

A Maid's Story



Blind Ruth



A "Her Tv" Novel



A MAIDS STORY

By Blind Ruth

THE MAID

“Flossie, FLOSSIE, where are you, you good-for-nothing? I can never find that lazy maid when I want her. Come here at once, FLOSSIE!”

That’s the Mistress calling. I’ll tell you more when I have the time I’ll have to go now to the drawing room. “Coming, Mistress. I’ll be there in a moment.”

“Ah, there you are, you lazy bitch, hiding yourself out of my sight. Now that you are here, this is your order for the day. Tidy the house up and pay particular attention to Miss Irene’s room for she will be tired after her long journey from the Far East. Then prepare cucumber, tuna, tomato sandwiches, canapés and such like for the finger buffet and put some bottles of white wine in the fridge. The ladies from my club are coming this afternoon. Now let me inspect your uniform.” The mistress inspects my maid’s uniform.

“Oh dear, that will never do. Flossie, I expect better than that, the uniform is all grubby looking and not what I expect from my maid. You will go and change into the new uniform made last week, do you understand?”

I nod my head and receive a slap on the face by the Mistress.

That is not the way you were taught. Such a stupid maid, do it properly.

So there I am, holding out the edges of my black maids dress, bending my knees and giving a swooping curtsy to the Mistress.

“That’s so much better. Always remember what I taught you. We will be get on so much better, wont we? I will not hesitate to take you across my knee and spank you even if my ladies are present this afternoon. You know that, don’t you, Flossie? Well, answer me.”

I am afraid and I answer the Mistress in the affirmative. “Yes

Mistress, I humbly reply.”

“Good. I have much to do today in the office, I am up to my ears in work. I expect a good job from you, otherwise you know the consequences, don’t you?”

Another Yes Mistress and a deep curtsey as the Mistress leaves the house.

Mistress or Euphemia De Burges is or was my mother-in-law and I’ll explain that in a minute. Euphemia is a short fat woman but she takes good care of her figure or so she says. And as for Miss Irene, we were married. I may be the maid now but that was not how I started life. I am a man. I sometimes wonder about that when I see myself dressed in these maids clothes. Whether I am still married is a mystery to me.

Some weeks ago I overheard a conversation between the Mistress and her solicitor and words like divorce and desertion were dropped. My mother-in-law is a very devious woman; she never liked me and as the feeling is mutual. There is no doubt if a divorce did go to court Irene would have good grounds for desertion as I have disappeared out of sight. No wonder as her mother put me in skirts. I do an injustice to Euphemia; it wasn’t exactly her who put me in a skirt. It was my wife Irene but then it was fun. Euphemia found out and used it for her own purposes. Surely Irene wouldn’t divorce me as she knows the whole story which I will get around to telling you when I have some time. But duty calls and I must get on with my work.

You heard the Mistress with my orders for the day. Her devious plan to catch me out was that I had to wash and iron the clothes. The washing is no problem as there is a washing machine but I have to iron all her precious skirts, dresses, and blouses plus my own. Which reminds me, this maid’s uniform I have on will stay on till all my work is done. Then it will go in the wash for I want the outfit she has bought me to be fresh and clean. See you all soon.

It took me all of the morning and a good part of the afternoon to clean the house and Miss Irene's room. Euphemia's clothes and underwear are all there on her bed, clean and pressed for inspection. God help me if she is not pleased for she will not hesitate to spank me, an almost daily occurrence which she takes great delight in giving. The sandwiches are prepared for her upper class women's club. I will stand by in the kitchen waiting to serve them their sandwiches and a tray of glasses with wine which I have done many times in the past.

You may as well stay here and watch as I change into my new maid's uniform. You won't see anything that Euphemia hasn't seen before. She took great pleasure lacing me up into corsets but I can manage it all by myself now. I'm used to it. In my chest of drawers, third from the top, is this dammed lace-in corset. She likes to see my waist nipped in. Second drawer from the top are the knickers and plenty of them. Who wears directoire knickers in the 21st century? I do. Look at them; long black silky ones, frilly white Chantilly lace round the knees. Then there are the petticoats I have to wear, at least four for she demands it. Anything for a quiet life. I select four of different colors. I like black so the black, then blue, pink and white. They will go on, not in any particular order. She doesn't care as long as there are plenty.

