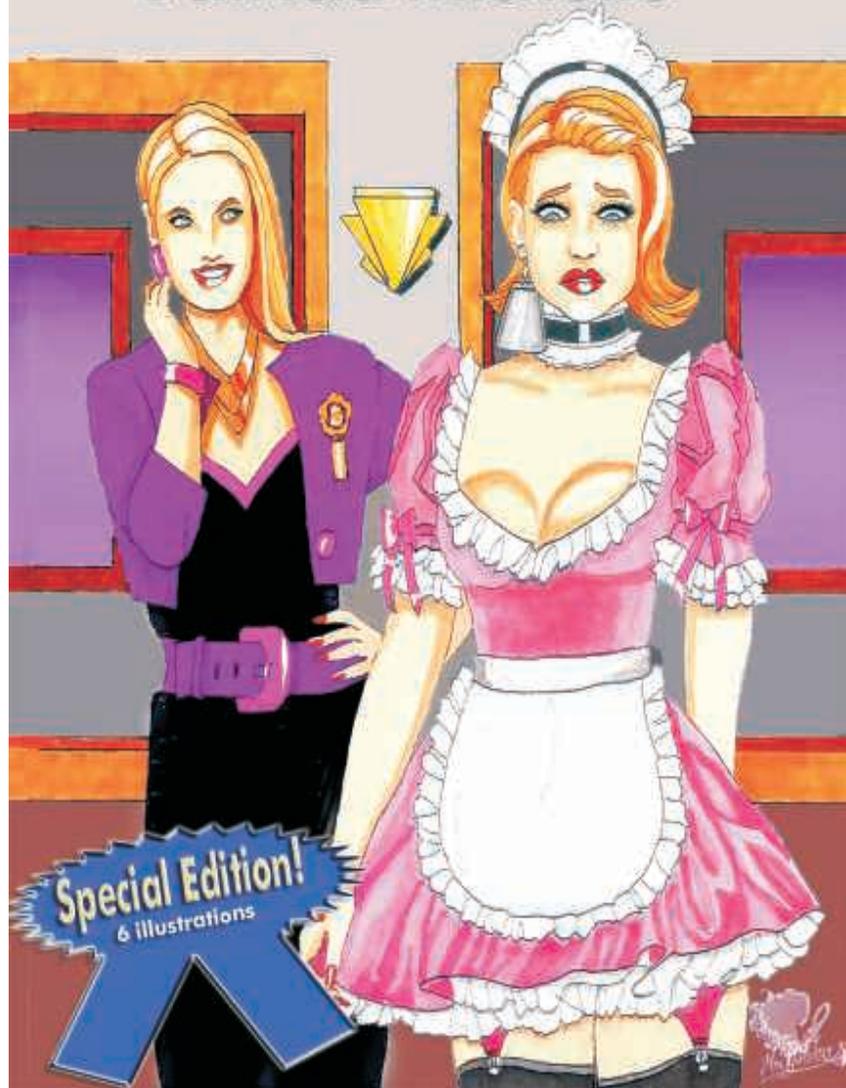


Feminized Maids Tales

Volume 1

Patricia Michelle





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Feminized Maids

Tales

Volume 1

By Patricia Michelle

Total Immersion

You'd think that when a wife discovers her husband secretly dressing in your clothes that she'd be outraged and disgusted. Well, I couldn't have been happier, as it solved a big problem. For months I'd been thinking about divorcing Frank. I'd finally met

the real man of my dreams, and unlike my husband, an enormously well hung one.

But Frank was wealthy and I wasn't about to give up a life of luxury and go back to being a secretary.

And then came the fateful day, for him at least, when I knew exactly how to solve my dilemma.

"So this is what you do when I'm out? God, you look ridiculous," I said, catching him prancing around in one of my best dresses, one day. Naturally he turned red, over and over repeating how sorry he was and that he just couldn't help himself.

