

THE LIBRARIAN'S MAID

By Michelle Lang



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE LIBRARIAN'S MAID

By Michelle Lange

PROLOGUE

“Damn it. I don't care. We don't need those bastards.”

“Now, now, we can't fly off the handle because of one remark.”

“What do you mean one remark? That one remark attacks each of us in the most personal manner.”

“That's true. It does.”

“But what can we do without them?”

“We can do anything and everything they can do and do it better.”

The voices of the dozen women sitting at the long cherry table resounded through the hall and inflamed the dozens of other women sitting and listening intently to the Council as they debated.. The indignant voices roared through the open window, through the open doorway and into the warm early spring air. The Tinkers Village Council was on the verge of banning all males from the village.

Saner voices tried to prevail and were gaining a foothold on the proceedings.

The Librarian spoke up to the hushed voices of those who supported her to the angry murmur of the women who wanted blood to the beet red, angry face of the President of the Council.

“The action seems extreme. Hell, no males lived in the village anyway so this action would really be the village cutting off its nose to spite its face. Be reasonable, if males aren't allowed to work in the village, who will do the manual labor, the building, the landscaping, the snow removal? Who will wait on us at the cafe? Who will stock the shelves of the small grocery store? Who will do the multitude of jobs that we ourselves won't do, nor would we do?”

The last person to speak said it all, “Screw them all.”

It was too emotional and too late as the mood had escalated to a large degree of unreasonableness. The vote was overwhelming - males had been banned from the township of Tinkers Village on this early spring day.

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The effects of the banning weren't felt immediately and wouldn't be for a while, but as the solstice approached and the days began to get longer and warmer the rumbling began. The lawns began to grow in earnest. The gardens became just too much for

those few women interested in that hobby. There was no service at the quaint sidewalk cafe. The grocery store had become self service and the women didn't like it.

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Tinkers Village was a closed community of women, professional women, doctors, lawyers and executives of companies. Some women didn't work either because of choice or upbringing demanded that their lives be made easy and that they not do without. It was too late.

The ban was in effect. Statute 21 was the law of the land..

STATUTE #21

Here and forever let it be known that the bylaws of Tinkers Village acknowledges that all males are forbidden to enter Tinkers Village without the majority vote of the Village Council.

CHAPTER ONE: TINKERS VILLAGE

Nestled in a small, quiet, out of the way valley in the western part of the commonwealth of Massachusetts lies a small but unique village known by the outside world as Tinkers Village. It consists of some forty odd housing units comprised of several large and small Victorian houses, a few small but quaint cottages, ranch type houses, capes, two families, town house condominiums and a small downtown section.

The community is located on a small parcel of secluded, heavily wooded land surrounded by several high inaccessible hills. The village is a closely knit and proud community with a wonderful sense of warmth and belonging among its 100+ inhabitants.

There is only one road that leads to the town and that road has a 24 hour security guard. The township cannot be seen from the main road because of the forest and its winding two mile distance. For all practical purposes, Tinkers Village exists only in the minds of its inhabitants. Only inhabitants, or pre-authorized guests, are allowed in the small town.

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As the young lady approached the mid point of the ride into the small village she had a clear post card view of the entire village in the fading sun. The first thing she noticed was the peaceful and clean atmosphere of this near perfect Norman Rockwell type community. Her breathing was almost nonexistent as she looked at the village in open awe. After the last two horrible months it seemed to the small, slight girl that she was looking at Paradise.

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The small downtown area with its clean, white, narrow, yet gentle roads and sidewalks, borders on one side of the very attractive town common while the opposite side is flanked by Joseph's Pall, a steep wooded hill. Tall, stately, black, Victorian, wrought iron, gaslight stanchions and bright red fire hydrants act as sentinels of the town. Attractive green flower boxes bloom with the current season's delights adding a unique charm to the town as they shyly welcome the people bustling about.

The Common covers several acres of green, well-manicured lawn that roll gently over several small hills. Dissecting The Common are long white walkways that seem to invite each person to stroll along them in complete harmony with the tranquillity it offers. A small shallow blue-green pond with a small fountain, spraying glistening drops of water as if paying tribute to the day, is at the far end of The Common nestled comfortably in among a very small grove of large maple trees. It can be easily reached from the main street.

