

HE'S HER GIRL

By Lady Claire Stafford



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

“THE ATTIC”

By Lady Claire Stafford

I can still remember the day it all started.

We were alone in the house, just the two of us, Karen and I. David and Irene had gone away for the weekend, some business deal or something. Irene was always doing something like this, wheeling and dealing. Ever since the crash, the one that killed our parents, Irene's and mine, that is. Karen was a foster sister. She'd lived with us since I was five. We were more like friends that foster brother and sister and always had been. Brothers and sisters are supposed to fight, but we didn't. Well, not much.

But, ever since the accident, Irene had changed. Six years ago, Irene had taken over the firm. I was eleven at the time. It was tough at first, but luckily the firm was well established, so fortunately, we were pretty wealthy.

But, I digress.

That afternoon was quiet it was a Sunday. Karen had been watching TV., the afternoon movie, some old thing, “The Prisoner of Zenda,” which, now that I come to think of it, might have given her some ideas. I was buried in a book on finances. I was good at figures, preparing for my go at running the company, which had been my parents aim.

But then, Karen switched the television off and suggested that we explore the attic. Now this attic had been locked tight since the crash that had left us orphans. I supposed that it held our parents' effects, clothing and so on. It was forbidden for anybody to enter, so I went along, assuming it to be locked. But, when we climbed the stairs, Karen produced the key. She grinned at me.

“I found them, on the floor in Irene's room.”

I became interested, but at the same time, worried. If Irene found out, or even guessed, we'd be deep in the brown stuff, but I followed her anyway. The room was long and well lit; there were some windows along one side of the roof which was very high. It was like a big spare room. Along one wall were large boxes, upright, about the same size as wardrobes, and inside they were filled with clothing: shoes, underwear and coats; They were all female things; dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, petticoats, slips, brassieres, panties, and the shoes! There were dozens of pairs!

“My God, David, look at these!” exclaimed Karen, as if I weren't. They were all new, at least they were in cellophane wrappers and boxes. Karen started to go through the clothes, holding them up to herself to see how they looked.

Then she started to take her own clothes off, and I turned away, embarrassed.

“Here, David, zipper me up!”

I turned to find that she had put on a short evening dress, electric blue. I zippered her up and I had to admit that it did look nice on her.

She stepped into a pair of heels but they were a bit big for her. She looked at me and then kicked them over to me.

“Here, you try them.”

I kicked my sneakers off and stepped into them. I clattered about on the wooden floorboards, mincing about. With difficulty, I might add, because the heels were quite high.

We both fell about, laughing.

Then, Karen stopped. “I’ve an idea, here, take your clothes off!”

I stepped back in alarm. “What?”

“Come on,” she coaxed, “we used to play dress-up when we were smaller.”

“They couldn’t fit me,” I demurred.

The idea had no merit at all as far as I was concerned, but she insisted, and really, I couldn’t come up with a decent argument. I’d been brought up with two sisters and sometimes, secretly, had wondered what it would be like to be a girl too!

So, I quietly slipped out of my things, down to my shorts. Karen had some things ready for me; a bra and a slip, which she quickly helped me put on, along with a pair of socks to fill out the cups. A pair of lacy panties came next. I turned my back, slipped my shorts down and the panties up, then turned around to her.

It was strange that I didn’t stop to wonder why the clothing was there. I was just thinking about the strange sensation wearing these things caused me.

A tight waist cincher and a pair of stockings followed with Karen fishing the garters through the legs of my panties. She then found a lacy petticoat which she helped me get into. Then, the same high heeled shoes were slipped onto my feet and strapped tightly about my ankles.

“Perfect!” she squealed in delight. “Let me see, what to wear?” She rummaged through the things and pulled out a black dress. The material was very stiff and it rustled as it moved. She told me it was called taffeta.

It had short, puffed sleeves edged in white lace. The square neckline was also edged in this same lace. As she zippered me into it, the skirt flared out, the hem coming just above my knee.

“Excellent!” she exclaimed, clapping her hands with glee. As I walked about the attic, the skirts swayed and rustled about.

Then, from somewhere, she produced a white, frilly apron. It was a ridiculous thing to see, all ruffles and lace. She tied it around my waist with a huge bow. There were shoulder straps which were all flounces as well, and these all added to my, seemingly feminine shape. Walking in the high heeled shoes made my hips sway more, and the unnatural stance made my legs look long and feminine.

I decided that I’d had enough.

“All right, help me undress. I can't reach the zipper. Quickly, before Irene comes home!”

But, she sped out the door and down the stairs, quickly returning with something held behind her back.

“All right, turn around.” She struggled with the zipper. “I can't quite manage it, so you'll have to put your hands behind you and pull your shoulders back. Put your hands on the bottom end of the zipper and push down,” she told me.

I did as I was told because I wanted to get these things off as soon as possible.

Then, before I knew what was happening, she had slipped a plastic “tie” with a slip knot fitting, the sort of things electricians use to secure wiring, around my wrists, and tightened it. I couldn't get my wrists free!

I spun around, yelling at her, “Now you stop this!”

I was furious and I felt my face reddening when I saw myself in a full length mirror, seeing my boyish head atop this... this... maid's body! For it was then that I realized that I was wearing a maid's uniform!

