



*Reluctant Press*

# Pretty Maids All In A Row

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. MALVEAUX

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# Pretty Maids All In A Row

By Patricia Smith

## CHAPTER 1

Sex with George was predictable if nothing else, but he was better than no sex at all when there was no one else around to help satisfy me. It would be laughable if it wasn't so sad. We would both strip naked in my room, then I had to get onto the bed and just lay there on my back with my legs spread as he pulled on his lubricated condom. When he joined me on my bed he would kiss my mouth for a couple of minutes playing with my breasts and nipples as he sucked on my lips and tongue. He would spend a couple of minutes licking and kissing my nipples while his fingers stroked the muff of my pubic hair. I knew he was ready when I felt his fingers slide just inside my vaginal opening. That was when he would climb atop me, guide his less than large latex encased penis to the spot and begin to plunge it into me. He never said a word, he didn't like it if I said anything either, he liked to think that he was in charge and the greatest lover on earth. Ten minutes of pumping in and out of me, including pauses to prevent premature ejaculation, and he would stiffen as he shot his load into the rubber he always wore. He would roll off of me with the latex condom still covering his flaccid pecker, tell me what a 'great fuck' I had been, get out of bed and gather up his clothes to return to his own room.

Once George was gone I would roll over to my nightstand and retrieve my battery powered dildo so that I could finish the job that he had started. My right hand could plunge the rubber cock deeper inside of me than he could put his real

but covered cock while my left hand teased and played with my still hard and erect nipples on the tips of my large mammaries. George was totally inadequate as a lover but what he considered a great fuck, I only considered mediocre foreplay. He got me hot enough that I was able to finish the job myself in fifteen to twenty minutes of pumping the always hard and ready rubber cock in and out of my aching pussy. I allowed myself three orgasms before I was done and put my toy away until the next time I needed sexual releases. Like I said, George was better than doing it all myself. Without George to help me get hot it would take me an hour or more to bring myself to a satisfying climax, with him I was done in about half an hour.

Satisfied, I rolled off of my bed and took a hot shower being careful not to get my long blonde hair wet. I had to go to work right away and it would take too long to dry my hair before I had to leave. I wasn't in any hurry though as I put on a clean pair of bikini panties and found the matching bra to wear with them. With my breasts as large and firm as they were I had to wear a bra just about all the time. At five foot seven inches tall I weighed one hundred and twenty five pounds and had the kind of figure most girls only dream of having, 36-24-34, but I had to work at it to keep it there, it didn't come naturally. I put on my uniform dress before sliding my feet into the required three inch pumps. My perfectly tanned legs didn't require stockings to look good and it was too hot a day to wear them anyway. I didn't need much in the way of makeup to look good but I always wore mascara and lipstick to go to work.

George was in the living room relaxing on the couch and smiling like the proverbial Cheshire cat when I came down the stairs. He was wearing a pair of jogging shorts with a muscle shirt as he felt quite contented with himself. He seldom if ever went out to exercise and only wore the costume when he felt he had performed exceptionally well. "You going to try to find a job today Georgie?" I asked him as I checked the contents of my purse. He hated being called Georgie but that was all I ever called him to his face.

"I've still got money in the bank Karyn, what's the rush?" he asked in reply.

"Because your money won't last forever and I can't afford to support you. If you can't pay the rent then you'll have to move out so that I can get a roommate who can pay their share, that's why. You've been out of work for three months now, just lazing about the place and making more than your share of the mess. I'm working two jobs to cover my end of things, the least you can do is try to find a job so that you don't run out of money too soon."

"Relax Karyn. The buyout I got when they laid me off will last me the rest of the year so I can take my time to find the right job now. My rent is paid so you have nothing to worry about there. Besides, one would think that my personal services might be worth some consideration."

"You want consideration for your personal services? Think about this then Georgie. You couldn't afford the consideration I would require for your less than sterling performance in my bed. If you had to pay for it you would have been broke a long time ago." I left it at that and left my house to go to work.

