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# Fluffy, The Sissy Maid.

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The story of a former wife who offers her down on his luck ex-husband a position as her Ladie's Boy servant. He's powerless to stop his gradual sissification until he finally ends up as Fluffy, the feminized, chastized, browbeaten maid.



By Patricia Michelle

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# **Fluffy, The Sissy Maid**

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter 1-The ex-husband comes begging**

Marsha divorced me almost two years ago. Which started my downhill spiral to where I am now. Broke, desperate and realizing that I still really loved her.

When I met her I was at the top of my game. I owned an advertising agency going great guns due to all the dot.com clients we had. I was raking in a half million a year, huge house sitting on five acres, Rolls Royce in the garage, Condo in Cancun. Marsha was one of my smartest moves, hiring her away from a

competing agency as my creative director. She was absolutely brilliant, and clients loved her.

We started dating and within a year we were married. Two years later, after twice cheating on her, we were divorced. Naturally she got everything, except the business. All my own fault. I saw no reason to remain faithful when there were so many women out there for a big shot like me to conquer. I still had the agency and it was still going great.

Which didn't last long. The love affair with dot.com companies evaporated so fast it left my head spinning. In six months every single one of our clients went belly-up, and there was nothing left but to close the doors. Not only that I was left owing \$75,000 to suppliers that I couldn't pay.

With the economy going down the tubes, even though I looked for months, I couldn't even get an interview. So taking the cowards way out I left the city, a failed dead-beat.

I really hit rock bottom when I found myself pan-handling , sleeping in homeless shelters. As I lay there surrounded by snoring drunks I flashed back to when times were great, realizing that my greatest mistake had been Marsha. She was a fantastic woman who I'd lost through my own stupidity.

I wondered if she'd be at all sympathetic, or even a little forgiving. I decided to clean myself up as best I could, shed any dignity and pride I had left, which wasn't much, and go begging for any help she would give me. I didn't really expect any, but I really wanted to just see her again.

Going up to the house that had once been mine I looked about. It seemed to epitomize how far I had re-

ally sunk. When I knocked on the door a very attractive, college girl answer.

"I-I was wondering if Marsha was available," I stammered.

"Do you have an appointment?"

"Ah no, would you tell her, her husband, ex-husband is here and would like to see her?"

"Wait here. I'll see if Ms. McCray is available for you," she said, slamming the door in my face.

I'd kept up with what Marsha had been doing these past years. She'd always wanted to write the great American novel, and was always working on her first at nights. Well, it not only got published, it became a best seller. As did her second and third novels. Now, she was famous.

Finally the door opened again.

"Ms. McCray is quite busy, but she can give you fifteen minutes, if you'll follow me," she said, rather curtly and giving me a disdainful look. Obviously I was not well thought of. Which I should have expected.

What had been my study was now Marsha's, completely redecorated. When she looked up from her desk my mouth dropped open. She'd always been beautiful, now she was stunning. Very sophisticated, successful looking and casually yet expensively dressed.

"I can give you fifteen minutes Paul, what is it you want?" she asked, getting up from her desk. She was wearing

a chic, tailored dress with a short skirt that showed off her great legs, and something she'd never worn when we were married. Very high heels. In deference to my height, I was three inches shorter than her, she'd

always worn flats. My ego had always been so sensitive about her being taller that I'd asked her not to wear heels when we were together. She agreed, but hated getting dressed up and having to wear flats.

"Sit down and tell me what you want," she ordered, in a self-assured, commanding tone which she'd never had before. Frankly I was suddenly intimidated.

I babbling on about how the business had gone bad, how I still owed money, now I realized that I still loved her.

"That's rich, you still love me. I really don't have time to listen to your sob stories. Obviously you've hit rock bottom. God, just look at you, besides which you could use a bath," she said scornfully, causing me to absolutely wilt.

"A-Any help you can give me, I owe so much money, I can't get a job."

"What I figured. You've come begging for money. Well you're not getting it from me. And I don't need any help, if that's what you're asking. But here's \$20 for a good meal, unless you've started drinking too," she said, taking \$20 out of her purse and giving it to me.

