

Feminized Maids Tales

Volume 2

4 More Delicious Tales of deserving
males forcibly feminized and
turned into maids.



Illustrated!



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For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
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USA

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Maid For A Comeuppance

by Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 There must be some mistake.

Angela Carter and Beverly Dover had been boyfriend and girlfriend all throughout college. Both had been theater majors and had made a pact that as soon as they graduated they'd head for New York, and hopefully, fame and fortune.

Neither had much money but Angela found a boarding house, The Church Boarding House, that they could afford if they split the rent. Even better the website had read, "Actors Welcome." The only problem was that they would have to sign a two year lease, adhere to the house rules, which unfortunately neither bothered to read, and the first three months rent was demanded in advance.

They could do it, but it would leave them virtually without hardly any money left over.

"I'm sure once we get there we can find work while we go on auditions. You've been a waiter and I've been a waitress, so I don't see a problem," Angela had said, and Beverley had agreed.

So a week after graduation they landed in New York and an hour later were excitedly ringing the front door of the boarding house.

They were a bit startled to be greeted by a maid dressed in a sexy, maid uniform and towering high heels.

"My name is Angela Carter and this is Beverly Dover," Angela said, "could you show us to our rooms please?"

"Your room, are you sure you have the right place?" The maid asked.

"This is The Church Boarding House, so we're in the right place sweetie," Beverly arrogantly replied.

"Very well, I'll see if Mistress Church is available, please follow me," The maid said, giving them an odd look.

Chapter-2 An immediate dislike.

When Bridgette led my two new boarders into my office I had two reactions. Naturally I was surprised that one of them was a young man. And secondly I didn't like, at all, the way he was leering at Bridgette, even though she was a quite sexy, fetching sight after months of training all our maids went through.

The girl was tall and attractive, while the young man was several inches shorter and who I took an instant dislike to.

"Nice to meet you, now we'd like to see our room," he demand belligerently.

"I'm afraid there's been a bit of a mistake," I said.

"No mistake. This is The Church Boarding House, and you're obviously Church. We'll just dump our bags and be off," He said, still feasting his eyes on Bridgette, from her well displayed cleavage, to her ass when she happened to bend over, to her long, sexy legs.

What a miserable, arrogant, little shit, I thought to myself.

"The mistake, young man, is that this is a boarding house for women only, no men allowed," I said.

"What! It didn't say anything about that in the lease," he bellowed.

"Actually it was stated quite clearly in the house rules. Did either of you bother to read them?" I asked.

When the girl admitted she hadn't, he turned to her and said, "This is all your fault. I can't believe you didn't read the dumb rules."

"Of course your effeminate name probably had something to do with it. Obviously we thought you were a girl," I couldn't resist saying.

"Beverly is a man's name, and it was my grandfathers. So, just give us our deposit back and we'll be out of here," He demanded.

Chapter-3 Reality sets in.

Which normally I'd do. Instead I decided the little shit needed to be taken down a peg or two, or three.

"I'm afraid the advance deposit on the first three months is non-refundable, as the lease clearly states," I said.

"And you've signed a two year lease. You, dear, I can easily put with another girl who needs a roommate, so that's no problem," I said kindly to the girl.

"Well what about me?" He asked.

"You will obviously have to leave immediately. However it doesn't let you out of the two year lease that you signed. However if you agree to pay an additional three months rent, now, I'll consider waiving it," I stated, and was pleased to see his face turn deathly pale.

"I-I don't have that kind of money. I've barely got enough for the next two weeks.

Isn't there some other way,?" He begged, all the arrogance suddenly evaporating.

Chapter-4 There is a possible solution.

Pretending to think about it I finally said, "There just might be a solution, although I think with your manly ego you couldn't handle it, so I won't even bring it up," I stated.

"I can handle it, what is it?" His ego forced him to ask.

"Well, it's just that we're in need of another maid and with your rather boyish looks and hair you just might pass," I said, waiting for him explode.

"W-What? A maid, is this some kind of joke?" he, as I knew he would, exploded.

"I'm sure we could fix you up with your looks and hair, so that at least at a passing glance you'd pass. And, at first, we'd assign you chores that kept you out of view. But, as I said, I don't think your ego could handle it," which I was sure it couldn't until I added, "You could think of it this way. You want to be an actor, just think of it as a role you're playing. Of course, maybe you're not the actor you think you are."

