

Tales of **The Maid**



*Volume
Two*

TALES OF THE MAID

Volume Two

***Edited by
Francoise Quesnay***



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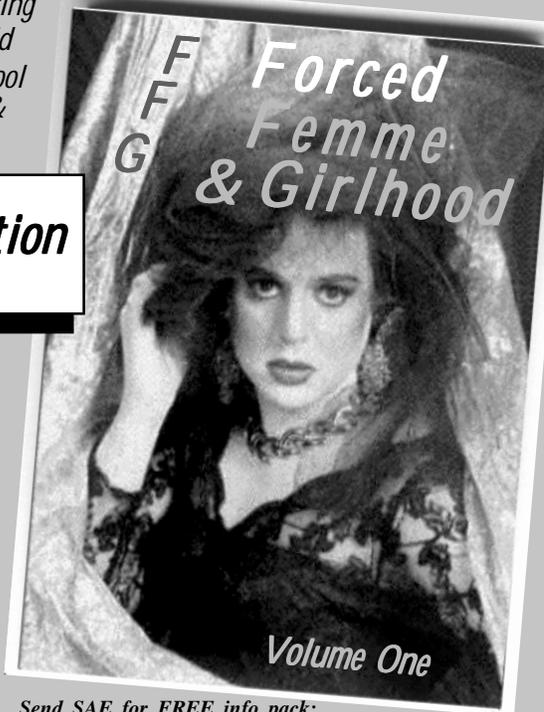
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Acknowledgements

Our sincere thanks are due to the following: Christina Shelly, for a further highly erotic instalment of *The Last Straw*; Rebecca Goldstein for the second part of her story *Mistress Renée's Sissy Maid Academy*; Jennifer Richardson for *Darren's Dilemma*; Mistress Amanda for her letters page and photographs; Reb Stout, Manager of Versatile Fashions, for once again generously allowing us to borrow graphics from Versatile's website (Versatile's website is at <http://www.versatilefashions.com>); Heather, for granting permission to use her makeover photos (see all Heather's pix at <http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Heights/8182/heather.html>; this is on Jamie Austin's Makeover Girls Website, which is also well worth a visit - <http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Heights/8182/makeovers.html>); Ginger Grant for her bondage pictures (visit Ginger's site at <http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Heights/5346/>); Rose-Marie, for her hard work in designing maid's outfits; and as always, lastly and most important, to you, our readers, for having faith and waiting patiently...

F. Q.

Editorial

Welcome to *Volume Two* of *Tales of the Maid*.

I know many of you were gasping for more after reading *Volume One*, and you have had a teasingly long wait for this issue to come out. You must learn patience, you really must. You know that sissies mustn't have what they want too easily, or they take it for granted. If your mistresses are training you correctly, they will frustrate and tantalise you at every opportunity, keeping you in a permanent state of subservient, unfulfilled arousal. You must always maintain yourself in a state of proper humility and show extreme gratitude for any crumbs of pleasure which happen to fall from the bounteous laps of your mistresses.

Well my little sissies, I expect you are making your panties positively moist in your excitement at the thought of the riches which lie in store for you in this issue.

We begin our voyage into the outer reaches of sissydome with the concluding part of *Mistress Renée's Sissy Maid Academy*, in which Bonnie learns sissy etiquette and how to gratify the sexual demands of her instructress, Mistress Charlotte.

We then sashay into a new story, *Darren's Dilemma*, in which tranny Darren gets more than he bargained for when he goes to do a job at the home of his forceful female boss, Miss Veronica Harris.

And finally we mince delicately into another darkly erotic episode of *The Last Straw*, in which Denise is subjected to new depths of enforced sissyfying humiliation. Of course she loves every moment of it - and you would just love to change places with her, wouldn't you?

Francoise Quesnay





Mistress Renée's Sissy Maid Academy

by Rebecca Goldstein

Bonnie's Mistress wants her to be a permanent sissy maid and has sent her to Mistress Renée's Academy for intensive training. Bonnie puts on her maid's uniform for the first time and slips her feet into the towering high heels she must wear.