How far had I sunk? I actually took it. But before I had hold of it, it fell to the floor. I actually got down on my hands and knees to get it, only to find that she'd put her heel on it.

"I'll let you have it if you apologize for how you treated, and humiliated, me," she said, but when I started to get up she sternly added, "Apologize from down there and look up at me."

Spinelessly, on my hands and knees I looked up and pathetically apologized for all the wrongs I'd done her.

"My, my, you actually sound sincere, Paulie. Very well you can have the twenty," she said, using the nickname, that I so hated, that she'd heard my mother say she'd called me when I was growing up.

"Thank you f-for the money Marsha, I-I'm sorry I bothered you. A-And I'm really happy for your success," I said, not able to look at her as I backed my way to the door.

Just as I got there she said, "Come back tomorrow, same time, I may have something for you. And for god's sake get a bath."

## **Chapter 2- A humiliating proposal**

I really thought hard about not going back. The whole scene had been just so humiliating. If I'd felt like a worthless failure as a man before, she had certainly left no doubt. But, I had no idea what she'd meant, so I went back with my hopes high.

What she had in mind not only floored, but crushed me.

"What I've been thinking about for the last couple of months, Paulie, is that what I need is a full time maid...1

"Y-You want me to be your maid?" I said in disbelief.

"No, of course not. Well, not exactly. What I mean, after I thought about it, is I could just as well have a

manservant as a maid, or rather instead of one. You need a job, I'm offering one. And before you're overblown ego, which I'm all too aware of, rears its ugly head hear my terms first. You work one year in the position I'm offering and at the end I'll pay off the \$75,000 that you owe. Plus, I'll give you \$20,000. Enough, I think, for a fresh start."

Well, my protests, at least temporarily, died. I'd be free of debt, and have enough to maybe even start a business. Could I put up with being a servant for a year? My ego was really saying "no." I knew that for that year not only would my ego suffer but whatever pride I had in being a man would as well. After all I would spend it being my ex-wife's servant. On the other hand I didn't have much pride left anyway.

Could I endure a year being ordered around by the woman I once lorded over, and, looking at her, I still loved.

But, in a way she settled it for me.

"It's not forever you know? Just a year. It will give me a good opportunity to judge whether you're really a changed man. It'll also give you a good dose of humility, which frankly, I think you're in need of."

Was she actually opening the door just a little? Hinting that just maybe we could get back together? Well, that did it.

"Well, as you say it's just for a year," I said lamely.

"Then you'll take it?"

"Yes, I'll take it," I heard myself saying.

"Before you do, here's the rest of my terms. There won't be any backing out. You'll sign a contract to work as my manservant for one year. If you decide to

void it at any time you not only don't get anything I'll tell your creditors where to find you, and they in turn, I'm sure, will call the authorities. Understood?"

Oh god, she really had me.

"Y-Yes, I understand," I said meekly.

"I will expect you to act, and conduct yourself, at all times in accordance with your position. And, of course, you will, at all times, be appropriately attired. If that is all understood you can sign here," she said, handing

me a pen, and with much misgivings, wondering what I was getting myself into, I signed it.

"You don't want to read it?" she asked.

"Well, ah, it looked a like standard employment contract to me."

"You really should have read it. This clause, for example, states that fulfilling your one year contract doesn't actually start until I feel you've been properly trained in how I expect you to act and conduct yourself, and that you completely understand your duties and what's expected of you."

"H-How long could that be?" I asked, a bit shaken, cringing that I was to be "trained."

"That's really up to you, isn't it? If you take it seriously it could be little time at all. Now this clause, the penalty clause..."

"P-Penalty clause?" I blurted out.

"The penalty clause I put in as insurance to ensure that you always conduct yourself and carry out your work as you're expected to. When you don't you'll be given a mark, which I'll call a 'bad servant's mark'. The first month for every twelve marks you get in a week

will add one day to your contract. Which you'll fulfill in whatever capacity I'm in need of at the time," she said, which I should have questioned her about, but, too late.