My house! Being an only child my parents left everything to me when they passed away six years ago. I kept the house and the car and kept everything in tiptop shape too. I kept the land Dad had owned out at Gull Lake with the little cottage on it as well. I sold his hobby farm though and the summer house down at Clear Lake and paid the inheritance tax that the government had billed me. I was free and clear now and had several hundred thousand dollars in the bank, but that was for emergencies. I worked to maintain my standard of living and felt that everyone else should do the same. George's money wouldn't last forever and he didn't seem to care.

Working as a waitress for eight hours a day at the Red Rooster Restaurant wasn't enough of an income to keep my head above water. I made minimum wage and the tips were nothing more than an insult at best. People just didn't seem to appreciate good service to go along with their cheap and mediocre meals since the people who came to the Red Rooster did so because of the inexpensive meals served there. With a five dollar meal I was lucky to make a two-bit tip. Oh sure, there was the occasional high roller who would leave a dollar tip, but that was rare and still not enough to pay the bills. The Red Rooster was the first place to give me a job which is why I stayed there for as long as I could.

I worked nights at the Crystal Palace as a hostess. There at least I could take the twenty dollar bribes and seat the clients at better tables than they had reserved. Occasionally the bribes went as high as fifty dollars and I tucked the extra cash away inside my 36C bra cups. One job by itself was not enough to pay the bills. Two jobs got the job done nicely.

The only problem I had with working two jobs was that I didn't have the time to go home and keep the house clean all the time. I solved that little problem by having a roommate. George was working and making good money when he came to live with me in my house and with the extra money I made from his rent I could afford to have a maid come in twice a week to clean up the messes we both made. Lately though, George had been making more than his share of the mess and the maid was asking for more money to clean up after him. Something had to change and it had to happen soon. I hoped that George would get off his duff and find some work to do.

Matilda, my part-time maid, required three days a week now and more hours per day to get all of the work done. George wasn't doing anything for himself. The increase to Matilda would soak up all of the profits I had made by having a roommate. It was time to change things at home and the sooner the better. I had to-morrow night off from the Crystal Palace and the following day off from the Red Rooster. It was time to talk to George.

## CHAPTER 2

"Your not working anymore is causing me a lot of problems Georgie." I said to him as we finished eating the take-out chicken I had brought home from the Red

Rooster. "I can only think of three solutions to the problems and I'll let you decide what I should do."

"What problems Karyn?" he grouched. "I'm not doing anything different than before."

"You're home all the time and you're making more of a mess and more work for Matilda. She wants more days with more hours and more per hour just to keep up with the extra work you are making for her now. I can't afford it."

"So what are these three solutions that you have?" he asked.

"Number one is that I give Matilda what she wants and increase your rent by fifty percent to cover the extra costs involved. I have to pay income taxes on the money I get from you and with what is left over I would take a loss without the increased rent."

"That doesn't sound very good to me, Karyn."

"The second option I have is that you move out and I get another roommate who doesn't make so much of a mess or no roommate and loose Matilda. Then I would have to do my own cleaning when I get home from work. That won't be much fun for me."

"Me either," he added.

"The third choice is for you to do all of the house work yourself thereby allowing me to get rid of Matilda and reduce the rent I have to charge you. The more work you do in the house, the less I have to charge you. If you learn to do it all and competently, you would get free rent and I would even have to pay you to do it. Basically, you would become my new maid."

"That's not a very appealing choice either, Karyn."

"Its all I can think of, Georgie. Think it over and let me know tomorrow, that's when your rent is due anyway. We have to deal with this as soon as possible."

I really didn't care which way he wanted to go with this. It was different when he had moved in though. George was a good looking guy about my own age and I had dreams of being romantically involved with him. But I'd told him I'd had a total hysterectomy and he countered that confession with the fact that he wanted kids so he and we could never have anything more than a casual relationship. He wasn't all that good in bed anyway so maybe I had lucked out by telling him what I had. I couldn't have kids and he said they were important to him. He could pay me more or he could leave or he could start to do the work himself. It really didn't matter to me which he chose, so long as he chose quickly.