Karen just laughed, ran out of the attic and down the stairs.

“There's a knife down here in my room! But you'll have to come down to get it, if you can!”

I knew what she meant. I was having difficulty managing the shoes and, having ankle straps, I couldn't step out of them. The stairs were a bit forbidding, but I had no choice.

Slowly, I made my way down the steps, my heels clicking and clacking on the bare floor boards, the skirts swishing and swaying with every movement I made!

I didn't see Karen. She was hiding behind the door, and as I stepped through, she slammed it shut, locked it, and proceeded to take some photographs with a Polaroid camera.

She stopped and grinned.

“Now, if you don't sit down in that chair,” she pointed to a heavy wooden chair by her dressing table, “I'll take these and pin them on the bulletin board at school.”

“You wouldn't!” I pleaded.

Karen smiled again.

“Oh, but I would!” she replied.

I sat.

Mind you, she took an added precaution by securing me to the chair with rope, tying my wrists to the chair back.

Then, she proceeded to put make-up on my face; the works, lipstick, mascara, rouge, eyeliner, blush — I had no idea that women used so much!

At different times, she produced the camera and took more photos.

And then, the final humiliation, the wig; shoulder length, curly, blonde; and, of course, more photos!

Atop the wig, she placed a maid's frilly white cap and I fumed with anger. I could see the finished article in her mirror and I looked like a pretty, painted doll.

"You know, David, you look so good, I think I'll leave you like this for a while. This is too good an opportunity to pass up!"

I glared at her.

"You can't keep me like this, Karen. Irene might come home at any moment and she'll wonder how I got these things from the attic, so you'll have to release me, I'll destroy the photos, bust the camera, and then I'll make your life a living Hell!"

She came over to stand beside me.

"Don't get mad, David, it's only a game. I promise to destroy the prints when we're finished."

With that, she kissed me on the cheek and loosened my wrists from the chair, but not from behind my back! Helping me to my feet, she beckoned me to the door. "Come with me, David."

We went downstairs to the drawing room. There were some large easy chairs, those big soft things that you sink into and it takes all your time to get out of, even with both hands free. Karen pushed me into one and left me there. I was almost as helpless as I'd been upstairs. Every time I wriggled forward, I just flopped backwards! Soon, the skirts of the dress were pulled up to expose my thighs in the stockings.

Karen grabbed her coat and bag and raced out the door!

I heard the front door slam behind her. I was alone in the house, frightened. Suppose someone came in and found me like this, dressed in these female things? I fumed in rage. I would make Karen pay for this dearly!

After a while, panic started to set in; suppose something happened to her while she was out? But, I was more worried about myself than her.

Eventually, I heard the front door open and voices coming down the hallway. I tried again to get up out of the chair. The door to the drawing room opened and there stood Irene with one of her friends. They stared at me.

"Who the Hell are you?" Irene almost roared. It was at that moment that Karen returned. She looked at the two of them, then back at me.

"OOPS!" she said. "Sorry, Irene, this was all my idea. We were just sort of bored and I found these clothes and we were just sort of messing about." I could hear the edge of panic creep into her voice and she was red with embarrassment.

Irene turned back to me.

"I'll be damned, David, I didn't recognize you! What would our dear parents have said?" She turned to her companion, and with a flourish, introduced us. Margaret, I'd like to introduce you to the future chairman of 'OCSAC INDUSTRIES.' He's supposed to getting groomed to succeed me when he comes of age, to control one of the biggest electrical industries in the southern hemisphere."

She sat down and lit a cigarette.

“Doesn't look much like managerial prospects now, does he?”

She stared at me long and hard.

“All these years I've been running this company as a caretaker, for this!” and she pointed at me. “As if I weren't capable of doing it myself.”

Then, a hard gleam came into her eyes. “This gives me an idea.” She stood up. “Karen? Come with me.”

The two of them left the room. Irene called back to Margaret, “Help yourself to a drink while I attend to some business in here.”

Margaret poured herself a drink, then came over beside me, sitting on the arm of the chair. Her arm slipped around my back and she checked my wrists' bonds.

“They seem secure enough,” she murmured, sipping her drink. Then, she bent slightly and began to run her fingers lightly up my stockinged legs.

The feeling was electric! She moved higher, between my legs. I could feel myself getting hotter and hotter and my manhood was throbbing in its silk and lace enclosure. She caressed and squeezed me intimately, kissed my surprised lips lightly, and stopped.

“Later, my little shemale, later we'll explore your possibilities!” she promised huskily, kissing me again. She smoothed the skirts down over my legs and I felt exhausted.

Then, the door opened and Irene came in with Karen in tow. Karen was wearing a similar outfit to the one I had on; black dress, high heel shoes, white lace apron and frilly cap.

“I've prepared a small party for tonight, but instead of hiring a serving staff for the evening, I've decided that you both will do very nicely in their place. The work won't be hard, just keep the glasses filled, carry some trays around, that's all. If you fulfill these duties well, I won't say any more about this!”

She produced a pair of scissors and released my wrists.

I rubbed them because they were almost numb.

“I'll go and attend to the catering. Margaret, if you'll be so kind? The new maid needs a manicure.” As she left, she handed Margaret a bottle of nail polish.

Margaret carefully polished my nails bright red.