Scattered throughout The Common are shiny, black, Victorian wrought iron benches, two small, white gazebos and a large Victorian band stand. Beds of colorful gardens in well tended patches bloom in complete harmony with the multitude of flower beds that accompanies the walks, that surround the gazebos and those that blossom in the flower boxes on the band stand. There is one formal garden on The

Common where a person could stroll around receiving comfort from the grace and formality the garden offers. Several large Elm trees offer a visitor welcome shade on a sunny day. Each tree seems to beckon visitors to their shades with their darker green leaves shimmering gently in the warm, soft, summer breeze.

The home town main street has the normal compliments of quaint, small shops, pretty white steepled church, red brick town hall with the obligatory town clock, pharmacy, small grocery store, pretty sidewalk cafe with the "Cinzano" type umbrellas, stately library and the little bank. Tinkers Village has a "fairy tale" quality to it but is actuality a well run, self sufficient town. All of the buildings are well kept by obviously tender loving care to insure that each of their appearances maintains the love and beauty of the town keeping with the quaint, clean, picture postcard perfect scene.

From the distance wherever one would look they would see cleanliness and order and beauty. No one, looking from afar, could even imagine that in the village one could find so much as a dirty window, a messy gutter or an overflowing trash can or even an unpainted board. The fire hydrants and light stanchions seem to gleam almost as they were waxed on a regular basis.

Any traveler, as the young lady would attest, would pleasantly note that in Tinkers Village gasoline powered vehicles were almost exclusively excluded from the streets and byways. In fact the only vehicles allowed within the village limits, with the exception of an occasional maintenance vehicle or delivery vans, were brilliantly polished electric golf carts painted in a myriad of pretty, soft, pastel colors with colorful and tasteful designs.

The sound of soft pretty music was almost constant and the citizenry would be unnerved not to hear the tinkle of wind chimes or the sounds of someone singing a song or even string music that seemed to come from different directions blending into the serenity from the carefully hidden speakers.

Only the more astute passersby would notice the abundance and quality of the women's clothing shops and the absence of any men's shops. The casual visitor would see a bustling, happy community as women went about their business. Some of the women who could be seen seemed to be out of an age that went out of fashion many years ago. Most of the women wore long skirts, some with bustles and parasols just as they wore during the Victorian era. Some of the women were in business suits, some wore clothing more popular in the fifties and some, of course, wore clothing that could have fit in any town or city in the country.

Nowhere would one see any males.

Tinkers Village is not the usual type of township. Founded in the late eighteen hundreds as a small mill town by a wealthy English family who built the original mill, that phase of the town has since passed into history.

The town had been incorporated as Miller's Village and was laid out in a manner in keeping with the Victorian design which kept with the flavor of the period.

Later, when the Miller family had sold out and returned to England, it was purchased by a religious sect whose belief was founded on prayer, prayer and prayer. Sex was strictly forbidden. However it seems that recruiting new persons into a sect that

forbids sex was quite impossible during this period and slowly the few brothers and sisters who had accepted the creed died off until the village itself was soon abandoned and forgotten.

It stayed quite abandoned and undiscovered (including by vandals) until the early fifties when Mrs. Abigail P. Tinkerton found and purchased the entire village. Quite wealthy from her marriage to the late Horatio Tinkerton she restored it and developed a new community based on her belief that the female sex was the superior sex. She set upon opening the village to professional, college educated and successful women of like thinking.

At first few women really came to live in the village but as the fifties progressed into the free thinking sixties and women became successful, highly regarded and respected professionals, more and more of them came to recognize what Miss Abigail, who was now in her early seventies, had realized several decades ago. Soon Tinkers Village, as it was now known in honor of its founder, was a thriving community. Automobiles were not excluded then and the town and several families had daytime male help from neighboring areas to do the more difficult tasks.

