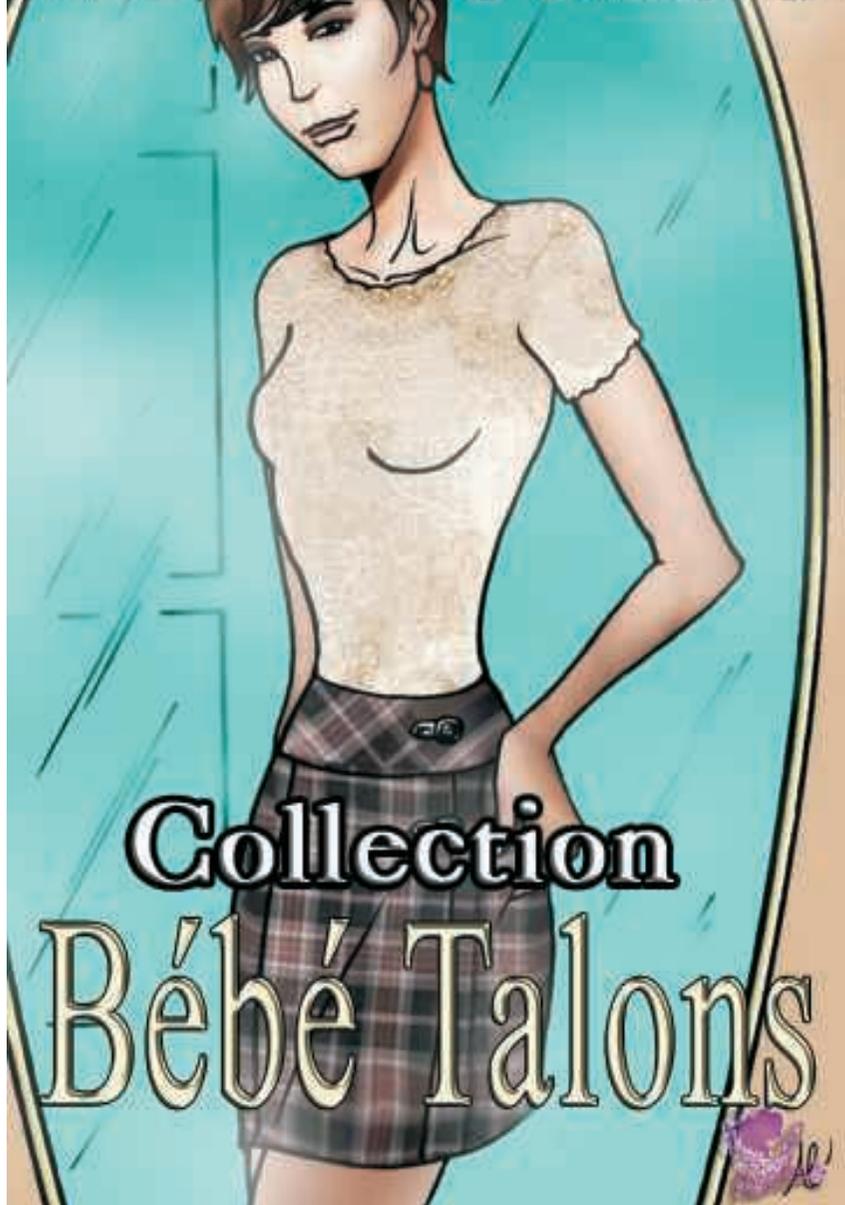


Mother's Maid



Collection

Bébé Talons





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Mother's Maid

By **Bébé Talons**

Chapter One

I cannot remember a time when I was not Mother's personal lady's maid and privy to all those secrets any real lady has that she is unwilling to share with others.

What made it all the more odd was that I had been born Charles Miles, Jr., the only son of Charles Sr. and Madelyn MacReady Miles.

Charles Sr. went off to war shortly after I was born and he was killed in a place called Bastogne in France two years later.