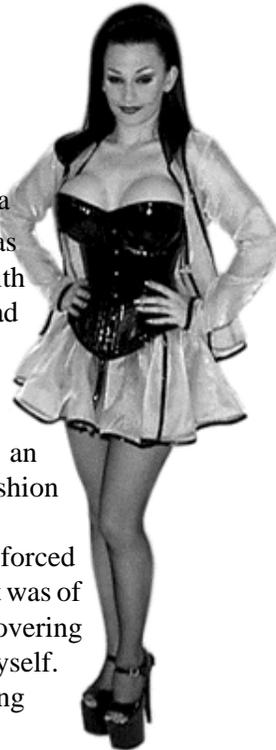
Perfumed, powdered and petticoated, she decides right away that she likes it at the Academy, and is ready to submit to whatever they want of her.

Now read on...

Part II: "In the Classroom"

The woman strutted into the room, walking with a swagger and an air of arrogance. This, I assumed, was our new training mistress. She was a small woman with lustrous black hair drawn severely back off her forehead and cascading halfway down her back. Her pert little nose was upturned; her full, come-hither lips curled into a wicked sneer. She had sea-green eyes that burned with a fire inside. While she had quite an attractive face, it was made up in an exaggerated fashion that said "dominatrix."

She wore a black PVC corset with demi-cups that forced up her generous breasts into majestic orbs. Her skirt was of baby blue see-thru organza, very short and flaired, covering barely to mid-thigh. A dancer's skirt, I thought to myself. Her delicious legs were encased in wicked-looking



stockings with a thick black seam that went down the back to her equally wicked, very high black patent shoes.

“Good afternoon ladies,” she said. “I’m Mistress Charlotte, your instructress. I am in charge of all sissy novice girls here at the Academy, which is what you are.”

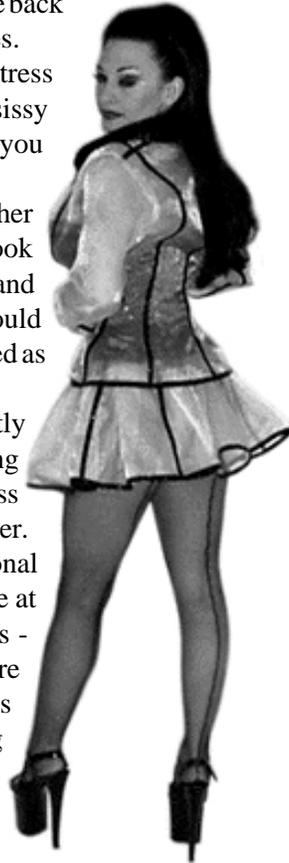
There was something about her that made me like her immediately. She had a wicked, mischievous look about her. I had no doubt she could be cruel and ruthless when necessary - Mistress Renée never would have given her this job if she weren’t - but she looked as if she brought a sense of humour to her work too.

I was looking over Mistress Charlotte so intently that I barely noticed the sissy maid accompanying her, who was clad in a cardinal red uniform. Mistress Charlotte introduced her as Sissy Rebecca, the overseer. I would later learn she was Mistress Renée’s personal chambermaid and as such enjoyed much influence at the Academy. She was feared by the sissy maids - trainees and residents alike. Even the mistresses were a little afraid of her. She acted as Mistress Renée’s eyes and ears, and was in charge of remedial training for graduates of the Academy. I had seen other sissy maids cower at the very threat!

Standing behind Sissy Rebecca was a second sissy maid, dressed in a lovely light pink uniform. Mistress Charlotte introduced her as Sissy Christina, our assistant instructress. She smiled and curtsied deeply, lifting her skirts and petticoats high above her waist and exposing her lingerie.

I came to learn that there were several kinds of sissy maids at the Academy. There were the trainee maids, of which there were thirty-two at any given time; eight classes of four. Sissy novice girls wore white maid’s uniforms; third class girls wore powder pink; second class girls wore baby blue and senior girls wore the traditional black and white uniforms. All wore panties with the word Sissy embroidered on the front.

There were also resident maids, who lived at the Academy and helped it run. They had all graduated from the training and had done so well that they were purchased from their mistresses by Mistress Renée. This was supposed to be



a great honour. Though they were provided with room, board and uniforms as well as a small stipend, they were essentially slaves. They enjoyed the lifestyle of servitude and continuous erotic stimulation. For them, it meant they could dress in drag every day and live out their wildest sexual fantasies. Theoretically they were forbidden intimate contact with the mistresses and the trainee maids, but Mistress Renée usually looked the other way in such matters.

