

THE CO-ED'S
DARLING
MAIDSERVANT



Simon Wentluke

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By

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Chapter I

Katherine

It was not love at first sight. I had always been attracted to feminine women and Katherine was anything but. She was, and is, fiercely beautiful, like a powerful wild predator, a great panther, is beautiful, and well-muscled from lengthy daily workouts but without the bulkiness of steroids, and nearly devoid of fat. Katherine was even more impressive nude and at rest in bed than she was on the basketball or volleyball courts where she earned her varsity letters.

Not that she rested much or allowed me much rest those first times she took me into her bed. She moved as she did in competitive sports, lithely, like a wild lioness, teasing her prey and then pouncing. As she dominated her teammates and her opponents in sport, so she dominated me in bed. And I loved it.

But there was nothing feminine about her, at least not in a frilly, cutesy manner, the way her muscles shone as they bunched and twisted visibly as she writhed with pleasure above me. She wore little makeup and dressed in elegant, expensively tailored clothing of severe cut. No frills, no ornamentation.

Even Katherine's hair was short, cut in a no-nonsense auburn bob that was only slightly longer than mine when we met and far shorter later, after she encouraged me to grow mine and to pamper it into lustrous blond waves.

So she was not my type: admirable from afar but not especially appealing. In fact I was actually turned off from the start because she was probably six inches taller than me: a giantess, for I am five foot 10 tall enough to make the high school basketball team in my little northern Canadian mining town, but not, as it soon turned out, even for the second-string freshman squad in university.

So I became a team manager. This meant hobnobbing with

Katherine and her teammates since the men's and women's teams traveled together on road games.

I was an excellent team manager. Everyone said so. I was the eldest of four; my siblings were all sisters and, since my mother died giving birth to the youngest, I took over many motherly chores, the cooking, laundering, dressing, even the shopping. Until Sharon, my oldest sister, reached 15, just before I left for university, I even took my sisters, each in their turn, shopping for clothes and other female necessities. Our relationship was and remains very close. More than once one of them would say to me gratefully, "You are like our mother to us."

So I was used to taking care of adolescents, which is what many athletes tend to be emotionally whatever the chronological age, taking care of their clothes, their gear, their tantrums.

One time both the women's b-ball managers begged off a road trip and their coach, June Pendergrast, asked me to fill in, on top of my regular duties with the men's team. I handled it so well the women gave me a standing ovation on the team bus as we returned to town from the airport.

Privately, they begged the coach to make me their full-time manager, as both the so-called regulars were proving decidedly unenthusiastic or competent.

So I took over. In fact, it was easier for me than working with the men: I knew girls. Girls I could handle. The trick was to agree with whatever they wanted, whether I meant it or not. Also to not take offence at their impatience, petulance and childishness.

I swiftly arranged for "drops" both at home and away where I could collect items for cleaning or repair and leave items I had finished with without having to intrude on their change rooms. Not that they didn't invite me, teasingly, in, saying I was just one of the girls as far as they were concerned. The women reported that their clothes, including

their frilliest underthings that occasionally slipped into the wash with their uniforms, had never been cleaner or softer.

Katherine used to spend as much time with the men's team at the pub after games as the women's. Not because she liked male company so much as to meet her need to dominate.

On one such bar visit on the second or third away game, after she had held center court with a mixed crowd from both teams, about politics, sports and life, for half an hour, I ventured a comment of my own.

I was criticizing her position. I could see her grinning in a feline way almost literally licking her chops as she waited her moment to counter attack when her expression underwent a subtle change, a softening into one of warmth and interest so strong I could almost feel it on my skin. Disconcerted, I stuttered to a conclusion and ordered another beer. She kept her peace and I did the same as the general discussion broke into private tete-a-tetes. As I chatted with my neighbor I could feel Katherine's gaze on me like that of a heat lamp.

Chapter II

A Plan is Born

"You know Dale, our manager?"

"Yeah?"

"The little cutie, he stood up to me at the bar last night. We were arguing about women's role in politics and so on. I never noticed how adorable he is."

