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W. T. F.

By Jessica Morganstern

ONE

Hi. Once upon a time, my name was Nicholas Longe and I was as horny as an old billy goat, always sniffing around any convenient skirt with high hopes, but seldom *connecting*, if you catch my drift.

But, my non-success didn't stop me from trying, and most women soon found me to be extremely trying. . . *extremely* trying, considering my background.

But, more of that later!

It wasn't that I was ugly. . . well, no uglier than the average male is to another male, but certainly not (in my mind) handsome nor even good looking. Hell, let's face it, I was too damned feminine and "pretty" for my own good! Couple that with my rather short stature (I stand five foot even in my stocking feet standing on my tippy toes), my light weight (I tip the scales at ex-

actly ninety-three pounds where I have been since I was ten or eleven years old), plus my belligerent attitude (I was short, remember?), and you have the makings for a train wreck just waiting to happen.

It didn't help my cause that I was a natural blonde (all over) who had never had to shave his face, coupled with flashing blue eyes and a slender body that had stopped developing "male" characteristics along about the same time I stopped growing. I won't mention that I had sort of slender fingers, curvaceous musculature, smallish feet and a fully fleshed bottom that acted as a magnet to some crass individuals.

My waist was girlishly narrow while my hips flared in a perfect lyre-shape that was ideal for child bearing, had I been a real female! My voice. Yes, my voice! A breathy contralto bordering just above a low soprano. That got me into hot water more than once, much to my great embarrassment.

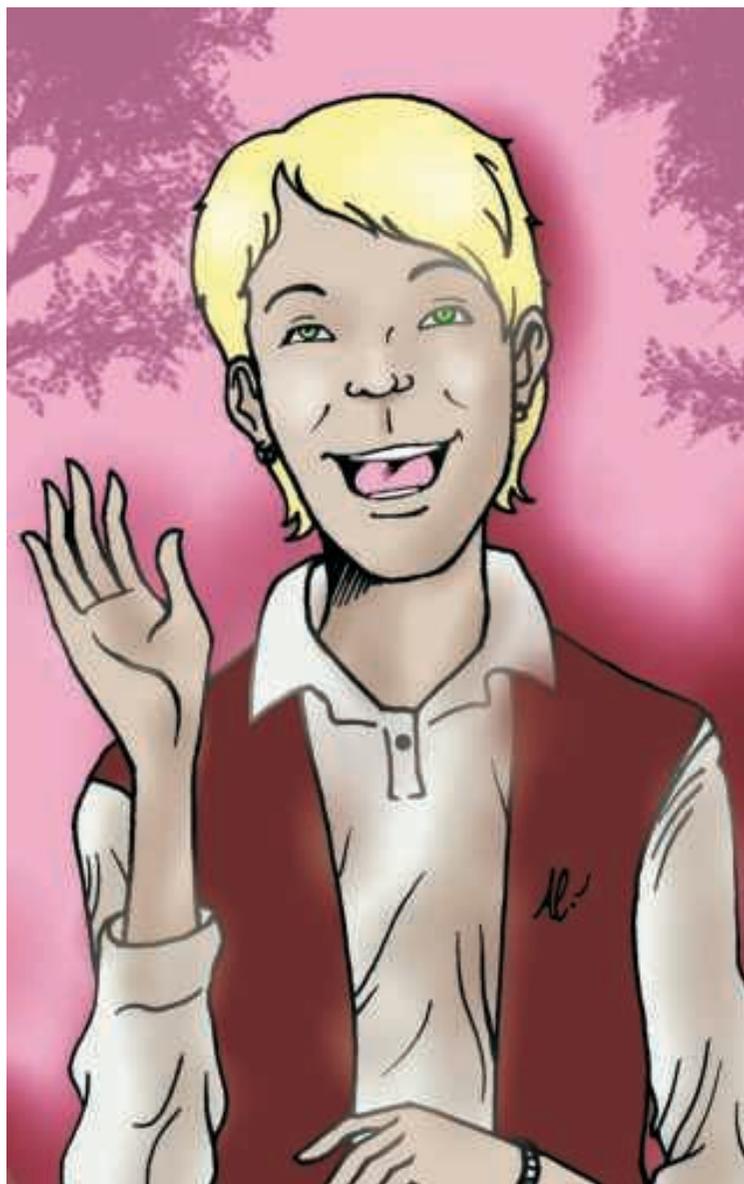
In high school, I had been much too small for boys' sports, even for the tennis team. I could run like the wind but still not fully accepted by the track coach because of my shortness. Smiling snidely, he suggested that I would be a prime candidate for the girls' track team. So, I told him where to stick his team and stalked off indignantly.

