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BIG

By Tiffany Mellis

“Michael?” Dr. Roberts said crossing her silk-shod legs in a most obvious way. “You don’t need me to tell you that are rich and can afford me, but sincerely? The answer to your malaise and general feeling of being down is easily explained – and you don’t need me, as a psychologist to do it. Your mother was always rather frugal with money, and I’m pretty sure that she would probably be spinning in her grave if she saw you here today.” She smiled. “Paying me good money for reasons that are quite obvious!”

I felt a little twinge at the thought of mummy but waved my hand negligently. “Like you say Alice? I’m rich. The thought of paying you for your services doesn’t bother me at all and I most certainly would appreciate hearing any *easy* solution to the malaise that has

been haunting me for some time now. My life is rather boring." Even I thought that I sounded petty and stuffy. I got her dander up though.

She sat up straight in her chair and an angry flush stained her cheeks. "First of all Michael? As far as you're concerned? My name is Doctor Roberts! *Not* Alice! I AM a professional and demand that you treat me as such!"

I found myself blushing. "But mummy – sorry Mother – always referred to you as Alice." (She was being SO deliciously strong!)

But she continued. "You are NOT your mother Michael. She was an imposing woman and that certainly can NOT be said about you. You are be small and dainty enough to be the spitting image of her – but you are *not* her. Neither are you imposing! Now what is my *name*?"

She was SO stern and imposing! I felt myself melt. Spoke softly to her. "Doctor Roberts?"

Suddenly she surprised me by being calm and kind again. Leaned over and patted my knee. Spoke softly and kindly to me. "Michael? I really don't care if you call me Alice or not, I was just trying to prove a point."

"A point?" I had to pursue this feeling of submissive delight I was feeling.

"Yes dear. It is SO obvious. Your mother was very commanding – and you were in the habit of doing what you were told. Since she died in that accident, it is YOU that has to make decisions. Tell people what to do." She patted my knee fondly. "I can SEE why you're uncomfortable. You just miss someone being in command. Feel a lot more comfortable with someone else making the decisions. Tell me truthfully? Didn't you

feel more comfortable when I just pretended to bark at you? Tell you what to call me?"

I blushed and hung my head. "I guess that you're saying that that's something I should get out of?"

"Absolutely!" She smiled. "Though maybe not right away. You are now capable of being anything you want, but you can't expect your psychological makeup to accept a change from doing what you're told – to someone barking out the orders and expecting them to be followed. If you do it properly, it WILL take time – but if done properly? You should be able to do just about anything once you have re-directed your psyche! Being sincere dear? I think that the center of your universe - your mother - disappeared far too quickly for your morale and you need to effect a transition before you can discover the power and authority that could be yours."

I was intrigued, but puzzled. "I'm not sure what you mean, Doctor Roberts?"

She leaned back in her chair and her eyes dimmed as she thought deeply. Finally, she spoke slowly. "Well? I haven't really thought this out totally – but I think that you need a woman – a strong woman – to stand in for your mother. She'd have to be in your employ probably – which could tend to diminish her a little in your eyes." She paused thoughtfully. "Maybe a contract for a period saying that you couldn't fire her for some time? That might do the trick."

My heart gave a lurch and I felt the start of an erection. Tried to laugh. "I know I'm small and weak looking Doctor Roberts – but that doesn't mean that I don't WANT to be manly! But old habits DO take a long time to die. Are you sure I could handle this? And why not a weak woman to begin with?"

She nodded thoughtfully. "Yes. I can see the point your making about working with a weak woman. As a matter of fact, that was my original thought. But I started thinking that you need a challenge immediately. Truthfully? There's nothing worthwhile that is TOO easy, is there? So that led me to the idea of a strong woman." She paused. "Have a perfect lady in mind as a matter of fact." She thought again. "But you can't expect too much from yourself now, can you – and I'm the same. I mean if you were to start being all tough and macho immediately . ." She held up her hands. "And I'm not saying by any means that you CAN'T! Though it might be putting *far* too much strain on your delicate constitution. Like throwing a non-swimmer into the deep end of a swimming pool!" To say the least, I was thoroughly confused by this.

She looked at me kindly. "I have in mind to do something highly unusual. It would seem very unprofessional, but I think I need to prove a point to you. Would you have any objection?"

