



Reluctant Press presents:

Upstairs / Downstairs

Maureen Glasgow



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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UPSTAIRS / DOWNSTAIRS

By Maureen Glasgow

I still don't know for sure what Angela found attractive about me. She's categorically gorgeous – and I'm not. It's not that I'm big and macho either; if anything she's taller than me, though I probably outweigh her by four or five pounds. Maybe it's because I am kinda quiet and obedient?

We met when I went in to buy some thread in the fabric store where she worked. I needed dark thread for sewing a button on my jacket. Though I normally get stuff like that in a small notions store beside my local supermarket, I'd kept forgetting to buy it during my grocery shopping trips, to the point I was beginning to doubt my memory.

Anyway, I was passing this neighborhood fabric store one day and I remembered. I had never been in the place before, but I figured they HAD to have what I needed.

Angela served me and won me over immediately. She was so shy, blushing every time I spoke. She kept looking down modestly, then lifting her head and lasering me with two beautiful brown eyes peering out from behind thick seductive eyelashes.

I was – and probably still am, hopeless about picking girls up. She made it easy though, her soft hands touching mine as we worked through all the alternative colors. I knew exactly what thread I needed but was trying to ensure that I spent enough time to allow me to work up enough courage to ask her out. As it turned out, I needn't have bothered.

"I think you're being very wise," she said as I fumbled around with the spools of thread.

"Huh?" I responded brilliantly.

"Yes! Taking so much care in picking the correct thread. Don't want to upset your wife or girlfriend by buying the wrong stuff, do you?"

"I don't have a wife nor a girlfriend," I admitted quickly.

Her eyes widened. "For your mother then?"

"Oh no. The thread's for me. I do my own sewing repairs."

"I HATE sewing!" she said animatedly. "Can't STAND it!"

I shrugged. "It's not that bad once you get used to it."

“Do you like to cook as well?” she asked archly.

“Don’t mind it,” I said honestly.

“Well, I’m a good cook,” she responded. “Tell you what? I’ve got a bunch of sewing repairs that need done. You come over to my place tonight, and I’ll make dinner. You can pay me back by doing my sewing!”

I was astonished. Here was a drop dead, gorgeous girl and she was asking ME over to her place for dinner! I couldn’t believe my good fortune, so I accepted readily. She lived close by, and I had no problem in finding her apartment. I was standing outside her door at seven o’clock exactly, ringing the doorbell, flowers in hand, my heart careening around inside my body somewhere, making all sorts of thumping noises.

I nearly died when she opened the door. She was a true vision in a sleeveless black silk top with a shawl collar, and a gold damask skirt in ball length, her tiny feet in black velvet slippers peeking out from underneath. She had a plain gold chain around her lovely neck, hoop earrings and a bracelet to match. Her dark, shoulder-length hair was pulled back by two large combs, then allowed to cascade onto her shoulders.

She smiled as I gazed wonderingly at her, knowing full well the impact she’d made.

“Good grief, Angela!” I muttered, touching my sports shirt. “I’m sorry. If I’d have known you were going to ... ”

She cut me short by coming forward and kissing me firmly, then taking the bunch of flowers from my hand.

“You look SO handsome, Ronald. Thank you for these beautiful flowers. Pour yourself a drink while I go and get a vase, would you, darling? And mix me a Scotch and water, please?”

My mouth had fallen open at being kissed to begin with. At being called 'darling,' I almost looked behind me to see whom she could possibly be talking to. Semi-stunned, I closed the door behind me, then went and poured the drinks. I'm afraid my hand was trembling quite a lot as I poured the liquor.

She was back in a few moments and put the flowers on the table. "They make a lovely centerpiece, Ronald. That was very thoughtful of you." As she said this, she took her drink from my hand, then damned if she didn't kiss me again! This time, I got just a sensation of the perfume she was wearing – something light and floral.

I put my fingers to the cheek that had just been kissed. "You're very beautiful, Angela," I said sincerely.

"Well, thank you, kind sir!" she said, dropping a deep curtsey and smiling up at me as she did so. "Let's sit down and make ourselves comfortable. Dinner should be ready in a half-hour or so. Tell me all about yourself, why don't you?"

"Want me to do your sewing while we talk? After all, a bargain is a bargain." I replied.

She covered her face and pretended a blush. "Well, you see, Ronald? What I said wasn't altogether the truth. I do have some repairs that need doing, but I'm guilty of using my feminine wiles to get you up here, all to myself. You can sew for me some other night. Here! Come sit beside me on the couch."