"I could handle any role," He said defiantly, then turning to the girl asked, "What do you think of all this nonsense, she wants me to be a maid of all things."

"She doesn't want you to be anything. She's offering you a solution, which you should be grateful for, instead of being so nasty to her. And besides you'll be the one already with a job, I still have to find one. I think you could do it. Like she said, just think of it as a role you're playing. Besides Beverly what are your options?" She asked, making it clear that it was his problem, not hers. I'd already promised her a room.

"Why don't you think about it for a few minutes. If you decline my proposal I'll have Bridgette show you out, after you decide, in writing, how you're going to pay me," I said.

Chapter-5 We just found our new maid.

As soon as I left I went to find my housekeeper, Ruth Hamil. Laughing I said, "I think we just found the new maid we've been looking for."

"With all our special qualification?" She asked.

"No, but he'll soon have them. We're going to teach the little shit in the other room a lesson he, I mean, 'she'll' never forget. She's going to get a comeuppance she won't soon forget," I chuckled.

Ruth's question about, "special qualifications" was an important one. Starting three years ago the boarding house, which had been struggling financially, slowly started to turn around. Until now it was doing really well, and with almost no turn over in our boarders. We haven't had a boarder leave in almost two years because of a very important reason.

They're waited on virtually hand and foot. "Pampered" would also be a good description. And I owe it all to a well trained staff of maids who Ruth supervises with an iron fist. You see all our maids, in reality, are young men. All perfectly disguised and so completely feminized and frankly brow beaten that only a few of my longer term boarders are aware of who they really are., and they take full advantage of the poor things.

Their downfall, which is my gain, is that each, in their own way, love dressing up in frilly girly things. I fulfill their fantasies while working them to death for almost nothing. Unfortunately, for them, reality is nothing like their fantasies, too bad for them.

Ruth ensures that they're kept thoroughly under foot while running a very tight ship.

It's cut my overhead way down, they take up very little room as I've divided the unused basement, now the maid's quarters, into tiny, little rooms sharing one bathroom. I've acquired four of them in the past three years and now it looks like we have the fifth one we've been looking for. The amusing challenge is this one isn't coming to us voluntarily.

Chapter-6 A short history.

A short history will explain it all. Maid Francine came to board with us dressed as a woman. When we discovered her deception we offered, to her, a glorious opportunity to spend all her days flouncing around in skirts, petticoats and heels. But, as I said, she soon found out that it was far from her fantasy, but to late for her.

Maid Tiffany made the mistake of confessing her fantasy of dressing up one night to his girlfriend who was a good friend of me. What disgusted her was that he was dressing up in her clothes. So I took "her" off her hands.

Maid Polly was an actor that a director caught trying on a maid's uniform from a play when he thought no one was looking. Now she lives and works all day long in her maid's uniform wishing she'd never been caught.

Sexy, little Maid Bridgette was discovered by Ruth her fantasy was not only to dress up but to be submissive to a dominant woman. Well, she got her wish.

So obviously the arrogant young man in the next room really arrived at the wrong place and with entirely the wrong attitude.

"I think I'm going to enjoy this," Ruth chuckled.

"Come in after Bridgette shows the young girl to her room," I suggested.

When I went back in, all I said was, "Well?"

"I-I'll do it," He said, obviously reluctantly. I could see he hated saying it, a reaction I hoped for.

Chapter-7 Ruth and the new maid meet.

As soon as Bridgette left to show the girl to her room Ruth came in.

I could see the boy gulp nervously at the sight of Ruth, which I thought was a good sign for Ruth was quite formidable. In her four inch heels she was a good six foot, four inches towering over him who looked to be about five foot, five inches. She looked strong, and she was. Dressed in a tight, black skirt, white men's shirt and tie, her hair in a tight bun. But it was the

threatening scowl on her face, a practiced look, that obviously intimidated him.

What came next I was sure was going to knock his arrogant ego down by several notches.

“This is Ms. Hamil, my housekeeper. She’s in charge of all the servants and maids. For obvious reasons I’ve had to explain the situation to her, and what place you’re being hired for. And, frankly, she’s not very happy about it, but also because you have no previous experience and lack any proper training at all. However, she has agreed to help as best she can to ensure that virtually no one discovers your masquerade, and will see to it that you are trained to go about your duties to the high, exacting standards that all our servant girls and maids must adhere to, every hour they’re on duty. I could actually get in a lot of trouble over this, as Ms. Hamil has pointed out,” I said, laying it thick.