The Academy's ten mistresses were the only ones who received a salary. I would learn that each signed a two-year contract as a partner in the Academy, splitting all the profits and expenses. They all did quite well - over six figures. Mistress Renée also received a CEO salary, although she didn't really need it. Theoretically, a mistress could walk away with a nice nest egg after two years, as all her expenses were covered. However, after a while they would usually go into business for themselves using the Academy methods, which had further added to Mistress Renée's prestige among dominatrices.

The four of us knelt on the floor as Mistress Charlotte strutted around, scrutinising us. Then she stopped and smirked wickedly. "All right my little sissy boys, drop your panties to your knees and let me see your little pussy poles."

I reached underneath my skirt and tried to find the waistband of my panties. I had some difficulty finding it amid the elaborate petticoats, but I finally got my panties down around my knees, while the other sissies did the same.

Mistress Charlotte then distributed gold plated cock rings to each of us, which had little initials with our femme names dangling from them. She personally slid the two rings with the little "B" over my member, devouring me with a lecherous sneer she hadn't given the other girls.

Once the four of us were ringed, Mistress Charlotte said, "Now I want you to stroke your sissy clits for me, so I can see how big they are when they're hard."

I began masturbating myself slowly, sensuously. My cock stood straight up and stayed there, constricted at the base by the two narrow rings. I looked to one side and saw my fellow sissies were in the same position. I was getting so hot I thought I was going to spurt right there. But I knew that coming without permission would be grounds for a sound punishment from the mistress.

But then Mistress Charlotte abruptly commanded us to stop stroking. My cock throbbed as it danced back and forth in front of me, and I saw the other sissies were in the same state.

"Oooh, that's what I like to see," said Mistress Charlotte. Four little sissy boys with big hard cocks, just for me. It makes me feel so desirable, knowing

all four of you would like to mount me and fuck me silly right now. But that's not going to happen! I'm the mistress around here, and you'll do what I tell you.

"You're going to have to adjust your sexual identities. You've ceased to be men; you're sissy maids - neither male nor female, but with the best attributes of both. You are here to serve the Superior Sex in whatever way we wish. Your mistress must be the most important thing in your life - must come before anything. Anything else is simply not acceptable. You are nothing more than receptacles for the pleasure of women, and their men too if it amuses them.

"The first thing my little ladies have to learn," she said, "are the Protocols of Diana. In other words, sissy etiquette. Sissy maids address only their own mistresses as 'Mistress.' When addressing a mistress other than your own, you will address the mistress as 'Mistress Jane' or 'Mistress Joan' or whatever it is. All other women simply get a polite 'yes ma'am.' You are to be deferential at all times and compliant to any request unless your mistress has given you orders not to be. Here in class you may address me as 'Mistress,' but at all other times you will address me as 'Mistress Charlotte.'

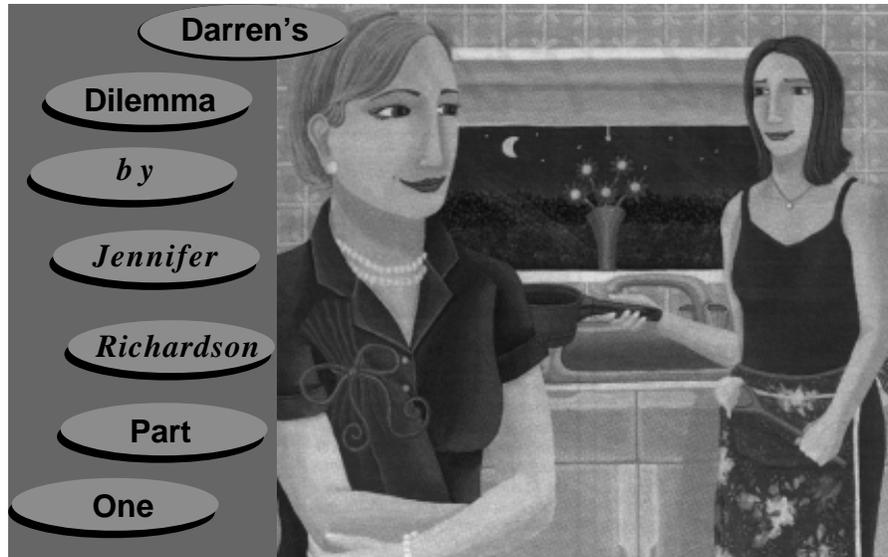
"I know quite a bit about all of you, having spoken at length with your mistresses. None of you are here against your will. As a matter of fact, you're all here because you've been so submissive and obedient that your mistresses consider you a worthwhile investment. I think you'll enjoy your training here at the Academy. We've noticed that sissies find it rather... exciting. The rewards for obedience and good performance can be quite enjoyable; the alternative rather unpleasant.