"Of course not!" I laughed. "I trust your judgment!"

But to my consternation she got up from her chair and came over slowly. There was something confident in her mien and walk. She showed a tiny confident smile as she looked down on me as I sat there, suddenly feeling rather small and weak. Then she leaned over, took my head in her hands and turned my face up – and KISSED me. Slowly and sensuously. Right on the lips! I tried to struggle, but even though she was only an average sized woman she was much stronger than myself as she worked her way into the large chair beside me. I found myself settling into her arms and felt a submission steal over my body. Somehow slid onto her lap, looking softly up at her.



She took her time before releasing me, then as she did looked down fondly on me. “See Michael? Some women – and I include myself – prefer men who are not filled with all sorts of macho nonsense – and I just couldn’t resist trying out your charms before you set out on this program to become all tough and masculine!”

I blinked and tried to restore my equanimity. Giggled. "Mummy never did *that*."

She laughed softly. "No? I don't know how she could resist! I knew her very well indeed – and she DID like to be in control." She seemed to preen. "Something like me in that regard."

I swallowed. "You really think that getting a strong woman will work Doctor?"

She kissed me again and once more I sank into her embrace. Dazedly, I looked up at her when she backed away a little.

"Was that nice Michael?" She asked.

"Oh yes." I panted.

"Well? Do you think that I would tell you to do something wrong? Of COURSE I think it will work! I even think that the lady I have in mind for you – an Emily Williams by name – will be the VERY person you need. Would you like to talk to her?"

"I don't . . . don't . . . know." I stammered. "Maybe I should think about it for a little while, maybe for a day or?"

"Wonderful thinking dear!" she interrupted. "See, you're becoming more masculine already! All you need is someone strong that you can gradually rebel against. So I'll call her right now and you can think about it while she comes over." She kissed me again and dazedly I fought hard to find the place. Lay in her arms, soft and docile. Had to ask something though.

"But, but, but. ." I started.

Softly, but commandingly, she laid a forefinger on my lips and I was immediately obedient and got quiet as she spoke down to me again. "Well? I absolutely

LOVE the way you are just now – all soft and giving. Can you blame me for wanting to enjoy you before you get all changed? Come along now!”

She was SO domineering! Almost like mummy. Such FUN! Made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. I wanted to bring up the point that her behavior to me wasn't very professional – but she had been mummy's psychologist for years and I didn't want to hurt her feelings – so I let her lead me over to her desk. Once there, I almost stopped her – after all, she wanted me to sit on her lap! But I did and, once she had me rest my head on her shoulder, she smiled and gave me another kiss. “Comfy? My little darling?” She cooed. “Now why don't you do something nice for me?”

“What?”

“Take up my telephone and dial this number. Then hold the phone for me as I speak.”

“I don't understand . . .”

“Just DO it darling! The number you should dial is . . .” and she said a telephone number.

As I started to do as she asked, I discovered why she had asked me to use the telephone. One of her arms was around my neck pulling me into her. Her free hand was fondling me! Stroking my engorged penis gently.

“Oh? Please STOP doctor! I can't talk into the phone like this!” I giggled as I dialed.

“You won't have to darling.” She said. “Just make sure that you hold the phone up to my mouth. I'll do the talking.

We must have made a pretty picture. Me sitting on her lap, panting helplessly as she fondled me while she spoke into the phone.

"Hello?" A deep, contralto, voice answered on the third ring.

"Hi Emily!" The doctor said. "I have a patient here who needs someone like you desperately!"

"Does the patient pay good?"

"Of course. He's very, very, rich."

"Mmmm. Sounds good. When do I start?"

"Well he's here right now. Think you could come over and meet him? I think that the two of you will get on like a house on fire! And the poor dear needs expedited help!"

"Don't see why not. I should be there in about ten minutes. Tell your secretary to expect me."

"Oh. Just tell her to let you into my office. I'm too *busy* right now!" The doctor sniggered. Gave me a light kiss.

"Okay." And the phone went dead.

She continued to kiss me but took the phone out of my helpless hand then cradled it. A few seconds later, she was back gently stroking my penis again.