"As I said, it's simply a bit of insurance. If you conduct yourself properly and do the work you've been trained to do it really shouldn't even come up, should it?" she asked.

"Ah, well no, it shouldn't," I had to agree as, at the time, it sounded like not a big thing. Much later I realized how wrong I'd been.

"Now, just one last clause," she said.

Moaning to myself I really didn't want to hear what it was.

"Until the end of your contract there'll be no sex unless I decide otherwise. I don't want you getting any ideas in your head about eventually seducing me, at least, not yet," she said , sending my head and heart suddenly leaping. Those four words, "at least not yet" made more than my heart start up. It made me forget what she was really saying. Sadly, much later, I should have paid more attention than to those last four words.

When she asked if I understood, I said, "Yes, I think I do, Marsha."

"You will address me as befitting your position, Paulie. As the Mistress of this house that's what you'll address me properly as, is that clear?"

"Y-Yes Mistress,' I replied, mortified, too shamed to look her in the eyes. But, that was only the start of what I thought, then, was the worst day of my life.

Just then the young girl that had first answered the door came in.

"This is my research assistant, Lisa Browning, who you'll address as 'Miss Lisa.' When I'm not here she'll be in charge of you. Although, on a daily basis you'll report to my cook, Martha, who also acts as my house-keeper, and who will be in charge of training you. Lisa, this is my new servant, rather manservant, Paulie."

"Is that Paulie or Polly?" she asked contemptuously.

"Whatever," Marsha smirked. Then turning back to me said, "First thing we have to do is get you out of those rages and into something half way decent. Then get you down to my beauticians."

"B-but I, ah, don't have anything else. This is all I have. B-Beauticians? Why there?" I asked.

Suddenly she had me firmly by my chin, her face just inches from mine.

"Now listen carefully. As the Mistress of the house I do not expect to be questioned, contradicted or argued with, ever. When I tell you to do something, as a servant, I expect you to do it. No questions. No argument. Got that Paulie?"

Completely intimidated, cowering, I meekly replied, "Y-Yes Mistress."

"That goes for Lisa and Martha as well, well?"

"Yes Mistress, I understand."

"Not, 'I understand', its 'Paulie understands Mistress.' Now say it," She demanded, and wanting to cry I said, "Yes Mistress, Paulie understands."

I couldn't believe the shame of it. I was to refer to myself in the third person, as if I was someone else I was referring to.

"Now, as to your questions, which I will answer just this once. Even if you had other clothes, and by some miracle they were actually clean, they'd no longer be appropriate. I want you to take a bath and give yourself a real scrubbing. In the meantime I'll find you something for you to wear. As to the beauticians, I thought I would save your precious ego from being embarrassed. A lot of my friends are still those who will remember you, and you'll undoubtedly be running into them, as well as old business associates of yours that I still deal with...."

"Oh n-nooo..." I moaned. How humiliating it would be if they saw me as my ex-wife's servant. I think I could bear anything but their laughter and scorn.

"What I thought was to have your hair changed to a different color and style and have my beautician do whatever she could to change your appearance enough so that maybe no one would recognize you. But, I'll leave it up to you," she said.

Well, there was no way I wanted anybody to recognize me, so foolishly I agreed.

Taking me upstairs to an attic room, barely furnished my shame was complete when she said, "This will do nicely as the servant's quarters. It has it's own bath so there'll be no reason to come downstairs when you're off duty. Here, put this in the tub. You could certainly use a different aroma other than the street. Before you get in the bath put your clothes outside the door. When you get out I'll have put something you can wear there."

I did as I was told, not liking at all, the lilac scented bubble bath liquid she'd given me. But I poured it all in and naturally when I got out I smelled awfully girlish.