Katherine was having breakfast with her roomie Melanie. The table they sat at was littered with the ruins of previous meals and the kitchen itself was a similar mess. In fact, the whole apartment was in

perpetual chaos. Katherine, Melanie and the third roomie, Anne, were all rich, only-children accustomed to servants or mothers cleaning up.

"Well I noticed," said Melanie. "Were you thinking of asking him out? He's not really your type."

"My types have been disasters. Too much like me. Always competing with me," said Katherine.

"Hmmm. I see what you mean. I've had that too."

"Anyway, I'm not so much thinking of asking him out, as asking him in."

"Explain."

Katherine gestured at the mess.

"Girl, what we need is a personal manager."

"Of course we do," agreed Melanie. "And Dale..."

"Would be perfect. He already has a track record."

"Wow! I like the way you think, girl. Um, do you see Dale moving in or?"

"Not at first. For starters some light dating to hook him and then "Servitude! I like it. Very nineteenth century!"

Chapter III

Seduction

The next morning, I checked for messages from my landlord, and was given a small cream envelope with something hard inside. It was a fiat disc of chocolate wrapped in gold foil and a cryptic message: "Dale, I think you are sweet than this."

Unsigned. A deliberate ploy to intrigue me? Or was the donor too shy to state his or her identity? Oh yes, though I was not gay or bisexual, I had inherited enough of my mother's outstanding looks to attract some members of both species.

I guess I suspected Katherine from the start, because of a certain electric charge I felt in her presence, a warmth of regard.. The game continued for a month: I received a single rose, a scented card of a smiling cat holding a canary in its mouth, and finally, a heart-shaped locket with the message inside, "Wear this for me until we meet."

Both the cat and canary card and the peremptory tone of the message gave me a shiver down my spine, but I did as I was told, doing my best not let anyone see I had on such a feminine thing as a gold locket. Though I occasionally dated a co-ed classmate in English 101, I had no steady girlfriend.

And when my regular dating partner, Sandra, detected the locket under my shirt and insisted on reading its contents, she was incensed. She dropped me on the spot. But I didn't care. Somehow to find myself the target of romantic foreplay felt intoxicatingly mysterious and adult.

Suddenly, she was there, sitting across from me in the cafeteria, looking down at me, smiling as sweetly as a tigress can. She held out her hand. We shook. "Hi, Dale," she said, looking down at her lap with a charming attack of shyness "I guess we've never actually been formally introduced. Call me KT."

"Uh, hi, I'm Dale. Dale Embry," I said.

There was a long pause. Katherine betrayed all the symptoms of gun-shyness. She summoned up her courage and blurted: "Are you wearing my locket?"

Automatically I clasped it through my T-shirt. "It's right here. Um, thanks. It's ... it's nice."

"It's real gold, you know," she said, and then rolled her eyes. "Gosh, what a stupid thing to say. Well, there you go, Dale, I think

you're so cute that you've got me saying stupid things." She blushed. I blushed too.

"You're doing fine," I offered, thinking, this is like a romantic comedy, only I've got the girl's lines. I was just a freshman, straight from the boondocks, and here I was being wooed with flowers and love notes by a big girl on campus big in every sense of the word.

As we gazed across my lunch tray at each other I realized she was actually quite good looking once you got past the muscle tone: wide set green eyes under gracefully curved, trimly tapered brows, a sprinkle of freckles across a straight, longish nose, full, sensuous lips, and a small square chin.

"Like what you see?" she asked smilingly. "There's more." And she blushed again, charmingly. And I was charmed. A part of me had misgivings over how I as the male should be taking the initiative. And there was the whole issue of the height difference. Guys were supposed to be taller than their girlfriends, not half a foot shorter. It was okay as long as we were sitting down but

"Let's go for a walk," she said, rising to her feet.

"Uh, okay," I replied.

And so we strolled to my next class really, Katherine was *walking* me to my class like a guy walks his girlfriend through the crowds of other students, to a more secluded route along a creek, with the sun shining warmly upon us. We talked about where we were from, what our parents did, how we got along, the basketball teams' prospects, and Katherine's physical injuries. She showed me some vulnerability that wasn't part of her public persona, crying about her father's recent death and reaching out to grasp my hand when she did so. We walked like that for the rest of the way.