She seemed to know when I was about to ejaculate and stopped for a while, waiting for me to become more under control. One of those times, I managed to say. "But I thought you agreed that I was to get more time to consider hiring someone like this?"

"Well? You saying that you didn't have enough time?" She was quite defensive. "I was under the impression that you were making a dynamic decision!" I

immediately backed down, not wanting to hurt her feelings.

“No. No. I trust your judgment. Honest!”

“That’s better!” Then she looked at my mouth closely. “Are you wearing lipstick or is that mine?”

“Must be yours. I don’t wear lipstick.” I said, blinking my eyes.

“Pity. Looks quite nice on you,” she said, taking a pinky and gently smoothing out the contours of my lips. “Yes darling. That shade seems to go with that shirt.” Gave me another light kiss. Started fondling and kissing me again. Some time passed and I seemed to enter a haze.

Then a knock came to the door and it opened as HUGE woman walked in. her eyes took in the picture in front of her. “Yo Alice!” she said, laughing. “You said something about being busy – am I interrupting something?”

“No. My little darling here – Michael – just recently lost his mother. We’re trying to overcome some of his phobias.” She paused a second. “She used to boss him around.” She stopped again then spoke directly to me. “This is Emily, the lady I told you about.” She said. I could only nod, scared to speak because she was stroking me again and I was in two minds. Impressed by this new lady – and scared I’d eject in another.

“Hi Michael!” Emily said in a deep contralto voice. A little giggle seemed to be in her mouth. “You look very . . . comfortable?” Then she spoke to Doctor Roberts. “Just a normal job then?”

“Well? Maybe not exactly? You see he got used to his mummy making the decisions – then she got killed recently. The poor darling is missing her dreadfully.

Needs a woman with a commanding presence – and I immediately thought of you.”

Emily shrugged. “So he’s a momma’s boy who needs discipline. What’s different about that?” She leered at me. “That’s what I DO – for little sissy boys like you.” My erection grew tremendously!

“No. No. NO!” Doctor Roberts spoke immediately. “Michael here has GREAT wealth and we see the need for him to learn how to be more forceful and charismatic! I’m assuming that with some training he’ll be just like his mother!”

Emily looked puzzled. “And? You want ME?”

“Exactly!” Doctor Roberts answered. “Once Michael learns how to boss dominant women around? Be YOUR master, so to speak? I figure that he’ll be able to handle anything!”

“Oh?” Emily still looked puzzled. “I see. You want ME to give into HIM?” She wasn’t far from sneering as she stared at me.

“Well? A *little* bit – he does needs it after all. You see? His mother had very dominant genes in her. I’m positive that once his genetic makeup kicks in? He’ll turn into a real tyrant.”

Emily shrugged. “Oh. I see it now. But before we talk wages? Talking about makeup?” She leaned down to me. “Are you one of those little pansies that loves to make themselves pretty with lipstick and stuff?”

“Emily!” Doctor Roberts laughed. “Would you stop teasing poor Michael? Let’s get this job arranged and get you started.”

As far as my determining that Emily was going to work for me? I didn’t see any signs of me being *any*

kind of boss in the next ten minutes – though by that time I was ostensibly Emily’s employer – Doctor Roberts even had some employer-employee contract that was filled out. When I was finally asked for my signature? Emily got disgruntled with me when I wanted to read the whole document – asked if I thought that she and Alice were crooks? Naturally I denied this and to prove my goodwill, signed it without reading it.

Doctor Roberts took me in her arms again after Emily left. Kissed and fondled me until I ejaculated all over myself – then she demanded that she drive me home. Took me to all the way to the front door then rang the bell – so that one of the maids answered. Somehow or other, it was passed on to her what had happened and I had to get upstairs to my suite – with the evidence of my lack of self control all over my pants for all of the servants to see.

Emily introduced herself to the house a few days later. My behavior was not auspicious!

I was rudely awakened in my bedroom by some noise and sleepily opening my eyes, found a huge feminine presence pulling back my bedclothes.

“What? What? What are you DOING?” I mumbled as the bedclothes disappeared, leaving me shivering in my pajamas.

“Have you ANY idea what time it is?” she thundered. “Time to get up! UP!” and with that she pulled me out of bed like a rag doll, and then pushed and prodded my arms into my dressing gown. Then to my horror she pulled me over and down onto a chair so that I was sitting on her lap.