Few girls wanted to be seen in the company of a shrimp like me and I was pretty much dateless all during my high school years.

Consequently, by the time I graduated summa cum laude from The International Culinary Institute (I.C.I.), I was resigned to a lifetime of celibacy. Hell, I should've been a Catholic priest, at least then my celibacy would have been some sort of excuse. . .

Now, just because I was tops in culinary school did not mean that there was a mad rush for my culinary services, because there wasn't. . . a mad rush, I mean.

Most prospective employers thought my height, or rather, my *lack* of same was a hindrance. They wanted a boss cook who could intimidate others by size instead of by culinary expertise.



In their opinion, I lacked both. The size, obvious. The expertise, I was a recent graduate and had no work experience, ergo, in their minds, no marketable expertise.

I couldn't win for losing.

I did manage to get a fill-in job at a greasy spoon as a "short" order (get it?) cook for the graveyard shift, hardly something to show off one's culinary skills nor to add to one's resume for future employment, should same be offered.

So, life progressed at a snail's pace until one morning my salvation in the form of a stylishly dressed, imperative woman entered the joint and being impressed with my culinary expertise, invited me to interview as her personal chef.

I could not believe my great good fortune and quickly agreed. We settled on an appointment the very next afternoon at her home on the outskirts of our fair city.

My sleep after my shift was filled with dreams of success and accolades, and when I awoke at noon, I was greatly refreshed and raring to go!

I was a few minutes early for my appointment and when I drove up to her gate in my classic Metropolitan hard-top, I became quite intimidated. I had anticipated a more or less regular house in a stylish suburb. Instead, I saw a large manor house set far back from the road that was protected by a forest of large shade trees behind a ten foot high stone fence capped with razor wire with a huge iron gate for entrance. Several warning signs were in evidence. "**KEEP OUT!**" they all shouted at me in large red letters.

I stopped at the call box and pushed the button.

It responded coldly, "Please state your name and business with Madame."

"Er, hi. I'm Nick. . . er, Nicholas Longe and I have an appointment with the Lady of the house. . . Ms. . . Ms. . . er, well, she didn't give me her name," I finished lamely, feeling absolutely stupid.

For answer, the heavy gates clicked and swung open. "Park in the employees' lot behind the main house. You will be met," the flat, disembodied voice directed.

Curiouser and Curiouser!

I obeyed, then discovered that the ethereal voice had lied to me!

There was no one waiting, just a small red flashing neon sign over a door that read, "**Enter Here.**" The door was slightly ajar.

I was felt intimidated, but entered anyway. There I was met by a metal detecting device and another sign that said, "Empty your pockets into the tray provided. Remove your shoes and place them on the conveyer belt. Remove all metallic objects on your immediate person. Then step through the arch."

I thought this was a lot of malarkey and unnecessary security, but then, it was her house, her money, her idiosyncrasies and I was the intruder.

But, when I went through the arch, it beeped loudly and a warning voice told me, "Back up and remove all metal on your person."

Metal? What metal? Something hot touched my earlobes and it was then that I remembered my earrings! I thanked my foresight in wearing thigh-high stockings today instead of my usual girdle with its metal tabs. I could never have explained that!

The next time I entered the arch, it was blessedly silent.

I saw another sign. "Replace your shoes. Leave all other items in the basket. They will be made available when you leave."

By now I was getting a bit perturbed. No, I was pissed off! How dare she submit my personal self to such intrusive invasions of my privacy?

I had half a mind to turn around, get my belongings and leave.

You know? The lack of a remunerative job is a great incentive to keep one's mouth shut. Sort of grin and bear it, so to speak.

I turned inward just as a door opened in front of me. I entered only to find myself in a long hallway with just one door at the far end.