"Now Sissy Bonnie," Mistress Charlotte beckoned, "come kneel before me."

I stood up, walked to the front of the room and curtsayed deeply, lifting my skirt high in the air and revealing my ruffled petticoats, ruffled panties and ruffled suspenders buttoned to my stocking tops. Then I knelt in front of Mistress Charlotte, bowing low and gently kissing the toes of her black patent shoes. "Command me and I shall obey, Mistress," I said. "I live to serve."



"Ooh, very good Sissy Bonnie," complimented Mistress Charlotte. "Your Mistress has taught you to curtsy in the Academy style, showing off all your frilly undies. After all, why wear them if no one can see them?"



Darren sat at his desk on Friday afternoon. He was day-dreaming over the top of his computer system. He cast his eyes slyly into the offices of the Manageress, Veronica Harris.

Beneath his rough suit trousers Darren luxuriated in the delightful sensation of his sheer stockings and the attached suspenders tugging slightly over his thighs. If he eased himself back a little in his chair he experienced the caress of his satin panties over his bottom, the lace edging tickled against his skin.

Darren's reverie was broken by sudden movement in Veronica's office - the phone slammed down and a curse rang in the air. A quick glance showed him that his boss was seriously displeased about something. Darren could only hope that it didn't have anything to do with the account file he had left somewhere or other; this had occurred after he had sighted a secretary in a long clingy dress, bending over the photocopier. Darren had been interested in the secretary; even more so in the clingy dress.

Miss Harris strode out of the office towards Darren's desk. He watched her covertly as she walked towards him. He was admiring the smooth, silver grey, metallic roll neck top and the tight fitting black skirt that she wore. Black patent court shoes upon her feet. Her auburn hair piled up on top of her head gave her already attractive features an extra edge, not overly severe but strikingly powerful none the less.

“What do you make of that?” snapped Veronica, as she approached him.

“Erm, well, what do I make of what, Miss Harris?” stammered Darren.

“That bloody gardener of mine,” she snarled, “won’t be available for work on Saturday because of a football match.”

Darren was relieved it was not the missing file that had been the cause of her bad mood and he relaxed a little, though her nearness to him was causing him to flush inwardly. He felt the familiar stirrings in his panties and crossed his legs self consciously.

“There is a re-arranged cup tie this weekend” he said quietly.

“Well they shouldn’t re-arrange fixtures when my gardener is supposed to be removing a tree stump from my lawn that he should have dealt with months ago,” said Miss Harris.

“I’ll come and do it for you if you like,” said Darren; his throat hadn’t managed to shut the words off before they blurted out.

Miss Harris looked down at Darren and her mouth actually curved into a smile, a previously unheard of event.

Darren sat at his desk in confusion - why on earth had he made such an offer? His weekend was to have consisted of satins and silks, mini-skirts, stockings, high heels, perfume and make-up. Not hard manual work of any kind; lounging around in feminine finery was what he had in mind - digging up tree stumps was a definite - no.

“I didn’t know you were a gardening expert, Darren,” said Miss Harris.

Darren sensed a way out, an escape from the sentence he had brought to himself, and he attempted to retract the offer:

“Oh well I’m not,” he said, “I didn’t know you needed expert help, so perhaps you should wait until your gardener is available.”

“It isn’t really an expert job, so I’d really appreciate your help - thank you very much. Take the rest of the afternoon off and I’ll see you at eleven thirty tomorrow morning,” said Miss Harris with finality.

Darren was deflated, reluctantly agreeing that he would see Miss Harris at the appointed time. He packed up quickly and was disgusted to find the missing account file, nestling amongst some of the discarded printouts on his desk. He threw it angrily into the filing cabinet.