Having the whole day off meant that I could relax at home finally. I came down to the kitchen on that morning wearing just my sexy little baby doll nightie, just the way I got out of bed. I made a pot of coffee and my morning toast and got the paper from between the front doors. I was reading the paper as I ate my toast and sipped at my hot black coffee when George made his appearance in the kitchen. I just ignored him as he got a cup of coffee and added his cream and sugar before sitting across from me at the table.

“I’ve been thinking about the three choices you gave me last night Karyn.” he said to me. I looked up from my paper and took a sip of my coffee and waited for him to continue. “I can’t afford to pay fifty percent more rent just to stay here and I doubt I could find another place like this to live in for as cheap as I’ve had it. I can’t move out!”

“All that leaves then Georgie is for you to become my maid and learn to do all the house work yourself. Is that your choice?”

“What do I have to do Karyn?” he asked.

“Everything Matilda did.” I replied. “There will be daily dusting and vacuuming, floors to be washed and waxed, windows to clean, bathrooms to clean, beds to change and the laundry to do as well. You can learn to cook and do the shopping too later on and make more since Matilda never did any of that. She was a part-time maid and you will be a full-time maid. Can you live with that?”

“I think so. How much can you reduce my rent for all this work?”

“I’ll cut it in half for this month and it would depend on your performance as to what it’ll be for next month. Do you have any working clothes?”

“I figure I can wear jeans and a tee shirt to do the work in. What else do I need?”

“I think that to work as a maid that you should also dress as a maid too. I can’t very well tell people that you work for me and have them see that you’re still dressed the same way as when you were merely a roommate now can I?”

“Why not? I can do the work no matter how I’m dressed so what difference does it make what I wear?”

“I’m glad to hear you say that Georgie. It makes a difference to me so I’ll find some of my mother’s old cleaning clothes for you to wear. I kept them up in the attic. But I’ll make it simple for you to start with. A day dress, an apron and a pair of shoes to start with I think.”

“That’s not what I meant Karyn! I mean why can’t I wear my own clothes to do the work in? No one ever sees me here in your house anyway!”

“No one but me that is. And since no one sees you here anyway, you may as well look the part of the person you have agreed to become. My maid! The more you look the part and the more you learn to act the part, the less you’ll have to pay and the more you can eventually earn. I have to wear uniforms for my jobs, Matilda had to wear a uniform to do her job, I think its only fair that you wear the uniform of the job you have agreed to do too. There are still two other options that you can agree to.”

“Those other options are no good for me Karyn. How about it if I agree to make less of a mess and stay at the same rate of rent?”

“No good Georgie. Matilda will still want the increases if you are here. I can’t afford that. If you stay at all its either with the increased rent or doing the job that Matilda did for me. Looking the part goes with the job. Its your choice.”

“What choice Karyn? I can’t afford the increase and I can’t afford to move out. I have to do the work. I just didn’t count on having to wear a dress to do it though.”

“Don’t look so glum Georgie. My mother was about your size so the clothes should fit you and by wearing them you’ll be saving your own clothes for when you have time off. You wouldn’t be too happy if you destroyed your own clothes by doing the work in them anyway.”

“What do you mean destroying my own clothes?”

“Getting down on your knees to wash and wax the floors would wear holes in your jeans in no time, even with the pad to protect yourself. Splashing yourself with the cleaners accidentally would prove just as disastrous. At least this way you’ll be protecting your own clothes since you won’t be wearing them. And working as my maid you will have to learn to call me Miz Karyn or Miz Connelly. Its part and parcel of the job I’m afraid.”

“Very well Miz Karyn. When do we start?”

“Have your breakfast first. Then you can write me a check for half the usual amount. I will call Matilda and tell her that her services are no longer required. Then I’ll get dressed and we can go find some clothes for you to wear to work in.”

### CHAPTER 3

George didn’t look too happy when I led him into the attic and showed him which boxes and bags to take down to his room. I had called Matilda, told her the news and she was quite happy about not having to come to my house to clean anymore, and I had gotten dressed in shorts and a halter top. The lighting in the attic wasn’t good enough for us to inspect the clothes up there so we had to do it in his room. He made four trips and I closed everything up again to carry down the last box myself.