To his total surprise I said, "Well, I've read about this, and to my thinking, it's harmless. But, if I'm going to let you do it you're going to do it right. I'll help, but only if I get a 100% commitment from you to everything I say." Pathetically he couldn't have been more relieved, or excited.

Oh god, how perfect is this going to be! I thought.

The following day I told him I was going to put him on a five step total immersion program. "Like what actors do to get into a role," he said.

"Precisely. You'll live, breath, act and think like a woman 24/7 or you don't ever put on another of my dresses. Understood?" I asked sternly, and got a nervous, "Yes".

"Very well, the first thing you'll do is to box up every stitch of male clothing as a test of your commitment and put them in my trunk," I said. With that done I explained Step One.

"First thing, obviously, is to look more like a woman. We're going down to my beauticians for a total make over. Give her even a hint of trouble, and that's it," I warned.

Poor Frank, I suppose he thought a makeover would involve a little make-up and hair styling. It didn't. It started with a full, rather painful waxing, includ-

ing his crotch. Plucked eyebrows, long, upper and lower eyelashes, much fuller, red lips, eyeshadow, mascara and eyeliner. She pierced ears and then I had her permanently attach the biggest bells I could find, then on each finger impossibly long, red nails. His blonde hair was permed, put in curlers, and dyed brunette. Then we glued enormous D-cup tits on him.

When he saw himself he couldn't believe it.

"Get used to it," I chuckled, "I told Helen to make everything permanent."

"P-Permanent? W-What do you mean?"

"Your make-up and lipstick I had her dye on. The glamorous eyelashes and steel nails are permanently glued on. As are your adorable earrings. And the same with your tits, impossible to remove without a special solvent that I told Helen to keep locked up." I gloated, loving the horrified look on his face.

"Isn't this a-a bit extreme? D-Did you really mean permanent?" he asked nervously.

"Oh it'll wear off in about two or three months. It's simply another test to see how committed you are," I lied. "A couple weeks as a woman really isn't going to be much of a commitment, is it?" I asked, and what could he say.

"No, I guess it wouldn't be," he said, falling like a lamb into a trap.

"Now, obviously we're going to have to give you a much more girly figure, aren't we?" I asked, and, of course, how could he say no?

I just loved how his face turned deathly pale when I held up the most fearsome looking, hourglass corset. It took me all my strength to lace him as tightly as I possibly could, all the time ignoring his desperate pleas to stop, that he couldn't breathe. "Well, at least that's a beginning," I giggled, fastening a padlock in back.

"Is-is that a padlock you put on? Why did you do that?" he moaned.

"You're not going to like being corseted all day, but if we're going to train your figure you'll just have to bear it. The padlock is to ensure you're not tempted to loosen or take it off when I'm not around," I smirked.

"Ready for Step Two? In Step Two you'll need to discard everything that reminds you that you were once a male, so that you think of yourself as a woman every minute of the day. Your name is no longer Frank, it's Francine. Now the biggest problem you'll have forgetting you are, or were, a man is this little thing," I said, holding his dick in my hand, which immediately got stuff.

"Naughty, naughty Fifi. Girls don't do that," I said, applying an ice pack to it. Once it was shriveled to a couple inches, at most, I pulled it through the stainless steel chastity sheath and locked it on.

"Now this will be difficult for you Fifi. Whenever I ask you what this is you will say it's your pussy. And when I point to the hole between your cheeks you will say that's your cunt. Now tell me what they are," I demanded.

"Oh p-please, please, I can't," he begged.

"Oh my, let me explain something about this total immersion program. It comes with a punishment/reward incentive. Step out of your role just a little and you get this. Bend her over and hold her, please, Helen," I asked.

All it took was ten strokes with a cane for Fifi to be screaming out that "she" had a pussy and a cunt.

Step three was initiated at Leather & Cuffs, a delightfully kinky boutique. Step Three was easier on Fifi, but just as humiliating. "In this step you'll be dressed the part. Which I'm sure will excite you," I smiled.

