I'm afraid you are not to be trusted, after all.” As she spoke and capped the polish bottle, Edmonds reappeared bearing a gilt jewelry box. From it Monica withdrew a silver chain of small links with a silver oval disk at its center and tiny clips at each end. She snapped one of them into the silver ring in Richard's new pierced left lobe and the other to the similar ring that had been affixed to the outside of his left nostril. She held the disk aloft and read from it.

“Renee de Coucy, Prisoner #164365. If found, return to Esther Crookman, Guardian.” She let it dangle against his jaw. Well, now into your uniform dress, little cap and apron, precious. I do believe you are about ready to go to work.”

She clipped a six foot silver chain to the ring on his neck corset and lay it in his lap. Monica picked up a petticoat with three tiers of ruffles from the bed and held it aloft.

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Richard felt like he was being led to the gallows. What horrors of embarrassment lay in wait for him, he hardly dared imagine. He envisioned beautiful women laughing, giggling and pointing at him as he made clumsy attempts at waiting on them in the powder room of the Chambers Club.

### Chapter 3

Richard knelt, the busks of his corset digging into his groin painfully, as he removed the street shoes of the lady who had just come into the powder room carrying a shoe bag.

“What is your name girl?” she had asked, politely enough. “Renee? That's a very pretty name. French, isn't it? If you please Renee, fetch my pumps from the bag and slip them on for me. There's a darling.” Richard slowly pushed the blue court pumps of slipper satin onto the elegant woman's arched feet and placed her flats in the bag. “Now then, Renee, darling, just put the bag in my locker down stairs. There's a dear, and here is something for you.” The woman fetched a dollar out of her clutch purse and stuffed it into Richard's neckline. He thanked her with a curtsy. Madame had told him during the inspection before work that his tips would be used to pay his tuition at beauty school. He was not allowed to keep them as he was doing community service. The schooling, which was to begin on Monday, was considered part of his service as it would make him a competent powder room girl.

Richard felt ill at ease as well as embarrassed because he lacked several of the skills required of him in his new job. He nearly fainted when a voluptuous redhead handed him a hairbrush and asked him to brush out her locks and retie the green satin ribbon that held her pony tail in place. He winced as he delicately lifted the used sanitary napkins from the floor of the stalls and wrapped them for disposal. He was awkward, shy and reticent as he handed out towels, brushed hair and clumsily applied lipstick to his ladies. His calves and buttocks ached from the unaccustomed high heels on which he teetered. He was only able to sit down on his little stool rarely as a steady stream of women moved in and out of the washroom.

In one corner was a manicure table at which he freshened the ladies nail polish, but he didn't dare do more. He found himself wanting to be in beauty school after all, so that he might serve his clientele more perfectly. His waist ached from the clench of his corset. His most humiliating moment occurred when one of the Judges, clad in a long black gown, sat down, proffered her leg and asked him to remove her hose, which had a long run. He removed her sling-pumps and blushing rolled her hosiery off, rolling on a new pair and gartered them to Her Honor's panty girdle. It seemed to him that the heavy parade of ladies through the powder room was increasing as word spread that there was a new powder room attendant and it was one of Judge Willoughby's juvenile offender boys. Richard hated that idea so he put it aside.

Edmonds picked him up after closing time, one AM, and led Richard by his lead chain back to the car where he collapsed in tears in the back seat. “Oh, Edmonds, it was perfectly awful,” he sobbed. “I never felt so silly in my life. Does it get better in time? I swear they were all coming in there just to make me squirm?”

“Certainly, Miss, I should think it does. I am sure you will be a bus girl or a waitress soon enough.” That prospect hadn't much appeal either, but it would probably be better than cleaning up the powder room. Mme. Willoughby had been very fussy before releasing him. The powder room had to be scrubbed from top to bottom and disinfected before he was allowed to leave.

Richard had dearly hoped to be rid of his neck corset before he retired, but Madame, taking hot chocolate with him in her office, had explained that it must remain until he had proven completely trustworthy, which she thought might take some weeks. Monica left him in his corset, hose, neck corset and slipped a short, black, lace encrusted baby doll nightie over his body. She made him remove his make up before she allowed him to slip between the satin sheets on his little cot. The hard edged lace lay in layers over his thighs and upon his shoulders. He lay on his back. The stays of his neck corset forced his chin up as the stays in his corset forced his abdomen down. Before he dozed off, he pondered the great question, "How did all this feminizing work to turn him into a gentleman?" His mistress had admonished him to be a perfect lady. "How," he wondered, "could he be a gentleman in all this lace and finery?"

He dreamt of gentlemen in frocks and high heels, chasing after them to ask how they did it, but his legs wouldn't move nor could he speak. The elegant gentleman in his dream merely smiled indulgently at him as he worked his mouth wordlessly. "At least," he thought as he awoke, "it's Sunday and the Chambers Club's closed."

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Primly, pertly, erect, his hands with their crimson talons, lying on top of one another in his lap, Richard smiled waned at his guardian as they ate breakfast. Monica had covered his lacy, short nightie with a black lace bedjacket inset with satin panels. She had tied it closed at the front of his neck corset with a satin ribbon bow. It was more of a cape than a jacket but it had long lace sleeves that widened as they fell from the shoulder. He wore high heeled slippers with tulle pompoms on the toes.

"Now then, Renee, my dear, you are so very good to share your dream with me. Shall I tell you it's meaning, precious? Would you like to know?" Richard nodded insofar as his neck cinch would permit. "Why, the gentlemen all dressed up in lady's finery are those who have accepted the fact that ladies are gentler and more genteel than macho men. They won't tell you about it because they know you must unravel this paradox for yourself. Don't you see? You have, in your period of community service, decked out in all your silk and lace, an opportunity to discover this. That is why Judge Willoughby sentenced you to suffer my guardianship. I make a specialty of helping bad boys become gentlemen by learning to be nice girls. It is your task to figure out how that works and tell me. Then I will know that you understand what is happening to you while you serve out your community service."

"Not at all, Madame," he acknowledged between spoonfuls of grapefruit. "I just don't get it."

"Oh dear," she sighed. "Do you remember that girls are sugar and spice and everything nice?"

"That's just a silly child's verse, Madame. It's not really true. I know lots of girls who are sour and bitter and not nice at all."

"Yes, but they aren't little Ladies, as you are, and that's just the point. Judge Willoughby knows that the process of learning to be a perfect Lady will transform you into sugar and spice and all niceness. Can't you see that?"