Black stockings are a must for the Mistress. So here I am all dressed in the maid's outfit, just my lace-up black ankle boots to put on. There we are. What do you think of me now? You may as well laugh although it's not funny to me to be dressed like this. As I said before, I'm sure she does this to humiliate me. Look at the time! I'll have to fly for she will be here at any minute to inspect me before her ladies arrive

Thank goodness that's all over. I was rushed off my feet for her and her ladies. Euphemia seemed in a good mood this afternoon for a change although she did straighten my cap and told me to be more

careful in the future. I stood by the front door to admit the ladies from her club, then I escorted them into the living room where Euphemia greeted each one with a kiss on the cheek. I noticed as I have in the past the club secretary Mrs. Kathleen Smyth-Hyde, an elderly rather plump woman, receiving what I would call an unusual kiss on the cheek. I can't put my finger on it but it was a different kiss from the rest.

Mrs. Smyth-Hyde's husband is henpecked. She definitely is the one that wears the pants in that house. She and Euphemia are always chatting with each other. But I really hadn't much time this afternoon to watch them; I had other things to do like bringing the plates of sandwiches around her women and offer trays with glasses of wine. In the kitchen I listen for the Mistress ringing that little hand bell for me to bring more wine and sandwiches. I tell you it's a busy life being a maid.

I do from time to time hear snatches of conversation. My John will be at the Palace next week to receive his knighthood from the Queen.

"Then I suppose we will have to call you Lady Doreen now, came the answer." The first woman said nothing but a big smile spread over her face. What a bunch of snobs. Euphemia may well have been Her Ladyship if her husband hadn't died. He was a nice man, we got on well and I may not have been in this maids outfit if he was still alive.

I know you're sitting there thinking this is one of these Reluctant Press stories about the bad mother-in-law turning her son-in-law into the maid. You're wrong this isn't a story but you are right about the bad mother-in-law turning me into her maid. Next you're thinking these things don't happen in the 21st century. They certainly do. I am living proof of that. I will tell you how it all began.

THE GIRLFRIEND

In another life I was a telephone engineer installing phone systems in offices, factories and such. I was at night school studying for my City and Guilds for I was aiming for higher things than just installing phone systems. I wanted to climb the ladder to become a manager and that first step was coming soon.

“Jimmy, this is your last job of installing a phone system. Once this job is finished you’ll become my junior manager. You’re on your way to the top. I have a lot of faith in you to go far.”

“Right, boss. Where is the job?”

“Ogden Clothes factory. They are scrapping their old phone system and putting a complete new system in, all electronic. They’ve been good customers in the past. I’ll leave everything in your capable hands. You know what to do, there is no need for me to tell you.”

As you will have guessed my name is James or Jimmy Rankin. I almost have forgotten that because of answering to Flossie. I know Mistress would like me to forget it too. Ogden is big in these parts, making women’s dresses and such. They have many factories all over the land. The one I am going to is their headquarters and takes up a large part of an industrial estate. I expect to be there many months.

I won’t be the only one from the company there; I will be in charge of a team of engineers. I will be planning the job and giving instructions to all. The owner of Ogden clothes is a Mr. Henry De Burges. He is the person I shall co-ordinate with while the job is being installed. I shall probably take a week planning all the work before the team arrives and have the approval of Mr. De Burges for everything.

The first day I arrive at Ogden’s head office Mr. De Burges called me into his office for a talk.

“Mr. Rankin, I know that you have been instructed to discuss all matters pertaining to this installation with me. I am a very busy man and may be out of the country for weeks at a time. I have therefore delegated that task to my daughter Irene who will in time take over from me. She is a very competent woman. She knows the company business like the back of her hand. Irene is not here today but I shall introduce you to her tomorrow, Mr. Rankin.”

I met Irene De Burges the following day. She was a beautiful woman about my own age.

“This is Mr. Rankin, Irene. He is in charge of installing our new phone system. He will communicate with you should any problems arise.”

“I see, father. I am sure Mr. Rankin and I will get along nicely. Don’t hesitate to contact me, Mr. Rankin.”