What she was dressed in was a sexy, black French Maid's uniform with the short skirt and several petticoats, fishnet stockings, apron, cap and five inch heels that she could barely stand in. It was when I dictated the alterations I wanted made that she turned pale.

"Shorten her skirts up to her ass, then make the hem in back three inches shorter than the front. I want her always showing off her panties, and her entire ass when she bends over. Then lower the neckline line to just the tips of her nipples so everyone can admire her luscious tits. Yes, I know she'll have to be very careful of that one, or heavens, both don't pop out," I laughed.

Step four arrived a few weeks later in the form of an express package. Francine's face had the most delightfully scared expression as I unpacked one item at a time. "These will all help to train you to act totally feminine at all times," I explained. First out were black, patent oxfords with six inch, spike heels that laced and locked on, to remove the temptation of ever taking them off. I then locked shiny, steel ankle cuffs connected by a short, eight inch chain to teach her to take the daintiest steps. A stiff, steel posture collar, to hold her head up and locked on. From it dangled two, above the waist strap with locking steel cuffs to train her to hold her hands posed correctly.

"And this will be worn eight hours for every un-girlish word, sentence or even sound that you make," I warned, shoving a ball gag with a locking straps into her then added, "I think you need a few hours with it to remind you when you're allowed to speak and what you're entire vocabulary will consist of."

"Now then Fifi, you have four hours to dust the entire house, for every piece of furniture not dusted you get another three with the cane, and for every piece of furniture not perfectly dusted, five with the paddle," I declared.

Poor Fifi, I had to chuckle watching her stagger around the room in her impossibly high heels, and with the hobbles she was barely able to put one foot in front of the other. And with her wrists chained to her collar she had to bend over in the tortuously laced corset to dust. Then there was the fact that the last time she dusted it took her all day.

Of course I just had to make her life a bit more miserable.

"Oh yes, the minute I don't hear your bells I'll have to assume you're trying to take a break, then you'll get a reminder with the cane," I stated. I simply loved terrorizing my new maid.

At the end of three months of intense training and conditioning I felt Fifi was finally ready for the final step of her feminization.

Standing her in the center of the living room I strapped her wrist and elbows behind her, attached them to an overhead chain, and slowly took the slack out gradually bending her over more and more until I thought her mouth was in the exact position I wanted it.

"I must say Fifi that I couldn't imagine you any more feminized than you are. However to be a woman you have to feel like a real one, don't you, especially in those most intimate times," I said, which was when the doorbell rang and I let in my lover, and one of his best friends, an enormous black guy.

"Fred and Bruce have kindly agreed to assist you, nightly, over the next couple of weeks in experiencing the total joys of womanhood. Frank, why don't you start in on Fifi's cunt? Remember she's a virgin, so be gentle, at least the first time. Bruce, on my god, that's huge, you do her mouth. Although ease up a bit when she starts gagging. Goodness, it'll be weeks before she gets all that down her throat. Now Fifi, just a couple

suggestions. The faster you do “suckies” the quicker it’ll be over, except for swallowing, that is. As Bruce shoots his load, which could take some time, try breathing through your nose so you don’t spill anything, Whatever you spill you lick up” I offered, reclining on my sofa with a drink to watch Fifi’s final feminization.

Or so he thought. I’m sure he was so relieved when her three month immersion as a woman was up.

“I really don’t like being a girl. It’s horrible. I’d like my men’s clothes back please,” he said.

“Very well, since you threw out all those men’s clothes of yours, I’ve gotten you some new clothes to wear. But first let’s get you out of that corset,” I said, giggling to myself.

“Oh god, that feels so good, and thanks for the new clothes” he said naively, in obvious relief as I unlaced and removed his corset.

“W-What are you doing, I said I didn’t want to be a women anymore,” he exclaimed in alarm as I started wrapping a new corset on him.