“It'll match your lipstick,” she smiled as she said this, every now and then, she dropped her hand to my stockinged thigh for a quick caress and squeeze, keeping me excited and breathless with fear!

On the one hand, I was getting more and more scared and angry for allowing myself to become tricked into this situation. On the other hand, I was somehow enjoying the attentions of a very attractive women. Maybe I was getting to enjoy this too much? After all, it's only a little joke and tomorrow it would be all over. In the meantime, Margaret didn't seem to mind me being dressed like this. In fact, she seemed to like it very much, enjoying me even more than I was enjoying her!

As it turned out, the evening passed without incident. Karen and I simply walked around the various rooms, carrying trays of food and drinks. My initial embarrassment faded as I realized the people weren't in the least interested in who was serving them. I was a nonentity as far as they were concerned! I did vow, though, if I ever had servants of my own, they would wear flat heeled shoes. My feet ached like crazy!

After the last of the guests had left, we returned to the kitchen. There was a pile of dirty dishes in the sink.

Irene just told us to leave them. "The caterers will attend to that."

She walked into the drawing room, leaving Karen and I alone.

Karen leaned in to me and whispered, "I'm sorry, David. I didn't mean for this to happen. It was meant to be a joke, that's all!"

I smiled at her. "It's all right, Karen," I replied. "We'll be back to normal soon, and then we'll see about revenge!"

She grinned at me.

"Mind you, it was funny, the idea of you, dressed like that, serving all those toffee-nosed people! Not one of them realized that the pretty maid was really a boy!"

I blushed at that. She laughed at my discomposure and I felt myself go a bit red. I'd be glad to get out of these skirts and things!

After all, enough was enough was enough, already!

Irene returned.

"Right off to bed with the pair of you! It's late and we've got a lot to do tomorrow. One thing, there'll be some people coming over in the morning and I'll expect you both to help them. You can stay dressed as you are. It won't hurt either of you to understand how women work in the real world!"

"What do you mean exactly, 'as we are?'" I asked, but I felt I had a good idea!

She gave me that leer I was beginning to hate.

"It's simple, you were both very good as maids tonight, so tomorrow will be more of the same!"

With that, she led the way upstairs, two very dumfounded and confused young people following her.

I went to go into my room.

"No, not tonight, David," Irene giggled. "The spare bedroom has been prepared for you as my very special maid!"

She pushed me into the darkened room, and when the light came on, I was startled to find Margaret waiting for me!

"Hello, David," she whispered throatily, taking me into her arms and kissing me sweetly.

I felt smothered against her firm breasts and I struggled to escape, but she held me tightly and I couldn't!

“What are you doing in here?” I gasped with indignation, knowing the answer before I asked!

“I’ve come to help you with your night preparation and put you to bed,” she told me with a soft giggle.

She began to undress me, removing the dress and apron; assisting me out of my voluminous petticoats; removing my shoes before unhooking and unrolling my stockings and removing the too-tight waist cincher.

I stood before her dressed in just my bra and panties, shivering in the coolness. Then, horror of horrors, she unhooked the bra, removed it, and before I realized what she was doing, she’d slipped my panties down my legs and off!

“Hey! What do you think you’re doing?” I yelled.

She swatted my bare bottom hard.

“Shut up, you!” she ordered hoarsely.

Thoroughly cowed, I “shut up!”

She sat me down before the mirror and removed my make-up with baby oil before freshening my lipstick and applying a fresh coat of mascara, “To keep you looking more feminine! This one is moisture-proof and it won’t smudge!”

I still had the wig on and the reflection in the mirror showed how feminine I really looked. I could have been a very young girl, except I had nothing on my chest except two very hard nipples and a deep blush!

After taking me into the bathroom where I was allowed to sit and relieve myself under her direction and observation, holding my legs wide apart while she held me and pointed me downward,

She giggled, saying, “Oh, my, what a cute little fellow you have, David dear. You’ve such a pretty little toy!”

Then, when I was quite finished, she took a wash cloth and washed me thoroughly down there and dried me carefully, much to my utter chagrin, but she was adamant and I found myself unable to resist her. When she was finished using a soft towel to dry me off, she took me back to my new bedroom.

I stood there, my hands shielding my hardened sex while she picked up a full length night gown in a soft pink shade of silk.

“Hold your hands over your head, little one,” she commanded softly, and once I’d obeyed, she dropped it down over my blushing curls and high reaching arms.

The gown was floor length with a fitted bodice, long sleeves and snugly fitted wrists; a high, frilly collar; and snaps up the back. The skirt was less tightly fitted, flaring over my hips and falling down my legs where the lacy hem brushed against the tops of my bare feet when I moved.

Then, taking me into her arms again, she kissed me lightly.

“Aren’t you just adorable, my sweet?” she teased. All I could do was lower my lashes and blush helplessly. I was so humiliated, and yet, I was greatly excited too!

She grasped me through the soft material and stroked me knowingly. "Yes, just adorable!" she teased again, then led me to the bed where she drew back the covers, tucked me in, and kissed my unprotesting lips again, her inquisitive hands caressing my cheeks and neck lightly. "Good night, little one," she whispered in my ear, "and I'll see you in the morning!"