Irene gave me a nice big smile. I think we hit it off from the start and I must admit I rather fancied her.

“The only problem that Irene would be involved in was the location of the PABX exchange which would need a lot of space and ventilation.”

“Where would you suggest, Mr. Rankin?” Irene asked.

“Ideally somewhere in the basement for a lot of space is needed for all the equipment and ventilation.”

“I see. Then I will have one of our old stock rooms cleared out, redone, painted, and decorated. Will that be all right?”

“Yes indeed, Miss de Burges.”

Irene looked at me. “I think if we are going to see a lot of each other in the near future, we should drop the formalities. Just call me Irene. What should I address you as?”

I was all for that and certainly wanted to get to know Irene better.

“It’s Jimmy, Irene.”

“Good, then Jimmy it is. I think we will get on famously, Jimmy,

don't you?:

Irene De Burges was easy to get along with and most helpful during that job. She even invited me to the director's canteen for lunch all the time I was there. We sat together and chatted. I learned she had been to university and had degrees in design for clothing. She certainly was not a snob, unlike her mother as I was to learn. She learned of my ambitions and that I was about to become a junior manager after I completed this job.

"On the way up, Jimmy. You'll make it, never fear."

With that encouragement why not ask her for a date? After all, faint heart never won fair lady. I surprised myself and did just that.

"Sure Jimmy, where do you suggest we go?"

I hadn't expected a yes and was stumped where to go. Irene saw that. "I know a small secluded restaurant, just the right place for us. What you say to Saturday night?"

"I'll pick you up at seven."

"Okay, Jimmy."

Then I realized I didn't know where she lived and told her so. She laughed and gave me directions.

So there I was Saturday night in my new car, a Volvo which I bought because of my pending promotion. Irene's home is a large country estate owned by her father. There stood the manor house before me as I parked the Volvo on the stone chipped driveway. On applying the lion-headed knocker, the large mahogany door was opened by a maid.

"Yes?" she asked. "And what do you want?"

"I have come to collect Irene De Burges."

"Have you indeed? Is Miss Irene expecting you?" she said, looking at

me as if I was a piece of dirt.

“Yes of course,” I answered.

“Then you may as well come in. I will take you to the Mistress. Then she added, “Wipe your feet. I have enough cleaning up about this house.” If I thought that welcome wasn’t friendly, more was to come.

“This gentleman,” said the maid sarcastically putting emphasis on the word gentleman, “has come to see Miss Irene, Mistress.”

The plump woman, who was sitting on a well-upholstered chair, turned to face me. “Has he indeed? You may carry on with your duties, Helen,” said she dismissing the maid who I am sure would have liked to be privy to the ensuring conversation.

“So, you are the young man my Irene has been talking about Mr...”

“Rankin, Mrs. De Burges,” said I, assuming this was Irene’s mother.

“Yes, what university did you go to, Oxford or Cambridge?”

“Neither, Mrs. de Burges. In fact, I’ve never been to university.”

With that answer, Euphemia de Burges raised her eyebrows and gave me what I only can describe as a curious look. “Then you’ve never been to university, Mr. Rankin? Most unfortunate.”

“Correct, Mrs. De Burges, however I am making up for that at night school.”

Just then, Irene entered the living room. “I hope you’re not trying to scare Jimmy off, Mother,” she laughed.

I was so engrossed with Irene’s mother that only now I had time to see Irene. In those little low-cut black evening dress and black heeled shoes she was absolutely beautiful.

“Mother, I will have to leave you for Jimmy is taking me for dinner and a dance, aren’t you?”

“What? Oh yes,” I replied, mesmerized in the beauty of Irene. She gave her mother a kiss on the cheek as we left.

“You mustn’t take mother to heart, Jimmy. She still thinks I’m a schoolgirl and is trying to protect me from the wolf. She needn’t bother. I’ve already met him.”

“Who was that, Irene?”

“The wolf?” she laughed. “Harry Patrick. Hands all over the place till I slapped his face.”

“That name is familiar.”

“Should be, he is in line to inherit one of our biggest rivals when his father retires.”

“Now I’ve got it, Patrick Fashions. They’re always advertising on the telly. Women’s clothes and all that sort of thing.”