“Well, you see, Fifi I’ve decided, after how valuable you’ve become that you are simply too indispensable as my maid and that you make a much better maid than you ever did as a husband,” I said, as I yanked on the new, steel boned, hour glass corset.

Pulling as hard as I could on the laces I had taken off another two inches off her waist.

Well, twenty four inches is at least a start.

I then slipped trampy fishnet stockings on her legs, fastening them to the four suspenders on each leg. Then making her sit, I crammed her feet into her new shoes.

Seven inch heels with cute bows on the toes and ankle straps that I padlocked.



When I got her into her new uniform, tailored to her new figure I said, "Now then Fifi as long as you act like the perfect maid at all times, do your chores to perfection I won't make you suck anymore cocks or get fucked in your cunt. But the minute you slack off, in any way, or your chores aren't done to perfection Frank, Bruce or my current stud will give you a reminder lesson. Agreed?"

###

The Marriage Counselor

Lorin and I had been married less than a year and already it felt like the marriage was on the rocks. There was something troubling her and I couldn't get it out of her. Worse, our hot, torrid sex had dwindled down to nothing. I really was actually relieved when she suggested we see a marriage counselor.

The counselor turned out to be a stunning woman named Rachael Russell. I waited an hour while she talked to Lorin. I heard them laughing, but couldn't figure out why.

Then it was my turn.

"I don't normally divulge what patients tell me Duane, but in this case I feel I have to. In college Lorin had a very heavy affair with her roommate Margie. She felt, once she met you, that she'd gotten over her lesbian tendencies. But, in the last months, they've been returning and she doesn't know what to do," she said.

Well, once I'd gotten over the shock I said, "I don't want to lose Lorin, is there anything I can do?"

"Actually there is and I'm afraid it's the only thing I can think of that will save your marriage. You know that men have a masculine as well as a feminine side, as do women. What I'm suggesting is that you need to let your feminine side come out more."

"I see, but how do I do that?" I asked, not really liking at all the direction was going, but I was determined to do anything to keep Lorin.

"I will tell Lorin that you confessed that one of your fantasies is you always wanted to dress up in women's things. That you've always wondered how panties, a bra, nylons, heels, and nighties would feel".

Now that really shocked me, but I could see her logic. I didn't like it, what guy would, but reluctantly I agreed to give it a try.

"Great. Now I know you're not going to like this, but you have to pretend you absolutely love the girlie things she's going to put on you. And if she decides to have sex let her have her way with you. In her relationship with Margie she was very dominant, so be as submissive as you can. I think you'll be rewarded," she said.

On the way home Lorin hugged me. "You should have told me your secret. Lots of men love cross-dressing. Oh, we're going to have so much fun!" she gushed.

We made love that night and it was incredible, and humiliating. There I was, under her, dressed in a frilly, pink nightie, lace edged panties, matching bra filed with huge water balloons, nylons, garter belt, and pink heels with puffy pompoms. This after she'd shaved my legs and underarms. I hated it, but had to pretend how much I loved it.

I'd never seen this side of her. She was so aggressive and demanding, telling me precisely what to do, and giving me hard swats on my ass that actually hurt when I didn't do it fast enough. I don't know how long she grinded her pussy against my mouth ordering my tongue deeper, and only after she'd had I don't know how many orgasms did she finally ride my dick to an earth shattering climax.

In the morning she handed me panties, bra, garter belt and nylons she expected me to wear all day. This would have been really embarrassing if I worked in an office, but fortunately I worked at home.

When I showed up for my next appointment with the counselor I was in a panic.

I explained that within a week's time she'd added four inch heels for me to wear, made me practice putting lipstick on, then pinned a big bow in my hair. After which she dressed me in a tight top with ruffles and pink Capri pants.

"You have to help me, I don't know what to do. Two days ago she got really mad because I don't help out with any chores. She put this horrible, frilly apron on me and told me to dust and vacuum the house and scrub the floors." I pleaded.

"Well, she's obviously bringing out your feminine side. Tell me, have you ever seen her happier?"