In early 1965 Ms. Tinkerton passed away. Her daughter, Amanda Tinkerton, who lived in England, arrived for the funeral and never again left the small village. Amanda Tinkerton became the new titular head and the love and affection the townspeople had for her sainted mother was quickly and deservedly transferred to her. Amanda loved the town and it was she who convinced her fellow citizens that they could survive with a new town ordinance that completely and totally forbade males from living within the borders of the township.

The village thrived in an awkward manner during the next decade but there was an uneasiness bubbling underneath the surface. It came to a head in the early part of this year when several women overheard a remark made by several of the male day workers hired to build the new bank. Ms Amanda had long since departed the heavenly confines of Tinkers Village for more spiritual heavenly confines and Elisabeth Ramsey Borden had been elected to the Governing board of directors.

It seems that one of the workers had openly talked, below an open window and, to the delight of his fellow workers, referring to Ms Borden as "Lezzie" Borden. The remark made in jest in an off handed manner referred to the infamous and much maligned (but never convicted) Lizzie Borden in the murder of her parents during the famous turn-of-the-century crime in Fall River Massachusetts. The switch of the vowel "e" for the vowel "i", in Lizzie's name was intentional and, of course, insinuated the negative connotation for "lesbian". Within hours the construction company was fired and males, all males, were instantly fired and removed from Tinkers Village.

Within two weeks Statute #21 was passed.

CHAPTER TWO: WELCOME HOME

The young lady rode silently on the electric cart as the stern face woman, who had met her at the main road, didn't say a word, didn't offer a smile, nor give her any warm feeling. The girl wasn't really a young girl but her bearing, dress and appearance belied the fact that she was, in fact, twenty years of age. She wore clothes that were reminiscent of young girls of the nineteen fifties. Her dress was white lace on white satin and had to be worn with a small petticoat. Her beautiful, long, blond hair was worn in pigtails with delightful pink ribbons tied into wonderful little bows at their ends. She wore a Navy blue serge, free flowing coat that stopped several inches short of the hem of her dress. Perched on her head was a tightly woven, wide brimmed, straw hat with a matching pink ribbon around the crown, that tied into a bow in the back and trailed half way down her back.

She had long pretty legs that were amply shown, her skin soft, milky-white and sensuous. She wore white cotton ankle socks with a pair of black, patent leather, Mary Jane shoes. But what the woman who picked her up noticed was the nervous smile, the near tears, the wrenching of her small, soft hands that were themselves in white cotton gloves, as she clutched a small, black patent leather, pocket book. If the current trying times of Tinkers Village weren't already taking a toll on the woman it was the fact that she had become an instant mother of sorts.

The girl was her only living relative now that the girl's mother had passed away. And with the suddenness of the telephone call from her cousin's lawyer explaining that the girl had no place to go and the mother's last will and testament stressed that she was to "go live with her cousin". Well, the woman was a bastion of responsibility and she would do what was right as she always had.

She looked at the girl marveling that she was her cousin's daughter. They had gotten so far away from each other and though they both lived in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, it was at different ends and they weren't close. The woman hadn't known that her cousin had a child. She hadn't even known that her cousin had married. Marriage wasn't in the family history, thus she realized that the girl was the last of the line. She heard the girl sniffle and looked at her. The girl was quite frightened and on the verge of losing her battle with her tears. The woman rested her hand on the girl's hands, "Hush, little one, you're home now and everything will be all right."

That little act of kindness melted away the girl's apprehension and the tears broke out and she rested her head on the woman's shoulders. The woman pulled the electric cart over to the side of the road and held the girl as she let out her emotions. The girl finally cried over her mother. She cried over the sudden loss of everything she had known and loved. She cried because she finally realized that she wasn't alone. She had her mother's cousin.

They held each other until the sun disappeared over Joseph's Pall and then the woman wiped the girl's tears away with a soft tissue and held it to the girl's nose.

“Blow, little one, blow away your worries, blow away your tears, blow away your fears. I'll take care of you.” Under her breath the woman also said to herself, **“and you'll take care of me.”**

As she put the cart into forward motion she could hear the murmur of a loud cheer going up from the town hall - That very night, if not that very instant, Statute #21 had passed, but not before the girl had entered the town proper.