There was another red blinking neon sign over it. **"Enter."**

I did and there she was, seated behind a massive oak desk, busily writing in a huge ledger. As I entered, she glanced up. "Oh, you're early. Please sit down. I'll be finished here in a moment." And her gaze returned to the page before her, ignoring me completely.

I was getting more pissed by the moment and barely managed to restrain my urge to walk out. Like I said, I am a belligerent little so and so.

Nevertheless, I sat down on the only chair available, a hard bottomed, straight backed parlor chair. It was much too high for me and my feet dangled awkwardly, my toes pointed downward, trying desperately to reach the floor.

It was very uncomfortable and the longer she dawdled, the more uncomfortable I became as my toes were constantly reaching for the floor, unsuccessfully and painfully as my rear kept trying to slide right off the slippery chair seat. Damn satin panties!

Finally she laid her pen aside, closed her ledger and glanced at her grandfather's clock just as it bonged the hour.

"Yes, right on time," she nodded to herself.

"Yes, Ma'am. . . er, Madame," I agreed inanely.

"You may call me Madame," she commented off-handedly. "Now, about the job and your duties thereof," she began.

I leaned forward eagerly. "Yes?"

"When can you start?"

"Well, I should give my present employer advance notice so he may hire an adequate replacement," I replied.

"That's a point in your favor," she smiled. "You're loyal."

"Yes, Madame," I agreed, wondering what that had to do with anything.

"I have checked your references with I.C.I. and found them to be commendable. However, they did warn me that you tend to be belligerent when you are thwarted.

"I must warn you, I will not tolerate any temper tantrums. Is that clear?"

I blushed. "Yes, Madame."

"Very well, your probationary efforts will start with tonight's dinner. If that is to my satisfaction, you will prepare a luncheon for my lunch tomorrow. If that is satisfactory, I shall contact you directly and you will start full-time two weeks from today. You will be afforded a pass key so that you do not have to pass through check-in every time. But, be forewarned, there are inspection arches in various places through the house. Since you are a chef, your primary areas of responsibility are the kitchen, the walk-in freezer, the butler's pantry, the dining hall and my office should your presence as server be required. I do not have a full-time serving maid, so you will be expected to serve all meals promptly and properly, and in sufficient quantity.

"Always remember, you are primarily the chef and meal server, and you are responsible for the up-keep of your areas of responsibility. Do you understand?"

I nodded. "Of course, Madame!"

"You are expected to replenish supplies as needed and arrangements will be made for you to acquire what's needed as necessary.

"You are a scullery or serving maid as required. You are not the butler nor are you the gardener. You are not my secretary nor are you my chauffeur. Unless I decree otherwise, you are what you are. You will report directly to me and only me. Is that understood?"

I nodded. "Oh, yes, Madame!" I agreed hastily.

"Further, you are restricted to your areas of responsibility and are allowed to be nowhere else in my home without my express permission. Failure to obey these few restrictions will result in appropriate punishment or immediate dismissal, depending on the seriousness of the infraction. Is that fully understood?"

I hung my head like a disobedient child and whispered, "Yes, Madame."

"Good show! Now, you have an appointment with Dr. Janice Roule for Monday morning at 9:15 for a complete physical examination and. . ."

"But, Madame, I just had a physical less than six months ago!" I protested.

"Dr. Janice is *my* personal physician. I want you to be completely healthy and not harboring any unforeseen ailments. She will be quite thorough and very little escapes her probing eyes. She will give you all required immunizations and renew any that are out of date. After all, I cannot be too careful when it is my health under consideration!"

She thought a moment, then continued. "You look to be slightly anemic so I will recommend vitamin shots and a daily vitamin capsule. However, the final decision will be Janice's."

I caved in to her will. "Yes, Madame."

She stood. "Good! See you at dinner." She turned and disappeared through a hidden door behind her desk. I had summarily been dismissed!

I returned to the entry, reclaimed my possessions and found my way down to the kitchen. As it was quite late (after 3:00) and since she had not specified, I prepared a quick meal of fried potatoes and pork chops with a side of baby peas.

It must have satisfied because she dismissed me with, "I eat luncheon promptly at 1:00. Do have it ready for me before you leave."

"Yes, Madame," and once more, she was gone.