On his way down to the car park Darren considered his position. If he tried to excuse himself from his offer, Miss Harris would at best certainly be annoyed, and at worst, in a foul and vindictive mood come Monday morning.

Rumour was that there were to be big changes in the staff at the office; tenuous positions such as junior facilities managers were likely to be the first to go,

replaced by temporary staff or to be handled by third party suppliers.

Darren drove out of the car park deciding that he was stuck with the job and that the sooner he got over it the quicker he could enjoy what was left of his weekend.

In order to cheer himself up a little, Darren stopped off at an exclusive and expensive boutique that he had always intended visiting.

As usual, he felt shy being surrounded by finery of a feminine nature, arranged upon racks and rails and in displays all round the walls and shop floor.

He found a silver satin roll-neck top similar to the one worn by Miss Harris; he also found a satin and lace sky blue slip that had shoestring straps. Both felt delicious to the touch of his fingers; he imagined the garments on his body and quivered in anticipation.

Darren took his selections to the cash desk, avoiding eye contact with the pretty young assistant as he handed over his credit card.

At last he arrived home and parked his car in a slot to the rear of the apartment block. As usual the lifts were not working so Darren was forced to climb the stairs to the fourth floor and to his rented apartment.

Once inside, he dropped his briefcase onto the lounge sofa and eased his hair tie from his long ponytail, tousling the brown hair loose on his way from the lounge to the bedroom. He shrugged out of his suit jacket and began to unbutton his shirt. The jacket he tossed onto the end of the large double bed. The shirt slid from him as he stood facing his reflection in the full-length mirrored doors of the wardrobes that ran the length of the wall.

He dropped his trousers to display his long stocking encased legs; the suspenders were taut against his thighs, framing his groin hidden beneath the black satin lace-edged panties.

Darren hurriedly stripped and wrapped a white towelling robe around him as he moved off to the bathroom. Soon the bath was filling with hot water topped with rose scented bubble bath foam.

He soaked lazily for a while before reaching for a ladyshave. He paid great attention to his chest, legs and arms and meticulously shaved his bikini line until it was a neatly trimmed triangle.

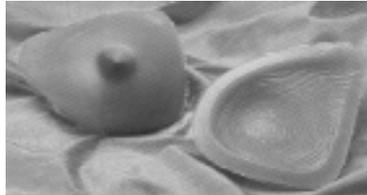
A good while later he returned to the bedroom. Once thoroughly dried, he rubbed a moisturising oil all over his body, enjoying the sensation as he caressed his smooth legs, chest and arms, silky and hair free.

The previously discarded lingerie he put into the laundry basket, then he moved across to a chest of drawers. From the bursting drawers he selected a pair of white panties. He slipped into these and tucked his manhood back between

his legs; this time he decided to forsake the usual cache sex as he was not going out, nor expecting any need to do so. As they were tight fitting there was little chance of his bulge springing forward, no matter how aroused he became.

Darren picked up his new slip and caressed himself with it. Putting it to one side, he picked up a tube and smeared some of the contents over his chest, fixing silicon breast forms to the smeared adhesive. He held them in position for a minute or two until they were held firm.

The adhesive he used was totally waterproof. He knew from experience - from long weekends and from holidays - that the adhesive would hold firm for four or five days, should he so choose. They could easily be removed with the silicon cleanser and re-affixed just as easily. They warmed quickly to Darren's skin temperature and felt entirely natural to the touch and in weight.



With the forms snugly and securely fitted, Darren began to dress. He started with a deep suspender belt, white satin with six suspenders to it. Next he rolled sheer black seamed stockings up first his left leg and then his right, clipping the welts to the suspender clips.

The stockings softly kissed his smooth skin; a tingle ran through his body when he clipped them to the taut suspenders, feeling them along his thighs and over his buttocks.

Darren then eased into the new satin slip, shivering at the soft touch of the smooth material, his body appreciating its caress. He slipped the shoestring straps onto his shoulders, smoothing the material down to once again stroke his skin. He saw his reflection in the tall mirrors.