CHAPTER THREE

It took the woman and girl several trips to get the girl's trunks into the small Victorian house that Anise Chalmers owned. They put them into the girl's new bedroom two doors down from Anise's own bedroom. “Are you hungry, dear?” asked Anise motherly and rather liking the feeling.

“No, madam.” The girl was so polite and respectful. “I am quite tired though.”

“Well then that's settled we'll get you ready for bed and then in the morning we'll have plenty of time to get acquainted. Do you have bed clothes?”

“Yes, madam,” and she pulled out her little, light blue, plastic, overnight bag. The girl was not surprised that the woman stayed in the room. She was use of having women watch her every move and study her every mood. She pulled out a pair of blue Baby Doll pajamas with matching sleep brassiere and panties. It was so short, so lacy, so sexy that it seemed as if it were made for a Barbie doll.

Anise Chalmers helped the girl remove her hat and coat. She was surprised at how delicate the girl's dress was. White lace on white satin with a pink sash tied around her waist and into an enormous bow in the back. She smiled with delight.

“Would you help me get ready, please?” the girl asked in the sweetest voice.

“Of course, dear,” said Anise, who had no intentions of leaving the room anyway. The woman took delight in slowly pulling the ribbon and breaking the bow. The slight sound of satin rubbing against satin was exciting when it matched the sound of the young girl's breathing. The dress was held in back by large buttons and Anise took pleasure in slowly undoing them. With her back to the woman the girl slipped the sleeves off her shoulders, down her arms and let the dress fall to the floor. She stepped out of it and turned to face the woman who's own breath was raspy and hard.

The girl wore a soft, silk, white slip under her petticoats. The slip did little to negate her soft, firm breasts and the big, brown nipples that strained both materials of her slip and brassiere. With a soft delicate motion the girl stooped down and pulled her petticoats down and step out of them with the grace of a ballerina.

Anise caught her breath as the girl pulled her slip up and over her hips, breasts and shoulders. Suddenly the girl was standing there in one of the prettiest lingerie sets Anise Chalmers had ever seen. Her brassiere was little more than a strip of expensive silk that barely could hold the lovely round orbs of girlish delight as they jiggled in the almost too small cups of the white lace brassiere. The girl's big, brown,

rich, full nipples clearly showed through the soft, thin material, besides they were peeking suggestively through the little lace that ran along the top of the cups.

Anise found herself staring, unable to stop as easily as she had stopped breathing. She watched in complete fascination as the girl's nipples strained the material as they hardened and stiffened and strained in not-so-innocent excitement.

The girl crossed her arms across her chest, momentarily blocking the heavenly view, and, with a soft, practiced, sultry motion, her hands grabbed the bra straps and she pulled them gently over her shoulders and down her arms. Her brassiere fell away ever so softly and slowly until they reached a point that they offered not even the slightest protection or support of the girls breasts.

Anise gasped at their instant loveliness.

"The're beautiful," she gasped stripped of any motherly concern.

As the woman gaped, the girl tugged her brassiere around her waist and undid the snaps. She was pleased with the woman's reactions, but knew that every woman who had seen her naked was greatly impressed. She, in turn, was always happy to see their expression and with an involuntary shudder she caused her breasts to swing in their free and open state.

She was facing the woman now and asked, "Should I take my panties off too?"

The question raised questions in the woman's mind but she simply nodded as she wanted to see the girl au natural. She had never seen a woman strip off her panties in such a dignified and sensual manner as the girl did.

But something was wrong, something was different.

She gasped as she recognized the additional item of clothing that the girl wore under her panties.

It was a gaff.

The girl didn't hesitate as she undid the gaff and let it fall. Anise Chalmers almost fainted, the girl, the beautiful girl, her cousin's lovely daughter had a penis, a soft, small penis.

The girl was a male.

CHAPTER FOUR

The next day was Wednesday and the library was always closed on Wednesday and it was just as well for as deep as the girl slept Anise did not. The shock of finding out that her cousin's daughter was really her cousin's son. The quick explanation before the girl fell asleep was titillating and she was mad about finding out the whole story. Hour after hour Anise stared into the blackness and finally her mind just quit and sleep came as the sun began to claim its hold on another day.