How I smelled was quickly forgotten when I opened the door to get the outfit she'd gotten me to wear. I couldn't believe she actually expected me to wear it. They were all women's clothes for god's sake, down to white, satin panties with lace trim and a pink bow at the waistband. No way was I going to wear them. But, I really didn't have any choice. Right then and there I should have run like crazy, but I didn't. Instead, in disgust, I slid the panties on. They fit, but they were really tight. The white blouse was satin and not really so bad as it was plain, except for the pearl buttons, the sleeves ,which were a bit too full, puffed at the shoulders, and they didn't quite come to my wrists. The gray pants looked plain enough, except for the zippers on each side, thankfully, not noticeable, and the cuffed hems which didn't cover my ankles. What did make me cringe is that they didn't have a fly in front! The knee socks were actually gray opaque nylons. I didn't like the shoes either. Black, patent leather with heels that looked a half inch too high and tiny bows on the toes. I figured that unless someone took a ruler to them I didn't think anyone would notice. At least I hoped they wouldn't.

The short, gray vest I could live with, as well as the striped tie. As I looked in the mirror I vainly tried to convince myself that I looked all right. At least it wasn't too obviously feminine. The pants had been really tight to zip up, but I didn't realize how tight they were until I started walking in them. They seemed to stretch out in back, like ready to split up the seam if weren't careful. And I could feel my ass really sticking out in them.

As I headed, blushing , back to Marsha I realized she wasn't trying to be mean or humiliate me. There

weren't any men in the house, so obviously, no men's clothes. Which was the case, at least I thought it was.

She apologized for the women's clothes, it was all she had. "Actually I think you look rather sharp, don't you think, Lisa?"

"Oh yes, Polly looks just right in that outfit," she said, but with a smirk and a giggle. I could have died.

She couldn't have been more than twenty-one or two, but I really didn't like her. And Marsha had made it

clear that when she wasn't around the girl was going to be in charge of me. Something I really didn't forward to. It was obvious she looked at me disdainfully.

### **Chapter 3- Paulie gets a make-over.**

Walking into the beauty salon I tried to convince myself that the strange looks I got was because I was the only guy there. Marsha's beautician, Erma, was an attractive lady in her forties. "As we discussed on the phone Erma I want a whole new look for Paulie. The style and coloring as I dictated and for god's sake do something with his nails, and anything else you can think of," Marsha directed.

Then to me, pointing a finger, she said, as if to a child, "You be a good boy for Erma now, won't you Paulie? As I've already made my wishes clear there'll be no need to pester her with childish questions, will there?"

"N-No Mistress," I said cringing.

One of the young assistants offered me a soft drink, which I was grateful for. Then my hair was being washed and shampooed. I felt my hands being given a

manicure, and yet another assistant had removed my shoes and socks and was giving me a pedicure. My goodness, I'm really getting the royal treatment, I thought, just before I fell dead asleep. Not having the faintest idea the drink had been doctored.

When I finally awoke Marsha was standing there with a grin on her face.



"Erma, you've really outdone yourself. He's absolutely adorable. Even I don't recognize him. Has he seen his new look? No, well turn him around to the mirror," she said.

When I was for several moments I couldn't speak. No, this can't be me, please someone tell me it's not, was all I could think, or pray. Marsha was right, nobody would recognize me, not even I did. I'd had brown hair which I'd kept sort of medium long, but it was no longer brown. My hair was blonde, as were my eyebrows. Which were much less bushy and more arched. Something had been done to my eyes, I wasn't sure what, but they actually looked bigger. Nor did my mouth look right. It looked, well, fuller.

The total effect was to make me look a lot younger and, the best word I could think of was-delicate. I couldn't bring myself to think girlish. Then, to my horror, I saw that I'd had my ears pierced and on each I was wearing a gold "M". Two "M"s, I was wearing Marsha's initials.

In stunned disbelief I sat there and listened to Erma detail exactly what they'd done. And it was much worse.