“Been thinking!” She said. “I want you to call me ‘Mummy’. Mummy dear’ if you want to please me!”

“But you aren’t – aren’t . . . OW!” I let out a howl as she nipped me.

“Just think about it!” She commanded. “I’m trying to duplicate what it was like before. Give you something to overcome! But try it first for practice. See how you feel! Doesn’t that make sense? Now WHAT do you call me?”

Her fingers were poised over my soft upper arm where she’d nipped me before, so I thought it best to go along with this madwoman.

“Mummy?”

“Not bad. Not good either. Try saying it softer. Sweeter. Nicer.”

“Mummy – dear.”

“Much better!” Then she simply kissed me. Long and strong. I struggled ineffectually for a few seconds, then simply grew limp and settled into her arms.

She lifted her lips from mine and gazed down on me. “Do you feel nice and soft and weak?”

“Yes.” I whispered.

“Sorta like a girl might?” She turned my face up to hers. “Being kissed by her mummy?”

“Yes. I think so.” I whispered again, blushing terribly at this admission.

“**Good!** That’s how I want you to feel when you’re around me. Try again!”

And I lay there in her arms, totally dominated and called her mummy – and mummy dear – until she was sure that this was how I would call, and think of her, from then on.

Then she told me that she'd already told the staff they were to come into the bedroom when she called. I wanted to complain how this wasn't her place – but just felt totally helpless as she smiled at me, then called out loudly. "STAFF?"

She introduced herself to the staff after they filed in and stood in front of us. If they saw something strange in their employer sitting on a large woman's knee, they made no sign. At the time, I had my own butler, a footman, then three maids and a cook. I had expected Emily to act like a new employee at the time, but was thoroughly shocked when she basically took over the meeting. She spoke firmly, without preamble.

"Some of you have been in the Dean family employ for a long time." She stared at the group combatively. . "Michael has hired me to help him run this household properly. I will probably have him lay most of you off. ." She ignored the shocked looks and went on. "I can assure you that we will be generous in our severance pay and benefits – though if any of you decide to fight this decision? You will find that we can be less than generous. I'll let you know. So back to your duties for now."

"Aha." I coughed to the group. "Don't be shocked. Emily and I haven't come to any *real* decision yet and once we do . . ."

"If you would go and stand outside the bedroom door for a moment or two?" Emily asked the staff pleasantly, interrupting me. "I think that Michael and I want to discuss something in private."

I started to remonstrate with this, but a slight nip from her reminded me of who was what and I desisted. The staff closed the door behind them.

“Now then!” Emily said calmly – and I was moved easily, and was now over her knees, my dressing gown being pulled up and my pajama pants pulled down.

“What .. what . . . are you DOING?” I spluttered.

“Guess!” Was all she said, and a few minutes later I was howling as she whacked my bare bottom with her hand. Then I cried helplessly as she continued to give my ass a solid spanking.

After about ten or eleven spanks she uprighted me to sit on her lap again. “You going to try and countermand me again?”

“No.” I sobbed.

“Staff?” She called out pleasantly but loudly. “Would you come back in again please?”

So the servants trooped back in to a somewhat similar picture, the only difference being that my tear stained face gave full credence to what they’d probably heard through the doors. She spoke calmly and clearly.

“Michael and I have discussed what I was talking about earlier and decided that what I said *was accurate*. Most of you WILL be laid off – and quite shortly at that. You will be given generous bonuses on your departure date – but that is only as long as you do not fight your dismissal – and naturally, that you behave properly in the few days left of your employment in this house. Any questions?”

The staff actually smiled at her! “No ma’am” a few said while the others shook their heads. She smiled back.

She smiled gently. “See Michael? One just needs a firm hand. Think you learned anything today?”

Being almost incapable of sitting properly on her lap because my ass felt like it was blistered? I never even thought to do anything but nod and tearfully thank her for teaching me so much in such a short time. The servants looked at each other knowingly and smiled at the picture that I made, sitting on Emily's lap. Then they left quietly.

