

TEN PERCENT

By Jo199



ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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“Well, thass a fine howdie doo,” slobbered David as he stumbled through the door held open by Debra. He dropped his coat on a chair and fell over an untied shoestring. David looked up from the expensive Persian rug, finding the maid's feet. In spite of her best efforts to step back, he grabbed at her leg, stammering, “Bitches can't sheem ta keep shtill?”

Edith came running, still in her gown, and started, “My word. Master David!”

To that David gave one quick wink and laughed before passing out.

“Oh look, he's put a run in my best stocking!” exclaimed Debra.

Edith, old enough to be David's or Debra's mother, resigned herself to tending to the young Master. A glance out the front door's window told her how close he'd come to not making it home; the car was parked into the great drive's circular garden.

“We should put him to bed, I guess,” Edith finally said, coaxing Debra to lend a hand. Together they managed to drag the young man to a downstairs guestroom and strip him to his T-shirt and boxers. “My god, even his shirt smells of beer,” said Debra.

“Oh, please Miss Eddie, can't we leave him with it? We're not supposed to be nurses, you know,” chimed Debra, eager to get to bed after waiting up half the night for the Master to wander home.

“Not nurses, you say? I'll have you know I've washed every one of this man's diapers and it was but hours ago that you had a go at his underwear in the wash yourself. Though, to be honest, I did like him a far bit more when he was a wee lad,” admonished Edith as she pulled the shirt off of the limp, heavy body of the man.

“Not me, Miss Eddie. I prefer them the Master's age, though I prefer them most with a bit more then his penny and, you know, with a wee bit of a personality as well. A full nickel short in a number of departments, if you ask me,” said Debra, looking into Master David's boxers where the seam had parted, displaying as good a view as one that might have been staged.

“Shush, child. If his mother were here she'd have you pink slipped for mentioning the Master's privates in such a familiar manner.”

“But she's not, now is she? Not much of a mother, and not here either. Condemning us to care for the second estate and Master David while she lives in the castle upstate! At least I had friends on the staff up there. Here is just the two of us, with thirty rooms to dust. We've been condemned to purgatory, I tell you. I'd have preferred working for young Sarah. At least there are beaches there,” complained Debra.

“Sarah? She's the most spoiled child I've ever had the privilege of avoiding. You have *no* idea what the servants put up with in Florida. Barely nineteen when Master

Ovenhouser passed on, leaving the three primary estates, the biggest to his wife of only a few years, and the smaller two to his siblings. No doubt they will bicker wildly when the Madam leaves this earth for the place our Lord has reserved for those who get their names on public buildings.”

“Shan't be too soon, as young as the elder statesman married, I suppose.”

Edith ignored the comment and continued, “What kind of thing is it to leave his daughter with a party house on the beaches where she's apt to get in all sorts of unladylike troubles? We should be thankful that it is only the young Master who is passed out drunk, compared to what one is apt to find with *that* sort of arrangement,” said Edith, shaking her head.

“Oh, I don't know. At least it wouldn't be boring. Besides, her hut is hardly a party house; it's nearly as big as this place.”

Edith sat down on the edge of the bed and reflected. “My, the fights he and that Sarah had. Her mother did favor her, you know; young Sarah being her own. She made it plain. If you ask me, the young Master is best done with that side of the family. With his father gone and his true mother long past, he's no more than an orphan. No, he *is* an orphan, I suppose.”

“Make *me* such an orphan,” lamented Debra, examining her ruined stocking.

“Oh look, he's been bruised,” said Edith, examining David's back.

“Looks as if he has been whipped, if you ask me,” added Debra, looking closely in the room's dim light.

“With his lady friend? Allison would never do such a thing. She's too proper,” noted Edith.

“Well, as I understand it, he's not been out with Miss Allison for some time; the things nearly off, they say. Perhaps he's been to some sort of parlor? Perhaps he likes, you know, special handling,” mused Debra, looking over his body and finding a couple more faded slashes.

“Don't be daft. The marks are probably from sitting in that fancy sports car. The things are made for picking up loose women and wasting youth like James Dean, not for comfort like a proper American sedan,” exclaimed Edith. Then she thought awhile and added, “What do you mean, ‘special handling’?”

“You know. Mistresses in leather, that sort of thing. I've had lots of friends into the gothic goings on. It's gotten to be quite popular back in the civilized world, even upstate. Of course, we being so isolated ten miles out from a decent city and the proper sort of servants, it isn't something to be brought home,” explained Debra as she fidgeted with the bedding.

“You've done that sort of carrying on?”

“Well, not much, though I've imagined it exciting at times,” Debra said. It would never do to pretend too much liberalism if a servant wanted to retain a decent position among old money. She knew that even stories between friends had their way of carrying past the fold.

“There is, of course, another explanation,” countered Edith, pulling a blanket over the Master and heading for the door.