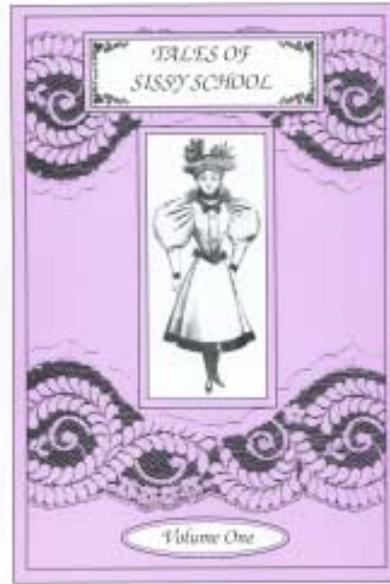
He crossed the room to the wardrobe and picked out a thigh and hip hugging black skirt. He stepped into it, drew it up his legs to his waist and smoothed it down. He then chose a pair of black leather high heels and slid them onto his stockinged feet.

TALES OF SISSY SCHOOL focuses on stories about petticoat punishment and boys who are sissified and dressed as girls by mothers, sisters, aunts, governesses or teachers.

In Volume 1 of
TALES OF SISSY SCHOOL:

**Petticoat Academy for Delinquent Children:
A Student's Diary**

Miss Jackson uses petticoat punishment and gradual feminisation to discipline and rehabilitate delinquent boys; in some cases the feminisation is complete. Daily life at the Jackson Academy is described through the diary entries of one of the pupils.



An Aunt's Dilemma - Her Petticoat Solution

Patrick is often teased and picked on at school - even by younger children. Aunt Karen concludes that Patrick's real problem is that he is a sissy, and decides that the only way to deal with him is to transform him from nephew into niece...

School for Sissies (Part One) *The first part of this glorious tale traces the early life of Françoise Quesnay, born a boy but from the age of five raised as a girl by her mother, the formidable Lydia Quesnay.*



In Volume 2 of
TALES OF SISSY SCHOOL:

**School for Sissies
(Part Two)**

Continuing the adventures of Francois / Francoise - who is introduced as Lydia's daughter during their six week holiday in Provence. Back in England, Francoise starts St. Saviour's Girls Preparatory School...

Yes Mummy

Jim has always been fascinated by female clothes. While his wife Ann is at aerobics class, he cannot

resist trying on her new nightie. Ann and her mother return early from the class and catch him wearing the nightie; they decide to feminise him and dress him as a school girl.

School Swap *A boy's games kit is stolen and he is forced to go home in a girl's school dress, lace-trimmed slip, nylon panties, ankle socks and girl's shoes...*

Angelique

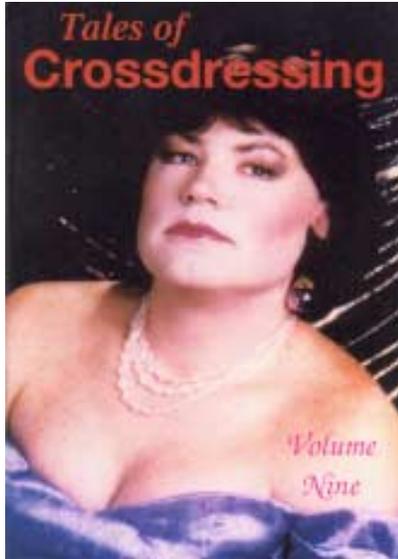
Wartime circumstances force a mother to turn her son into a girl... My eyebrows were plucked into a feminine shape. I was taught to sew; and I was frequently 'invited' to don a little frilly apron and do the washing up. I resisted, how I resisted being thought of as a girl!

Letters - Petticoat Punishment: Letter from a Mother

Madam Amanda's Letters Page

Features - The Bow Belle Sorority: Who's a Pretty Sissy Then?

Photo Specials - Sissies Photo Gallery



In Volume 9 of
**TALES OF
CROSSDRESSING :**

Tiger *After recent sex-change surgery, Claire (formerly Andrew) goes to convalesce with her great grandfather, Gerald Childs. Old Mr. Childs reminisces to his new great granddaughter about his days as a captain in the merchant marine on the great pre-war passenger liners. He recalls particularly a personal steward or 'tiger' of his by the name of Frost, nicknamed 'Freezer', who liked to wear women's*

clothes...