"He has beautiful hair but it was a mess. So after I trimmed it I permed it then styled in just cutest uni-sex fashion. I love the dramatic, sweeping bangs, don't you? I thought blonde was the perfect contrast to the drab brunette hair he had, and with the style, makes an obvious, dramatic change. But, his facial features were still the same. So I changed the eyebrows giving them a different arch. Then we glued on much longer eyelashes, added a hint of eyeliner, and a dark, natural color of eyeshadow so that his eyes look much bigger. The eye shadow and eyeliner we used is more like a

dye, so it's quite long lasting. Then we changed his mouth making the lower lip a lot fuller. Again using a dye so that he wouldn't have to spend time each day getting it just right. And, as his complexion is quite pale we rouged his cheeks a bit to add a more healthy tone and color, although he'll have to rouge them himself each day.

"Piercing both ears on, ah, men now days is really 'in', and I love the earrings. They're your initials, aren't they? I think it's very appropriate for a servant to wear his Mistresse's initials." She commented, although they made me feel 'marked', like I was her property.

Of course it only got worse. Told to hold up my hands I discovered that much longer oval tips had been added. "His hands we absolutely couldn't do anything with. He's bitten them down to nothing. The only thing we could do was add nail extensions, and don't worry, he won't be biting these off. He won't be able to make a dent in them," she declared. Oh my god, they made my hands look so feminine, I moaned to myself.

Looking at my hands, then in the mirror at myself I don't know what overcame me, I just started crying.

"Good grief, what brought this on? I've never seen a man actually cry," Erma declared, which Marsha made worse by caustically remarking, "I don't think I ever have either, but apparently Paulie does. Stop crying this instant Paulie, you're embarrassing me, and yourself."

"B-But I-I look g-girly," I sniffled.

"Nonsense, you don't look girly. A little sissyish I'd say," she said, which, somehow made it worse. I wasn't a man anymore? I was a sissy.

"You may look a bit on the sissy side, but I think it's for your own good," she declared.

"It's for my own good that I look like a sissy?" I asked, mortified.

"Well, I don't think anyone who remembers you as your former macho, mister 'big shot', lady killer, looking at you now, would ever recognize you with your new look, now would they?" she asked smugly.

"No, I guess they wouldn't," I had to admit. Although I didn't know which was worse. Not being recognized, or looking like a sissy.

As we walked out I was acutely conscious of the double-takes and snickers of the women customers. I wondered if I could sink any lower. Sadly, I would know by the end of the day.

Once outside she curtly said, "In public a servant always walks directly behind his Mistress."

Then looking me over critically she added, "That almost looks like a servant's uniform, but I keep thinking something's missing. Now I know, gloves."

Steering me into a department store I was naturally dismayed when she headed straight for the women's glove counter.

To the salesgirl she said, "I need to get a nice pair of gloves, light gray, for my servant."

"But these are women's gloves, Maam."

"Yes, I know. But he has, as you'll see, very tiny hands. I doubt if anyone will notice," she declared. I couldn't help but bow my head shamefully as she tugged a pair of gray, leather gloves on my hands that were too long, thankfully, going half way up to the elbows. I was also aware that she had dropped referring

to me as her ‘manservant’, in favor of ‘her servant’. I wanted to say something, but I was too intimidated to bring it up.

‘No problem,’ Marsha said, unbuttoning my cuffs and rolling up the sleeves. I stood there in the middle of the lady’s department, mortified, as they were put on me, and then the four buttons at the wrist were fastened.

Rolling down the sleeves she said, “You see, I doubt if anyone will notice. Now, I’d also like a pair of white satin gloves and black velvet, the same length for when he serves.”

As we left my face was burning with shame as I heard the girl’s giggles behind me.

When we finally got back I breathed a sigh of relief. When Lisa opened the door she took one look at me and covered her mouth to hide her giggles, unsuccessfully.

“What do you think of Paulie’s new look?”

“Oh, I think it looks absolutely darling. But he looks more like a Polly, than a Paulie, to me,” she laughed.

“Well, you may be right,” Marsha remarked, cruelly turning the knife, “but at least it’s a big improvement over that ratty, homeless look when he first showed up.”

## **Chapter 4-The housekeeper lays down the law.**

Finding the housekeeper, who also couldn’t help smiling smugly, she said, “I’ll turn him over to you now Martha.

Get him In something he can work in. But first correct his posture. Then go over the house rules for servants I gave you. Then teach him how to serve. I'll expect him to do at least a half decent job of it tonight."