Debra followed, turning off the light before shutting the door. “What do you propose to wager I'm right?”

“What? That the Master is into being whipped by women of ill repute?”

“Exactly! Or, at least that he imagines such things. Many men do, you know.”

“I'll have none of it,” said Edith.

“The windows and laundry for a week,” offered Debra.

They had arranged to share most of the duties since assigned to come with David to staff the house. Ironing was the worst of the little chores, and of course windows were a little joke among them. “Fine then. But, you have to bring me proof. I'll not take any insinuations either. I'll expect good proof by tomorrow evening. Is it a deal?”

“OK, I suppose,” said Debra, happy just to find something to do to escape the boredom of being a low-paid maid in a musty old house two hundred miles away from her friends.

“And one more thing. Don't get caught snooping. If you are, I've had no hand in this,” advised Edith as she tossed the Master's clothing into the chute and walked back toward her still-warm room in the servant's wing.

“Well then, I suppose I need to start right away while he's out,” whispered Debra to herself as she stood alone in the hallway.

She walked up the stairs and right into Master David's huge room. Off to the side was a second set of doors to the study. Debra booted the fancy new computer. She wasn't stupid; she had a computer of her own (though decidedly more modest) and had taken several courses at the college. She clicked on “start” and then on “find”. *OK, a word to look for?*, she thought She typed in “mistress”, then hit “enter”. The search started. Almost immediately three files showed up. Then, as it found one particular folder, pay dirt: Dozens of text files filled the screen. Debra found one called “Pansie.txt”, clicked on it and started reading. “Oh, this is sweet,” whispered Debra, followed by, “This just *can't* be this easy.” Knowing that she'd not be doing ironing or windows for a week, her finger clicking on the printer icon.

“But that's not the best of it,” said Debra excitedly to Edith. “The funnest part was when I typed in ‘sissy maid’. I'll tell you this, it's no longer a mystery to me where my missing panties have gone.”

“Shush. It's his own business what he likes to read, and you have no reason to suspect Master David has been into your panties.”

“Oh, don't I? I'll have to prove that as well, I suppose,” offered Debra.

“You'll get us both fired. I've worked for the family for nearly thirty years. How will I retire if you keep this up and get us caught at it?”

“A month of laundry or even up, and I'll prove he has my panties,” offered Debra, as if not hearing the older woman's concerns.

When Edith didn't answer, Debra added, “I'll not involve you. Besides, I have a plan that won't draw suspicion. I'll just leave some panties out where he thinks I've dropped them. If they turn up missing, then we'll know. Besides, it might come in handy for the future to have a thing or two on the young Master. Take for example how miserly your pension is apt to be. Social security, base level, the bulk of it. Women don't retire from this profession, they just slow down and hope the family doesn't tire of them before they die. Often the family thinks of it like putting the old milk cow out to pasture. The next thing you know, the state has you in a home on public funds. It's just one more way the rich have to duck their social responsibilities.”

“That's an awful thing to say,” scolded Edith.

“Yes it is. It is terribly awful,” said Debra, taking a carefully folded pair of her panties out of a great pocket in her apron and situating it carefully on the floor near the wall of the upper rooms' hallway.

Edith's first inclination was to pick them up, then she thought better of it. What would it matter? Even if Master David did pick them up, let him have them if Debra was so intent upon losing them. “I'll not go for more than two weeks if you are right. And, stay out of Master David's personal drawers,” she finally said, before moving on to her next chores.

“Deal,” said Debra to the older maid as she watched Edith walk away with the waddle and bent back of a woman who'd worked her whole life, was going on fifty and was, unfortunately, still at it. Of course, if she proved her point, Debra had no intention of making poor Edith do the windows. What that woman needs is a guardian angel, Debra imagined, feeling better about the direction things were taking with each little scheme.

The panties didn't last the morning that Debra allowed them. Debra hinted at breakfast that she and Edith would be busy cleaning out the kitchen storage. David ate his poached egg and pre-segmented grapefruit sections before announcing his retirement to work in the study. The usual line was something about managing the family businesses; Debra had learned the second week of the job that even though the assets had been divvied out three ways, David's mother and the family business partners did most of the managing for the three estates. The most David ever did was advise the family broker to trade a few shares of stock every few months. This was done mostly through email, a preoccupation apt to do as much damage as good, Edith thought. She imagined that she'd learned more about finance through her night courses at college than David knew from a lifetime of owning the real thing. The rest of the time he spent playing fantasy games on the Internet, she guessed, judging from the volume of material she'd uncovered.

Past nightfall, Edith walked out to the back porch, finding Debra in a halter, black miniskirt and even blacker tights. Edith had a textbook on her lap and was chewing the end of her eraser.