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The flash of sunlight filled the room once the heavy drapes of Anise Chalmers' bedroom windows were drawn. She stirred. The several hours of deep sleep had worked magic. Aromas, assailed her pleasantly.

“Coffee, was that coffee?” her mind quizzed her. **“Bacon? Toast?”**

Her eyes popped open and she was instantly awake, alert and aware of everything.

“Good morning Madam,” the softly French accented voice not only filled every nook and cranny of the room but also pleasantly assaulted every bit of Anise Chalmers. It was as if angels were singing to her. She almost got frightened that she had passed away in her sleep. She stared in awe. Her cousin's daughter (she still couldn't change her original introduction) was standing there, or was it an angel. No, angels didn't wear the uniform of a French maid. They did not wear lacy petticoats and lacy aprons and they most certainly did not curtsy as the girl was now doing. “Did Madam have a nice night's sleep?”

Anise began to struggle up to a sitting position.

“Feminique?” she asked feeling the odd name roll off her tongue and giving her the nicest sensations. Actually uttering the girl's name and hearing it spoken aloud was heavenly.

“But, of course, Madam.” Her smile was sweet and respectful, not at all surprised at the woman's surprise.

“But, the way you're dressed.”

“You don't approve of my uniform, Madam?”

“Approve, what do you mean?”

“Why, Madam, I am what I am. I am a maid and servant. I was so to my mother, Mistress Mimeaux, as I will be to you. You don't like it?”

“You were your mother's maid?”

“Oui, Madam. Her maid and servant.”

Anise's mind was flapping about without a safe landing place when the petticoated girl placed a tray of food on her lap. The aromas attacked her very psyche and instantly she was famished.

“I apologize for not knowing your specific tastes Madam but had to surmise that with coffee and no milk or cream that you preferred your coffee black. I saw that you had potatoes, eggs and bacon and naturally assumed that a standard breakfast would be acceptable. I, of course, will anticipate your needs and desires better as I get to know you.”

Anise's mind instantly grasped the situation and wanted to pursue everything immediately and all at once; but, the physical delights of sight, smell and feeling caused her a greater peace than she had ever known.

“That's wonderful, Feminique. I am sure you will. We'll talk about everything after breakfast.”

As Anise Chalmers held the hot cup of coffee to her lips and let the aroma waft through her she watched her little cousin began to pick up clothes that Anise had worn the day before and had been just too tired to put away that previous evening.

“Yes,” thought Anise, **“*she knows what she is doing.*”**

As she ate the girl disappeared for several minutes giving Anise the opportunity to build thousands of questions in her mind.

When the girl got back she announced, “Madam's bath is ready. I've taken the liberty of assuming that your requirements would be similar to my mother's but I will adjust specifically for you as I learn about you.”

“My bath is ready?” Anise stated in awe and confusion. “You assisted your mother with her bath?”

“Oui, Madam, it is a personal maid's responsibility to perform all duties and functions for her mistress. You are now my mistress as my mother was my mistress before.”

CHAPTER FIVE

A delighted, fresh, clean, and personally dried and luxuriated woman, wrapped in a large, warm, fuzzy bathrobe sat in the large wing back chair holding a fresh cup of coffee that Feminique had just served her.

Feminique knelt at her feet with her lacy petticoats spread delightfully around her. She looked as if she were a lily pad on a pond of lace.

Anise had started the questioning slowly and Feminique had responded. Slowly Anise began to understand everything:

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Feminique spoke from her heart. Repeating stories that her mother passed on to her over the years and reflecting any of her own personal anecdote that she could. The story unfolded slowly but played out as if it were a movie on a large screen.

Anise Chalmers listened and listened carefully enthralled with the story and the story teller.

The story began as Feminique spoke softly: Generally speaking it was Mimeaux La-Roux Bastilleaux who carried her husband, Charles Xavier Crompton, over the threshold on their wedding day and he was never again to gain the upper hand. She forced him to quit his job, the only bastion of manhood that he had left and to accept responsibility as her housekeeper.