I actually, so help me, pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. This girl – woman – with film star quality looks was showing every indication that she was interested in me! Blushing, I sat beside her. The heat from her was devastating; I felt as if I'd sat next to

an open fire. She put a hand on my thigh a second later and my temperature surpassed hers immediately.

But at that point, it was if a barrier was erected by her. In a state of sexual turmoil, I sat there and answered her questions about myself: my age, career prospects (poor), my ambition (practically none) and my financial status (awful) while trying desperately to come up with a way to touch her. That was all I wanted to do at that time, just touch the perfection that was her.

Dinner was nice – but I’ve no idea of what it was. I’d had a few drinks before, and wine with, dinner. Not being a drinker, I was more than befuddled. In my own defense though, I think I’d have been just as bad without the alcohol, I was so totally enraptured by my hostess.

I gave her a helping hand to clean up. I had to wear one of her aprons. It was a fairly plain one. Some pink in it, but not too many flounces or frills. Not that I cared. I’d have worn a ballerina’s tutu without a qualm, just to be beside Angela.

Back on the couch, I proceeded to make an idiot of myself. I was a virgin with no experience whatsoever with girls. Whatever possessed me, I don’t know but I made a grab for my hostess.

She didn’t seem too alarmed, but just took a hold of my wrists. I tried to push, just a little bit harder, feeling my face redden with the strain. Suddenly, she was pushing back! Not only that, she was winning the contest! A few seconds later, stunned, I was lying flat on the couch, looking up at Angela who was now straddling me and smiling down at what must have been the look of consternation on my face.

“Ronald? What do you think you’re doing?” she said softly.

“I...I...don’t know,” I stammered.

“Want to put your thing inside me?” she asked pleasantly. “Is that what it is?”

I licked my lips nervously. “Oh Angela! No! I wasn’t...”

“Of course you were, Ronald! Don’t be telling fibs now! Wouldn’t you like to put your thing inside me? Be honest!”

I looked away from her stare. “Yes, Angela. I guess that’s what I had in mind.. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, Ronald. What you tried to do was perfectly natural. I don’t mind it one bit!”

I looked back at her in amazement. She smiled down on me kindly.

“Of course, I’m not going to let you do that. Not until we’re married anyway. Then we’ll do it a lot! Make babies!”

She leaned over and kissed me seductively, her tongue probing into my mouth. Then she sat back up.

“Know what, hon? I’ve always wanted babies. To tell the truth, I’m probably a little crazy on the subject.”

Then she leaned forward and whispered softly in my ear. “Would you like to be my baby, Ronald? Let me be your mummy? I’d like that very much. And I’ll bet that *you’d* like it too.”

As her hand had worked its way under my apron skirt and was toying lightly with my erection, I was in no position to deny this goddess anything.

“Oh yes, Angela! I’d love that!” I said, sincerely.

"Ronald be Angela's baby boy? Do what his mommy says?" she cooed.

Oh yes, Angela," I panted.

"Yes, *MUMMY!*" she said mock-sternly in return.

"Yes, mummy," I squeaked.

She raised herself from my body and sat back on the couch. She smiled tenderly at me, took my hand, and started pulling me towards her. "Come to mommy, baby Ronald. There's a good boy!"

I found myself sitting on her lap, her left arm protectively around my shoulders.

"Mmmm! Mommy's pretty baby boy!" she sighed and kissed me maternally. "But he's far too hot! Let's get these old, hot, nasty grown-up man's clothes off of him. Yessss!"

To a mixture of my horror and sexual excitement, she proceeded to undress me. She used her toes to kick my shoes off, then reached over and removed my socks. She unbuttoned my shirt before taking it off, then to my horrified (though muted) protestations, she removed my pants. My underpants were the last to go.

"Look at baby boy Ronald's little pee-pee," she crowed happily. "Trying to stand up nice and tall for mummy! Oooh! What a nice little thing!"

I couldn't help myself. Lying there on my back, nude, on her lap, I reached a hand out for her breast.

"Naughty Ronald!" she said, and slapped my hand away lightly. "I'll let you know when it's feeding time!"

Stupidly, I smiled up at her and tried to touch her again.

She shook her head. "Naughty babykins!" Then she reached up under her skirt and did something. I didn't realize that she had removed one of her stockings until she tied both of my hands together behind my back. Utterly helpless now, I lay, looking up at her as she leaned over me.

"Baby Ronald has got to learn to keep his chubby little baby hands to himself, doesn't he?"

I nodded dreamily.

"Baby want to see where he came from?" she asked.

I continued to nod dreamily.

"Good! Baby Ronald, get down on floor. Kneel down. That's right!"

And, just like that, I was kneeling on the floor between her opened legs, looking at her as she smiled down at me – at least until her full skirt and slip had been pulled up to give me a full view of her groin area.