It was Edith's evening to remain available, still in her gray, calf-length maid dress. As was customary after five, the off-duty maid was restricted to the service wing, kitchen, back porch and backyard areas. Her night on call, Edith was encouraged to quietly venture into the main first floor rooms, making herself available. The top floor was generally "no maid's land" except for late morning cleanings or when called.

Edith began, "I see the Master took your bait, so I just wanted you to know that I mean to honor the bet."

"Oh, that. I was just playing about that, dear. I'll be taking my usual turn with the dishes tomorrow and we'll save the windows for fall and spring as usual. Where is the Master? Is he still up there playing with himself, or has he gone out to get himself into some trouble?"

"In the study. Watching football and on his third beer, I'm afraid," said Edith.

"Goodness. Must have been a full night at the whipping post to cover a couple of days," teased Debra.

"Even if he *did* like that sort of thing, I don't imagine it's something one does daily," replied Edith, proving that even she could have a sense of humor about such a thing if prodded enough. Edith took a seat with an audible sigh born of much-needed rest.

Debra laughed and kicked a sexy leg which dangled over a chair leg. Just then a hand bell rang. "Oh god, the bell. You'd think in the twenty-first century, even old money would wise up to how uncool hand-belling servants is."

"Oh well. Duty calls," said Edith, starting to get up.

"Now, don't you dare get up. I'll take care of it," said Debra, tossing her book onto the outdoor couch and jumping to her feet. Her breasts jiggled erotically in the halter as she bounced up. A good ten inches of midriff was visible between the bottom of her halter and the top of her way-too-short mini-dress. Debra stepped into her black, two-inch heels and started for the back door of the main house.

"No, no, honey. I'll get it. You're just not, you know, appropriate," said Edith, again struggling to her feet.

Debra stopped in front of Edith and put her hand to the older lady's chest, gently pushing her back down into her cushy seat. "I said I'll handle it. Besides, if I know my Master David, this little number is just the sort of thing to make his day." With that she was gone.

Debra's heels pre-announced her arrival into the grand living room. The room was so big that the thirty-inch television sat in a cabinet ten feet from the far wall. Another thirty feet closer to the main hallway, two couches faced one another, while a huge-backed chair actually faced the television. David was lying on one of the couches, his shoes up on the expensive fabric. Debra recalled many ordeals with some rather toxic

cleaners, rubbing out the black stains and hoping to God that they came out without ruining the couch. Off to one side a coffee table housed three empty Canadian beer cans, one on its side. Next to that lay a half-spilled bag of chips. David's hand was just letting go of the hand bell he was about to re-ring before hearing the heels coming up behind him.

As if without a care in the world, Debra sat down in the couch opposite, reached over to take a chip off the table, and crossed her legs as she joined him in viewing the New England Patriot's game.

David looked over, a scowl instantly creasing his forehead. His mouth even opened, the instinct to scold his immediate first impulse. But then he saw the legs. Only the fact that she had them crossed kept him from seeing "all the way to heaven". His scowl disappeared as he rudely fixed the stare. Catching himself, he looked away, then peeked again, stealing glimpses. He wasn't sure exactly what to say, not really wanting the view to depart. Still, it wasn't the usual protocol and he did have a need. David stammered, "Uh, would you mind getting a beer?"

"Debra," said Debra.

"What?"

"My name is Debra. I've worked for your family for several years now. My name is Debra, Master David," she said.

"Oh. Well, of course, I know that. I've called you Debra before," he said, feeling a little defensive, as if someone had just called him a racist or something equally indefensible.

"I'd like a beer too. Would you mind, Master David?" she asked, wondering how much mileage she could get out of a halter and short skirt. It took all her will to look away at the screen and take on the appearance of absent-mindedness as her unguided hand took a whole handful of chips.

"Oh," his mouth sighed, confusedly. After a few seconds he got up.

"Oh, and if you don't mind, could you take the empties? I mean, since you're going that way," added Debra, still looking at an instant replay.

She heard him grab the empties, then disappear into the kitchen. When he was gone, she whispered to herself, "God, I can't *believe* this is working. I don't imagine he even knows where the trash can is."

David looked under every cupboard before giving up on the trash can and setting the cans in the sink instead. "Where's the fucking beer?" he mouthed to himself, looking in the three big refrigerators before finding a pair of cans. Then he walked back to the living room couch and sat down. He sat Debra's down on the coffee table, opened his own and started to drink.

"Be a dear, and open mine, will you? I've gotten greasy from these chips," said Debra without looking away from the television.

"Shit. OK," said Steve, laughing to himself. What the hell, he thought; it must be Sadie Hawkins Day in the maid quarters. Two can play at this though, he mused. David reached over and opened the can, pushing it closer to the relaxing maid. As he

did, he leaned over as far as he could until he could see right up the side of her skirt to the edge of her panties. Feeling that he'd gotten some vengeance in return, Steve sat back to enjoy the game.

