

SOMEONE
OF USE



Tiffany
MELLIS



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By Tiffany Mellis.

This is a perfectly standard transvestite fantasy. Some attention has been paid to practicality, but not much. Just clothes, humiliation, and a little sex. Enjoy.

It took me a long time to realize it but we must have had a fairly high turnover in maids and that they were usually young, pretty, and very saucy. Knew their place mind you, but would seem to always follow my commands with a pause and a twinkle in their eye. Curtsey, then pause for just a few seconds as if to deliberate whether they should do as I wished, or debate the issue. With my step mother Doris or her daughter Lena there was never any doubt. They were quick to do what was told when addressed by a woman in authority was involved. Mind you, I should have seen the relationships that formed between them and Lena. Not overly familiar mind you but there was something there.

I didn't go into the village much and I suppose that my existence was minimized in male contacts. At college I had thought myself quite the man about town and squired a few women around but, to tell the truth, I was scared of them. I was pretty sure that I was hetero - my dreams and fantasies all involved women, never men - but once my college days were over and as my tenure in that large house increased I had less and less contact with my own sex and my visits to the village became less and less, The fact that I got Else pregnant may have been by design on her part, but frankly I think we had too much to drink. To be honest about it? I probably didn't have too much to do with the whole affair.

She was a Norwegian au pair girl and very pretty. Strong too, if our get-together in back of the village pub on a quiet day had anything to say about it. It was raining and I'd stopped in for a cider. She was there. Half drunk and randy. I'm small and slight. Quite good looking I guess and she came on to me. Okay, I actually fought her just a little - couldn't help it I suppose - but as she forced me on my back with the rain pattering on the window, then straddled me until I came - which wasn't very long. It was, as she told me later - a most unsatisfying experience.

Not really for me though. I had lost my cherry! Hugged this knowledge to myself in a delight. Did not tell anyone of course but thought myself as no end of a fellow.

Else disappeared from my life, for about three months anyway. Then one day I was sitting - it was raining again - when Doris swept in, accompanied by Else! "Taylor?" she announced in her grandest tones. "We need to TALK!"

There, under the watchful and scornful eyes of Doris and Lena, with Else looking on, I discovered that I was probably a father. Else wanted no part of me of course, so was more than happy with the check that Doris laid on her. Admitted that she was going back to Norway immediately. Left almost immediately afterwards - didn't even say good bye to me! But again I felt myself to be really masculine and dangerous as Doris notified me that my 'maleness' was leading me astray. After that moment? If I wanted to go anywhere away from the house, I had to get permission from Doris or Lena.

Behind Doris's back Lena smiled and made me uncomfortable but Doris fixed me with an imperious look and asked if I didn't want to object. I mean, this was putting me under the power of two women. But as I said, my mind was filled with glorious ideas of my own masculinity, so I stayed quiet, Then just as we were about to finish, Lena had a thought and asked Doris innocently. "But what happens if we're both gone, mother. Who could he ask?"

Doris shrugged. "Don't know. Don't care. Nobody here? He stays. Period!"

"But mother!" Lena protested, smiling. "That's not fair! Suppose he has an emergency?"

Doris didn't look perturbed at all, but her daughter went and whispered in her ear and she brightened up. She pointed to a sofa. "Donald? Sit over there for a moment. Please."

Then Lena added, with a peculiar smile. "In the middle please."

I really object to this woman bossing me around but she's bigger than me and I always feel that there's nothing she'd like better than to humiliate me physically I don't want to give her any excuses by disobeying her. Accordingly, I try to do as she says fairly quickly. As I settled in to the center of the sofa, Doris gave the velvet rope pull the tugs that summoned the maids. Then smiled at me. I got the strangest feeling that she was enjoying what was about to happen. But I sat there, docile as ever.

In all honesty I don't think that anyone knew it at that time, Lena had some idea perhaps, but I had absolutely none. Within the next five minutes things changed - and were never the same again.

"Come in girls. Come in!" Doris said. "You too Vera."

I can't say that I was surprised by seeing the four maids as they always seemed to comprise a group. Vera was different somehow. The four maids: Marge; Rose; Betty; and Tiffany were all very alike. Short, maybe an in or two taller than me, good figures. All blonde and with hair in almost identical styles - a sort of curly cap. All in gray uniforms with white bands around their hair. All inquisitive and pertly looking around to see what was going on.

Vera was a bit stockier and didn't wear a uniform. She was also dark haired and tended towards having a sardonic expression on her face. She wasn't as interested as the other girls as to why she'd been called and she looked around her with a bored air.

Lena took charge. Smiling, she said. "We have an announcement to make and would like you girls to form in position, all right? You Vera, stand behind Donald there. Marge and Rose? You girls take positions close on either side of Vera at the back please. Betty and Tiffany? One of you on each side of Donald, on the couch please." Then she paused as the girls formed into the positions she'd described, giggling with some curiosity. Then she smiled. "Marge and Rose? If you'd pull in tight. Lean forward over Donald. Vera? If you'd take him by the shoulders and pull him back so that he's fully against the sofa? That's a girl! Now Betty and Tiffany. Pull in tight to him. Pull your petticoats out and show them off a little. It's actually very good if you take up some of his space. Let your petticoats ride over him a little? VERY good!"