"No, not since before we were married," I had to admit.

"You're seeing the masculine, dominant side that she obviously prefers. As to doing some household chores I think you've been selfish not helping her. I think, every morning, before she leaves you should ask her for a list of chores you could do for her.

Now, when we next meet I want you to come as she has you dressed," she ordered.

I couldn't help blushing as, the following week, I walked, more minced, into her office.

"Oh my, she's certainly going all out, isn't she? That skirt is so tight and so short, and those heels, they're so high," she said.

"She says I have sexy legs so she put me in even higher heels, stilettos she calls them and the heels are five inches high. I can hardly walk in them and they hurt, but she won't let me take them off..."

"Well, your legs do look very sexy, and I really like the seams. And I just love those long, dangling earrings. I take it she had your ears pierced?"

"Oh god, that's not the worst. She took me down to her beautician for a waxing. Then she had my hair permed and won't let me cut it. Just look at the hair cut

they gave me. I'll never be able to let my friends see me. P-Please, what can I do, I'm getting really scared," I begged.

"Yes, I would be too, if I were a man, I guess. But, for now you just have to go along with her. It's obviously saving your marriage, and she may grow out of this and see you for the husband she married," she said, and I swear I thought I had her chuckle. I left with a glimmer of hope.

I did go along, but I never should have.

A month later when I went in for my appointment her mouth dropped open.

"Goodness, where did she get that outfit? And those aren't real are they?" she asked.

What she was referring to was the black, satin, maid's uniform I wore. The skirt so short and fluffed out with all the petticoats that you could see the tops of my fishnet stockings, and if I bent over even the slightest there was a full view of my frilly, pink panties. But what she couldn't help seeing were my huge, jiggling, bouncing tits.

"They're not real, although they feel real and she glued them on, I can't take them off!

As to this outfit she insists I wear it to do my chores. She says it's more appropriate. Even worse she's making me wear a corset to improve my figure, that she laces so tight I can't breathe, a-and look at these" I nearly cried, sowing off my nearly one inch long, red fingernails.

"Those obviously will take some time to get used to. Now, I see you've been getting make-up lessons," she remarked.

"She insists I be made up by the time I serve breakfast to her. This is all so horrible, now she's taking to calling me Margie, a-and she makes me wear this," I

said, pulling down my panties and showing her the tight, rubber fake pussy that squashed me flat.

"S-She won't let me take it off, even when we're in bed. She just fondles it to make me cum, I mean have an orgasm, I'm not allowed to say cum," I said miserably.

"Obviously the sight of your penis reminds her that you're not really the girl she wants to imagine you to be. I wouldn't be all that concerned. After all you're still getting off and I do think you're saving your marriage," she commented with, I swear, a smirk.

A month later the counselor wanted to see us both, I went first and immediately started crying.

"When she asked what brought this on I said, "P-Please help me, I'm desperate. She acts like I'm her maid for real. She gives me so many chores I can't finish them, but I'm not allowed to make excuses. How can I get them all done in time when I'm now wearing eight heels. I can barely put one foot in front of the other. And now she has me in a corset, she says to improve my figure. It really hurts, but I can't even loosen it a little as she's locked it on. She inspects my work and if it isn't perfect s-she makes me bend over and uses a cane on me, a-and it really, really hurts. And just last week, I couldn't believe it, she started renting me out to her friends."

"Well, for what she's told me your business has gone to hell," she remarked.

"It did, I haven't had any work for weeks. How can I go to meetings l-like this? I lost all my clients," I sobbed.

"Well, it does mean you're now bringing money into the house, so you're contributing, at least in a small way, aren't you?" she said dismissively.

"Y-Yes, but it's so humiliating.."

"It seems as if there's some masculinity left in you that's all. So you can't be totally feminized, are you?"

"B-But that's not the worst. She's started dating men, and she makes me get her ready for her dates, and I have to listen to them making love. How can she suddenly go back to men, I'm a man," I pleaded to know.