"Were you looking at my panties, Master David?" asked Debra without looking over to the man.

"No, Debra. I was just giving you your beer," he explained.

"Well then, could you keep an eye out? I seem to have misplaced a pair. It's not all that important, but on my wages, you know..." She let that hang while she picked up her beer.

"Are you asking for a raise?" asked David, wanting to avoid the unexpected topic of the missing panties.

"Oh, no sir. I was just inquiring about my panties. Not that I really need them all that much. I mean, I have others, you know. I wouldn't even bother to ask if I knew they were going to some good use. You know how it is with us girls; we don't like to see things go to waste. You remember that party last month? Well, Edith and I ate fancy finger food and veggies for two weeks after that. We barely had to cook, except for your meals, of course, sir. Almost makes up for having to do all the work. Those little crab rolls; well, they're kind of a weakness of mine now."

"That's nice, Debra," said David, unused to the help being so informal and talkative, but willing to allow it if it would move the conversation away from the panties. David squirmed in his seat, shifting the panties he'd stolen enough to keep them from making him ride a wedgie.

"Of course, since you've offered, Edith certainly could use a raise, or at least a little something along the lines of a monetary reward, don't you think? She's been working for the family so long. I'm terribly worried about her retirement fund," pushed Debra, truly wondering how far she could take such a concept, even considering the halter and legs she'd been waving in front of David's eyes. No doubt she was treading on dangerous turf, but it dawned upon her that worse things could happen than the loss of a maid position out in No Man's Land.

"Retirement? Hmm. I've never considered that she was that far along. So, how much of a raise is it you're talking about?"

Debra stopped half-watching the football game and leaned forward. Her breasts wiggled beautifully as she leaned. "I was thinking ten percent for starters. I mean, if that's not too much. You know, social security averages your last ten years of pay for retirement purposes. So, considering that, good pay in the end can mean an awful lot through the golden years; don't you see? And, we maids are paid so little, wages being reduced in consideration of room and board. Of course, once you're out there in the world, you need to find your own accommodations. You can see how that lost benefit can become a disadvantage due to how social security is calculated."

"Alright already. Enough with your begging. I'll give her ten percent. Now will you be quiet, woman, so I can watch my game?" broke David.

“Thank you, sir. Edith will be so pleased. If you don't mind, I'll write up the contract. I have to do a contract for my business class at the university. You do know I've been taking classes, sir?” kept up Debra.

“Something about that. So it's business you've settled on. That's nice. Sure, do the contract,” said David curtly, hoping she'd shut up, or at least move forward a little so he could look her over when she wasn't aiming her mouth in his direction. He'd decided her halter and skirt were a lot nicer than the drab maid dresses she'd been hiding in since his mother hired her. Still, better to see than hear the help, he'd always thought.

“You won't be sorry. I've always felt that goodness is rewarded in ways yet unimagined. And sir...,” added Debra getting up to leave.

“Yes, Debra?” he countered, a bit exasperated with all the chatter.

“Well, don't worry about looking for the panties. It was, no doubt, my own carelessness, and as things have turned out, a good thing has come of it.”

“What do you mean?” asked David, feeling that a good offense is always the best defense.

“Nothing was implied, sir. Just that it seemed that my inquiry about my mislaid panties might have helped open our conversation. Edith will be delighted about the ten percent, don't you see?” finished Debra, leaving a slightly troubled David to his football.

Debra passed Edith who'd been eavesdropping from the kitchen—with poor success as her hearing was not what it used to be. Edith followed her out onto the big screened-in back porch. “What on earth were you on about with Master Steve?”

“Nothing much. Just talking. Oh, you'll never guess, but Master Steve offered you a nice raise. I'm to write up the contract myself.”

“A raise? I was thinking us more apt to be fired, child,” fretted Edith as she paced back and forth while wringing her apron.

“Oh, heavens no. We might be maids, but we *can* speak up for ourselves once in a while. Things have come along some since Queen Elizabeth cast her shadow upon the servants' class, you know,” said Debra, picking up her old laptop and beginning the first part of contract construction by piecing together standard forms.

Next afternoon, Edith walked into the kitchen where Debra was fixing chicken Florentine for one. “I found this dropped next to the main stairwell. I suppose it's yours,” she scolded.

“Oh those,” said Debra, taking her garter strap and laughing. “It wasn't for you. I promised them to Master David.”

“You did what?”

“I promised them, or as much as did yesterday when we had our talk. He offered the raise and I said he deserved a reward for his goodness. Something like that anyway. So, I left them for him to find. I'll just put them back before he wanders down.”

“So he's out with everything then?”

“Not yet, but he might be. It never pays to keep such things secret.”

“I don't know about that. It wouldn't do to have him prancing about in some kind of gown either,” countered Edith.