I shook my head in confusion and let myself out. As I was driving away, I felt a strange impression of an

impending sea change involving me to a great degree, but of what sort, I could not fathom for the life of me!

"I was what I was. . ." she had told me, referring to herself.

What on earth did that mean?

Wait, what if she had meant me instead of her?

For that matter, when I thought about it, what *was* I?

Somehow, I had a feeling that I would find out. . .
Soon!

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TWO

The following Monday I presented myself to Dr. Roule's office where a smiling nurse took a cursory medical history before giving me a detailed questionnaire and sending me to an examination cubicle, telling me, "Strip off your clothing and put on the garment on the table. Then answer all the questions. Do not skip any and answer with as complete detail as possible." With that, I was left alone to carry on, so to speak.

I sat on the edge of that darn metal table for a good half-hour, my bare bottom squirming on the unfamiliar coolish surface, and tackled the questionnaire. Some of the questions made no sense to me, seeming to be more aimed at a female than me. I mean, "How regular are your periods?" And, "Have you ever been pregnant?" Hunh? Finally, a soft knock sounded on the door. It opened and a walking dream entered. I could only assume she was Dr. Roule.

I was amazed. I had been expecting an older, more matronly woman, someone with gray hair and age lines on her face.

Instead, this vibrant, voluptuous female of no more than thirty, if that, came in and smiled at me. She was much taller than me, probably close to five ten or more, even without the four inch spikes she wore that thrust her well over six foot. Intimidating and confident, she proceeded to run her stethoscope over my chest and back. Muttering to herself, she slipped the garment down so that I was bare and vulnerable!

"Better," she nodded to herself and continued running that thing across my body, missing nothing in her quest. All the time she was asking me questions about my likes and dislikes, my personal habits, whether I was "regular" or not, did I have unexplained bleeding from my external orifices, all those inane questions that are more for filling an awkward silence than having any medical meaning.

By now, the garment was long since discarded and I was lying on my back atop that cold table and she was fitting my heels into cups on either side. Suddenly, the cups sprang away from the table forcing my legs open wide at the same time. But worse was to come when the table tilted, the cups retracted and my knees rose involuntarily back and upwards! I was completely exposed and my hips raised high in the cool air!

"Hey!" I yelped in surprise. "What the. . ."

She placed a hand on my shoulder and pressed gently. "It's OK, Niki," she soothed. "It's just a pelvic examination. Nothing to be alarmed about."

Pelvic examination? Wasn't that for women, in particular pregnant women? I was blushing furiously as her fingers caressed and probed every where! Nothing was private to those inquisitive, demanding digits!

Besides, positioned as I was, I could not prevent her probings in anyway, whether I wished it or not!

I felt a slight coldness in my crotch and something cold entered my anus! I could feel the surprised orifice spreading wide and her fingers inside me, pressing insistently! Then I felt her doing something to me, but the way she had me screened, I could not see nor feel a thing! Finally, she taped a tiny band-aid to my skin

and released me from this uncomfortable, humiliating position.

"There," she announced, proud of herself, "all set for a year at least! You're all ready, my dear!" she announced proudly.

"A year? And ready for what?" I croaked.

"No more immunization shots for at least a year, as per Madame's instructions, and your canal is pink and healthy," she replied. "Just be sure that you take your supplemental vitamins as prescribed and your health should stay in a relatively decent state, provided you follow instructions."

W T F?

I was in good health before and as far as I knew, was up-to-date on all my shots, so why all this added and completely unnecessary rigmarole?

On my way out, the nurse gave me a prescription and cautioned me to follow my Doctor's stated regime to avoid future unscheduled visits.

I promised that I would and departed hastily, her mocking laugh following me relentlessly, long after the door had closed behind me.

Two weeks later after a blistering denouncement by my former employer for "leaving him in the lurch," never mind the two weeks' notice, I parked my classic behind the main house and entered my new kitchen, finding a menu on the table that directed me to serve what was listed without substitution, unless authorized by Madame.

I noted right away that I was obligated to prepare three meals a day, every day, seven days a week (including holidays) and no provision had been made for time off. Also, I learned that fresh snacks "would be made available after hours when required."

I decided that I had better have a sharp chat with my new employer.

Which proved to be an almost impossible task as she was always too "busy" and "distracted" by her "obligations."

