

FORCED TO BE A MAIDEN PERSON

By Michelle Lange



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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FORCED TO BE A MAIDEN PERSON

by **Michelle Lange**

MONDAY

It was Monday morning and I watched my wife, Pamela, through the front picture window as she backed down the driveway. Not once did she mention what had happened the past two days. I went into the kitchen and got myself a cup of coffee and began reading the newspaper.

The phone rang at nine o'clock. It was Pamela.

"Donald, I was rather disappointed this morning. I thought that you'd show some initiative. I sort of counted on you proving that you love me."

Of course, I was rather speechless and cleared my throat and said, "I wasn't sure how you wanted me to act, Pam."

"Oh, come off it, Donald. I couldn't have made myself any clearer as to what I wanted and what I demanded. You seem like you don't care."

"I do, Pam. I really do. What do you want me to do?"

There was a long pause from her.

"What are you wearing, Donald?"

"What?"

"Are you stupid or something? I asked you what you're wearing. Are you wearing the pretty blue maid's uniform that I laid out this morning, or aren't you?"

I knew now what she was asking and I quickly was able to come out with, "Can I call you back in a half hour, Pamela? I have to go to the bathroom."

"OK, but don't tarry. I've got a few things to say to you."

I hung up quickly. *God, that was close. I didn't want to see Pamela mad again.*

When I went into the little dressing room of our master bedroom, I got another shock. I was almost knocked back off my feet.

A new and different maid's uniform was hanging there. The color of the very short, satin dress was a deep royal blue; the accessories including shoes, petticoats, apron, cap and cuffs were a light blue, while the lingerie and hosiery were a brilliant white.

I had to smile even though I was quite upset.

That bitch, I thought, did she really expect me to be her fuckin' 'MAID all of the fuckin' time. Well, at least now I know what she expects me to be wearing.

I got himself a fresh cup of hot coffee and headed out to the back patio where I stretched out and read the sport's section. I was wearing only a bath robe, completely naked underneath. It was almost an hour later when I heard the gate to our backyard creak open and then close.

Around the corner holding onto her newly born baby was the next door neighbor Senora Marguerita Del Grinaldi. The Senora and her husband, Senor Rafael Del Grinaldi, have been living next door for the past six months. They're from Spain originally. But, now he's a very important lawyer with an International legal firm located in Boston forty miles away.

Quite frankly I had never gotten along well with them, which is why I used their formal names so sarcastically.

Señor Rafael Del Grinaldi was one of those individuals that everyone loves and hates. He's a successful, handsome, charming, intelligent, popular and macho man.

Senora Marguerita Del Grinaldi was successful, beautiful, charming, intelligent and popular and she has a great body. Both are in their mid thirties and she recently had her first baby. Several times, in the past, she has caught me staring at her in a lewd sort of a way and she made it quite plain that she did not appreciate being viewed as "a hunk of meat."

I also got the feeling that they felt superior to me.

THE FIRST DAY

My wife, Pamela, and I had been married for several years and our marriage had been a good loving one.

Pamela is an Insurance Agent and owns her own small agency in a neighboring town about twelve miles from our home. She is an excellent business woman and enjoys being IN CHARGE.

I, myself, am not an overly strong or ambitious person and I operate a nice but small mail order business out of our house. The business is not too demanding which is fine, for me. This has all worked out well because Pamela didn't have to concern herself with a competitor in the family, thus could expend her competitive energies in her own business.

We've only been living in this town for a year and hardly know anyone. Our house, which is on the outskirts of town, is secluded and private.

As her career skyrocketed and mine hummed along in an easy way, she found it harder and harder to maintain our house, even with my help. She started to talk about getting some outside help and actually inquired into several local housekeeping services. The available local domestic maid service was either too expensive, or not up to her standards. She was getting quite frustrated by it when she began to "plan other arrangements".

About that time Pamela started to discourage me from expanding my business.

“Why bother to expand it, Donald. You're happy with the size now. You don't want the responsibility of having to open an office, hire and supervise other people. So why not keep it safe and simple.”

I readily agreed with her logic, so I went along my merry, but naive and innocent, way.

I found out later that Pamela had her own special reasons for discouraging my expansion.

Pamela left her offices early one Friday, letting the three men and one secretary that worked for her close the office up. That night Pamela and I went out dining, dancing and partying up a storm. We had a wonderful time and she treated me as if I were a king.