“Why not? Nobody is here but us girls. Besides, it's his house, and he should be able to do what he pleases in it, don't you think?”

Edith paused to think it over, and reluctantly yielded. “I suppose, though it would seem a bit more like a flop house in the midst of such a scene.”

“Well, it's not our decision to make and we know it is no such thing. I'll just leave these and we can get back to our duties,” said Debra, walking toward the kitchen door.

“Hey, I'm head maid here. Don't you think *I* should be saying that?” said Edith, half-joking and half-thinking it may be a good idea to reign in Debra before she crossed some kind of line.

“OK, Ma'am.” Debra held the garter belt up over her head like a flag and waited, looking a bit goofy.

“Well then, go on and put them back and let's get back to our duties,” said Edith, virtually repeating what Debra had said.

Debra smiled triumphantly before putting the garters back on the floor by the main stairwell. Two hours later the garter belt was gone.



At six in the evening Debra was in her black maid outfit, serving a dish of sherbet and a last cup of coffee to the Master. Stepping to the side, she folded her hands in front of her lap and waited.

“OK, Debra, I'm game. What do you want today?” asked David, resigning himself to another gab session.

“Well, sir, I have the contract. I was hoping you'd be able to find a few seconds to sign it.

“Fine, fine. Where is it then?”

She reached under a serving tray on the side cart, extracting the document. She sat it and a pen to the signing side of the Master.

“Kind of thick, isn't it? How'd you do this so fast? I've bought cars with thinner contracts,” complained David.

“Well, the top part is your standard job description. After that we have the normal definition of benefits already in place, though you need to repeat them since this contract will nullify any previous ones. You know, stuff like boarding considerations and duties. It was all cut and paste really, so ninety percent of it wasn't as hard as it looks. Anyway, my professors said that it had to be legal and complete if I'm to get a good grade...”

“Fine, fine. Where do I sign?” asked an impatient employer.

“Well, sir, we need to have witnesses and Miss Edith. If you don't mind. It's better for the grade, you see.”

“Oh, for crying out loud! Who do we have for a witness?” protested David, throwing up his hands and looking around the large, mostly empty dining room.

“Out in the entrance hall. I've managed to get my professor to stop by and Edith is in the kitchen waiting, though she's in civilian clothing, if it's acceptable, sir,” explained Debra.

“Bring them in then. How long is this party going to last?” asked David, being difficult.

“Just one minute. Only long enough to do the signing, then I promise you I'll not interfere any more, sir. It would be a great help for my school work and I'll be sure to reward you with whatever is special sometime later, sir,” enticed Debra.

“Please,” insisted David, waving her on. Seconds later, a middle-aged woman in a business suit walked into the dining room, followed by Edith and Debra.

“Sir, Professor Martha Magams. Professor, this is Mister Ovenhouser. He's our employer and I do appreciate everyone being available for this contract. It's my first one, so I'm probably more nervous than you are,” rambled Debra.

Professor Magams smiled and nodded to everyone. David smiled back—he was used to formal company—then he gave Debra the “evil eye” before sitting back down in his chair. Debra moved Master David's sherbet glass aside and opened the contract to a page.

“Well, it's all set. Master David, or Mister Ovenhouser—excuse me—has offered a rather generous contribution to a faithful employee, Miss Edith Wesley. I guess everyone knows what this is about, so I'll just point out where to sign. On page three, seven and the last two pages, we need Mister Ovenhouser's signature. Witnesses' signatures go on page two as well as the last two pages. Edith, you only have to sign the last two pages,” advised Debra.

David signed pages three and seven, then skipped to the last two pages before Professor Magams put her hand on his, stopping his signing. She smiled and said, “I'm sorry, but I have to ask if you are knowledgeable. I mean, are the terms to your satisfaction?” She took her hand away and smiled.

“We talked it over last night. As far as I know, it's a very standard sort of thing. I don't want to be thought of as an ogre anyway.”

“So you've decided then?”

“Sure. Edith's been a faithful employee. I won't have her in some public home without a half-dollar for the pop machine in her last years. Debra explained it as much as I care to hear last night. Can we get on with this, Mrs. Magams?” said an impatient David.

“I'm sorry, Mister Ovenhouser,” apologized the professor.

“I get a better grade if this is done right. Isn't that so, professor?” asked Debra as David signed the last two pages.

"I can't imagine you getting anything but an A, Debra. Most of the other students are doing things like putting their roommates under contract for their share of the bathroom cleaning, or something equally mundane. You're my best student this year," conceded the professor as she signed. The papers made the rounds until everyone had penned their names the required number of places.

"Is that it then?" asked David.

"Oh, the duplicate. I'm sorry," said Debra, going back to the tray and extracting the second identical form.

"Oh, for crying out loud!" said David, rolling his eyes and grabbing the paper. He signed the form hurriedly and passed it on. In seconds it was done.