“I-I appreciate it, really I do,” He was forced to say, even though I could see his anger as he heard that he was going to be feminized to the point where no one would see through his deception, and then he was going to be trained to act as a maid by Ruth that he already looked half scared of.

And became even more so when Ruth angrily hissed, “You will address Ms. Church from now on as Mistress, understood?”

“Y-Yes I.....”

“And you will address me as Housekeeper, got that?” She demanded to know.

“Y-Y-Yes H-Housekeeper,” He stammered. I loved the frightened look on his face. What a change from just an hour ago!

Chapter-8 Formally employed.

“I’ll take him, I mean of course, her off your hands now Ma’am. First to the maid’s quarters then I’ll get her uniformed and will do what I can to at least a little improve her appearance.”

“Yes, however before you do so I’ve written up this employment contract that all servant girls and maids are required to sign, so that there will never be any misunderstandings. Read it then sign it,” I ordered, and for the second time enjoyed the shock he got as he was reading it, the first of a couple of shocks coming to him.

For it read, “I, Beverly Dover, do agree to act in the capacity as servant girl and maid in the employ of the Church Boarding House until I have paid the owner, Hilary Church, the sum of \$5,700. Equal to the first three months rent plus the additional three months rent I have previously agreed to. I further agree to adhere to the rules governing my work as a servant girl and maid. If I fail to live up to those expectations I agree to receive demerits equal to one hour of unpaid work.”

You can imagine how badly he didn’t want to sign that, but eventually the unsuspecting lamb did, I mean, what choice did he, now she, have. Both Ruth and I couldn’t help smirking.

Chapter-9 Beverly gets a real shock.

“Right, follow me,” I ordered.

I’m sure he was appalled as he followed me to the basement. Stopping at one room, slightly bigger than a walk-in closet that said, “Servant’s Quarters 5” I said, “This is your room, room and board for it is \$500 a month”

“\$500 a month,” He/she gasped.

“That’s right girl, now get undressed!”

“Undressed, but where are my things?” She asked.

“Obviously for the near future you would be needing them. As a servant girl everything will be provided for you. Now get your clothes off,” I demanded.

“Now just wait a damn minute here, you can’t tell me what..” was all she got out before, to his total shock, I slapped him as hard as I could across the face, then after I did it again, I grabbed him by the collar and yanked her towards me.

“Listen to me you arrogant shit. I’m not at all in favor of this ridiculous notion of the Mistresses. Now this is the way it’s going to be. I don’t care who you really are, as of now you’re simply a lowly servant girl not even a maid. And you won’t be treated as anything but that. You will act precisely as I expect a lowly servant girl to act. I don’t care what the Mistress thinks, give me even a hint of any trouble and I’ll throw you out on the street without a cent dressed as a servant girl and no identification to prove otherwise. Is that clear?” I shouted in her face.

“Y-Yes I-I understand” she started to say and got another slap in the face.

“I said you address me as Housekeeper,”

“Y-Yes Housekeeper,” She whimpered. Just as I thought. An, arrogant, Mr. Macho, one minute a cowardly wimp the next.

Chapter-10 A few temporary changes.

This time he didn’t hesitate a second to undress, stupidly trying to cover himself. Ordering him to spread his legs and hold his arms straight out I heavily spayed him for ears to toes with Nair, even spreading his cheeks and spraying there.

“Wait for twenty minutes, while I get your uniform out,” I directed.

“B-But it burns” She protested several minutes later.

“Well, it’s supposed to,” I said heartlessly.

Finally I said, “Go down the hall, shower, scrub until you’re pink then come back. You have ten minutes.”

When he came back she was blushing beet red, her body now girlishly smooth, everywhere.

I shocked her again by reaching between her legs, grabbing her organs, and yanking them tightly back between her legs.

“Now close your legs. That’s where you’ll keep them at all time. I don’t want to ever see them sticking out where anyone could see them, and that

means no standing at the toilet. It would cause an absolute scandal, or worse, for you, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"Y-Yes Housekeeper," She had to admit.

"This will help to keep them in place," I said, handing her a thong panty purposefully a size too small, and gloated watching her struggle so to get it on.