Still, it was an easy job and the dishes she required were nothing spectacular and simple to prepare. One morning, I was late because she had required me to stay late the night before (after midnight) causing me to oversleep.

I was called on the carpet.

When I tried to explain, she started in again and I let her rave. Finally, she sorta ran out of gas and just glared at me. "You must move here. I shall not have meals late for any reason. There is plenty of room on the third floor with the other help and I shall expect you to be in residence by tomorrow morning at the very latest. Is that clear?"

I hung my head in defeat.

"Did you see Dr. Roule as scheduled?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, Madame, but. . ." I started to object.

"Good. How do you feel?" she asked, smiling agreeably.

"Fine," I replied, puzzled.

"Be sure to follow her instructions to the letter," she instructed sternly.

"Of course, Madame," I agreed.

"Now, what is this bushwa about time off?" she demanded out of the blue.

I looked up in surprise. "I have no time to myself, Madame," I explained.

"Why do you need time off? There's plenty of off-time between breakfast and lunch and also ample off-time between lunch and dinner, not to mention those hours between dinner and breakfast. What do you do with those hours?"

"Why, I'm usually preparing the next meal or sleeping or washing clothes or cleaning up after myself in the kitchen or resting or something, like personal stuff," I replied, somewhat aghast. "After all, I do have a personal life that requires my close attention at times," I offered weakly.

"As I suspected, plenty of time for everything," she concluded. "Do you need any help in moving?" she asked quietly.

"Er, no, Madame, I don't have very much. A few books. Some dvd's, some cd's and a player. A radio. A small television set. Some clothes. A few small appliances and some personal clothing and other personal effects."

"Good. I shall be going out for dinner tomorrow evening, so you may use that extra time to move." She stood. "Fine. You are dismissed. Is there anything else?"

I shook my head negatively.

And once more she disappeared through the hidden door behind her desk.

I shook my head in disbelief and hurried out. Driving the short distance to my rented room, I wondered what I had let myself in for. Surely the chefs I knew had more freedom than this, or did they?

My employer was a strange, demanding woman indeed!

Some hours later, I had reclaimed my room deposit, packed my belongings and was carrying everything up three flights to my new room.

Wonder of wonders, it was a deluxe suite! The suite's living area itself was twice the size of my old rented room with wall to wall carpeting, two mammoth closets in the huge bedroom, a sort of sitting room and a sumptuously appointed, private bath! I wondered if all the rooms up here were as nice.

(They were, as I would learn in due time.)

I shelved my books, hung my few clothes, put the rest in drawers, took my few personal things into the bathroom and sat down to take stock.

All in all, I decided, this was a huge improvement over my previous digs and as it was rent-free, it was a bargain! It almost made up for the loss of personal time.

(I'd have to ask about the rent.)

Finally, yawning almost out of control, I drew a hot bath, sprinkled it liberally with bubble bath (Yes, I'm one of *those*) and slipped in. When I awoke, the water was icy cold and I was shivering with my teeth chattering away like castanets! I dried myself hurriedly and got into bed. Soon, I warmed up and fell asleep, my dreams filled with a myriad of weird things too fanciful to remember!

I awoke at my regular time the next morning, got dressed and hurried down to the kitchen to make breakfast, only to find a note telling me that Madame was sleeping until "noonish" or so and would take brunch when she awoke.

I had everything prepared when the bell rang at twenty to noon and carried it into the dining room, except that Madame was not there! Now what?

A maid appeared. "You are to serve Madame in her boudoir," I was informed. I had never been there, so did not know where to go. I explained this dilemma to the maid. She smiled.

"Follow me, please."

She took me by a circuitous route to a room in the back of the house (still on the ground floor) and knocked gently at a door. From within came a soft voice, "Come!"

Of course it was Madame's bedroom! Twice the size of my own with a sunroom that made my sitting alcove look petite by comparison.

Madame was sitting up in her bed with several fluffy pillows behind her back, but what amazed me was her dress, or, rather, her lack of dress!

The woman was absolutely naked!

Working unhurriedly, I set the tray on a lap-stand, uncovered the main dish, poured her coffee and stood aside. "Will there be anything else, Madame?" I asked politely, trying valiantly to keep my eyes away from those beautiful breasts.