"That's your copy, sir. Here's my assignment, professor," said Debra, handing the papers over to the well-dressed lady.

"No, dear. You have to file it at the courthouse in the morning. When you do that you get a certified copy. I get the certified copy to be graded. Mister Ovenhouser, you would put your original in a safe prior to taking it to your legal department. I suppose you'd file it with your financial advisor or accountant. Party One, that's you, often supplies copies to others and retains his original," explained the professor, used to overly explaining things to people.

"Well look, I'll just have Debra here make a second certified copy for my accountant. She can deliver it herself after she gives you hers in the morning. You know, for the most part we've just mentioned the wages to the accountant and he's mailed out paychecks. This is really a bit more than we're apt to need, but..." David held up his hand to stem off any complaints. "...I understand that this is what Debra needs for her grade, so I'll play along. Edith, could you take this up to my room? I'll be sure to put it in the safe before I go to bed. There, does *that* make it official?"

Professor Magams looked at David as if he'd lost his mind, then shrugged. "Fine. I'd think it best to take things like this a bit more seriously, but to each his own. I'll give you my good day, Mister Ovenhouser. Edith, Debra...I'll see myself to the door." With that she left.

"Another coffee, sir?" offered Debra.

"Uh, sure," sighed David, sitting back in his chair easily.

"Sorry for the inconvenience. Things should be back to normal now," said Debra as she poured the coffee.

"Thank God for that," whispered David, as he picked up his coffee and sipped.

The next day David found his reward, a nice pair of seamed, queen-sized, thigh-high stockings with a matching bra in size 42D. This time he didn't have to pick them up off of the floor, but found them at the foot end of his freshly made bed. As he picked them up he glanced around, realizing his suspicions that someone knew of his compulsive sexual fetishes. Out in the hallway he saw Debra look away and walk out of view. His first impulse was to run after her and ask for an explanation, but then he

thought better of it. Obviously she knew; one isn't likely to keep a thing like cross-dressing away from the maids forever, though he was more determined than ever to keep the actual activity private.

Neither Debra nor Edith were anything close to 42D, so it seemed likely that Debra had deliberately purchased the items just for him. David realized how fortunate he was to have maids who felt both grateful and understanding and who were apparently intent upon being discreet as well. Of course it was also embarrassing to know these things, though it seemed that realization wasn't likely to change the situation much. Catching the clothing in his hand, he sped through the wall safe combination. Right in front were the rest of the clothes and the signed contract he'd shoved in there (instead of filing in his file cabinet) the second he'd had the chance to put it out of sight. He put the stockings and bra on top of that stuff and shut the door.

The house was quiet in the wee hours of the morning. David got out of bed and entered his study by the adjoining door. The computer was still booted up, so he dialed in on his ISDN link and went directly to the newsgroup called alt.sex.trans. Someone had posted some feminine domination pictures, so he called them up and saved them for later viewing. Before long he couldn't help himself and went to his safe. He was attracted first to one of the pairs of panties. The white panties were too small for him, but that only helped him better feel the material. The garter belt was small too, sort of functioning as a mini-girdle, but the stockings and bra fit perfectly. Near the back of the safe he found an old pair of his sister's patent leather shoes. He'd have preferred heels, but these did seem more practical, he thought as he slipped them on.

All of the lights were out except for the glow from the computer screen, so he could find a few half-cast angles in the mirror where he didn't look too bad. Up close though, all the hair was a dead giveaway, not to mention the decidedly male haircut and face. His penis was telling on him too, as it stuck out of the top of his panties like some kind of ventriloquist's red-faced doll.

Fighting the impulse to whack off, David sat himself down in front of his computer and pulled up Internet Relay Chat. Logging in under the name DianaOver, he went to one of his favorite sex chat channels. Every so often he touched himself through the panties, as he typed. David knew he wasn't gay, but he wanted to feel like a woman and submit; few women on the net were willing to play at such games. Soon, he found himself in private chat where he found himself role-reversed, seducing someone named Roystuddly. When Roy asked for his phone number, David made up an excuse. Then, realizing how silly and unfulfilling it all was, he stopped typing. *I'd much rather be doing this with a woman who understands me, and not with a dumb hooker like the Mistress a few nights back who'd hit me with her whip and charged me five hundred dollars for the acting*, he thought. David had found that he wasn't all that into pain, and he was definitely not into professional sex. What was he into, he wondered? The chat program crashed.

What am I looking for?, rang in his brain as he turned off the computer and laid down on his bed. Then, thinking about himself on his knees, serving Debra a beer while she sat on the couch in her halter and mini skirt, David wanked. Yes, he thought, *with me dressed just like this, only with five-inch heels*. He fantasized, coming far sooner than normal, with a first spurt that launched itself ten inches into the air

before landing on a strap of his garter belt. "Oh fuck," he moaned, slowly coming back to reality. Spent, David looked over at the clock; it had gotten to be three thirty in the morning. No wonder I'm so damned tired after sex, he lamented as he felt the cum on his thigh with his fingers. Normally he'd have washed it off, but he just couldn't seem to move, finally passing out on top of the covers.