Of course the girls don't use expensive perfume but they do smell clean and lovely and feminine. Their uniforms may not be silks and satins, but they are distinctly girlish And there I am, right in the middle of such a group, smelling the scents and feeling the silken softness of the materials.

And I can't move! Vera is holding me back against the couch and in position. I feel the women settling around me.

"What a lovely group!" Doris said. "Do you have your digital camera nearby Lena?"

"I think it's close. Why?" Lena asked.

"Don't you think they all look so nice together? Such a pretty picture? Perhaps we should take their picture and give them an idea of how they all look."

"A good idea!" Lena says in agreement. "Just wait a moment. Don't bother getting it girls. I know where it is - and you all pose so nicely, I don't want to burst it up." And she leaves the room.

"Good! That gives me a moment to explain to all of you why we've asked you here." Doris said. "Why don't you all make yourself comfortable girls? There's no need to stand on ceremony right now."

I felt the girls move even closer about me, taking up even more space on the sofa. Felt as if I were drowning in girliness.



"You see girls? Donald has been giving Miss Lena and I some problems!" This caused a sort of hushed shock amongst my compatriots, but Doris continued. "You see? He has started to develop this silly attitude that males are superior to females." One or two giggles from around me I blushed some. This was partly true. But let's face it - I was a man who had servants work under me. The maids were simply that - maids. Surely I couldn't be

blamed for that? But Doris was talking again. "He seems also very proud that he seduced a young village girl and put her in the family way."

A shocked hush followed this announcement. Somewhat theatrical to tell the truth. But then she started up again. "So Miss Lena and I decided that we needed to keep a better eye on him. Only allow him out of the house for a while when conditions were right. This is not a prison of course. We want to keep him here for his own good! Not let him prowl around a village of defenseless women!" At that stage, a noise erupted from my companions - a sort of growl combined with scorn - and yet some laughter. "Any questions?"

Rose was the first to speak up. "Yes ma'am. You're telling us to keep an eye on Master Donald? To report to you or Miss Lena if he leaves the house. Make sure he does so only with your or Miss Lena's permission?"

This was terrible! The two ladies in the house were putting me in a subordinate position to them. Not only that, but they were letting all the servants know! From within what felt like a feminine prison, surrounded by femininity, I could only stare with horror at Doris. But worse was to follow!

Lena had come back into the room carrying her camera and heard the question posed by Rose. Answered her instead of Doris. "Correct, but not altogether Rose. What mom and I meant was that it would be a good idea and save time if he were to ask one of you girls - or Vera - for permission to go. It would be more efficient if we were not here and teach him that women - any women - were not just here just to obey him."

There was a shocked silence as this news was digested. "You mean that he can ask for our - OUR permission - to leave the house?"

"Not 'can' dear. Should. Now? Cluster around girls. I want this to be a lovely picture! Yes Betty and Tiffany, spread those petticoats! Lovely! And Marge and Rose? Lean over him more. More into the camera if you will. There! Smile please! Donald? You're not smiling like the other girls. Come on now! That's better!" And she clicked a number of photos as the girls all giggled around me, if anything, moving in closer to me. Almost suffocating.

Pleased, she showed the digital photos to Doris then brought the camera forward so that all the girls could see. Naturally, this involved their huddling together even more and all of a sudden I have breasts and lace brushing my face and soft hands on my thighs as I sit there practically immobile staring at the photos within a sea of happy, confident, smiling faces surrounding me - while I have a weak face of barely-smiling approval.

"Isn't that lovely girls?" Lena asked enthusiastically, drawing the camera back.

"Oh yes Miss Lena!" Tiffany replied. "Master Donald already looks like one of the - one of the - one of."

"Girls?" Rose laughed.

Oh, I wouldn't go THAT far, "Lena laughed. Then she addressed me, as the group broke up.

"Of course you'll be disconcerted just now my dear, but trust me! A week or two and you'll feel like just one of the group!"

"Yes Master Donald!" the girls chorused happily. "Just you wait and see!"

Okay, the next few weeks had their bad side. I really felt embarrassed at having to ask permission to go down to the village and the one time I asked, Lena disapproved for what I felt were capricious reasons but on the whole? I hate to admit it, but I really didn't have much reason, nor want, to go.

On top of that, I got the strangest feeling of being looked after by everyone. Sounds silly, but I gradually felt that I was being 'looked after'. Does that sound kind of nutty to you?

And the girls were nicer than I expected. Smiled at me often and often curtsied as if their supposed subordination was just that - a joke. I really didn't feel a great deal of indignation at all when Lena asked Rose to go and get her a wrap - after all, that's what maids are for, right?. Rose curtsied her, as was only proper, but then came over to me. "I'm awfully busy right now Donald. Would you mind getting Miss Lena's wrap? It's up in her room. Be a help to Rose, huh?"