Charles Sr. had left Mother well off and being a woman of strong mind, she had brooked no interference in the handling of her financial affairs. She ignored the sage advice of her older male advisors and went her own way with her investments. One of those

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had been something called Stromberg-Carlson which eventually was absorbed by General Dynamics which eventually became part of the Siemens Corp. But by then, Mother was a multi-millionaire many times over and because of her vast success, had become a pariah in her own family.

Did this bother Madame?

Not so you'd notice it.

Being a reclusive type by nature and an extremely private person by necessity, she lived her life quietly and sedately on her estate deep in the vast expanses of Central Virginia.

Her grounds consisted of over three thousand acres of heavily forested creeks, valleys, ravines and an almost mountain. Our home was right on top of that mountain with several acres of green lawn surrounding it. There was a narrow macadam drive that wound up through the heavily shaded trees to the front entrance. Needless to say, we had few visitors unless specifically invited.

But, enough of that. You want to hear all about the maid stuff. Right?

OK, here t'is:

As a very young child, before my second birthday, or so Mother tells me, I was drawn to any and all things female, feminine and girlish. I preferred dolls, my dollhouse and girls' clothes. In fact, Mother smilingly tells that I would throw the most horrible tantrums when she tried to get me into boys' clothes. She soon gave up this struggle and allowed me to wear dresses with all the proper accouterments.

Now, as then, I prefer frills, lace, silks, velvets and the like in my dresses, skirts and other apparel. Not that I don't have many garments in more exotic fabrics, because I do and I wear them quite often.

But, whatever the fabric, I love them all.

With price not an issue, I was insidiously fed female hormones and feminine inducing minerals so that my body became female by default. My breasts started growing at age twelve I was already larger than an A-cup with my eventual breasts size a large C-cup.

By constant tight lacing and the removal of my two lower ribs on each side, I now have a quite startling twenty-inch waist above my swinging, jiggling, rounded ass which is thirty-four inches, not bad for a five foot one inch girl at all! OK, five foot five or six, depending on the height of my heels! And I adore heels, the higher, the better! Like my corsets, the tighter and more restrictive the garment, the better I like it. Madame too!

Back to being a maid.

I started out by doing little things for Mother, like bringing her tea, picking up after her in the bedroom, carrying soiled clothing to the laundry for processing, then bringing clean things back and putting them in their proper places for her immediate usage, also scurrying hither and yon securing little things that she needed and happy to do so.

My first memories of serving Mother's needs was about the age of seven or so. One afternoon I happened to be in her bedroom and I started picking up her discarded clothing and carrying it to the laundry to be processed. Mother smiled at my efforts and called me, "My sweet little maid." I was so pleased that I curtsied to her while holding my skirts just so.

I murmured, "Just happy to be of service, Madame." I was blushing with pleasure as I curtsied once more, turned and hurried out.

Just as I reached the door, Mother’s voice stopped me. “Charleen? Please come here,” and she pointed to a spot before her.

Still blushing, I curtsayed anew, then stood where she had pointed, waiting politely for her to speak.

“I have noticed for some time now that you pick up my clothes from the floor and take them to the laundry. Would you please tell me why you do this?” she asked.

I curtsayed before answering. “You are so busy with important matters and do not have the time to spare. I just want to help make things easier for you by doing all I can to help,” I explained, curtsaying again.

“That is so sweet and thoughtful of you, Charleen,” she praised, and I blushed even harder, if that were possible.

She reached out and caressed my cheek lovingly, the first time ever that she had shown any affection toward me in my whole life to that time.

“I like doing things for you, Madame,” I whispered, almost crying with joy.

“And I like that you like it too,” she whispered, her fingers caressing. “How would you like to take care of my laundry from now on?” she asked in that soft, throaty and caressing voice that I loved to hear.

“Oh, Madame!” I exclaimed joyously. “Do you mean that?”