THAT “FIRST” SATURDAY

Pamela enjoyed sleeping late on Saturday and following my usual routine I was in the kitchen sipping a hot cup of coffee and reading the morning newspaper when she got up. Camel's sudden appearance at the kitchen door, stark naked surprised me.

“What the hell are you doing, Donald?”

I looked up at her a little bit startled.

“Huh!” I questioned stupidly.

“The least you could have done was clean the kitchen and begin breakfast instead of goofing off.”

I was rather surprised but was able to stammer out, “Sure Pam. I'll help you in a minute.”

“What?” she screamed as she rushed across the kitchen in four strides. Her breasts were jiggling and didn't at all complement the fury that raged across her flushed beet red face. “I've had it with you. I can't believe it. I work sixty hours a week. I bring home most of the money and you won't even bring me a cup of coffee.”

I pushed my chair back, frightened at her attack. I tried to pacify her by saying, “OK, Pam, I'll get you a cup of coffee.”

“Damn it,” she said, “you'll do more than that.”

Suddenly she grabbed my ear and pulled it violently.

I screamed, “Owww, that hurts.”

She pulled me to the sink and said through clenched teeth, “Do the god damn dishes, Donald. Make yourself useful.”

I have to admit I was really scared. Pamela and I are about the same size but she has a much stronger constitution.

As I filled the sink with steaming hot water she poured herself a cup of coffee and took my half filled, still warm cup and emptied it down the drain.

“Hey!” I said, “I wasn't done drinking it.”

“Yes you are,” she informed me with finality.

It's funny to think about it now, but I quietly accepted this outrageous outburst, what else could I have done. I was standing there confused and naked except for my bathrobe, doing the dishes, having already accepted her order. I could hear her stalking behind me muttering, which worried me. *What the hell had set her off?*

“Take off your bathrobe,” she demanded.

“What?” I countered cleverly.

“You heard me. I don't want you to get your bathrobe wet.”

“I'm not wearing anything underneath.”

“Did I ask?”

I didn't want to make her any madder so I slipped the robe off.

Pamela immediately reached behind the kitchen door and brought out an apron. I think its correctly called a pinafore. She demanded that I put it on.

My look must have been one of total amazement as I said, defiantly, “I won't!”

Pamela, immediately, slapped me across the face.

“What the hell?” I mumbled. The slap hurt like the devil. “What the hell is wrong with you?” I shouted but to no avail as she pushed and shoved my arms through the pinafore arm loops.

I didn't realize just how strong she was as she twisted me around until I once again faced the sink. I could feel the strength in her arms and hands as she tied the apron strings that wrapped around my hips into a big bow.

The pinafore was a vivid pink color with big ruffled shoulders and a design of several different cupids with his little bow and arrows and an equal number of hearts. As I looked down in horror it dawned on me. I had never seen this apron. In fact, I knew that we didn't own any apron. It was brand new. I turned quickly, my face burning red with shame and Pamela stood there, tall and proud and laughing at me, pleasant as can be and nice as apple pie.

“What the hell is this all about?” I demanded to know.

“Oh, Donald, try to think it out. I did. Look, we both agree that my career is just too demanding and I don't have the time to keep the house in proper order. Right? You know how hard I've been trying to find a decent housekeeper. Right? We really can't afford one of the really good ones and I've got to have someone. Right? I'll be damned if I'll come home to a messy or dirty house. Then I realized, hell, you're home alone every day. I know you're business doesn't take much of your time so why not have you clean the house. You already help around the house and you don't seem to mind and, except for a feminine touch, you do a better job cleaning, and even there, I feel that is certainly something we can correct.”

With a sudden realization, her words struck me with tremendous force, "Wait a minute. I don't think I like that idea at all."

"That's the beauty of my plan, Donald. It doesn't matter if you like the idea or not. It only matters that I like the idea and, after all, it's my plan. Now besides your regular job you are also going to be the housekeeper."

I looked at her as if she had three heads as I shouted at her, "No. No fuckin' way Jose."

Almost instantly, I felt a horrible pain in my testicles as she kneed me in the groin. I felt tremendously nauseous and fell to my knees.

"You son of a bitch." I heard her say from a long way off. "You're never to talk to me like that."

I felt her bodily pick me up and slam me down on my stomach over the kitchen table. Her full cup of hot coffee flew off the table leaving a wet trail of steaming coffee. I was moaning with pain and then that pain was superseded by a new and worse pain.