Then, she patted me possessively right atop my straining member, squeezing and stroking it momentarily. Then, she was gone and I was alone, finally!

I lay there for a long time, fuming at the unfairness of it all. No way was I going to let Irene humiliate and embarrass me like this!

I waited until the house was settled and slipped out of bed. I had to use the robe that was there since my own dressing gown was still in my other bedroom. I noticed that this gown was made of the same soft, slinky-smooth material as my nightgown.

I found Karen's bedroom, and when I entered, she was awake as well.

"My God, David, but you look just like a girl!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think they would have kept it up at night as well!" She smiled knowingly. "But, the nightgown is pretty, isn't it? And it feels so nice on your skin!"

I looked at her. Was she being serious?

"Look, Karen, you have no idea what that Margaret woman did to me! Why, she stripped me naked and dressed me in this without so much as a bye-your-leave! And she took me into the bathroom and she wouldn't give me any privacy and she wouldn't even let me clean myself off after! Then she tucked me into bed and took all sorts of liberties with me!"

Karen blushed.

"Irene did the same with me too," she admitted softly. "It was so embarrassing! No one has touched me like that since I was a little girl!"

"Look," I whispered urgently, "this had gone just about far enough! I'm going to find some clothes and things, and then I'm leaving this place!"

I led the way and Karen followed behind me. I found some things in the laundry hamper in the bathroom; track pants, a T-shirt and some sneakers.

Karen said I should leave the wig on, considering the make-up. "You might look strange otherwise."

I laughed at that, as if I didn't feel weird enough already!

We crept downstairs but the front door was locked with a deadbolt and we didn't have the key! We turned to go to the back door and the lights came on!

"So!" Irene's voice came down the stairwell, "you thought you'd just sneak away, did you?" She came down to the two of us. "OK, this time you'll both have a week to remember! Now, upstairs with the both of you!"

Karen was returned to her room and I heard Irene turn the door lock behind them! Then, it was my turn and Margaret followed on my heels as I went back into my new bedroom. She stripped me out of my clothes and soon, I was in the same nightgown and lying in the same bed.

Only this time, a strap was fastened around my waist and attached to longer one that went around the bed, holding me right there until someone let me loose!

The only way I could get off the bed was to slide sideways, go underneath the bed and lift it bodily. Fat chance!

The main strap also had a couple of "D-rings" attached about a foot from my waist, and with my wrists attached to these by plastic ties, In less time than it takes to tell, I was totally immobilized and at her mercy!

She grinned at me and leaned over me. "Naughty boy, did you really hope to just vanish like some thief in the night?"

"Oh, please let me go, Margaret!" I begged.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that, little boy," she teased, "Irene wouldn't like that kettle of fish at all!"

She leaned in, her soft lips touching mine lightly, her sharp tongue caressing my mouth and parting my lips while her hand gently caressed its way down my body to grasp me possessively through the soft material of my nightgown, and started to stroke and squeeze me rhythmically! Before long, I was on the very edge of orgasm, and she stopped. I mean, she stopped!

I was amazed that she had stopped!

After a moment, she started in again, bringing me dangerously close to orgasm, but always stopping short and denying me any sort of relief at all! Again and again and yet again, she stroked and squeezed until I was begging her to let me finish!

Somewhere, during those agonizing moments, the skirt of my nightgown had worked its way upwards until Margaret was holding me in her soft, demanding hand, and I was writhing impotently atop my new bed.

Then, she was gone and I felt deserted, until I felt her force my knees apart and kneel between, her head bending over my middle, her hair tickling my belly as her lips engulfed my straining member and begin to suck me expertly!

Again and again and again, she brought me right to the brink of orgasm, only to sense the exact point where she could stop and wait for me to calm somewhat before starting all over again!

I was totally exhausted and hoarse from begging when she finally let me find relief, only it was the most painful relief I had ever experienced in my whole life!

But, even then, my ordeal wasn't over! Margaret rose over me and kissed me, twisting her head and forcing my lips to open for her sharp tongue's entrance as she shared with me the fruits of her recent labors, flicking my own juices into my mouth and stroking my neck until I swallowed involuntarily!

I don't know how I did, but I swallowed without throwing everything back up, my stomach churning with revulsion

She kissed me a long time.

Then, I realized she was stroking and squeezing me again, and I was just as hard as I had been before! I wasn't a bit surprised when she went down again and took me

back into her mouth, sucking me and stopping, then sucking again, and stopping, for the longest time (it must have been hours!) before I once more exploded with painful relief, and once more she shared her bounty with me!

Finally, to make matters even worse, Margaret settled down beside me, cradled me in her arms and held me close to her breasts! Under other circumstances, I would have been thrilled to have her next to me, but now all I felt was humiliation!

Eventually, as exhausted as I was, I drifted off to sleep in spite of her warm presence in my bed!

When I awoke in the morning, both Margaret and Irene were standing over my bed.

“OK,” Irene chortled, “yesterday was the dress rehearsal, this is the real thing!”

The straps were removed and I was led into the bathroom where I was bathed, shampooed and all the hair on my body was shaved clean away, including under my arms and between my legs. Each woman touched, held and handled my little person as if they did so always! They even plucked out my eyebrows and checked me closely, everywhere! They missed nothing!