When the housekeeper started collecting something I could work in I breathed a sigh of relief when she produced a pair of jeans. They had a bib, but like a workman's. The shirt I was handed I knew was a lade's blouse, but it wasn't too bad. It had short sleeves with tight blue cuffs. It was when I tried putting the jeans on that I realized they too were girl's jeans. First off I had the hardest time just getting them over my hips and when I finally did they felt like they were glued to m cheeks. They came only to mid-calf and were rolled up. When I looked down I absolutely cringed as when were rolled up they showed dainty, white lace insets. The shoes were just as horrible, patent leather black with a buckling strap with heels just too high to be men's heels. They made my feet look like a little girls.

"You'll need an apron and gloves to protect your hands and clothes," she stated, as she fit the most awful apron on me. Sparkling white, it was trimmed in two rows of pink above the hem and was edged in lace ruffles! Even the big pockets were trimmed in pink. In the back she tightly tied a huge bow, the rubber gloves she had me put on were pink and came almost to my elbows.

"Sorry if you look a bit, well, frilly but it's all I could find that fit for you to work in," she smirked, but I could tell she wasn't the least bit sorry.

"Very well dearie. We'll start with how you're to stand. Left heel touching the right toe, left toe turned well out. Well, are you going to it? Your Mistress has

informed me not to hesitate to give you a bad servant mark when you give me any trouble. Do you want one now?" she asked sternly.

"N-No Maam," I stammered, standing as ordered, all too aware that my feet were girlishly posed.

"Guests are 'Maam'. You'll address me as 'Ms. Martha.'" she instructed.

"Now, shoulders back, erect posture, no slouching, hands behind you palm to palm, head bowed, look down at your toes," she barked, and there I stood so servile and submissive.

"In the presence of your betters dearie, and that includes me, your head is always to be bowed, even when you speak. The bowing of a servant's head is obviously a gesture of submission to those above you, isn't it?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Martha," I simpered, now not only Marsha intimidated me, the big, burly housekeeper, towering over me did too.

"From now on every time you dare raise your head you get a bad servant mark, understood?"

"Yes Ms. Martha," I cowered.

"When you walk shoulders back, hands palm to palm behind you. Walk quietly so you don't disturb and annoy anyone. As to sitting, it really doesn't matter as servants are not allowed to sit anywhere in the house except in your room. But, when you do sit, knees together, sit erectly on the edge of the seat, and cross your ankles, well?"

"Yes Ms. Martha."

"Now these are the house rules, which I strongly suggest you memorize. But I'll go over them with you

so that they're perfectly clear. If not you may ask a question after you've gotten permission to speak by raising your hand."

"R-Raising m-my..." I started to say, humiliated that if I wanted to speak I not only had to ask permission but raise my hand like a little child does. I truly wanted to scream, but, of course, I didn't.



"Did you have permission to speak?" she almost screamed at me.

"N-No Ms. Martha," I stammered.

"Apologize immediately," she ordered.

"I-Paulie is sorry he spoke without permission, Ms. Martha..."

"Fine, but you still earned your first bad servant mark. Now repeat each rule after me. And if you have a question what do you do?"

"P-Paulie raises his hand t-to ask permission t-to speak," I cowered, wanting to stand up to the battle ax, but spinelessly, I couldn't.

It seemed like the rules went on forever and as I heard myself repeat each one I felt myself sinking lower and lower. I realized she meant for me to act precisely like a servant, and if I heeded all the rules I'd be reduced to a cowardly, submissive wimp. They literally had me by the balls for the next year, if I had any that is. If I did I would have run as fast as I could out of there. But, I didn't seem to have the nerve to even make it to the door.

So I just stood there repeating rule after rule.

"A servant never speaks in the presence of his Mistress or her guests, except to respond to an order."

"A servant never does anything without the express permission of those supervising him."

"A servant never contradicts, argues or questions any said to him, or that he's told to do."

"A servant is never to be anywhere he hasn't been given permission to be."