It was somewhat nostalgic for me to be opening those boxes that I had packed up six years before when my mother was gone for good. I pulled out the dresses I had remembered having seen her wear many times and held them up to the stiffly standing George who grimaced with each dress I produced. Some of them were Mom’s day dresses, but some of them were her good dresses too. Mom seldom if ever wore slacks or pants and the box that contained them was still up in the attic.

“I have Mom’s aprons downstairs in a kitchen drawer and we’ll find you the ones you can wear with these dresses later Georgie.” I told him. I began opening the boxes of shoes and setting them out on the floor in pairs and looked up to see George pulling out Mom’s underwear too. It occurred to me then that maybe he should get to wear them too since they went with the dresses anyway. I had planned to let him wear his own underwear but since he was pulling out Mom’s feminine finery, why not let him wear them as well?



“Strip Georgie.” I told him and saw him hesitate. “Oh c’mon Georgie. Its not like I’ve never seen you naked before. You can’t try on the clothes over top of your own things.”

“I have to try them on now?” he asked with a trace of anguish in his voice.

“Of course you do. How are we going to know what fits and what doesn’t, what looks okay and what doesn’t? Maybe none of it fits! Then I have to go out and buy you uniforms that do fit. Strip and we can get to work finding out.”

He appeared quite nervous as he began to take off his clothes, but maybe it was more that he felt excited about what was to come. I couldn’t tell which it was. His cock was hard and ready for action when he slipped out of his shorts and before I could say a word he scooped up a pair of panties and began to put them on. Mom’s panties were a good fit on him but he no sooner had them on then I saw him shooting his load of cum into them.

“That was really naughty Georgie.” I told him. “You’re going to have to learn to control that impulse a lot better and real soon. Lets go! Into the bathroom.” In the bathroom I had him remove the panties and wash himself off. Then I supervised as he rinsed out the panties and hung them over the shower curtain rod to dry.

“Stand in the tub,” I ordered him and he complied without question. I put in the plug and ran a couple of inches of hot water around his feet. I used a cloth to wet his skin, then his shaving lather on his legs as I got hold of his razor.

“Do you have to shave my legs, Karyn?” he complained in a whining voice.

“Miz Karyn to you Georgie, and yes I do. I’ll shave you now but in the future you’ll have to do it yourself. Hairy legs are pretty ugly sticking out of a dress and in high heeled shoes too. As a matter of fact, I think that it would do to shave the rest of you too. A hairy chest and underarms just don’t go with the clothes you’ll be wearing now. I’ll shave your back as well and I may as well do your stomach too, even though it will never show when you’re dressed.”

He conceded quite quickly to the shaving so I had to think that the crossdressing I was about to do on him was very acceptable to his mind. I had never thought that George could have been a crossdresser but now that I did think about it, he could look pretty good as a woman. I would have to see just how far he was willing to go with this. The hair on his head was shaggy at best but I could style it quite femininely for him, if he let me. I would have to pluck his eyebrows too since they were far too thick to be feminine. With the right clothes, hair style, makeup and the right jewelry, he could make a pretty good looking woman! He let me shave more than I had to and he ended up with less body hair than even I had.

I had him drain and clean out the tub, then let him climb out of it so that I could dry him off from his freshly shaved face down to his rough toenails. I’d have to do something with them too, before he put on any stockings. I closed the lid of the toilet and had him sit down, then kneeling before him I took his feet one at a time into my lap to clip his toenails and file them as short as I could. They would have destroyed any stocking had I left them the way they were.

By the time I was finished with his feet, George had another erection! Two erections in one day had to be a new record for him. Two in two hours was unbelievable! I pulled out an arm's length of toilet-paper and ripped it off to bunch it into a ball. Then I handed it to him and told him to take care of his problem. Cock in hand, George gave it a couple of quick jerks to shoot his load into the ball of toilet tissue. Damned he was fast! Too fast for me!