After drying, I was drowned in scented talcum powder and then taken back into my new bedroom where the make-up process was started again.

Indeed they were serious! This wasn't just Karen messing around as a joke!

They took great care with the application of the foundation, the blush, the eye shadow, the eye liner, lipstick, perfume, the whole works! The wig was reapplied to my head and carefully clipped into place with hair grips.

“I have decided that we need some sort of order in this household. You and Karen have had it too easy for much too long!” She smiled up at me from where she was painting my nails a brilliant red.

Margaret was bent over my feet, giving my toe nails a similar coating of brilliant red!

“For the past few years, I have been running both the firm and the household! Well, today that changes!”

She smiled at Margaret.

“As you may not know, Margaret is my personal assistant and she will be moving in with us. I am giving her your old room, David, since you will be living in the room you're in from now on as I feel it's more suited to your new position in the household!”

“What do you mean by that?” I squeaked.

“You and Karen are going to be our maids. The both of you have been just sitting around with your noses in a book or watching television or something while I've been working my nose to the grindstone!”

She was really getting worked up now!

“I've been struggling to improve the firm, waiting for you to grow up and take over, after all my work improving things! Well, little boy, forget it! You're going to earn your living and I know just how too!”

She yanked me off the stool and they began dressing me. I can still recall the utter humiliation I felt!

Every article of clothing seemed to be designed to make me feel subjugated and humiliated.; the tight fitted bra and long-line girdle, but no socks for padding this time! I had proper gel-filled sacs designed and shaped to look like real breasts! The lacy silk panties, the ultra tight waist cincher with the stockings held tautly against my shaven legs! This time, the uniform was simpler, a pale blue nylon one with puffed sleeves, square neckline, fitted bodice and just above the knee-length flared skirt with a stiff taffeta petticoat beneath to give it somebody.

The apron was white cotton this time, a full bibbed style that almost covered me wholly in front, and a white maid's cap was pinned to my hair. The shoes had a lower heel this time, with opened toes to show off my newly painted toe nails.

They then led me downstairs to the hallway where there were some cartons waiting.

“Some people are coming from St. Vincent's. Help them with these cartons. In the meantime, you can start to clean the house. The cleaning gear is in the cupboard under the sink in the kitchen.”

I started to protest. “You can't make me, you know!” I blustered weakly.

She had just turned to answer, a sharp retort on her lips, when the doorbell rang. She smiled evilly.

“Answer that!” she ordered.

I stood my ground defiantly. “No!”

Irene smiled at me again. “If you don't do as I say,” she threatened, “I shall take those photos that Karen took of you and send them to your school!”

I opened the door and found two middle-aged, rather plain looking, ladies waiting there patiently.

“We've come for the donations,” One of them said, smiling at me.

I didn't know what to do until Irene came forward, charm itself.

“Yes, of course, my maid will help you with the cartons.” She glared at me and I knew I was trapped. I had forgotten all about Karen's photos!

It felt so strange, the sensation of the breeze caressing my scissoring, nyloned thighs under my skirt and the stiff taffeta swirling about my nyloned thighs as I hurried back and forth to and from the van carrying all the boxes.

After they had gone, Irene left me to carry on cleaning. I was upstairs an hour later doing the vacuuming. Irene came out of my original bedroom, her hair disheveled, her lipstick smudged, straightening her clothing, and I saw Margaret standing in the doorway, equally mussed and smudged, her fingers trailing lightly down Irene's outstretched arm.

“Oh, there you are!” she giggled. “You can do this room next,” she laughed and wobbled off down the hall. Margaret stood aside and I entered the room, stopped dead in my tracks and stared about me, dumfounded! The room was stripped of all my

clothing and possessions; all my clothes, my underwear, shirts, shoes, pants, suits, socks, everything!

In its place was all sorts of female, feminine, sexy clothing, waiting for me to stow away in the waiting, empty drawers and closets!

“Well, don't just stand there, dearie,” Margaret teased, “clean this place up!”

Fuming, muttering under my breath, I cleaned my old room, and soon the clothes had all been stowed away, the bed made, the floor vacuumed, the furniture dusted, and after a sweet kiss, Margaret released me to continue my chores.

I entered my new bedroom, and stopped in shock. There, on the bed, on the chair, and on the floor in boxes, were all sorts of female things; dresses, skirts, blouses, shoes, underwear, slippers, everything; all the stuff that had been in the attic yesterday, was now piled in my new room! The curtains had been changed, my bed stripped and feminine things left in their stead, even the vanity with its spindly legged stool, the lingerie dressers, even the bedside table lamps, all new and shiny and feminine to a fault!

I yelled at Irene, “Where are my things? Where are my clothes and my other stuff?” I demanded.

She came out of her room and smiled at me.

“Why, my dear 'girl,' you have just helped load all the things you donated from your old room to the Society of St. Vincent's for the Poor and Needy!” she laughed, and walked off, leaving me standing there, surrounded by all the feminine finery from the attic which, for all intents and purposes, was my new wardrobe!

I raced out of the room after her, pulled her around, and smacked her right across the face!

She stood there for a moment, stunned. Then, “You're going to regret that, David,” she hissed, then turned and left.

A few minutes later, Margaret came into my new room, a wide smile on her face. “I've come to look after you and give you a hand while Irene has gone out. She went to make some additional purchases for you.”