“Yep, got it in one. Harry went to University, got plenty of degrees and, to put it in his own language, he was an absolute cad and a bounder and a womanizer to boot. I soon got rid of him. Funny thing, it was Mother who arranged our meeting. Harry is too macho a man for my liking. I go for the more gentle type like yourself, Jimmy.”

I wasn’t too sure about Irene’s description of me. I wouldn’t have called myself macho but I had never thought of myself as a gentle sort of male. No more was said on that subject and we talked about more pleasant matters that night. After that first night Irene and I regularly dated even after the system had been installed in Ogden’s factory and I had left to start up duties as a junior manager.

At that time I lived alone in an apartment block flat in a respectable district. I had left home some time earlier but kept in touch with my parents who lived in another town. I had had a few girlfriends in the past and we had sex but the thought of marriage never entered my mind. However Irene was different. The one thing that worried me was the fact that Irene’s family had so much money and I had nothing. I was afraid she would turn me down but then I hadn’t asked her yet. From somewhere I summoned up the courage to ask her to marry me.

“I would like nothing better than to be your wife, Jimmy, but don’t you think we should be engaged first? You really know nothing about me or I you.”

“Yes of course, Irene. Well buy the ring together, pick whatever you wish.”

I was afraid she may have expensive taste in that department and bust my bank book. Not one bit of it.

“Well need money to set up house so let’s pick a sensibly priced engagement ring.”

Of course after that, Mommy had to know we were engaged.

“My little girl is engaged? You’re so young, do you really know what you’re doing, Irene? Will Daddy approve of it?”

“Oh Mother, it has nothing to do with Daddy or you. I’m a big girl now and as soon as Daddy comes back from his business trip, well tell him, wont we, Jimmy?”

If looks could kill, the one I got from Irene’s mother would have finished me.

“I hope you will keep my daughter in the manner she is accustomed to, Mr. Rankin.”

She never addressed me as James or Jimmy. I knew that Euphemia De Burges had taken an instant dislike to me for I had spoiled her little plan of marrying Irene to someone else. She would do everything in her power to stop our marriage and she almost succeeded.

It was during the time we were engaged I found that Irene was kinky. As I said I had my own flat and from time to time Irene would visit me there. One time when we were snogging, she remarked, “You have such smooth skin, Jimmy, almost like a girls. I have to confess that I have one kinky desire and I hope you don’t

mind me telling you, Jimmy. You may as well know if we are going to marry.”

“Go ahead, Irene, it can’t be all that bad.”

“I’m glad you feel that way. It could bring us so much closer to each other. I’ve never mentioned this to anyone before, not even Mother. I have this desire to dress a man in female clothes. So there it is out now.”

“I stopped in my tracks for my beloved Irene was looking at me. You don’t mean me, do you?”

“You’re ideal, soft skin and all that and not macho like Harry Patrick. I’ve always had that dream. Don’t ask me why but it does something to me thinking about a male dressed in skirts.”

Irene came closer to me. “Would you do it for me, Jimmy, would you? I’ll be ever so thankful.”

I had never seen her so passionate before. “Irene, behave yourself, I said, pushing her away.” I was beginning to get hot under the collar. Whatever could she be thinking?

“I knew it was too good to hope for but just once could you do it for me, Jimmy? You do love me, don’t you?” she pleaded.

I think with her pleading and sad looking eyes she had got me. Well, if it pleased her, just once wouldn’t hurt. Besides, no one would see me if it was just there in the flat.

“I suppose so, Irene, just this once if that is your fantasy.”

Irene was all over me, kissing, hugging, like there was no tomorrow. “Don’t worry darling, Ill provide everything; dresses, skirts, hose, shoes, makeup, the lot. Well do it Saturday. You’ve made me so happy, darling.”

More kisses and hugs. Maybe dressing in women’s clothes wasn’t going to be so bad after all if Irene acted like this. I’d never seen Irene so excited; all that week she kept phoning me about Saturday, telling me what she had bought in lingerie and dresses. For me it

meant nothing for what did I know about woman's clothes then?

Irene arrived early that Saturday loaded with parcels.

"You didn't need to buy all these, did you? After all, it's only once."