* * *

Less than a week later things had developed speedily. The only servant that had been kept was James – the footman. Very small and pleasant faced and deferential like myself. Emily was now *the* power in the house – there was no question about that. She had hired three women servants – a cook and two maids. All of them quite young, definitely good looking and tall. They did what SHE told them. They were reasonably polite to me and always dressed well – she bought them uniforms immediately – and kept the house reasonably well. She had allowed - nay commanded me – to interview them. A total waste of time as they had come close to snickering at my attempts to be 'the lord of the manor' so to speak.

Emily did allow me to leave the house now and then – but only to shop, never anything that smacked of exercise. ALWAYS with her, or a female servant to 'guide' me. She did also take me to see Doctor Roberts about twice a week to establish what leaps and bounds I'd made in my raising my personal confidence. In all honesty, I felt that this meeting was something of a joke.

Both women would reflect deeply then Emily would announce that I didn't seem to be making much

progress. As she had spanked me more than once, I pointed out – very carefully – that this tendency of hers was making it very difficult for me to demonstrate confidence and male superiority, my lack of progress was easily understood. Both women smiled at each other when I said this. Doctor Roberts reminded me that I couldn't possibly take any credit for being stronger than Emily if she rolled over and played dead – could I? I tried to point out that maybe if Emily was a *little* less overbearing? I could possibly gain some confidence?

After she spanked me for behaving naughtily and taking a chance of hurting Emily's feelings, Doctor Roberts actually took me on her knees and dried my tears. Then proceeded to talk to Emily. "Maybe the poor dear has a point?"

Emily studied her fingernails before replying. "And that point would be?"

"Well? You ARE a rather forceful figure my dear. Maybe you're just a little stronger woman than poor dear Michael can handle."

"And you propose?"

"Couldn't you have him practice on some other women? Weaker than you? You will still stay to supervise of course. Any ideas?"

Emily considered. "The idea *has* merit Alice. Must admit that. I think I have a germ of an idea, let me think about it."

That was that. I didn't find out what her idea was until dinnertime the following night and went down to the dining room. She had taken over the head of the table immediately when she had come, so it wasn't unusual and I wasn't surprised to see her there. What was

surprising was that there wasn't a place set for me. She saw the look of surprise in my face. "Stand over there Michael." She said, pointing to a floor area to the side of the table. Uncertainly I went. Just then, Margaret, one of the maids who had the duty of serving dinner that night, appeared.

"Margaret? Serve me first, then when you go back down to the kitchen have all of the other servants come up here. Okay?"

"You want the cook as well?"

"Yes."

Margaret curtsied her and left. So I had to stand there like a ninny.

She dabbed her lips with her napkin. "I don't want to explain this more than I have to, so just wait there until the others come. Okay?" She didn't wait for my answer. "I'll start my dinner if you don't mind." And with that, she started eating her meal! Totally ignored me!

Margaret and Nancy the two maids, Pearl the cook, and James all came slowly into the dining room. Didn't quite know what to do when they saw me standing there. Emily looked up from her meal, then waved them towards me. Emptied her mouth, wiped her lips with her napkin. Took a drink of water. Looked at us all.

"For reasons that don't concern you? Michael will henceforth be joining you all in the servant's quarters for his meals. His timing at your table and so on will have to be established for the meals between all of you. Is that clear enough?"

"Yes ma'am." Nancy said, curtseying. "But what about you?"

"I'll be eating here at my regular times. Is there anything *else* you don't understand?" Emily said, suddenly venomous.

Just about all of us took a step backward. Emily in a bad mood was SCARY!

"No problem ma'am." Pearl said quickly. "If that's all?"

"Yes." Emily said. "Except you Michael. I'd like to talk to you."

I was unsure of what was going on. Can't say I was pleased at being singled out. "Shall I eat here Mummy dear?" I saw her face. "For tonight?"

Nobody giggled this time, but I could normally feel the feel the mockery in the air when I called Emily 'mummy' in front of the servants. This time it was deadly still as Emily glared at me. "Jesus H. Christ! Didn't I just SAY *where* you were to eat from now on?"

"Yes Mummy. I'm sorry." I was trembling.

"Yeah. Well. Okay. You stay for a moment. The rest of you, get back into the kitchen!"