She grinned at me, and for some reason, my blood ran cold!

I wondered where Karen was all this time.

Eventually, Irene returned with some parcels. While she had been gone, Margaret had directed me in further chores, laundry and ironing and putting away the soiled articles she and Irene had left for me on the floors of their bedrooms!

After my chores were finished, Margaret led me by the hand upstairs to my new bedroom. Irene came out of her bedroom and followed us inside.

Soon, I had been undressed to the skin, except for the bra with its gel-filled inserts that had warmed considerably in their little nests. The new clothing looked just like the rest of it, Except, if anything, more frilly, and it had lots more ribbons!

They dropped the new dress over my up stretched arms and settled it about my blushing body, the hem of the full skirt coming to just below my bottom. It was so short! And the lacy petticoat beneath made it stick out stiffly all around!

Then they produced a large square of toweling which they proceeded to fold, then they me onto the top of the bed, slid it under me and wrapped it around me, securing it with huge safety pins. It was a nappy... a diaper!

They were dressing me as a baby!

I started to struggle, but they were too strong for me! They tied my wrists behind me with another one of those plastic ties.

The next humiliation was a pair of rubber pants over the nappy! And, on top of that, the frilliest pair of romper pants I've ever seen! The two of them laughed with glee when I looked at myself in the mirror. I was a big, baby girl! The dress was made of lace and the lace and was a pale pink in color. It had short puffed sleeves with ruffled lace around the neck opening and hem.

A bib was produced, "To protect baby's pretty dress!" Irene tittered. A pair of pink ankle socks and white Mary Jane sandals placed on my feet completed the ensemble.

They stood me up and led me to the door, but I raced away from them, my skirts billowing as I ran. But, they caught me easily and took me into the kitchen where they put me in a "secure" chair, something like a highchair, but built closer to the floor. Straps went around my waist, wrists and ankles, the tray locked into place against my belly, and I couldn't get away! I could only squirm with humiliation and embarrassment, not realizing that the worse was yet to come!

Irene produced a huge dummy, slapped my face to make me open my mouth, and when I did, she slipped it inside and secured it behind my head so I couldn't spit it out! Finally, they put a frilly bonnet on my head and tied the strings under my chin. They fell into one another's arms, kissing and chortling with glee.

"Irene, 'she' looks absolutely gorgeous! Wherever did you get all this wonderful clothing?" Margaret was greatly impressed.

"From a store I heard of. Some friends got the same idea of using baby clothing to control a wayward daughter. Pretty effective, don't you think?"

"And how!" Margaret laughed. "I would never have thought of dressing David as a girl, though!"

"Well, neither did I until I saw him in his pretty maid's uniform yesterday, and when he slapped me today, I was determined to put him into nappies straight away! So, tell me, David, how do you like these? Nice, aren't they?"

I was speechless. I couldn't say a thing!

Irene laughed. "I thought so, 'she' loves them!" she whispered into Margaret's ear, kissing her quickly, but when Margaret turned to embrace her properly, Irene pulled away and started up the stairs. "But, I really must go and arrange David's holiday in Europe. Yes, David," she said, noticing my look of amazement, "you're going to disappear after a month or three." She glanced meaningfully at her watch. "Yes, you should be returning to the house any time now!"

I was dumfounded and didn't understand her. Holiday? What holiday? I wanted to ask her what she meant by "returning," since I had never left and was already here, but she hurried off before I could ask.

I found out as soon as Irene returned.

“Ta da!” she trilled and threw open the door. Yes, it was Karen standing there, but what a change! She was wearing one of my school suits, you know, those with short pants that are still required wear at some schools? Karen was wearing one of those with a white shirt and my school tie knotted around her neck. Somehow, her breasts had been flatted so that my blazer fit her just right. Her legs were bare and she wore dark ankle socks and a pair of my school shoes. Her hair had been cut and her eyebrows looked shaggy, like mine used to look! There was just the faintest shadow of a beard on her cheeks, like I always had after a day or so without shaving.

If I hadn't known who it really was standing there, I'd have thought it was another boy, one who looked amazingly like me!

“Ah, David,” Irene trilled, “come in, my boy, come in!”

Karen entered the kitchen and set a small suitcase down by her feet. At first, she didn't see me. “I'm ready, Irene,” she whispered in shame. “Am I boyish enough for you now?” She blushed helplessly.

“Yes, David,” Irene answered slyly. “And I must say, you look even better this morning than you did last night when you were courting me!”

“I didn't want to!” Karen blazed. “You made me!”

Then, she caught sight of me sitting there, helpless in my security chair, and her eyes grew wide. “Oh, David!” she wailed. “You promised, Irene! Oh, what have you done to him?” She was almost crying.

Irene ignored Karen. “See, David,” she said to me, “how my organizational skills have accomplished this in just a matter of a very few hours? You're going away, to Europe, as I said. Oh, in actuality, Karen will be traveling under your passport and carrying hers in her pocket. Then, when she gets to France, she'll simply discard the clothes she is wearing, change into her own clothes and come back home to us. After a time, we'll just announce that you seemed to have disappeared into Europe, something you have said on more than one occasion!”