She never answered and I hadn't even seen what was in the parcels.

"You'll need a bath, Jimmy."

"What you talking about? I wash and shave every morning."

She looked at me. "You're not going to spoil my dream, sweetheart, are you?"

"Okay, if it pleases you, I'll do it."

"That's the spirit! I know everything is just going to be fine."

So there am I, naked, running my bath and in comes Irene. "What you doing here?" I ask.

"I'm helping you with your bath."

I try to cover my vital parts with a towel.

"Don't you think when we are married I'll see plenty of that?" she remarks. "Now don't be a baby, let me get on with it. First of all, rub yourself this depilatory cream over your body."

"Why?"

"To remove the hair from your body."

Irene squeezed the cream from the tube and was rubbing it all over my body. even down below.

"Don't you think this is carrying things too far, Irene?"

"You're not going to give me problems now that we have gone so far, are you?"

I did after all consent. After all it was only once and the only person who would see was Irene. Irene now sprinkled sweet-smelling bath salts into the water. "There we are, you'll smell so much better and I've got some nice lilac talc to put on you after the bath. Well soon have you smelling like a woman, wont we, darling? Then we can get

to work on that face of yours.

I was beginning to wonder just what I had let myself in for. I had never seen Irene so enthusiastic about anything before. Irene sponged my back then it was all over and she toweled me down. She sprinkled that lilac talc all over my smooth body and I could see all the hairs at the bottom of the bath. My body was hairless. Irene squirted some perfume on me. I couldn't tell you what it was but I smelled it on Irene before.

"You're beginning to smell like a woman should but there is more to do. Follow me."

Irene had me sitting before my dressing table mirror, her vanity case nearby. I was still naked.

"Put these on for me now," she said, handing me a pair of black silk panties. She watched as I pulled them up my smooth legs. They did feel nice, I have to admit. I said nothing, Irene smiled at me.

"Okay sweets, let's get started," said Irene, opening her vanity box. Within was a multitude of lipsticks, face powder, and eyeshadow, mascara, blusher, and God knows what else. First she took a pair of tweezers and started on my eyebrows.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting those bushy male eyebrows plucked out before we use the eyebrow pencil."

That finished, she used cleansing cream, preparing my face before the makeup was applied. Irene was happy in her work. Irene hadn't started on the makeup yet and was taking plenty of time before doing so. I told her that.

"We've got all day and I'm going to do this right for it is my dream. You're not worried, are you?"

"No, no, of course not." I didn't want to be put in a woman's skirt but no point in complaining right now. Irene just smiled at me and carried on, running her hand over my now smooth face. She was

satisfied and the makeup started.

“You’re all ready. We can get to work on that face. I love this!” Irene had already applied face powder to my cheeks with the powder puff, and then came the black eyebrow pencil as highly arched brows she penciled in. Now came the light blue eyeshadow followed by the sweeping up of my eyelashes with the black mascara. Irene kissed me on the back of my neck. I must admit I was getting an erection. She may have noticed but said nothing. A pink blusher was put on my cheeks. If I thought Irene was finished with the makeup, I was very much mistaken.

“Give me your fingers!” Irene took a couple of nail polish jars out of the vanity case and applied clear nail polish. She allowed it to dry, then a red nail polish was applied. “There we are, Jimmy, that’s the makeup finished. Now let me see, where did I put it?”

Irene opened one of her parcels. “Come here,” she ordered me.

“What’s this?”

“Your breasts.”

I look at them. They’re so life-like. Before I know it she is sticking a Velcro pad over my chest and pressing the breast forms on to them. Then I ponder for a moment in wonder. How come you know so much about making a man look like a woman? The makeup I can understand for that would be second nature to a woman but these... I say pointing to the well stuck-on breasts. Where did you learn about them?

Irene gave me a cute smile. “Listen sweetheart, when you have a dream like I have of seeing a man in a frock you read as many books on the subject as you can. You have all the knowledge at your fingertips ready if that opportunity should arise. It has and there is more.”

A brassiere, a flesh-colored one, was now in the hands of Irene and she proceeded to fit it to me. Next another parcel opened and she took out what I can only describe as a sort of padded panty girdle

with suspenders hanging from it.