“Of course I mean it, Charleen,” she trilled. “But remember, I shall expect you to always keep ahead of me and once things have been washed and ironed, I shall expect you to see to it that they are returned to their proper places, ready for instant use should I have the need.”

"Oh, thank you, Madame! I shall not fail you!" I vowed fervently.

She smiled. "Remember, my little maid Charleen, should you ever be remiss in your self-imposed responsibilities, I shall punish you most severely," she warned.

I curtsyed. "I shall remember, Madame."

And from that day on, I took care of Madame's clothes, making sure everything was promptly washed or cleaned and ready for instant use. As time went by, I watched the laundress as she sorted, washed and dried Madame's personal items, and over the next few years, I became proficient at laundering thereby releasing the laundress for her other chores. And yes, the time came when I learned how to iron all Madame's things and the laundress had less and less to do.

Of course, Madame noticed my added proficiency and began to add little chores to my list of responsibilities. Soon, I was not only doing all her laundry, but she had me help her dress and undress, helping with her stockings to make sure they fit smoothly.

From that I soon learned how to do her nails to her satisfaction and then she had me combing her luxurious hair.

I was so used to Madame's lack of dress when with her that it had come as quite a shock to me at age eleven or so when I realized that she was a voluptuous, feminine woman and that I had begun to have strange feelings for her.

When I confessed this to her, she became strangely silent and I feared for her response. "Charleen," she began, "do you like being my Personal Lady's Maid?"

I curtsyed politely. "More than anything in the whole world!" I vowed.

"Then we must take steps to assure that your accident of birth does not interfere with your duties as my Personal Lady's Maid," she replied thoughtfully.

I curtsayed again. "I am yours, Madame, to do with as you see fit!" My heart was in my mouth when I said this and I nervously awaited her response.

"You are sure of that, Charleen?" she asked softly.

I sensed that I was about to step over a chasm that I could never return, but her soft smile drove any thought of disaster from my mind. I only wanted to be with her and do for her the rest of my life!

I curtsayed. "Yes, Madame," I replied, "absolutely!"

"You do realize that you can never be a son to me ever again, do you not?"

I didn't, but I nodded anyway. "Yes, Madame."

"And there will be a decided change in our personal relationship?"

I curtsayed. "Yes, Madame."

"Very well, so be it. From hence, you are nothing except what I wish of you. And what I wish of you is for you to become my Personal Lady's Maid in all respects and purposes. I expect you to give yourself to my service willingly, joyously with your only thought my comfort and my needs, no matter how inconvenient, distasteful or repulsive any such comfort or need may or may not be to your sense of propriety. Is that clearly understood?"

I curtsayed. "Yes, Madame, I shall devote my whole self, my every thought, my every action to your comfort and the ease of your life, no matter what I think. I am yours to command in any way you see fit and my only desire is to be of service!" I vowed.

“And to think you have been right here under my very nose all this time!” she murmured to herself and I blushed with pleasure. She smiled brightly. “Now, be off with you, and remember, I like my tea promptly at four!”

I curtsayed. “Yes, Madame.” I curtsayed again, turned and hurried from the room. I was so excited that I was trembling with joy, that anxious I was to serve my new Mistress, my Madame. . . my new owner, for I had rejected my former selfless life in return for what amounted to virtual slavery to Madame!

I was owned!

My heart sang with joy!

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Chapter Two

Let me make one thing abundantly clear, my other education did not suffer as a result of my fascination with being the perfect Personal Lady's Maid. Not by a long shot!

Mother was a largely self-taught, knowledgeable person even though she had attended Wellesley College. As a result of her own childhood, she had learned to speak German and French as well as English, as all were spoken at home. That she lived in an area where only French and German were commonly spoken, only added to the ease with which she became fluent in each language.

It is said that the very young absorb knowledge at an accelerated rate, and so it was with me. I thought nothing of speaking three languages at home, and with native fluency. I have an ear for language that continued long past my formative years.