Pamela grabbed a small wooden cheese board and brought its flat side full on the cheeks of my exposed fanny. She began using it as she would any spanking paddle while I was being spanked really hard on the ass. Her left hand easily held me down by pressing down the small of my back as her right hand swung the paddle with maximum force.

I was shocked and in considerable pain. I tried to move but couldn't as she was just too strong.

The sound of the flat paddle slapping my soft tender derriere equally matched the flaming pain it produced. Ten good solid whacks later and I began to cry aloud and then sob uncontrollably. I couldn't help it; the pain was that intense.

What made it worse was that by crying I had lost any male initiative or instinct that was possible. I felt as if I were a naughty baby.

She kept spanking me until I finally relented. I was really hurting and there was no way I could break her grip. She certainly didn't seem as if she was going to stop, at least not until she got her way. In the end, I'm ashamed to say, I was crying like a baby, begging and pleading with her to stop.

"Are you going to be a good little boy?" she demanded to know. Finally I just had to give in.

"Yes." I yelped.

"Say it," she demanded.

"I'll be good, Pamela." I shouted out.

"You'll be a good what?" she demanded to know.

Then I realized that she wanted me to call myself a little boy. WHACK WHACK and suddenly I found myself screaming, "I'll be a good little boy Pamela. I promise."

The tears were flowing down my cheeks at an alarming rate as she let me up and actually dragged me to our bedroom. It was horrible as I allowed myself to be treated

as if I REALLY were a naughty little boy, but here I was howling my head off as she held me by the wrist and dragged me up to the bedroom. I was holding back but to no avail. Her firm, strong and round buttocks and large full breasts with their fully erect red nipples were bouncing wildly as she laughed and taunted me.

“Ha Ha. Come along you big sissy.”

I howled louder.

She forced me to stand in front of the full length bedroom mirror.

My reflection was horrible. It was me standing there. My face was beet red and my eyes were puffy as the tears flowed down my reddened cheeks. I was bawling as if I were a baby and rubbing my burning and very tender behind. I was wearing a pink pinafore apron and to my horror I had a raging hard-on, which was plainly obvious.

Pamela was laughing so hard that she was forced to sit on the edge of the bed. She was laughing at me and that only caused me to cry harder and to get harder. She handed me a pair of “her” panties. They were pink and ruffled and matched the pinafore apron exactly.

“Put these on, Donald.”

I had no more fight in me and before I knew what I was doing I found myself slipping them over my feet and pulling them up over my legs and hips. I had never worn a pair of women's panties before. They fit me perfectly and, they too, were brand new.

“Turn around Donald, so I can see how PRETTY you look. Good, now get your ass down to the kitchen and start cleaning it. I'll be down in a few minutes as soon as I shower and you can bet your sweet ass I'm going to check it out. You'd better not let me find any dirt.”

I started to protest but the look on her face and the grip on her paddle stopped me; in fact I even stopped crying. I obediently went down stairs and started to clean the kitchen. I was very confused and I was frightened. The word “pretty” was etched in my brain but, worse yet, I was complying.

Forty-five minutes later Pamela, wearing a neat, prim and proper outfit, came walking into the kitchen. I was shocked, as she had never looked like this. She looked rather fearsome, almost Teutonic. I involuntarily cringed; She noticed it and it made her beam triumphantly.

She wore very little make-up. Her hair was pulled back and tied into a bun giving her a stern, severe look. Her blouse was made of silk and was light beige in color. It had long balloon sleeves and huge black satin buttons. A large black bow was tied around her neck. Her short plain skirt was made of black leather that came to high thigh and matched her leather knee high boots. She also wore black silk stockings that were held up by a barely seen garter belt. She looked quite beautiful, strong and mysterious. I had never seen any of the clothes she wore.

I could hear her heels clicking as she walked authoritatively down the hallway and I involuntarily shivered as she entered the kitchen.

SHE WAS A WOMAN IN CHARGE.

She sat at the kitchen table and calmly ordered me to bring her a hot cup of coffee, which I did immediately and without any hesitation or malice.

I was more than a little scared of her. My face was still tear streaked and flushed a bright red from the humiliation I felt.

She watched me intently with a satisfied smirk on her face as I continued to clean the kitchen. Her beautiful face seemed to be etched in stone. Her eyes were sparkling bright and deeply beautiful. Her look was one of purpose and determination.

“Come here,” she demanded.