Which was true, I had made the same boast often enough to my mates, and with me supposedly having flown out, who could gainsay her?

Karen came over to me. “I'm so sorry, David, that silly, silly, game of ours! Oh, God! What have they done to you?”

“Merely taking proper steps to assure his cooperation during your absence,” Irene explained with an evil grin, “and to assure that you don't do anything stupid, like going to the authorities! Oh, I admit, you might cause me a moments pause, but in the end, who will they believe, me, or some raggedy child who would seem to be deranged? The answer should be obvious, even to someone like you!”

Karen kissed my lips gently, her lips soft and clinging. “Take care, David,” she whispered, “and I'll be back as soon as possible.”

“You take care of yourself too, Karen,” I cautioned. “Being a boy in Paris, France, is definitely risky business!” I kissed her back, our lips clinging for the longest.

“Oh, that's just too precious for words!” Irene chortled. “Too bad we don't have your camera handy, David, dear!” she giggled to Karen. “Remember, all you have to do is behave yourself and do as you've been told. If you do as I say, we'll look after your baby sister for you.” She turned to Margaret. “OK, you have their passports and tickets, and you know what to do. So, do it!”

Margaret curtsied servility. “So be it, Madam!” took “David's” hand in her one hand, waited for Karen to pick up her suitcase, and they were gone.

Irene looked at me. “Now, David...” She stopped short. “No, we can't go on calling you 'David,' now, can we? You look much too pretty to be a 'David!’” she teased, pausing for a moment of deep thought. “Ah ha! I've got it! 'Caroline! That's a lovely name for a sweet little baby girl! Giggling, she opened the fridge and brought a bottle of lemonade to the table.

“Is 'Caroline' thirsty?” she asked. “You look so thirsty and that dummy must taste awful!” she almost cooed to me.

I had to admit that I wanted a drink rather badly, so I nodded my head, wincing as the straps around my head bit into me, hurting. She undid the strap and popped the dummy from my mouth. I drank the glass empty, I was so thirsty! Now, fizzy drinks aren't the best thing to drink when one is thirsty, in fact, they just make you feel worse! So, I needed another one quickly, and then another quickly followed that, and eventually, I had drunk the whole bottle. I didn't realize it at the time, but that had been her plan all along!

Then, it hit me. “Irene, I need to go to the toilet!” I pleaded.

“Wrong, Caroline, you must say, 'Please, Miss Irene, Caroline need go wee wee,' like the darling baby girl you are!” She tickled me under my chin while I stared at her.

'She must have gone bonkers!' I thought, 'if she thinks I'm going to talk like that!'

I was tired, sore and frustrated, but most of all, I was angry! There was no way I was going to give her the satisfaction.

She took another bottle of lemonade, poured a glass, slowly, then she forced it to my lips.

I couldn't help myself, either I choked or I drank!

Soon, I'd drunk that bottle too!

And, another bottle of lemonade followed that in quick succession!

“Say it!” she demanded. The pain was getting greater, and eventually I did say it for her! But, she still wasn't satisfied, as I'd suspected she wouldn't be!

“No, that doesn't sound like my Baby, Caroline!”

So, I tried again. I pressed my thighs close together, the discomfort getting more unbearable by the minute! She forced the dummy back into my mouth, slapping my cheek hard to make me open my lips, then she fastened it behind my head again. Irene sat and waited.

Eventually, it happened. It took another full hour, but it happened! I gave way, and I felt the warmth around my diapered groin. I could feel the shamed tears streaking across my cheeks.

Irene cradled my head against her breasts and caressed the hair from my eyes.

“There, there, baby Caroline, don't cry! Auntie Irene will take good care of you from now on!”

She kissed my unresisting mouth sweetly. “You're going to love being a baby girl, sweets, you'll see!”

CHAPTER II

Irene released me from the chair and helped me upstairs. She lay me down on the bed and changed my wet nappy. I was so weepy and crying so hard, I couldn't even summon the energy to fight back. I let her clean me, powder me, and put a fresh nappy on me.

It was then that Margaret returned.

“Made the flight all right, safe and sound! And how's our baby girl?” she asked, looking at me with great glee.

Irene stood up. “Watch her for awhile. I've some business to attend to. Oh, by the way, 'her' name is 'Caroline.’”

Margaret sat on the bed and looked at me with concern. “Look what you've done to your make-up with all your crying, you naughty girl!” she scolded, removing my dummy and restoring my “new” feminine look. They had both fallen into the habit of referring to me as a girl all the time now.

“Please,” I was almost in tears again, “you've got to help me get away from here, away from these things!”

She cupped my chin. “Look, it won't be for long, let's say a week. Then, if you cooperate, we'll discard these baby things in favor of something more adult.” She smiled, “Pity though, you look so cute in those frilly things with your curls peeking out from under your bonnet!”

She held me for a moment. “Let's play a more serious game.” She lay me on the bed again and secured me to the four corners with some straps. After making sure my wrists and ankles were secured safely and that I couldn't escape, she began to take her clothes off! Sitting down beside me, she started to caress my newly shaved legs, then she kissed me, gently at first, but then with a frenzy! I could feel myself getting hard within my nappy wraps and my lace prison.