When I learned to read at age four, I read Albert Camus' "The Plague" in the original French. I did not understand much of what I read, so I borrowed Madame's French dictionary and read it from cover to cover. Now they say that I have an eidetic memory which means that once I see or hear something, it is imprinted on my brain forever. Whatever it is in actuality, I must have it as I do remember.

My education accelerated greatly once I could understand what I was reading and I turned to the German, specifically Herman Hesse's "Siddhartha," which I found rough going. Once more I borrowed one of Madame's German dictionaries and read it from cover to cover, absorbing everything easily.

Then when I tackled Hesse a second time, what had been vague inklings of discovery took on a shine of brilliance that surprised even me.

That started a frenzied rush into other classic novels, mostly Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Russian, and not all fiction. I read biographies, histories, outright garbage and others, all in an effort to learn. I read Homer in the original Greek and Plutarch and Aristotle in the original Latin. My thirst for knowledge knew no limit.

Many's the evening after all was said and done, Madame and I sat at ease in her bedroom and discussed topics of interest in their original languages. It was Mother who urged me to study religion, and in particular, Christianity, Judaism and Islam because all had almost identical roots.

That led me to a discovery of the so-called "Lost Books of the Bible," those deemed "not God-given" or "redundant" by The Council of Nicea in 325 A.D. There was probably no premeditated animosity in this non-inclusion because these men were simply guided by basic religious doctrine of the time, long before the split between Roman Catholicism and Greek



Orthodoxism which predated the split of the "Protestant" dissenters from Catholicism centuries later.

But, all that has no bearing on my story except to describe the depths of study that Madame and I explored and to point out the fact that I am not some mindless fool following a vague course to self-gratification.

The foregoing is an attempt to explain that I did not enter into my self-imposed servitude blind, but with full knowledge of what I was doing.

It is safe to say that I was eager to become Madame's personal servant, and if some choose to call my servitude slavery, well, that is their prerogative and does not explain my willingness to be such.

As "Popeye" used to say, "I yam what I yam, and that's all that I yam!"

Take it or leave it.

And so I continued to learn to be Madame's maid. There was so much to learn, but I was an apt pupil, and once something was learned, it was never forgotten as it became second nature to me to use my knowledge in Madame's service.

After my confession to Madame about my strange feelings for her, she took me to a special clinic where my problem was surgically removed and my diet supplemented with other vitamins and minerals and hormones designed to further my development as a female, which I was anyway, only now it was beginning to be apparent.

After the removal of my lower ribs, I was started on a regime of tight lacing with my boned corsets gradually getting smaller and smaller until I had attained my present waist measurement of exactly twenty inches. That with my thirty-two C-cups and thirty

three inch hip expanse on a five foot one inch frame made for a nice, compact package.

On my fifteenth birthday, Madame called me into her study and informed me that certain changes would have to be made if we were to continue as Mistress and Maid.

I trembled with anxiety as I was afraid that Madame had decided to dispense with my services and this was her way of releasing me from service.

"Madame?" I quavered, my heart in my throat. "How have I offended thee?"

She looked up at me in surprise. "Oh, Heavens! Is that what you think?" she giggled. "No, my sweet little maid, nothing could be further from the truth! You have been the answer to a maiden's prayer. Never have I been so pampered, so well-cared-for, so satisfied with all around me!"

"Then. . ." I quavered anew.

"There have to be certain changes," she began thoughtfully.

"Madame?" I croaked.

"First of all, I am quite dissatisfied with how you dress. Secondly, your rooms are much too far away for prompt service. Thirdly, your social life."

She gazed at me thoughtfully for a long second.

"Madame?" I still did not understand.

"Your dress," she repeated.

I looked down at the simple cotton dress I was wearing and wondered what she had in mind.

"It is unbecoming a Personal Lady's Maid," she explained.

"But, Madame, it's all I have," I defended myself.