I obeyed meekly.

“Do you like your pretty little outfit, Donald.”

“No Pamela,” I said coldly.

“That's OK if you don't. I'm NOT going to insist that you wear it. However, I am going to insist that you do all of the housework from now on. I've given this quite a bit of thought.”

I tried to interrupt her, to tell her that I didn't like the idea at all, but she just hushed me up.

“It makes so much sense to have you be my housekeeper and MAID.”

I cringed at the word MAID and how easily her possessiveness came across.

“You're home alone all day long and I know that you don't have much to do. I don't know how you keep yourself amused, but I strongly suspect that you wear some of my clothes while you're home alone.”

I gasped at that suggestion and muttered out, “No, I never did.”

But she calmly continued her open and frank observations.

“We never have visitors or guests. In fact I bet no one ever comes by during the day. Am I right?”

“Yes,” I agreed forlornly.

“So it's perfect, you can do your little job and maintain the house and we can save money. I know that you're going to have to learn a lot about housekeeping and the proper way to take care a woman's wardrobe and a million other things. But you're actually very industrious and smart so I don't anticipate any problems.”

The bells began ringing immediately, “Take care of a woman's wardrobe?” I questioned.

“Of course,” she, in a hearty chuckle, said, “you certainly won't expect me to take care of my own clothes when I have a perfectly trained MAID doing my housework. It certainly won't be much more work and I think that you'll enjoy it.”

“Listen,” I said as reasonably as I could, “you really don't expect me to become your MAID, do you?”

“Of course not, Donald. I consider you to be my MAID already.”

I gasped and started to walk away.

“Stop!” she shouted, “Don't you ever walk away from me until I DISMISS you. Can you understand that?”

For some unknown reason, I began to shiver. It was a combination of the superior look on her face, the sparkle in her eyes, the tone of her voice and the actual words she used and I knew that it was a *fait accompli*. I stopped dead in my tracks and faced her.

It was unbelievable but here I was, an adult male, standing in front of his wife, wearing a pair of women's panties and a pinafore apron. I had been slapped, kicked in the groin, spanked as if I were a little baby, made to cry and now I was being told that I was my wife's MAID and I knew that my silence was being taken as acceptance.

“Listen to me Donald. This is how I want it and this is how it's going to be. You're going to clean and take care of the house. You're going to take care of me. You're going to take care of all of the errands and, most important of all, you're going to keep me happy. The best way for you to keep me happy will be to do everything I want done, to do it fast and efficiently and to do it with a big happy smile on your face. Now let's go upstairs. I've got quite a surprise for you.”

I was very reluctant to obey her, but obey her I did. I couldn't even give her an argument. I was totally dumbfounded, so I just went along with her.

As she followed me up the stairs she said aloud, to no one at all, “What a wonderful, sweet, pretty, pantied ass my husband has.”

Upstairs Pamela made me strip myself naked, she smoothed a white creme all over my back, chest, arms, legs, even went in between the cheeks of my ass and carefully around my private parts. I kept trying to talk to her, to reason with her, but she kept hushing me up and telling me how great it was going to be. She had me shave again but this time closer than ever.

By the time I had finished shaving, my body was burning up. She told me to step into the shower to cool off and I ran for the shower to stop my skin from burning up from the white cream.

To my surprise and horror all of my body hair washed down the drain as the water washed the cream from my body. I looked down at my body as the water streamed against it. I was completely hairless except for a patch of pubic hair. My body looked so soft, so white, so tender. The shower curtain was flung open and Pamela viewed me and laughed with an evil and triumphant look on her face.

“Come out here, Donald, so I can see how pretty and feminine your body looks.”

I couldn't stop myself and before I knew it I began to cry. I could see my wife through my tear filled eyes and realized that she was happy, a very happy woman and I don't mean just amused, but thoroughly happy.

I never felt so naked or so vulnerable as she towel dried me. I felt as if I were a little boy especially because my hairless body felt so soft. I was really scared and I kept trying to talk to her; but she continued to hush me and do EXACTLY what she planned on doing anyway.

Finally I started to talk to her about what I was feeling.

“I don't like this, Pam. I'm worried. Why are you doing this? You're scaring me, Pam.”

I could tell that she was thrilled when I told her I was frightened. She seemed to grow several inches while I felt as if I shrank several inches.