Surprisingly the adult male had actually tried to make his marriage work by simply caving in to his wife's odd demands. This strong, rather overbearing female had, quite early in life, known that she was meant to be a lady and a lady just did not do menial housekeeping chores. Because Charles Crompton was not much of a provider, having little formal education and nearly lacking in any ambition, and because of the nearly

comfortable inheritance that Mimeaux had received from her parents estate they were able to live comfortably but not overly extravagant without his paycheck.

Sex was finished immediately on the honeymoon but it was too late as Mimeaux had conceived on her very first, last and only act of copulation. Just as well as she hated it and hated Charles for doing it to her.

Charles tried to appease his wife for several reasons. The first being that he actually loved her and the second that he was quite frightened of her.

Mimeaux immediately became the lady of the house and the authority figure. As her figure grew with the little life inside of her she seethed more and more against the weak male that she had married and what he had done to her.

She never left the house during her pregnancy even having the doctor perform house calls. As her stomach grew she decided that if she had to “look funny” so would the perpetuator of the crime. First she brought in a seamstress and had the laughing woman measure Charles for several aprons, lacy, frilly, pink and pastel colored aprons, all pinafores.

Charles was, of course, mortified but he meekly complied and wore them without complaint.

During the entire pregnancy Mimeaux, although upset with her condition, also rather enjoyed seeing Charles perform his household duties in one of his frilly apron. She especially liked watching him dust with a pink feather duster.

Mimeaux planned on having a daughter and assembled the girl baby's wardrobe from different mail order catalogs. She was shocked when, on the day the baby was born, to find out her hopes had been dashed and the assembled wardrobe useless. The baby was a boy, whom the odd couple named Charles Junior.

Mimeaux refused to buy new baby clothes so Charles Junior was brought up wearing baby girl clothes. Mimeaux rather enjoyed the baby as she pretended him to be her daughter. One day she announced to Charles Senior as he was serving her dinner in the small atrium, “I have decided that Charles Junior will be brought up as a girl.”

Charles Senior was aghast, “You can't do that. The boy is not at fault.”

“It isn't a question of fault, Charles. NO, it is a question of democracy. I will not be the only female in this family and be outnumbered by two males.”

Charles stood his ground and insisted that Charles Junior be brought up as a boy.

Suddenly Mimeaux announced her decision, “Well, my dear, you may have your way ONLY if I have mine. We will raise Charles Junior as a boy only IF you become a girl.”

“What?” gasped the man.

“You heard me. If you want your way I want mine.”

Thus Charles Senior, to save his son from being raised as a girl, became Charlotte.

The very next day the Mimeaux's personal and private seamstress, Mademoiselle Renee Tutebreaux, was called in. Mademoiselle Tutebreaux was a gifted seamstress at the unusually young age of twenty-two. She had thoroughly enjoyed making Charles'

original "housekeeping" uniforms delighting in making them as feminine as possible. She had been excited that Ms Crompton not only could but was in fact making her husband wear aprons and clean the house as if he were a domestic servant.

Now this. It was all too much for the young impressionable lady. Ms Crompton was going to make her husband into a girl, a girl servant. The idea was completely wild but so enticing. As Ms Crompton explained what she wanted and what she planned to do, Renee couldn't help giggling. This, of course, caused Mimeaux to giggle and soon the two women were laughing hysterically.

"You could actually get him to wear a dress, Ms Crompton?"

"Of course, Renee, I'm making him wear an apron aren't I. I'm making him clean the house as if he already were a servant girl."

"Panties, too?"

"But of course and you will be responsible for supplying them."

"Ooo La La," exclaimed the excited girl, "and I know where I can find some that are simply adorable, soft, silky and pink and, with," she hesitated for maximum effect as Mimeaux held her breath in anticipation, "RUFFLES. They would be ideal for a sissy."

"Mmm, yes, Renee, that's what I want, I want Charles to dress like, look like and act like a sissy."

To Mimeaux delight, the laughing seamstress suggested that the uniforms be of the utmost feminine design.

"I'm sure Ms Crompton that you feel as I do that the more girlish the clothes and the more girlish "she" acts the more control you'll have over 'her' and the better job 'she' will do for you."

Mimeaux not only agreed but she loved the feminine tense that the seamstress used when referring to Charlotte.