The relationship moved slowly forward: I think we were both impatient but basketball schedules, then volleyball for Katherine as well, kept intruding. Not until October did Katherine invite me to her

apartment for a drink after an evening practice. Her roommates had conveniently gone elsewhere. It turned into our first sexual encounter.

I was no virgin, but she made me feel like one the way she played the aggressor throughout and the sheer animal ferocity of her lovemaking. And an hour after we went to bed, she was all over me again. And then one more time in the morning.

After that, we were an item. We met for lunch and dinner, going Dutch or with Katherine, whose family was very well off, paying the shot. We went out together with her friends afterwards to pubs when we weren't studying, which we also did together. Her friends were all female jocks, some of whom had boyfriends, some not. They were fun to be around, a trifle intense, but hearty laughers and loyal friends when someone was in need. They were also confirmed practical jokesters, not something we had every engaged in my little northern high school.

For a while, we even did our laundry together, until Katherine changed a course that took up the time slot. So I carried on doing her clothes for her. It was a little embarrassing to be folding her flimsiest underthings upon the table in the Laundromat (her apartment had its own laundry room of course, but I couldn't use it by myself) and I certainly attracted some curious looks from the other patrons. Once, when I was methodically spraying the crotches of her underwear with stain remover before washing, a brassy blonde of about 30 looked over my shoulder and said with only a touch of mockery: "I like your work, honey. You can come home with me and be my wife any time."

I froze in mortification, absolutely unable to say anything, until she patted me on the back and said, in a softer tone, "That's all right dear, sorry to tease you. You get on with it," and moved away. I saw her occasionally in the same place after that. She always gave me a friendly smile, which, after a while, I took to returning.

"Hello."

"Hello, is that Dale Emory's place? This is his sister Sharon."

"Oh, hello Sharon, this is Dale's girlfriend, KT Kelly."

"Wow! KT Kelly the basketball star?"

"That's me. Sharon, Dale isn't here right now, can I take a message?"

Katherine heard whispering on the other end of the line and then a younger girlish voice.

"Hello, this Tricia, Dale's middle sister. Tell Dale we miss him and we love him. Does he have to go to university? We need our mother!"

"Your mother, Tricia? Did I hear you right?" There was another spurt of whispering and Sharon came back on the line. "Tricia shouldn't have said that. But Dale, well, he's been like a mother to us since our real mother died. I don't know if he told you that but our dad's away a lot and Dale did all the cooking, laundry, took us shopping for clothes, even went to parent-teacher meetings. I've had to step in and fill his shoes and it hasn't been easy." Suddenly Sharon was crying and Tricia was joining in.

Katherine was touched. After a decent interval, she said, "Ah, Sharon, I guess I knew a little of this. And I know Dale misses you. I'm sorry it's so hard for you."

"You sound like a nice person," sniffed Sharon. "Are you taking care of Dale?"

"I'm trying."

"Cause I know he misses us. He said so in his letter. He said he never realized what a close family we were until now. Now he says he's lonely living in his boarding house, even though he's got a girlfriend. I guess that's you."

Katherine thought about the conversation for a long time afterwards.

Chapter IV

Hooking the Fish

One Saturday morning when I was alone in the Laundromat, Katherine called me up on my cell phone and asked me to walk over to a sports store, which had called with a pair of runners she had ordered.

When I returned, I discovered the laundry bag containing all my clothes had been stolen. Luckily, Katherine's were untouched. My rent money, left inadvertently in my shoulder bag, was also gone. I must have been wearing a long face when I delivered her laundry because she asked, "What's wrong Dale? You look like you've lost your best friend, and I thought / was your best friend."

It was a good point: I was catastrophizing over the loss of my clothes and rent. But it was far from the end of the world. I still had Katherine. What I didn't have was any money to replace what was stolen not and pay my own room and board.

I explained all this to Katherine. True to form, she had the solution: "Move in with us. You spend half your time in my bedroom anyway and there's a spare room for your stuff since Maria quit school. You could cut your room and board and earn money cleaning up after us. As for clothing, Maria left all her clothes and all she ever wore were jeans and T-shirts. I bet you'd fit into it fine." This was probably true, I realized. Maria, who had quit abruptly after her boyfriend dumped her, was my height and build, approximately.