“Take your panties off, she said,” taking the item from me and making me step into this contraption of a panty girdle. It was tight as she pulled it up my body and it was snugly fitted round me.

“You’ll appreciate that later when were finished.”

I wasn’t sure about that statement. Maybe *she* would. Me? I didn’t think so.

“Sit!” I was ordered like a dog and like a dog I obeyed. There is no doubt Irene has a certain command in her voice. She took a packet containing beige stockings, opened it. She proceeded to place a foot of mine into one of them and rolled it up my leg, then attached the top to the suspenders hanging from the panty girdle, all three. Then Irene repeated the same process with my other foot.

“You can stand now.” She was holding a white satin slip in her hand; this went over my head and slithered down my body. “Doesn’t that feel nice, Jimmy?”

I didn’t answer. What do you say to a woman who has put you in a slip? I felt foolish.

By now Irene was opening other parcels. She held up a dress, a white summery dress I knew it was light as it floated over my body. White open toe low-heeled shoes were produced and I was told to put my feet into them. A couple of clip-on dropper earrings in the form of a red rose and a pearl necklace was produced from her handbag and put on me. Have you ever looked in at a mirror at a man with all that one would associate with the fair sex, like makeup, dress, stockings and jewelry? The one exception was the hair. The appearance was funny, queer to say the least. That was to change as Irene produced a long blonde wig and promptly put it on my head. The wig flowed over my shoulders.

What you think of my handy work? Irene pointed at the mirror. I did look like a woman. I hoped Irene was satisfied so we could call it quits. No such luck. Irene was producing a purse and coat and

handing them to me.

“What’s this for, sweetheart?”

“Were going out, that’s what.”

But...but I thought.

“I know what you thought. Now that I’ve gone this far, we are not stopping. I’m going to fulfil my dream and show you in public. That will be the fulfilment of my dream of making a man look so much like a woman that no one will realize you are indeed a man.”

I had the feeling that something had been released from Irene that was unstoppable and events proved me right. So there I was in Irene’s Mercedes going to God knows where. I was trying to keep out of sight. But that didn’t matter to her. The last thing she wanted was to hide me. Where better to expose her skills of transformation than the local shopping mall?

“Well, what are you waiting for?” She took my hand and forcibly pulled me out of the passenger seat. This was one side of Irene I had never seen before and I wasn’t sure I was ready for it. Ready or not, I found myself inside the shopping mall. Irene slipped her arm round my elbow like girlfriends do.

I was scared to say a word so therefore I have to go wherever Irene took me. At that time of day on a Saturday afternoon, the place was crowded.

Suddenly a woman’s voice was heard. “Well fancy seeing you here, Irene.”

Instead of removing herself as quick as she could, Irene welcomed this intruder. “Hello Rachel, how are you?”

The two women stood there in the mall chatting. I gathered that they were students at university together. Then Irene turns to me. “This is my cousin Flossie visiting for a few weeks.”

Rachel held her hand out to me. We shake. Irene was going to prolong this meeting as long as she can to prove her skills in

transformation. After a while both women say their farewells and go their separate ways. Irene goes to various shops, me in tow, remarking as we go along. "You would look nice in that dress, Flossie." I didn't dare say a word.

We were on our way back to my flat in her car. "Wasn't that fun, darling. We must do it again." She gave me a kiss, opened the passenger door and pushed me out but not before giving me a playful pat on the rear. See you tomorrow.

There was nothing left for me to do but enter just as I was in those woman's clothes. What if someone saw me? I entered the lift as a man stepped from it. He didn't give me a second glance. So far so good. As I made for my flat old Mrs. Rowan passed me and said not a word. In the flat, the phone rang. I answered. It was Irene.

"Did you meet anybody on the way to your flat, sweetheart?"

I tell her so.

"Anyone say anything?"

"No."

"You're just a natural, Flossie. I have so much planned for you. See you in the morning," and she hung up.

What was that all about, I wondered? I still had to get the clothes and makeup off. Why was I being so picky taking these women's things from my body and folding them neatly on the chair? As for the makeup, all I could do was use soap and water which made no difference to it. So there I was in bed in men's pajamas with a female face on me and that's how Irene found me in the morning.