He woke up with a start. The room was bathed in sunlight. David rolled over, and examined the huge curtains at one of the dormer windows. All but the fine lace curtain had been pulled aside and the sashes set. Over to his other side he could hear someone rustling about, shoes on plush carpet. Rolling over again, he had to squint; his eyes were still half asleep, unadjusted to being blinded by the bright light. Debra was hanging a dress on the outside hanger of his freestanding oak wardrobe closet. The old oak and male furniture was not where most of his clothing was kept (he had a walk-in closet for that), but it was often where any specified dress for the day, such as riding outfits or tuxedos, were hung by the maids. The outside hanger was convenient for displaying the main suit. Done hanging the garment, Debra walked out the door and into the hallway. Spinning from a hard sleep, David took three seconds to soak it all in, getting angrier by the second that his private space had been violated before he'd gotten up.

"Wait! What's..." David started to ask, jumping out of bed. He'd taken one step toward the door before stopping himself in his tracks. Something was different about the way the carpeting felt.

Looking down, David saw his stockings first, then the garters and panties. One of the straps pulled on some hairs where his cum had dried some of the hairs onto the elastic. Finally he reached up and scratched his chest where the bra chafed.

"Oh, fuck!" David reached around himself and grabbed at the blanket. Not having broken the covers yet, he had to yank several times to free the blanket before he could wrap it around his body, taking several seconds. All of a



sudden, the last thing he wanted was to confront Debra.

“You called for me, Sir?” asked Debra. Her body had suddenly found the doorway. Her face was dull, but inquiring in the way David had grown accustomed to seeing the servants look when expecting instruction. She was in a plain, gray uniform, with white stockings and white cotton work shoes. Even the yellow ribbons pulling her hair to the sides gave little hint of the woman he'd seen in that halter and miniskirt. Still, he had a memory and found himself further conflicted as his penis nodded against the covers that at least *it* remembered what she looked like in things less workaday.

“Um. I was just wondering why you were hanging things. Is there something on my schedule that I might have forgotten?” he managed to stammer, truly confused, and thinking that maybe he'd not seen a dress, but something else black; after all, his eyes had been barely operative. No way was he going to look while she was standing there.

“Oh, no Sir. I just thought that you might want to tidy up your own room today. I mean, considering the hour and...you know...the other thing. I was thinking you might find it fun, Sir. If you're not interested, it's no problem; I'm sure I can get to it later,” offered Debra, one hand pulling the cleaning cart partially into view.

“Oh,” said David as she walked out of the frame, leaving the cart.

Her face appeared again, as she leaned to be seen. “And Sir, I did take the liberty to purchase a few little things. There's a receipt to sign in the upright. It's not much. Just leave it and I'll have Edith do the usual accounting from household.”

“Sure,” said David, willing to say anything that would get her moving along in the hall so he could close the door and have some privacy. David looked up at his wrap and saw that a piece of bra strap was still showing. Fighting a stomach cramp, he pulled himself further into the cocoon. When he looked back, her face had gone. David ran over to the door, nearly tripping on the blanket twice, and shut it tight, wedging a chair up against the knob.

He stood there awhile, his back braced against the door, panting. Whatever had been hung on the upright closet was out of view now, on the other side. He unwrapped the blanket and threw it at the bed; the wrap fell several feet short. “I'm dreaming. That's it. I'm just not awake yet.” David slapped himself on the cheek and found that he was wide awake. “OK, well then, I'm not still wearing women's underwear,” he tried, looking down again and finding out there was no mistaking his outfit. “Well, what the hell. She as much as gave me all of this stuff herself. And she's not been overbearing about it. Come on, David, suck it up and get changed. We're all adults here,” he said to himself, walking toward the upright closet.

The black dress had white lace trim on each short sleeve and at the bottom hem. It buttoned in front, but stopped short enough to show more skin than usual for a maid's outfit. There appeared to be a little bit of petticoat material under the skirt part, puffing the thing out a few inches. “Oh God, what else?” asked David to himself, opening the closet and finding a white apron with white lace trim, a white garter, and a hat that was almost no more than a white ribbon of cloth. Beside all of that was a receipt from the maids' tailor for \$127. David picked up the receipt, knocking the pen onto the carpet. He put it down, and walked away from the closet. Sitting on the bed, he tried to collect himself.

"I can't do this," he protested, unsnapping the three straps on his garter that hadn't already come undone. He unrolled one of the stockings until it was at his ankle, then stopped. He'd always thought that a stocking unrolled to the ankle like that was seductive.