George's pecker was limp again when back in his room I had him put on another pair of Mom's old pink panties. I reached into the crotch this time and adjusted his flaccid flesh so that it was down and between his legs, then I pulled the panties up snuggler than they should be. That should hold the little monster in place, I thought. I dug out the matching bra and was really surprised when he willingly let me put it on him. I figured he would balk a bit but he didn't. I filled the empty and sagging cups with rolled up pairs of Mom's old pantyhose. They were still good so I hadn't thrown them out. Mom had been a large woman with large breasts and I had to use six pairs of pantyhose for each cup, but I made sure to fill them out completely.

I had planned to put a pair of the pantyhose onto George too until I saw him pull out the garter belt that matched his bra and panties so I took it away from him and wrapped it around his waist. With it done up and fitting so good, I pulled out his panties to drop in the garters and pull them out the leg openings. He had a nervous smile playing about his lips that he didn't think I could see but it was too hard to miss it. Georgie liked being dressed up in women's clothes!

Mom's stockings were all brand new and still in their packages so I tore one open and showed him how to put them on. I showed him how to smooth them up his legs and how to attach them to the garter tabs tautly. I knew from wearing them myself that new nylon stockings on freshly shaved legs could feel pretty good. I imagine that George was feeling the same sensations that I did when I wore them. I realized then that the better I could make him feel about dressing as a woman, the better the chances were that he would stay dressed as a woman while I was at work. It was worth the shot anyway.

I passed up Mom's plainer day dresses then and chose one of her prettier dresses for George to try on first. He seemed to approve my choice without saying a word. I found the full slip for him and helped him into it without protest from him at all. "You know Georgie," I said then, "maybe Georgie isn't feminine enough a name for my maid. I think I would like to call you Georgia now. Would you mind that?"

"Uh, no! I mean I guess I wouldn't mind it Miz Karyn." he replied somewhat nervously. "But why does it have to be so close to my own name? Why not something like Judy?"

"Because if we make the new name too different from your real name, you might have trouble remembering to answer to it. Georgia is feminine and it suits you and you won't forget to answer when I call you the first time."

Yeah! George was enjoying the dressing up I was giving him. I could do just about anything I wanted with him now. "Well Georgia, I think that we should do

this right. I mean, we have already removed your masculine body hair so we may as well see if we can't make you look more feminine, seeing as how you'll be dressed that way. What do you think?"

"Whatever you think is best Miz Karyn." he replied.

"Come with me then Georgia." I led him down to the kitchen where I sat him in a chair and draped a tea towel around his shoulders. I had brought down my combs and brushes and got the scissors out of the kitchen drawer. A part down the middle, a few snips here and there and a good brushing before the hair spray and Georgia had a cute pixie style in his previously shaggy brown hair. I had him stay in the chair with the towel around his shoulders as I put away the tools and got out my tweezers. Georgia was being a bit of a crybaby as I plucked away at his brows but I managed to get them both shaped into very feminine arcs over each of his large brown eyes. He had no chance left to appear masculine should he decide to go out, but that didn't bother me at all. I wanted Georgia to be as feminine as I could make him now.

In stocking feet and the full slip, I had Georgia follow me back to the attic and carry down the rest of the boxes I had marked as belonging to Mom. All except the box that contained her few pairs of slacks and pants. Georgia wouldn't need them anyway. He was going to need the rest of her things though since I now planned that he should only dress as a female.

Most of Mom's makeup was dried out and useless so I tossed it all. I got my own makeup out from my room and Georgia just sat and watched as I applied it expertly to his face for him. Having practiced with makeup for twelve years now and wearing it everyday myself helped me do a pretty good job on his face.

Mom had laughed at some of my earlier attempts to put on makeup but she never allowed me to wear it while she was alive. She died when I was eighteen so that was when I began to wear it every day. I tried to please my parents when they were alive but was able to please myself when they were gone. Dad had never liked seeing me in the mini skirts and dresses I preferred to wear so I wore a lot of jeans and tee shirts then to make him happier. I was happy now to be able to wear my mini-dress uniform as a waitress and the longer gowns when I was a hostess. Georgia would be smartly dressed in Mom's old things for now.