"Angela? What do you want me to do?" I started to ask.

She responded without words. I felt my head being pushed forward between her legs, then her thighs coming together, holding my head as if it were in a vice. Her slip and skirt were pulled over my head and I was entrapped in a soft tent of femininity, my face only inches from Angela's mound, the hot reek of female sexuality right in my face.

To my amazement, I felt her move her body around, looking for a more comfortable position, then heard the TV going on! She leaned backward now, and I heard the channels being shifted until she was happy, then she sighed happily and relaxed. Her legs crossed above me, and I felt her feet come to rest on my back.

I've read lots of stories where men have their heads in a similar position, and how it drove them crazy with desire. I had no such experience. I didn't care for it that time – nor all the times that were to follow. It was hot and uncomfortable and, to tell the truth, I didn't particularly care for the odors, some sexual in nature, others not.

Angela seemed to enjoy it though. Every so often, she'd pat the back of my head through her skirt and ask if 'babykins' was alright. A few times I was actually cramping, but indicated that I was happy by nodding my head. A few other times, a shudder would run through her body and her legs would tighten about the sides of my head for a second and, though I'm trying to be as delicate as I can, the odor under the skirt intensified.

She allowed me out from under after about a half hour. She was flushed and had a sparkle in her eyes as she complimented me on being such a good little baby. She pulled me up onto her lap again, after having me spread a diaper over her lap.

Humiliated practically beyond endurance, I was convinced that she was going to put me in the diaper, but it turned out to be just a protection for her skirt as she applied baby powder to my bottom. Then, I had sex with a woman for the very first time.

It wasn't the sex that most males know, but it was the only kind I was ever to experience with Angela. She had powdered me, then lifted my legs and given my backside two love taps before lowering me again. Then, a silky square of material was laid on my front, over my erection. Her left arm pulled my head to her bosom, her right hand found my privates and started

caressing me, cooing baby talk in my ear the whole time.

I know how it sounds, but it was the most wonderful experience of my life to that point. Held securely, safely, in a woman's arms I was brought sweetly to ejaculation. All my worries about lack of experience, what to do, how to act, were all gone. Angela had solved all of my problems in one fell swoop.

I don't know how long it lasted. Through time, as I became more experienced, I learned to hold on and savor the experience more (That was one wonderful thing about Angela, she never forced the issue or tried to speed things up) but I don't suppose that I ever lasted for much more than five or ten minutes under her ministrations.

That night, I was allowed to get dressed again. Then, as if nothing had happened, she poured me an after-dinner drink and we sat and chatted until about eleven o'clock.

I discovered that we were in similar situations in life. We were both orphans with only distant relatives, both with relatively low-paying jobs and living in similar apartments – though hers was decorated with much more taste than mine.

What can I say? Over the next few months, I became Angela's creature. She wasn't cruel or anything, but I learned to do as she wanted very quickly. She did spank me once, and I was reluctant to sit down for about an hour. I deserved it, I guess.

You see, she had demanded that all of my sex actions had to be under her control. I certainly didn't object to this as she kept me pretty well occupied in that regard.

Over one three-day period, she hadn't 'used' me, though there had been some action between us that I considered highly erotic, which left me feeling frustrated. I masturbated. Just once.

Don't ask me how she knew but she did. Sense of smell? Something about my body language? Whatever it was that told her left no uncertainty in her mind. As soon as we were in the door that night, she told me to go and get the long-handled hair brush. I knew what was coming but, for once was sensible. I did not plead or ask what I was being spanked for. I simply dropped my pants and draped myself over her knees for my punishment. After that, I never had the temptation to play with myself (as she put it) again.

I moved into her apartment. She'd decided that we needed much more money than we had if we were going to get married. Saving the cost of my monthly rental was one way to do that.

She also had me quit my job and take a position in the fabric store, where she was working as the assistant manager. I took a minor cut in pay but, as we were able to sell my car and just use hers, that was another savings on top of the insurance and gasoline costs. I got in the habit of giving her my pay check. She'd then give me enough pocket money to get by.

I know that I sound like a real slave, but it wasn't that way at all. Sure, I did most of the housework but she'd often give me a hand. Sure, I didn't have much money, but I really didn't need that much; she paid for everything, even when we went out together for dinner or a movie. She didn't try and hide the money either. She opened a joint account in both of our names and loved to show me how our savings were mounting. For the first time in my life, I had a decent bank balance.

Okay, she controlled it, but if I needed something, all I had to do was ask. She'd also consult me if she wanted to spend any money for herself or the house.