She used her hair dryer to dry my hair. She even dried the small patch of pubic hair that she had left on my frightened hairless body. Before I knew what she was doing she grabbed a pair of scissors and began to trim my pubic hair into a soft HEART SHAPED patch. My pubic hair is natural blond, a rather light shade, and now with the trimming it gave the impression that my pubic hair was really fuzz— a soft youthful and virgin like fuzz.

As my eyes filled with tears, I asked her, “Why are you doing this?”

She giggled but didn't say anything.

She then had me stand once again in front of the mirror.

I started to shake and it wasn't cold. I was shuddering at the change in me. The reflection wasn't me. It had to be someone else. I had always prided myself on my male physique, but my reflection was more of a young child.

Pamela was enjoying herself, I could tell. So as soon as she finished, she grabbed my wrist and led me into the bedroom. To my utter horror the bed was filled with frilly, fluffy, lacy clothing. I could see lingerie, petticoats, aprons and even a black satin dress.

I could only gulp as she sat down at her make-up table and forced me to kneel at her feet. She reached behind her and took a big pink bow from the table and clipped it to the left side of my head.

“I've been thinking of doing this for a long time, Donald. I really want you to be my MAID. I want you to clean the house for me but to do so AS A GIRL.”

I started to say something, I don't remember what, when she continued.

“My job is very tough Donald and if I don't get some type of relief from the tensions and responsibilities I'm going to go mad or worse yet have a breakdown. This way I'm always going to know that my home is a clean safe harbor. Not only that but at home I'll be loved, no that's not right, I'll be adored and I'll be pampered. Aren't I right Donald?”

Finally I was going to be given a chance to speak.

“Please, Pamela, I don't want to be a MAID. I'll clean the house and cook and wash and do everything you want me to do, but don't make me dress like a MAID.”

“You just don't get it, do you Donald? I don't want just a clean house. I want my house cleaned by a pretty MAID. Let me spell it out. I want you, Donald Kaye, to wear a frilly, fluffy, pretty, lacy, petticoated uniform in front of me and when I'm not around. Is that really hard for you to understand? Let me try again, I want you to look, think, smell, act, feel, hear, talk and BE a swishy little sissy.”

She was talking to me in a low, condescending voice and it frightened me.

“You're scaring me Pamela. This doesn't sound like you.”

“It is though Donald. It really is me. Now are you going to cooperate or are we going to do this the hard way.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, my little pet. If you don't mind me and do exactly what I tell you to do, and do it in the right frame of mind with a lot of enthusiasm, I'm going to kick the shit out of you and toss you out of this house.”

I knew that she not only meant it but she was more than capable of doing it. I really loved her in spite of how she was acting, but if I had to leave this house I realized that I had no other place to go. I had no money; even my business was tied to this phone and this address. I was in a hard corner with no place to move.

Pamela took my silence for acquiescence. She stood up first and helped me up and led me once again to the mirror. I closed my eyes tightly as I stood there. I didn't want to open them. I didn't want to see what I looked like when I felt her “do something” to my chest. After a few very long moments I felt her tuck my male parts between my legs, effectively hiding them.

“OK, Donald, you can open your eyes and look at yourself.”

She roared with laughter and my face got even redder. The only change from the last time should have been the pink ribbon in my hair, but my chest looked so different.

Pamela had highlighted “my breasts” by using make-up.

My nipples were much more prominent because she had seemingly enlarged them with rouge and had successfully used blush to “give” the impression of my having breasts.

Even I recognized the dramatic change. The ribbon, along with my hairless body, the appearance of having women's breasts, the absence of my male anatomy and my trimmed pubic hair feminized me completely.

Pamela gloated with satisfaction. Then she led me to the bed. I took one look at the pile of clothes all lacy and fluffy and got a raging hard-on.

My wife laughed, “I can see that you're going to love this Donald. You are going to thank me for making you do it.”

“I bet,” was all I could say, all I could counter with; I felt extremely juvenile.

I responded a little too sarcastically and Pamela glared at me and I knew that I was going to pay for my “little” act of defiance, but for now I didn't care. I may not go down fighting but I'd go down reluctantly.

Pamela scooped up a black lace garter belt and deftly wrapped it around my hips and hooked it on. I felt like a fool. Pamela pushed the pile of clothes aside and had me sit down on the edge of the bed. She then opened a package of black sheer silk stockings and expertly rolled them up my legs.

She told me, “With no hair on your legs, Donald, the feel of silk stockings is going to be tingling and exciting.”