With hair and makeup done, I helped Georgia into the light shell pink dress that Mom had almost never worn. It had a round neckline and short full sleeves and the waist snugged in slightly at the natural waistline. The hem was just above Georgia's knees where it had been on Mom. I adjusted the dress into place about his shoulders, then closed the zipper up the back. I found the two inch pumps that Mom had worn with that dress and knelt in front of Georgia to put them onto his feet. He had trouble standing up in them so I had to help him and coach him until he found his balance in the strange footwear.

"Wow! You look gorgeous Georgia." I said to him then though I knew that he was still a long ways away from looking that good. "The only thing missing is jewelry. Want to go for it?"

"Why not?" he replied. "I may as well go all the way now that I've gone this far."

“Great! You practice walking around your room in those shoes and I’ll be right back.”

I had kept all of Mom’s jewelry for myself so I went to find him some pieces to wear. But I only had earrings for pierced ears so I would have to give Georgia a pair of holes before he could wear them. That would be easy to do since I had pierced my own ears when I was twelve. A long darning needle and a cork was all that I needed to do that and I still had them in my room.

The jewelry was the finishing touches on Georgia and he knew it. The string of beads around his neck fit and helped him look more feminine. The bead bracelet that matched went onto his right wrist and one of my old watches onto his left wrist. He didn’t complain too much when I explained about the earrings and he didn’t cry at all when I gave him a pair of holes so that he could wear the bead earrings that matched the rest of the jewelry he wore.

Georgia looked like what I had wanted him to, a woman dressed up as a woman in only women’s clothes. To his mind, he saw a real woman when he looked in the dressing mirror at his reflection. It would take a lot of work and practice on his part before he could look enough like a real woman to venture out as one. But I planned to get him to that point as soon as I could.

## CHAPTER 4

I couldn’t very well toss out all of George’s male clothes to make room for all of his new female clothes now and after a quick inspection of his dresser drawers and closet, I saw that there was no room for all of the new things he had. I had him help me transfer everything over to one of the other spare rooms where I got to work putting it all away for him, with him watching me do it. I kept him standing and walking in the high heeled shoes for practice and as I got the bed cleared off, I had him get clean linens and make up the bed for himself.

The last items I put away were Mom’s nightgowns, now belonging to Georgia. All of Mom’s nightgowns had been feminine without being sheer or sexy. They were all in brushed nylon or cotton though in a variety of colors with accents in satin, trimming limited to ribbons. Knee length or longer they all closed tightly at the neck with ribbon ties and had puffed sleeves that varied in length from short to three quarter length to full length. Georgia could wear them to bed and would probably like them too.

It was just past noon when we were done and I led Georgia down the stairs slowly and into the kitchen where I let him sit down while I made us some soup and sandwiches with black tea for a beverage. “How do you feel now Georgia?” I asked him as we sat with our tea after eating.

“Weird!” he answered quickly. “I mean, the clothes feel pretty good and I never thought that they would. They’re a perfect fit too. You had a big mother I take it?”

“Yeah, Mom was pretty big alright. So was Dad. I just never grew to their stature. So tell me now, do you just want to be my maid or do you want to be my friend too?” I was leading him where I wanted to go but he didn’t know that, yet!

“Can we be both Miz Karyn?” he asked shyly.

“Oh sure Georgia. We just have to set up the ground rules though.”

“Well, what are the ground rules for being just a maid then?”

“You have to dress, act and work for me as a woman and a maid for five days a week and can do whatever you please as a man or woman on your time off.”

“So what changes if we are friends too?” he asked.

“Your time off. It would be too tough to have a friend who is a woman one minute and a man the next. We can help each other a lot but only if you remain a woman all the time.”

“You mean I would have to dress and act as a woman twenty four hours a day, seven days a week? All the time?!”

“Yup, that’s what I mean. Just think of all the fun we could have then. You look really good as a woman and I think it would be a shame not to explore all the possibilities that we are now presented with, thanks to your transformation. As your friend I can help you learn to make yourself into this lovely creature you appear to be now and teach you to act the part too. As merely your employer all I can do is give you a list of things to do around the house, the rest is up to you.”