"Now lets do something temporarily with your hair," I said. Her brunette hair was a tangle at nearly shoulder length. Using a curling iron I formed an acceptable page boy style that would do for the moment.

Over the past couple years I had created a uniform for a new servant girl to wear to break them in. Once dressed in it I knew it wasn't the frilly uniform they always dreamed of.

I'd purposefully made it from the heaviest, roughest wool and tailored it to fit as tight and uncomfortable as possible. It quickly took the starch out of them and their fantasies.

As I knew it would of our latest acquisition.

The black stockings were also wool, over which came plain pantaloons down to mid-calf, made, I had to chuckle, of actual canvas. Then two equally long, outrageously long petticoats also made of canvas.

Then I really enjoyed the next article. Beverly's first bra. The stiffest, pointed torpedo bra, made of rubber into which I put heavy, tit-shaped wooden inserts. In the back I glued the tabs together so she'd have to cut it off to get out of it. They were only C-cup tits, but that would change in the future.

I couldn't help a satisfied smile when she saw herself in a mirror and let out a sob as she saw herself in a bra with her torpedo tits sticking straight out in front of him.

"For the same reason you never let anyone see what's between your legs the bra never comes off, even in the shower. When you need to look more believable I'm sure I can find more realistic substitutes," I promised her.

Chapter-11 Her first corset.

Then there was the next problem. Her waist was hardly girlish, and was too big for her dress. Handing her the stiffest corset I could find I said, "Wrap it around you and hook it up in front and then my assistant, who is in charge of training new servant girls, will finish lacing you in."

I could see Beverly's face tighten and her fists clench when she saw who was going to be in charge of training her to be a servant girl. For one thing Gretchen was obviously several years younger than Beverly which, I was sure, was a real ego crusher. Second she was nearly as tall as me so she towered over Beverly. And, of course, was dressed to intimidate her, which she instantly did dressed in tight pants tucked into black, high heeled boots and a white blouse.

"This is my assistant who you will address as 'Ms. Gretchen' understand girl?"

"Yes Housekeeper," she was forced to answer.

When she had the corset hooked up in front Gretchen said, "Raise your arms up and hold onto that post. No, higher! Until you're only on your toes, and stay like that."

Taking up the laces she told her to take a deep breath and began yanking as hard as she could.

"On please it-it's too tight," She pleaded.

"Slap her face please Gretchen, she didn't address you properly," I ordered, and couldn't help grinning when the girl did just that.

"Now apologize," She demanded.

"Servant girl Beverly is s-sorry Ms. Gretchen," she said, now almost, but not quite, as scared of her as she was of me.

"Two more inches or you'll never get into your uniform," Gretchen proclaimed and proceeded to do just that.

"Every morning I'll lace you into your corset. You will not try to loosen it. If you do I'll tighten it until you can't breathe," She promised.



Frankly I found nothing more pleasurable than watching a sissy being laced into her first corset, as did Gretchen.

Chapter-12 A uniform definitely not to die for.

And even that was a struggle for her, as it was meant to be. I'd had it made with no less than 20, tiny, hard to fasten buttons running up the front. The high, stand up collar fit more like a vise as I'd had stays inserted all the way around it, fastening in back with no less than six buttons. The long sleeves fit tightly down to the stiffest, white cuffs secured with five more tiny buttons.

Over the dress came a long, ruffled, pinafore apron made of rubber, a maid's cap with chin straps and white, rubber gloves, also with four, tiny buttons.

Chuckling to myself I handed her her shoes and told her to put them on. The other sissies had already worn heels, so I started her off with three inch, baby heels. Still the black oxfords looked wonderfully treacherous, I suppose, with their wickedly pointed toes and stiletto heels,

As I expected, in her corset and tight uniform she couldn't bend enough to get them on.

"Let that be a lesson girl. Stocking and shoes first. Hold up your feet," I said, and cramming them into the shoes I tied the laces as tightly as I could.

I'm sure Beverly felt more imprisoned in her uniform than dresses in it, which is precisely how I wanted it to feel.

Chapter-13 Developing a servant's mentality.

"Now stand as I dictate. Feet together, heels and sides touching. Shoulder pulled back. Hand laced in front of you with thumbs crossed. Head bowed, eyes glued to the tips of your shoes. To act in accordance to your position you will develop what is called a 'servant's mentality.' While standing, walking or being talked to, given an order your head will always be submissively bowed, eyes down. This is called bowing one's head to au-