It wasn't long before I was left alone with her. She didn't go back to her dinner. Instead she stared at me. "Well? You have something you want to say. Ask?"

"Yes Mummy. I don't understand. Eat with the servants?"

She made a tutting sound. "You ARE dense Michael! Isn't the whole idea of this whole exercise you get you more confidence, especially with women?"

"Yes mummy. But I'm still lost."

She shook her head. "Look dear? You were supposed to gain confidence by being able to boss me

around – true? Make me all whimpering and obedient?”

“Yes mummy.”

“Have you DONE that?”

I gulped. Almost laughed at the absurdity of the very idea. “No mummy.”

She smiled nicely. “So? I want you to start hobnobbing with the servants. Get the upper hand on them. Once you start bossing THEM around? You can then come back and try to tell ME what is what! Doesn’t that make sense?”

“Yes mummy. I see it now. But why can’t I keep on eating here?”

“SILLY! By joining them at their table you start off more like one of them. How can you possibly expect them to consider you as an equal if they’re serving you all the time?”

I shook my head. There was something not quite right about this logic, but whatever it was escaped me. She saw my puzzlement. “It’s easy to understand – right? By putting you on an even footing with them we’ll be testing your REAL bossiness. If we don’t start this way, they’ll be more deferential to you – you ARE their boss after all and I think we need them to recognize you – as a man – rather than deflect to your position. See?”

I still didn’t get it exactly but nodded meekly.

“Good!” She said. “Off you go. Join the *other* girls. Now please!”

I’d seen the servants dining area of course – but never eaten there. A fairly large table in a pleasant room, close to the kitchen. My expectations got a shock

immediately though. The girls were all in uniform of course – pretty black silk dresses with pristine white aprons – and muslin hats pinned to their pretty hair. When I tentatively entered the room, the girls were all seated. Nancy at the head of the table then Margaret and Pearl on her right and left. James was serving and there were two places laid out below the last two women.

I didn't feel that I should sit where a place had obviously been laid out for me – but my first shock was James. I had noticed him for a few days now and the fact that his footman uniform seemed to have been changed, with him mostly in black pants and white shirt. I had thought of asking why but now I could get an idea and I wanted to leave it severely alone. He was *servicing* the girls! Not only that? He now had on a long white maid's apron – and a muslin cap, just like theirs pinned on his hair. He saw my look and blushed to the roots of his hair. I paused.

The girls had not got up and I thought of saying something but Nancy took the wind out of my sails. "I hope you don't mind our being informal sir? But us girls have been on our feet all day and seeing as how Miss Emily has you joining us? We thought you'd prefer it to be friendly? Thought we'd let you sit beside –Ja – the other man."

I didn't think that we'd started off on the right foot and thought I'd better put my foot down as quickly as possible.

"Well dear? I hate to sound unfriendly." I said, somewhat haughtily. "But I think – being master of the house that if I'm to sit at the same table as you all. Don't you think that it's proper that I sit at the head of the table?"

I don't really think that I expected much deference from the girls but must admit some surprise and I immediately started to see that gaining confidence while bossing around this bunch of servants wasn't going to be easy. Not easy at all because they did not react in the way that I wanted. Instead of bowing and scraping in agreement, they took some time in looking at each other with their eyebrows raised, as if trying to determine who should answer me. Finally Margaret spoke up.

"Well Michael? It's like this. Miss Emily is the boss of this house and . . ."

"You don't know that I own it?" I couldn't help myself.

She shrugged. "Own? It didn't sound like you owned much when Emily spanked you the other day. Jane told us all about what happened before we were hired. Didn't sound much like you were the boss. Did it?"

Pearl sniggered. "Maybe it was him made Miss Emily cry?"

At that, they all burst into raucous laughter. "Oh DEAR!" Margaret said between breaths. "Best laugh I've had all day!" She paused to catch her breath. "Now Michael? Miss Emily has had some reason for sending you down here to eat with us girls." She cast a look at James. "Jane excluded of course. "We don't know what it is – but why don't you just sit at the bottom of the table with Jane until we get it fixed out. Isn't that the best idea? No fussing, huh?"

"Oh okay!" I said, red faced. "I don't see any need to make a fuss. But I wish you girls would watch your pronunciation. It is J A M E S. James! Not Jane."