At first, I tried to pull away, but eventually I became aroused and returned her kisses avidly, our tongues dueling for position. Then, she placed her nipples in my mouth one at a time, and at first I thought she wanted me to kiss them. But, she wanted me to suckle at them. My erection grew harder and harder and throbbed painfully. She pulled my ruffled pants and nappy down and straddled me, drawing me inside her and pumping until we climaxed together. I felt like I had exploded! We both screamed at the sudden release.

Then, she pulled a blanket over us and we slept for awhile. I could hear her voice talking to me in my dreaming sleep, but when I awoke, the room was dark. I was still secured to my bed and I thought that I was wearing headphones, yet everything was very silent. Margaret was gone, and sure enough, I'd been returned to my nappy!

I had slept so soundly that I hadn't felt a thing!

She returned after awhile with some food, baby food! And some drink. I was so hungry and thirsty that I didn't care. I gobbled it down eagerly, and I took to the drink like a fish. Too late, I realized I'd set myself up again! I can't describe the episode without bringing tears of shame to my eyes, but I would challenge anyone to react differently!

This went on for four long days and nights. Then, Karen returned. Gone were the shaggy eyebrows, the short hair and my school suit. In its stead, she was wearing her maid's uniform.

“Karen will take care of you for at least a week, Caroline,” Irene told me. “If you both behave and do as we say, you will be allowed to wear something more in keeping with your maid's position in this household.”

And, so it was, because we had no other choice, really, since no one knew where I was! As far as anyone knew, I was off to Europe, somewhere.

For the next week, Karen got me up in the morning, dressed me, fed me, changed me, played baby games with me, and tucked me in at night after securing me to the bed by tying my wrists and ankles to the four corners of my bed,

After which, Margaret would come into my bed and use me to satisfy her twisted needs. I resigned myself to wait until I had my freedom.

But, the week dragged on for many weeks after that. I just couldn't seem to keep my self from complaining or arguing with Irene, and each outburst cost me another week in nappies.

When Karen protested, Irene added two weeks!

But, eventually, we learned to curb our natural instincts and I was allowed to leave my enforced baby hood. But, if I thought my torture was over, I was sadly mistaken! I was immediately returned to my degrading maid's uniform and my many “duties” thereof.

For some months, we kept up the masquerade, Karen and I, “earning our keep,” as Irene put it, as housekeepers/maids.

Then, one evening at a dinner, a couple sitting beside Irene glanced knowingly at Karen and me. They whispered something to Irene that made her laugh with delight and clap her hands with enthusiasm.

“A capital idea, my dears! I shall arrange it straight away!”

But, nothing was said for another week or so and we forgot all about the whole incident. Then, Irene cornered us in the kitchen one afternoon. “I've decided that you both need a break. Tomorrow night, there's a gala in town. It's a 'debs' ball,' and I've decided that you shall both attend, as my guests.”

I felt relieved; at last freedom to return to my “normal” self again. But, my elation was short-lived!

“You'll both be the prettiest belles there!” And she grinned at me. “Why, Caroline, you didn't expect to go as anything else, did you? That would be a great pity, considering your figure is so nicely curved and feminine now! It's a sin to think of hiding it under your shapeless uniform for the ball!”

I felt utterly defeated because I knew exactly what she meant! I couldn't explain it at first, but I was changing physically as well as mentally! I could understand the obvious; like my hair growing longer (I would no longer need the wig in a few months!); my nails had grown out; and my facial and body hair had been permanently removed by Margaret's depilation treatments.

But, the worst thing was that I had stopped using any padding in my bras because my breasts had developed!

I could fill an “A-cup” to overflowing, and my hips were broader as well! At first I had put it down to the lack of physical exercise, as if anyone could say that housework wasn't physical! But, as my waist line diminished and my breasts and hips continued to increase, I finally figured out that they were giving me some sort of female hormone treatment in my food or drink.

Anyway, came the day of the ball. Irene and Margaret had picked out our gowns. Mine was pure white satin! Full length, it flared out from my slim waist (even slimmer than usual by the use of a tight waist cinch!), and three layers of lace and satin petticoats helped the skirt swirl out as I moved. The ultra low-cut neckline showed off the full swells of my developing breasts, threatening to expose them at any moment!

The short, puffed sleeves; the elbow-length glaze gloves; the tightly fitted bodice; the white open-toed pumps with their four inch heels; all this would have made the plainest girl look glamorous! “But,” as Karen commented with awe, “You look absolutely radiant!”

Even I was taken aback. No effort had been spared on my make-up; my lipstick was scarlet to match my finger and toe nails; my eyes seemed to glow after they had attended to them with my carefully shaped eyebrows and long, mascaraed lashes framing them!

As I mentioned, my hair had gotten pretty long as well, and all they had had to do was pin a hair piece to my head. It matched my own hair color perfectly, and was pinned behind one ear with an orchid and fell loosely across my one shoulder.

“One slight word of warning, Caroline, my sweet,” Irene cautioned me, “if either your or Karen make any attempt to get assistance or in any way cause Margaret to be embarrassed, or make me angry with either of you, you'll be back in nappies and rompers for a good long time, only this time there'll be two babies instead of one! Do you understand me?”

I nodded. I understood only too well that she meant Karen and me as “two!” I couldn't allow Karen to go through what I had! “Yes, Irene,” I replied.