"Shouldn't you check with your roommates?"

"Sure I will but they'll go along. They were just joking that we could use a servant around here." I wasn't sure I liked the sound of that but Katherine had laughed when she said it.

"But one guy living with three girls..."

"Come on Dale, we live in the 21st Century. Look at how well you've done with our team. And you've already had experience with your sisters, you told me. We can adapt to gender differences. We're all adults."

And so it was decided. I became the mascot/servant for Katherine and her roomies Anne and Melanie, cleaning up after them, occasionally cooking, and getting a break on the rent.

Wearing Maria's clothes had provided some initial problems, though. She had a far more extensive and feminine wardrobe than Katherine had realized. There was for example, an extensive collection of lingerie. Initially I balked at slipping on her slinky expensive panties, until the three girls prevailed on me that no one would see, and that the alternatives were going without underwear or cutting into my minimal spending allowance. And, anyway, didn't they feel nice?

They did feel nice, I thought privately, too nice. I had felt the allure of female clothing when washing my sisters' but I had suppressed the feelings as illicit. Now I asked myself, was it just how soft and smooth they felt against my skin, or was there an extra payoff because I was inside the underwear of the other gender, doing something secretive and forbidden?

Interestingly, wearing Maria's underwear didn't give me an erection, but they did send erotic currents through my groin on a pretty steady basis. It was kind of distracting really.

Another thing: Maria's wardrobe ran heavily to tight jeans with a narrower waist than I had and of course a higher crotch.

"We can tailor them out at the waist and so on," said Melanie, a third-year basketball player with a Home EC major, curly brown hair in a tight ponytail, and a knockout figure. Needless to say, she was over six feet tall. "But it would be easier to take you in."

"How do you mean?" I responded suspiciously.

"Well, over the long-term, you reduce your waistline through

exercise: no problem there since as a team manager you can attend the same morning fitness class we all do for free. But over the short term you need a waist cincher."

"A what?"

"A waist cincher. It's a foundation garment that will bring in your waist to where it needs to be. I think I've got one I can loan you."

And that was that: I was now one of three males in a noon aerobics class with 30 females, and proud owner of a 28-inch waistline thanks to the strictures imposed on my aching body by Melanie's cutely pink but unrelenting waist cincher.

I'm saving money, I'm saving money, I told myself when it caused me cramps in my gut. I repeated the same mantra when Anne came up behind me when I was cooking dinner one evening and slipped a lacy apron around my newly-slenderized mid-section.

"No point in soiling your pretty jeans, Dale," she said. "You need to wear it whenever you are doing chores from now on, don't you think?"

Since there was no other apron, and since no one would see me and so on, I complied. It too was pink, but with violet ruffles around the edges and the shoulder straps.

I needed the apron. The house was filthy. It took me a solid week taking every spare moment from school and the b-ball team to wash all the dishes, clear out the garbage, dust and then wash the walls and floors that first time. The bathroom was worst of all. It took a day all by itself.

The girls were effusive in their praise. The job description seemed to grow daily as one or another of the three would come up to me and very sweetly request some new task, which would quickly become a routine. I didn't really mind. It was what I was used to at home. In fact, I was happier.

One evening after making love, Katherine rolled over and faced

me. "You know love, you hurt me when you were fingering me just now. I think you must have a split nail or something."

"Oh I'm sorry," I replied, mortified. "What can I do differently?"

"Well, it was no biggy. I loved what you were doing. But why not get Melanie to show you how to care for your nails. I keep mine short so I'd be no help.

Melanie was only too happy to instruct me in nail "hygiene" as she called it. Indeed, she instructed me in general hand care, since I was handling so many cleaners, she said. I now embarked on a daily regimen of rubbing lotion into my hands to counteract the toll taken by my household activities.

Moreover, I did such a good job filing and trimming my nails (I am a very meticulous person by nature) Katherine had me do hers as well. I would do it in the bedroom while she answered her phone messages. She had to keep them short for basketball but I got them shaped into graceful ovals, and found some nail strengthener to help them survive the game. She even asked me to pick out the colors for her. I had gone all through the color business with my sisters so she came to rely on my judgment in such things.