"But then again, what's to be gained by taking it back? I mean, she knows. She went to all this trouble. If I insult her, she might be a mess to deal with. Besides, the door is wedged shut," he argued with himself. In the end it was his cock that had the final word, as it throbbed out the beat of mindless lust. David put the stocking back up and refastened his garter belt. Then he took the dress down and tried it on. It fit perfectly, even allowing for a nice-looking fit at his stuffed bra as he buttoned the dress up as far as it would go. The garter was cute, but it took him fifteen minutes to figure out how to tie the ribbon hat and make it stay in his hair. What a silly thing, he thought, remembering how often he'd seen similar hats being worn by the family's maids on countless formal occasions. Never again will I take a thing like a hat for granted, he told himself.

Then, of course, there was the apron. That was a different sort of thing, he told himself as he lifted it up and looked at it. The one Debra had selected was very functional, rounded at the bottom and relatively short, but not short enough to keep it from having a pocket. It had enough size to do what aprons do. No, aprons, even this one, meant working class. The dress and everything else was just crossdressing, odd enough in its own right, David lamented. The apron, however, was specifically a working garment. David had never been a working person. In fact, David realized, he was as close to a welfare person as anyone else on the planet, always living off the fruits of something external to the concept of personal work. Of course, that's a silly notion, he reminded himself; the wealthy have many responsibilities toward maintaining money and keeping others employed, like Debra and Edith. Only the wealthy have the special training that is needed to put that money to good use, and to manage it properly. It's breeding, he remembered having been told many times by all of his friends and relatives. The poor would only squander the assets a rich person has, and then where would everyone be? No, he worked, David told himself. It's just a little different kind of work; the work of the mentally and socially well-bred.

Of course, in the name of research, it might do me some good to see exactly what it is the working class goes through, David invented. He put the apron up against his body, and instantly realized that it was on his lap that the thing dangled. He could even feel its weight up against his cock as the tip jutted up against the dress, the light weight of the panties fairly useless as a restraint. He just had to tie the apron in back. Yes, in back, he realized. In a nice big bow, he thought, his fingers working with concentration upon the unfamiliar task.

"There! Now I'm just a sissy maid," David told himself, suddenly completely into the fantasy. He brushed his hands over the puffy dress and apron. He twirled around, then found a mirror, admiring what he saw from the neck down.

"Oh god, this is silly," he whispered before putting on his sister's black shoes. "Oh God, I'm done! I'm all dressed like a common woman. The dress, the garter, everything!" He was so excited.

David ran to the door, putting his ear up against it, listening for footsteps. When he heard none, he opened the door a crack and peeked out. Then he opened it some more and reached for the cart. He pulled it into the room and shut the door quietly before setting the chair in place against the knob.

“See. I told you he'd do it,” said Debra to Edith as they walked through the hallway to put up the bathroom towels and hand cloths.

“Well, I never.... Whatever would compel him to want to do his own room? I don't know if I like it. What will become of us if he gets an independent streak? He's likely to no longer need us.”

“This is a big house, sweetie. I don't think that will be a problem. In fact, I think things might be getting a whole lot better around here very soon,” said Debra.

“I *can't* let you. This has gone too far,” whispered Edith as they walked back down to the first level.

“Look, dear, I've already decided that if anyone is to take the fall, it's me. I know you've worked your whole life with the family. If I lose my job, what has it cost me? I'd probably do just as well on campus, working thirty hours a week waitressing and going to school full-time, instead of one course a semester like I'm doing now. Besides, you have no idea how much of my plan has worked out already.”

Edith stopped her at the bottom of the stairs. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, I'm not telling you. That would make you a coconspirator. Look at it this way, it's better to be fat and dumb than smart and skinny. You've already made out better than you could imagine. Trust me,” said Debra.

Edith looked at her like she'd just said, “The check is in the mail,” which pretty much was what she'd just said. “Just tell me that this isn't going to get me fired.”

“It's probably going to get you a whole lot better than where you are. ‘Fired’ isn't possible. I put a no-termination clause in your contract. The finance people call it a ‘golden parachute’. Or, was that a poison pill? Maybe a little of both. Anyway, trust me, the last thing you're going to get is fired,” said Debra, laughing as she walked into the kitchen.

“What did you put in that contract?” asked Edith as she chased after the younger maid, suddenly very interested in the fine print. She resolved that she'd actually read the thing as soon as she had the chance.

“I told you. Ten percent,” echoed Debra's voice from the kitchen.

“I thought it would be Edith's evening?” inquired Master David as he sat in his library reading.

“Oh, yes Sir, but she had the itch to go see a movie in town. I thought it might be a nice gesture to cover for her. I often impose upon her as well, with my college, you see,” lied Debra as she poured him a cup of coffee with a smile.