"Ohh," she thought, "what a delightful name for a man, oops, a sweet little girl as the name simply popped into her head."

After a bit of initial shock, Renee began to be very enthusiastic about the entire "program". Renee initially thought it was a great idea for two women to force a man to wear frilly feminine clothes and to act as a female. She had never thought about it before but she had immediate interest because of the pure challenge of doing it, an erotic feeling in forcing a man into sissy clothes and, although she had known Mr. Crompton for some time, she never ever really liked him.

Renee and Mimeaux had a long discussion about what it would take to turn him around.

"Why would he allow himself to be your maid and servant?" Renee asked.

Mimeaux giggled and said, "Why Renee, he absolutely loves me and this will be the only way I'd ever let him stay with me and don't forget he already is wearing those silly looking aprons which can't be called very manly nor masculine and beside he seems to rather enjoy doing housework. This really is the best opportunity to have my own maid."

“Okay! I'll design 'her' little uniforms and make them up!” Renee said a little on the breathless side. “I'll just work on the very most sissified, darling, little maid's dresses and other pretty, lacy things and an entire wardrobe of little, lacy panties, lots of frilly aprons, petticoats and little caps!”

Renee squealed with delight when she realized that she was talking about a wardrobe for a man.

Mimeaux sighed with delight.

While Renee worked on “Charles' first uniform”, Mimeaux worked on getting “Charlotte” (Charles new name which was ideal for a future, little MAID) ready to begin accepting all this. She began to order him (oops, her) around very, very frequently.

Charles had already been conditioned and was by nature a very submissive person.

Renee had asked Mimeaux to get Charles' hair to grow somewhat longer and to begin to thinking about how to get him to shave off all of his body hair so he'd look sleek in stockings.

Finally, the day arrived when Charlotte's uniforms were ready. A cleaned shaved “Charlotte” didn't really comprehend how seriously life was about to change, but it was. Mimeaux ordered “him” out of his clothes. Charles, of course, did not want to do so in front of Renee but he had no choice. Soon he was standing on a dressing pedestal, very quiet, totally mortified and extremely small in the “male department”.

Renee saw that Charlotte was shaved, coifed, lotioned, perfumed, and embarrassed!

The two women giggled with anticipation! It was certainly strange for two women to manipulate a naked “man” so easily.

“First,” Renee announced, “come the gaff, it will hold 'her' up and it makes sure his cute, little panties will fit nicely.” The phrase, “his little panties” started the women giggling.

Charlotte just stared straight ahead almost uncomprehending exactly what was happening.

The flesh toned, sheer, latex gaff, with the thin waist strap and even thinner back throng, was drawn up Charlotte's smooth, lotioned legs rather unceremoniously.

Renee tucked Charlotte's soft sex organ into the little triangle, pulled tightly and the back strap disappeared right up “her” crack. It effectively smoothed the poor man's crotch!

Charlotte was as red as a fire engine as Renee and Mimeaux giggled at “her” plight.

Renee got a small box and opened it slowly. Neatly folded was a pair of sexy, pink silk panties. Renee handed them to the man's wife. “Since you're the Mistress of the house, I believe you should be the very first to PANTY her!”

Mimeaux giggled. She had never heard the word “panty” used as a verb before.

She took the delicate little undergarment from Renee, held them open at Charlotte's feet and told “the new young girl” to “step in”. With just the slightest motion Charles slipped his painted toes in and Mimeaux drew them slowly up his smooth shaved legs

and pulled them up tightly at the waist. She even smoothed them out, nicely across the bottoms and Charlotte's now girlish crotch, touching him for the first time in years! She felt terrific, almost invincible and certainly much more powerful than she had ever felt in her entire life as she gazed at her pantied husband.

“Why,” she thought, “he does look like a little girl.”

Renee had selected a delightful pair of panties; they were absolutely adorable! The panties were a silky pastel pink nylon, somewhat sheer, bikini-cut panties. The high-cut legs and the little waist band were trimmed in light pink ruffled lace and the tight fitting panty bottoms had several rows of ruffled lace trimming as well. Right on the seat, however, was, in bright red script embroidery, simply the name, CHARLOTTE.