"Yes, she did say, in our last session, that she felt she was growing out of her fantasy with her old roommate and was yearning for a real man with a big, stiff cock. Unfortunately Lorin simply doesn't see you as a real man anymore, and really can you blame her? Let me call her in and see what she has to say."

As soon as she walked in I started trembling. She looked so stern and intimidating especially with that cane in her hand that I was so petrified of.

"Did you curtsy and address her properly?" she demanded to know.

"M-M-Maid Margie is so sorry Mistress, she-she forgot," I meekly replied.

"That just earned you 100 hundred punishment curtsies and six with this when we get home, for two cents I'd give them to you right here," she threatened, then added, "I swear good help is so hard to get trained."

Out of curiosity I asked what a punishment curtsy was.

"Oh, well each time she curtsies her right knee has to touch the floor, and then her left. If she forgets I simply have her start over. And if she doesn't lift her skirts above her waist I have she hold her hands our so I can spank them," she said dispassionately.

"I understand you've been renting her out?"

"She's become reasonably skilled performing her chores, plus she now shaves my legs, underarms, trims and perfumes my pussy before a date and Jill,

my beautician, has trained her to do manicures, pedicures, bath and massage my feet, so I see no reason not to make some money off her. At least she's beginning to contribute something," she remarked scornfully.

To my shock, rather than helping me out of my terrible situation, she said, "I could use some help cleaning the house this weekend for a party, and I could use her to serve.

"Have you trained her to serve?" I asked.

"Oh my yes. And she has the most revealing, actually slutty French Maid's uniform that all the men absolutely drool over, poor thing, and don't you think her legs look so sexy in eight inch heels? Although make sure you lock them on her. For some reason when she thinks I'm not looking I've caught her taking them off," she giggled.

"That really sounds perfect, so could I rent her, for the weekend, I'll get her back Monday," I said.

"That'll be fine, I'll be busy with my newest stud. God, he's got a cock to die for. Hung like a bull. We're heading for Cancun for a week, so I'll give you a cut rate if you can take her off my hands for the next week. I'm sure there's a whole list of chores you can think of to keep her busy. You could have her wash and iron all your laundry. Or just lock her in your shoe closet and she'll polish all your shoes and boots. She works a sixteen hour day so you can get a lot out of her. But, you'd best take this," she said, handing her the cane, "She has a tendency to get lazy by the end of the day. So be sure to inspect her work, three strokes for every chore not done to perfection, five strokes for every chore not done in time," she said, handing me a wicked looking wooden cane.

Well, it, sadly, it did save my marriage, what was left of it, but not in any way I ever expected.



The New Junior Maid

Big mistake marrying on the rebound. Why I married Bruce I'll never know. Well, actually I do, a cock the size of a horse. But after several months I knew I'd made a big mistake. He married into wealth, mine. A huge estate, pool, tennis court, stable, and three maids I had since I was a teenager. It was obvious that he thought he'd married and gone to heaven.

Lately all I'd been hearing from the girls is that he orders them around like they were hired help. Which they were, but I'd always treated them as equals and with respect. The latest complaint really had me burning. Two of the girls had reported, in tears, that he'd pinched their bottoms. Well, I'd had it.

"You don't treat the girls like some hired help that's beneath you. And I won't tolerate you pinching or making any sort of advances to them," I dictated.

"Oh come on, they're just servants, hired help. It was all in fun," he replied.

"What you need is a healthy dose of humility and respect. Girls, I guess we'd better implement what we discussed," I said with a sigh, then to him added, "You're in their hands now. They have my authority to do anything they want to teach you a much needed lesson. You're both properly and conservatively dressed, but as we talked about the house could use a sexy thing to entertain our male guests, don't you think?"

"Oh yes Ma'am. Jill and I have found the perfect outfit. We're sure your male guests will literally be foaming at the mouth," Jill giggled.

With that the girls surrounded him and started dragging him out the room.