“So if I’m just a maid then I’m on my own? And if we’re friends too then you will help me a lot more?”

“Those are the rules Georgia. What do you want?”

“I think I need you as a friend too. I know I could never do this without your help. It will be impossible for me to make much of a woman on my own and since I have to live as one to do the job, I may as well have a friend to help me. Will we be real friends Miz Karyn?”

“Absolutely! The Miz part is in here and now, just until you can get used to it. You can drop it when we go out together as friends. You can wear the day dresses for doing the house work in and the aprons are in that big bottom drawer over there.” I pointed to where they were. “All the rest of the time you can wear whatever female clothes you want to though I would suggest that you stay away from any form of pants for now. You need to learn to live in dresses and skirts first, and always wear high heels too. In a month or so, if this is working out, I can buy you some real maid’s uniforms to wear for working in. Then all of your other clothes can be for your leisure time.”

Georgia seemed happy with the prospect of spending all of his time dressed up as and learning to be a woman. I was happy with the idea too. It could be fun for me to have a full time maid and a girlfriend living with me now. George and I had only had his idea of sex once or twice a month and I could get by without that part for now. I liked girls as friends only since I was not a Lesbian. Georgia and I

would never have sex together, ever. George was gone and Georgia was here in his place. I just had to get myself used to the idea of referring to him as “her” now.

Georgia was now as much of a real woman as it was possible to make her, or was she? With my complete hysterectomy I was now on female hormones for the rest of my life. Maybe I could start slipping them into her food and help her become that much more of a woman? God knows she was never much when it came to being a man. Maybe she was meant to be a woman? I would have to talk to a Doctor friend of mine and hear what she had to say about the idea before I went and did something that might hurt my new friend and maid. Yeah! Georgia would be so much better as a woman without the padding in the bra she now wore. It was worth investigating.

## CHAPTER 5

I left my new maid and girlfriend to clean up the lunch dishes while I went up to my room to get changed into something more suitable. As nicely dressed and as feminine as Georgia appeared to be, I couldn't very well go out with her dressed in shorts and halter top.

I stripped and put on one of my mismatched black uplift bras, then a pair of sheer beige pantyhose. With no chance of a menstrual cycle I didn't need to wear panties. Besides, the hose had been designed to be panty and hose all in one anyway. I chose to wear my paisley print mini-dress. It had short puffed sleeves and a round neckline and the hemline suitably covered my plump derriere. I could still recall the expression on Dad's face when he saw me wearing it for the first time. He exploded and made me change out of it immediately and refused to let me wear it again. But he was gone, rest his soul, and I could do as I pleased now. I chose four inch spike heels and smiled when I let myself think what his reaction would have been to see me in them too.

I did my hair and makeup quickly and easily and perfectly. Practice made it so much easier now. Yeah, Mom had laughed at my early attempts to put on makeup, but then she had taught me how to do it right though she would never let me wear any at all outside of my room while she was alive. She didn't seem to mind letting me practice with it though since it kept me at home and out of trouble. She kept my hair short too since she felt that it was easier to care for that way. I wanted to grow it long and did so with her passing.

I found Georgia in the kitchen relaxing with another cup of tea, but the dishes were done. She was sitting with her back to me and didn't see me come in so I caught her playing with the edges of her dress and touching her nylon clad legs enticingly. She was thrilled with the way she was dressed and so much more so when she played with her clothes.

“Hey girlfriend!” I called out to her. “You ready to go out now?”

“We...we...we're going out?” she stammered in consternation.

“Of course we are dear girl!” I replied. “As pretty as you are it would be a sin to keep you hidden away inside the house all the time. Besides, how can you learn to do the shopping later on if you don’t learn to go out as a woman first? Let’s go girl.”

“Karyn, I can’t go out like this! Not now! What if someone should see me?”

“Of course they’ll see you Georgia! You need to be seen as a woman and as soon as its possible too. You have to learn that you look like a woman and that other people will see you as such. Men will smile at you because you’re so pretty and you should give them a smile in return. Women who are secure with themselves will smile too, women who aren’t all that secure in their femininity will probably frown. But everyone will see you as a woman and could never suspect the truth unless you do something to arouse their suspicions. Relax Georgia. We are just going for a ride in the car. You’ll be fine as long as you don’t get out or open your mouth in public. Next week we’ll go shopping together.”