They were darling.

“Oh! They are cute, aren't they?” Renee said with a huge mocking smile.

Mimeaux, in an odd mood of playfulness, reached over to a humiliated, little, pantied maid and pinched “her” cheek and said, “How does it feel to be wearing panties, Charlotte?”

Charles turned so red that he thought he'd die. He seemed to shrink even more in stature.

Her own face was flushed with satisfaction and triumph as tears welled up in Charles' eyes. Mimeaux had thought that she had died and was in heaven. What a wonderfully tremendous feeling of power.

Mimeaux couldn't help herself and laughed loudly. She looked directly into her husband's eyes and said, “See, Mr. Crompton, those are your panties now, aren't they pretty?”

His eyes watered up and several small tears ran down his powdered cheeks as Charles realized that he was indeed wearing panties.

“Repeat after me, Charlotte, I have on lacy, pretty panties, Miss!”

“No Ms Crompton, your title is rightfully Mistress Mimeaux.”

Mimeaux looked Renee with a pleased expression.

Charles blinked away some of his tears that filled his eyes.

Both women looked at Charlotte and waited.

After several long seconds Charlotte said haltingly in a soft, quiet, subdued and hushed voice, and just barely audible “I'm wearing soft, pretty panties, Miss. They have lace on them.”

“Mistress Mimeaux,” corrected Mimeaux.

After another long pause Charlotte whispered, “Mistress Mimeaux.”

Renee and Mimeaux laughed at Charlotte. Her lower lip was quivering and her rather sexy, pretty, blue eyes had such big tears, why they actually sparkled in the bright spot lights of the dressing platform. Her lips were rather full which was brought out by the lipstick Mimeaux had put on the new girl earlier. A pout slowly formed in

an adorable way and it was then Mimeaux started to really look at her husband as a girl.

Renee said, as she got out a very realistic, full, silicone-cupped, pink lace bra, "Now that she's pantied, let's continue."

They then put on Charlotte her FIRST BRA EVER, a pink lacy bra.

Mimeaux was surprised at how "busty" Renee had made it, but the pretty seamstress explained that "her", meaning Charlotte's, uniforms will look better if she's a bit busty. Mimeaux ran her fingers over Charlotte's cups lightly and looking directly into her eyes said "Oh, what big breasts you have for such a little man."

Renee laughed.

A beautiful, white, satin waist cincher, trimmed with ruffled, floral lace came next. The cincher was only 8 inches long, so that it fit him totally between the waist of his little, bikini panties and his pretty bra. It was also "small" in terms of how much it would be "cinching" Charlotte's waist!

It took a while to hook it on and Renee had to tell Charlotte, "Suck in your tummy, sweetiepie, like a good little girl."

To encourage him Mimeaux reached over and gave her maid's derriere a quick, sharp, little smack on her prettily pantied bottom! It was surprising, she thought afterward, how natural it felt to spank Charlotte's little bottom. She guessed that the fact of him wearing those tiny, pink panties just made "him" seem like a little girl that one needed to "correct" or something.

The waist cincher really pulled in Charlotte's waist and defined it. Soon by contrast, her cinched waist made her hips and bust seem curvier.

Renee confirmed this impression by saying, "See how it makes her much more girlish. I'm working on an even tighter cincher already though."

Next they smoothed long, sheer, black nylons on Charlotte's legs.

Mimeaux noticed they even had those cute seams all the way up the backs!

Renee quickly hooked on a little, frothy, lace garter belt between Charlotte's panties and her waist cincher and attached her nylons securely to the garter belt.

Mimeaux really couldn't resist doing what she had once seen done to another girl in high school. She reached over, grabbed the girl's soft stretchy lace, garter strap and snapped it against Charlotte's panties.

"Ouch," Charlotte squealed softly, in an almost girlish voice.

Next they led Charlotte to a chair and set her down to finish her make-up.

Renee even polished Charlotte's manicured nails bright red. Before Charlotte got up and as Mimeaux finished with styling Charlottes longish hair, Renee brought over Charlotte's new shoes. They were bright shiny patent leather pumps, black, of course, with double ankle straps and spiked heels four inches high!