I knew that Lena's eyes were on us but it didn't seem politic to do anything that could be construed as negative. After all, Rose had asked nicely had she not, and Lena's room wasn't that far away and maybe this was a chance to show that I was getting over what Doris and Lena described as "his macho pride". With no shown reluctance at all I went and got her gauzy wrap. The only problem, once I got back with it was that Rose wasn't there.

This meant that it was ME that had to take it to Lena. Naturally, this bothered me some.

"Oh my! How darling of you!" she simpered, patting my face softly. "Just put it around my shoulders if you will? That is SO nice of you, and I wouldn't want you to think that I don't appreciate it."

Don't ask me how it had happened, but the simple act seemed me wrapping a garment around her bare shoulders as she smiled and had me make a minor adjustment seemed to make Lena think that I was her inferior. Maybe she had thought this before, I don't know but it became a little more obvious now. From that point on, she wasn't above using a different tone of voice with me. Sort of talked down to me, you know? Almost as if I were a

little child or something. Had absolutely NO problem in asking me to do something for her. Somehow or other, Doris seemed to pick up on this too, but as anything they asked me to do for them was so trivial, it just seemed best to do it.

Then came a pivotal day. A nice sunny day, but I was bored. My hair was getting quite long - I have a nice head of hair and though I hate to get it trimmed I saw in the mirror that it was getting a little long for good taste. Thought I'd go into the local barber and have it done.

I DID go looking for Doris or Lena to get permission, honestly. I can't say I felt good about this to tell the truth. Kinda ornery if the truth be known. After all, I was a grown man and thought I was being treated as a prisoner. Okay, I could see their dislike of possible over-masculinity on my side, but it was just a hair trim for goodness sake!

Both ladies were gone. According to Marge, they had gone shopping to the town, some distance away. "Why are you asking?" Vera asked, who was standing close by.

At that point in time it meant absolutely nothing for me to ask either of them for permission to go to the village but somehow, my pride got in the way. "Oh, nothing," I replied airily. "Just asking." They shrugged and went about their business. I went and got my book and reading glasses then walked down to a secluded reading table at the end of the garden. Casually, laid them on the table, then simply walked away. I was ashamed of myself at this subterfuge but the thought of asking a MAID or a cook for permission to leave my own house seemed out of the question. Plus, with any luck, I'd be back before they would miss me. Plus - and this made me smile - I could always say that the thought of a haircut had just crossed my mind. The village was just a bit down the road and to go away back to the house for permission for such a short and meaningless errand was unthinkable.

It was a lovely day and although I was a bit nervous of what I'd done, I sauntered along, enjoying the sunshine and using a long twig to slash at nettles and suchlike that bordered the narrow country road. I reached the outskirts of the village when, down a side street I saw an outside dining area of a pub. I hadn't had a cider in SUCH a long time. So I went down there and had a half pint. Sat there, content, drinking my beer and taking in the sunshine. Half dozing.

"Why? There you are, Master Donald!" Tiffany's voice was saying and, surprised I looked up. "We've been looking ALL over for you." She sat down beside me. "My, that drink looks good. Can I have a half pint?"

My guilty feeling came back. I felt odd and on the defensive somehow, but didn't want to apologize - after all, what had I DONE? On top of that, I didn't want to be seen drinking with a servant, but what could I do? I nodded and

ordered a drink from a waiter. She corrected me nicely and ordered four. I stared at her, but she just smilingly ignored me and spoke quietly into a cell phone. Some minutes later the other three maids joined us at the table. They were somewhat un-smiling, but happy enough to see the drinks ordered for them.

It was a fairly quiet break. They were staring at me and frankly, I was in a bit of a stew. Wasn't quite sure what I was to do, but this quandary was solved for me. Quaffing their drinks quickly, Rose and Betty stood up from the table. "Well Master Donald, shall we?" With that, both of them fitted a hand in either of my armpits and lifted. I felt like drawing back and complaining, but something about them made me close my mouth. I offered lit-tie resistance as I was half dragged back to the car, A door was opened for me unceremoniously at the back, and there I was, Rose on one side and Betty on the other. Tiffany driving and Marge on the front passenger seat.

"But girls?" I finally found my voice. "I only came here to get a haircut," I was amazed at how weak and petulant it sounded.

"A haircut?" Marge exploded, speaking to the others. "My goodness! Can you imagine what Miss Lena would have said if she came back and we didn't know where he was - then he came in with a haircut?"

There was a silence for a moment as the contemplated this, then Tiffany said. "It might not have been THAT bad. Maybe?"

"Hey, she's been real nice since you've been around. You're the newest girl." Rose said quietly. "But trust me dear, she has a temper, and things might have gone very bad for us. Just be thankful we got him before he got into the barber's chair!"

There was quite a silence from the other two, but no signs of disagreement. This was the very first indication I'd ever had that there was a different relationship between them and Lena. I was curious, but decided against any action. For whatever reason, the girls were upset. Then Tiffany spoke again over her shoulder. "Maybe we don't tell her?"

"You like this soft job?" Betty asked, while Marge spoke simultaneously. "You crazy? She ever found out - and little Donni here might be the first to tell her? The very least she'd do, is fire us!" Then Betty spoke again. "Let Lena punish him. Frankly? I think he might enjoy it!"