The other girls got wind of this and soon I was doing their nails too. Many an evening there the four of us would be, lounging around the fireplace in our filmy sleepwear, drinking hot chocolate and gossiping about team romances and spats while I did their nails.

Did I mention that, early on, they persuaded me to wear Maria's nighties? My objections drew the usual rebuttals: "No one would see, blah blah. What else is there for you to wear? It makes us feel so much more comfortable," and, of course, "But don't they feel so nice?"

They did feel nice. Not that I let the girls know, but I loved how they floated onto my body each evening, as light as the wind, clinging softly to my belly, my hips, my fanny and thighs, sitting on my shoulders like a caress. I adored the seductive grasp of the elasticized

panties that came with each nighty as I drew them oh-so slowly up my calves and thighs. And of course, the only slippers Marie had left behind had at least two inches of heel. After losing the battle of the nighties I caved rather easily on the slipper issue. At first these stretched the muscles along my shins and gave me cramps in the calves, but I got used to them. They sure made my legs look shapelier and I wasn't sure that was a good idea. But who would see them, after all?

To kneel at the feet of these three hot babes, painting their fingernails and toenails in glistening exotic hues, was a delightful experience. They soon accepted me as a friend and confidant. In a way I suppose this was not surprising. I had played just this role with my sisters. Maybe I knew how to be a confidant better than my three roomies, who were all single children.

We talked as I had with them, playfully, about female things. I found it easy to slip back into the old speech patterns, the gentle cajolery, and even, after a while, the open exchange of feelings.

I felt so happy and at peace during these evenings that I forgot about how femininely I was dressed.

One evening Melanie examined her gleaming nails for a moment and then shifted her gaze to me. "You know, Dale sweetie, you have the same coloring as me."

The room suddenly went silent as the other two girls stopped talking and looked our way.

I felt a tightening in my chest.

"Okay," I said.

"This color would look great on you too, wouldn't it Dale?"

"Well, yeah, if I were a girl I suppose."

"No, no, colors are just colors. They don't have a gender," she chided. "They'd look good on you, period. Especially now that you are taking such good care of your nails."

"Well, let's say that you're right, hypothetically. But guys still don't wear nail polish so I don't."

"But just once in a while for a lark. After all, nobody would need to see them outside these walls. And we'll never tell, will we girls?"

Two heads gave negative shakes in unison.

"I mean look at you Dale. In your sexy nighty, soft lacy panties, and your two-inch mules. Why fuss over some nail polish? You know what, you won't even have to take off the toenail polish in the morning. Who's going to see it?"

Somebody at the gym for the morning workout, I thought, but didn't bother protesting. One of the three would have the answer for that too.

So grudgingly I brushed the peachy shade onto my finger and toenails (fitness class had rendered me quite flexible enough to do my own toes). My sullenness retreated before the steady, slow trickle into my inner being of luxurious sensuality as each successive fingertip was transformed into a liquidly gleaming talon.

"Wow," said {Catherine, when I held my dry but glistening nails for her inspection. "Come to bed this instant, young lady." Anne and Melanie hooted, but it was a friendly laugh. Still I felt a little humiliated about Katherine's reference to me as a woman and the way she led by my soft, beautified hand, our painted nails complementing each other I noticed, to the bedroom.

There she attacked me with an excitement she hadn't shown for weeks (there had been a certain routineness creeping into our sessions lately). She asked me to leave on my nighty and spent some time caressing me through it. It felt great all over but, surprisingly, my nipples in particular responded to this treatment. They had been feeling tender lately and sensitive to cold weather, which made them stick out. Now they distended even more as KT fondled and sucked on them, sending jolts of tingly pleasure out in all directions through my body.



My manhood especially resonated agreeably.

After that, rather than arguing with they're pleasant but insistent nagging, I simply wore toenail polish all the time in some peach or dark red color. On my fingers, I often let them "experiment" on me with a color. That was taken off the next day, only to be replaced for the next day's classes, at Katherine's insistence, with a transparent coating for "protection."

"It will make them stronger and less likely to split or snag," she said. "And we won't have that problem with you hurting me inside my you-know-what."

Hard to argue against that.