As you've probably guessed, she was the boss when we were by ourselves. In front of others though, she was very deferential. Even at work, where she was my actual boss, she never flaunted her position, treating me with respect in front of the other girls. Everybody there knew that we were sharing the apartment and though a few of the girls seemed dubious about my masculinity, her public treatment of me seemed to assure them that I was all man.

To tell the truth, I was quite anxious about the impending marriage, I'd never asked her – she had just assumed that was what I wanted but, as time passed, I realized just how much I was under her thumb. The thought of being kept in such a position for the rest of my life bothered me more than just a little.

As I said earlier, I became her creature. When I was alone with her, I became totally subservient, totally docile. She'd tease me about my lack of manhood while getting me to do womanly tasks like sewing on her buttons, or brushing her hair with the long-handled brush. She loved that and sometimes she'd make me her little *girl* babykins as she manipulated me. One time, before I moved my stuff into her apartment, she had me stay overnight – just like a girlfriend as she described it.

And, as her girlfriend, I went to bed (with her) wearing little frilly baby dolls, my hair up in rollers, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara on my face and a miasma of perfume surrounding me. Naturally, we didn't have sex with me like that. "I'm not a lesbian, for goodness sake!" she explained.

So, weird as it may sound, I stayed with her, suffering all of these incidental indignities – and yes, for the sexual satisfaction that seemingly only she could give me. And then came that fateful day.

We had started looking for an engagement ring. Believe it or not, I was the one pressing this issue. Angela had looked at me, amusement all over her face, and said, “Darling? I might buy it for you? Show the world that it’s you that belongs to me – not the other way around? Just think how jealous all the other girls in the shop will be when they’d see the diamond on *your* finger?”

After a few searches, she started showing more enthusiasm for the idea, evidencing more and more interest with each visit to a jeweler. Naturally, finances were a matter of grave concern. A few times, she showed definite interest in specific rings but, once we discovered the cost, we had to back away.

This particular morning we had gone to see an art exhibition at the local museum. It had drawn a lot of people, so parking was very difficult to find. We ended up almost a half-mile from the museum and had to walk there. As it turned out, the exhibit was nothing close to our expectations, so we only spent an hour or so there. It had been a beautiful day when we arrived but as we left the building, we immediately saw the dark storm clouds that had gathered.

Taxis were nowhere to be found so we thought we’d make a run for it. Before we were halfway though, big fat raindrops were splattering on the sidewalks around us. Naturally, we had no umbrella with us.

It made perfect sense then when Angela said, "Let's go in here! Pretend we can afford it. Maybe get an idea for an engagement ring?"

'Here' was Germaine's, one of the most exclusive jewelers in town. There was no question that anything they had for sale was away out of our price range but it was a way to escape from the weather. Laughing, I opened the door and ushered her in.

A rather haughty-looking older gentleman was behind one of the 'display areas.' No counters at Germaine's! "May I help you?" he sneered, as much as telling us he knew we couldn't afford the goods being sold there. This, I think, got Angela's back up, a dangerous thing for any male to do.

"Perhaps, my good man," she drawled. "My fiancé and I want to look at some of your nicer engagement rings. Nothing too tawdry, please!"

His sneer lessened a little. He wasn't taken in, but I think he respected her confident attitude. "Certainly, Miss. Any particular setting? Stones?"

"Solitaire setting. Diamonds – please?" she replied.

I was more than impressed with the tray of sparkling jewels he brought. They were breathtaking! But the prices! Oh god! They represented years and years of my salary! Angela was magnificent though.

"No. Don't think so. Nothing here strikes my fancy." She turned to me, "But a keepsake brooch, darling? Think you could stand buying me a little memento of today? Emeralds? Sapphire? Yes, how about a sapphire brooch. Do you have any?" The last she addressed to the salesman.

At this point, he was a little angry at having to kowtow to someone who obviously couldn't afford his

wares. His demeanor didn't change much, but the lack of respect in his voice as he answered was obvious.

At that point, a new force entered my life. A female voice sounded behind me, low, cultured, and confident.

"Edward! Please go and tell Miss Brissard that I would like her personal attention out here. Immediately!"

I'd seen the woman come wandering into our area from somewhere in the back minutes before. Tall, commanding, elegant, she was sheathed in a gray Chanel suit, a narrow sable fur stole draped carelessly around her shoulders. A milliner's dream of a hat framed a startlingly beautiful face, perfectly made-up. No handbag, but long elegant fingers, perfectly manicured. As she'd worked her way behind Edward, I'd stopped staring at her, not wishing to appear rude.

Our server didn't turn white, but his face underwent a distinct lightening in shade. He turned back towards her and made a distinct bow of his head.