Georgia was a bundle of nerves as I pushed her out the front door. I locked up the house so she had no choice but to walk out to the street with me and climb into my car. I was the only one carrying a purse. I made her sit up straight and put on her seatbelt, then used my controls to roll down the window on her side and lock it that way as I drove away. She couldn’t roll it back up even though she did try to.

I headed for the crowded areas where I knew there would be a lot of people. Georgia had to be seen in her feminine guise and learn to be comfortable with it. This was the only first step to accomplishing that step that I could think of. I would take her shopping next week too. She would have to be ready by then or she would be discovered to be what she was, a man dressed up as a woman.

The sidewalks were packed with people and I drove slowly along in the curb lane behind a bus pretending to be looking for an address. This gave Georgia a chance to be seen without the chance for people to accost her for being what she was. I kept driving here, there and everywhere I could think of that there would be a lot of people to look at us. It took several passes before she relaxed enough to realize that she was being seen for what she appeared to be, a pretty older woman in a car with a younger woman. She relaxed enough that she was able to return the smiles given to her by men and women and even a few children too. Georgia was learning to accept her appearance as a female and to enjoy the attentions of complete strangers. That was a good sign.

I drove us home. She had no trouble at all with getting out of the car and waiting for me to get out and lock it up. She walked slowly up the driveway behind me and seemed to hesitate before following me into the house. I guess she wanted some of the neighbors to see her too. She had suddenly become an extroverted woman and found a new level of delight at being seen.

“Be careful Georgia.” I cautioned her. “Riding in the car is a lot different that walking around outside the house. Neighbors will come over to talk and you aren’t ready for that yet. Wait until next week and we’ll go out shopping and you can be seen up close by a lot more people.”

She smiled slightly at the prospect of going out shopping and followed me inside. She had a lot of work to do to get ready for that event and I began her lessons immediately. It wouldn't do either of us any good for her to be read, but I couldn't see where it could do me any harm either.

Georgia was a quick study and I liked that. I only had to tell her how to do something once and then that is how she did it. Walking, standing, sitting, kneeling, bending, all the positions that every human being goes through had to be practiced in the feminine form and Georgia caught onto how to do them very fast.

That night I taught Georgia how to remove her makeup as I helped her change into her less than sexy though still feminine nightgown. I wore one of my frillier baby dolls that Mom and Dad had never let me have. I gave Georgia a proper pedicure then and painted her toenails a dark shade of red. A manicure made her fingernails to match. She loved every second of the attention I was giving to her.

## CHAPTER 6

I let Georgia sleep in the next morning and she appeared in the kitchen doorway still in her nightgown as I finished with the morning paper. "Morning sleepy-head." I said to her cheerily.

"Morning Karyn," she answered. "I can't ever remember sleeping so long or so well as I did last night. I really must have been tired."

"You did a lot of work yesterday. Today we get to find out if you can remember any of it. I'm going up for my bath, you get your breakfast. Then I'll help you with your bath."

"I just need a shower, Karyn."

"Oh no you don't. Showers are for when we're in a hurry and just to get clean. We aren't in any hurry this morning so what you need is a long, hot and luxurious bubble bath. Us girls have to pamper ourselves whenever possible and the bath is a simple one that we can do every day."

"Whatever you say Karyn, you're the boss." She smiled as she headed for the coffee pot.

I spent less time in my bath than I usually did and was done in half an hour. I had work to do now that I had made up my mind what to do. I put on clean panties, then my shorts and halter top with sandals on my feet. I brushed out my hair and tied it back into a ponytail, then applied my minimal makeup.

I got Georgia into her hot bubble bath and checked my watch for her to see. "I'll be back within the hour and you had better still be in the tub." I told her. "If the water cools too much, add more hot water. If the bubbles disappear, run more water and build them up again. But you stay in that tub until I tell you to get out. Is that clear Georgia?"