"Yes, Madam Strong." To us, "Excuse me. I shall be back in a moment."

"Don't bother, Edward. Miss Brissard's attention is all that we'll need. And ask her to bring the sapphire tray please," Madam Strong said sternly.

As he walked away, she turned to Angela and said. "Considering that men are only on this earth to serve us, you'd think they'd have learned to do a better job by this time." She held her hand out to Angela. "I'm very sorry for his behavior. I'm Christine Strong, part owner of this establishment. Now, you wanted to look at some sapphire brooches, I believe?"

Angela was most impressed, I could tell. She shook hands and identified herself, then introduced me as her fiancé.

Madam Strong acknowledged me briefly, but it was very obvious that all of her attention was focused on Angela.

I couldn't fault her for that. Angela was ravishing. We hadn't caught too much of the rain, just a few drops, but there were what looked like tiny diamonds sparkling in her hair and on her cheeks. With her bright eyes and flushed cheeks, she epitomized beauty.

She obviously reciprocated the interest shown her by the older woman. She smiled shyly, and said, "I'm sorry. Please don't give that poor man any problems. He just recognized me for the fraud that I am. We can't afford anything here. The jewelry is absolutely gorgeous, but we truly just came in to get out of the rain. I'd no intention of buying anything."

"It's very refreshing to meet such honesty. But why don't we see what Miss Brissard has for us? Here she is with the tray. Maybe?"

She took Angela by the elbow and gently led her over to one of the display areas. I trailed behind, feeling like a bump on a log, the two women's fascination with each other very obvious.

Miss Brissard was an elderly lady. Well dressed, but very reserved. It turned out that she was the manager of the place, but she deferred to Christine at every opportunity. Carefully, she dumped a glittering cascade of jewels onto a black velvet pad under a strong light. "Some very nice pieces here, Miss. The settings are, of course, easily changed if you wish."

Angela's eyes widened, then focused immediately on one piece. She made a sort of 'whoosh' noise with her mouth, then picked it up. "Oh my!" she said. "Isn't that absolutely beautiful, Ronald?" and held it out for me to look at it.

I gulped. It wasn't the biggest brooch in the display, but it wasn't the smallest either. There wasn't one ring that we'd been shown that had been under fifteen thousand dollars. I know that diamonds are more expensive stones than sapphires most of the time, but even trying to guess what that brooch was going to cost gave me a headache.

"Oh yes, Angela, beautiful." I managed, my mouth suddenly dry. I gave it back to her.

She smiled for a second, then held it to her chest, looking in the mirror. Sadly then, she put it back on the velvet. She sighed, "That is SO lovely, but I don't think..."

"Miss Brissard?" Christine said. "Wasn't that the very piece we thought to put on 'special' next week?"

Miss Brissard blinked nervously once or twice. "Now that you mention it, Madam Strong..." she said uncertainly.

Christine smiled at me. "Roni? May I ask how much money you have in your wallet?"

I blushed a fiery red at the feminine spin she'd applied to my name. (Almost like 'Toni,' only with an 'R'.)

"Not very much," I replied, without even looking in my wallet.

"I'm afraid I haven't given him his weekly allowance yet," Angela said.

Christine's expression didn't change, almost as if she hadn't heard what Angela had said. She continued to look inquiringly at me.

I pulled my wallet from my hip pocket and fumbled it open. One twenty, one ten, one five, two ones. "Thirty seven dollars, Christine," I said.

"Perfect!" she replied. The brooch is on sale for thirty five dollars. There are taxes to be paid, but I'll let you off with them, but only if you'll allow me to take you and your charming fiancé for lunch."

From the corner of my eye, I saw the look of utter show on Miss Brissard's face when she heard the price quoted. She recovered quickly though, smiling as Angela yelped with joy, gushing 'thank you's and 'oh how lovely's' as she checked her reflection in the mirror again, angling the brooch one way, then the other to see how it looked on her.

"I'm so glad you like it, Angela," Christine said "Miss Brissard? Charge the tax – whatever the balance is - to my account, would you please? Don't forget now!"

"I won't forget, Madam," Miss Brissard replied. Did I see a little grin as she said it? Then she added, "You had said earlier that you were leaving, Madam Strong. Would you like me to call for your car? It's still pouring outside?"

"That would be lovely. Thank you dear," Christine said warmly before turning back to Angela. "Do you want to put the brooch in its box, or would you rather wear it, dear?" she asked.

"Oh! Wear it! It's too pretty to be put in a box!" Angela exclaimed.



“Lovely!” Christine said. “Here, let me pin it on for you. Roni? Why don’t you go and pay Miss Brissard?”