This beautifully written and unique tale has everything - adventure on the high seas, romance - and a thoughtful and realistic analysis of family and social attitudes to cross-dressing and transsexuality over several generations. It is actually 'several stories within a story', which are revealed like a series of Russian dolls...

The Piano *A young man is so besotted by the beauty of his new piano teacher that he finds himself obeying her every whim - even when she makes him wear a bra. As he falls more and more completely under her domination, the bra is followed by panties, then black lace suspender belt and stockings, until finally she has him dressed completely as a girl...*

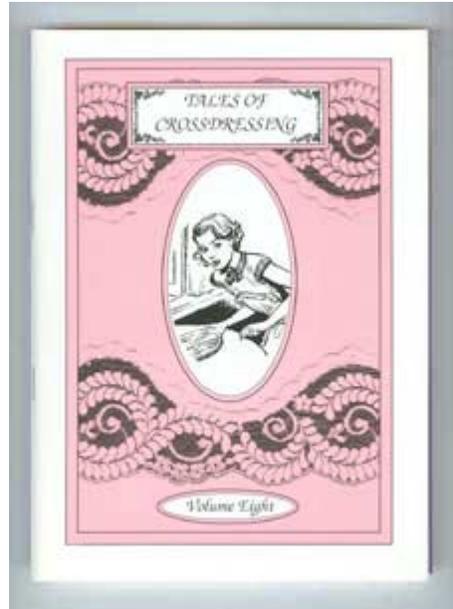
Jealousy on Ice *George looks enviously at the frilly, sequined dresses worn by the girls at the skating club. He resolves to join the club - as a girl. George becomes Gina, and meets a tall blonde girl called Trudy. Soon Gina and Trudy are lovers and skating partners; but who will wear the white satin skirt on the day of the competition...?*

In the Club (Part One) *Chris has been made redundant, and when his friend Tony tells him of a position at a cocktail bar and club, he jumps at it. There is just one catch - Chris has to dress as a girl...*

In Volume 8 of
**TALES OF
CROSSDRESSING :**

Jackie and Melanie Take Charge (Part Two)

Kevin is transformed into Laura, an attractive blonde: ‘You know,’ said Melanie, ‘Kevin has the cutest knees; I can’t wait to see him again in a skirt and high heels...’

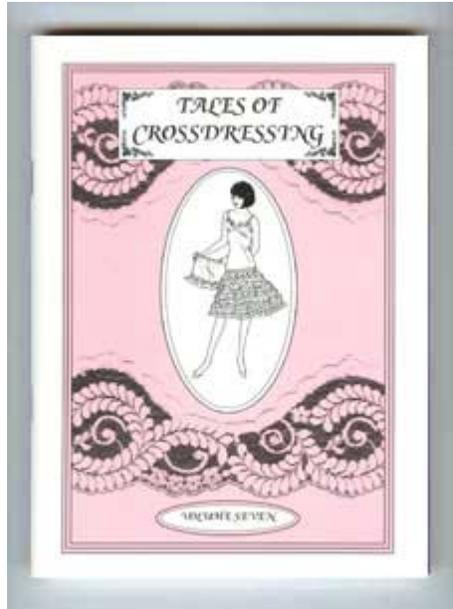


Dressed for the Party

When his own clothes are soaked in a thunderstorm, Sandra persuades her boyfriend to wear some of her friend’s clothes to go to the party. There’s just one problem - her friend is a girl...

Fit and Feminine *Colin stays at a health farm with a difference - all the guests are men who are dressed completely as women. Find out what happens when Colin meets the lovely she-male Christine, whose breasts are real and magnificent...*

Trouble for a Twin *John and Jane are twins. They exchange clothes for a prank, which goes wrong when John’s grandparents mistake him for his sister and force him to continue dressing as a girl...*



*In Volume 7 of
**TALES OF
CROSSDRESSING :***

The Wedding *A young man has to take the place of his sister at her wedding: 'The ivory satin dress was very full and had a long train with embroidery and pearls. Handing me a pair of white satin shoes with four inch heels to put on, Jenny made me stand while*

the other girls lowered this creation over my head and settled it in place over my underskirts...'

Sisters *A genetically engineered virus turns Ken into an exact copy of his attractive and voluptuous wife.*

One Tiny Mistake *A boy's envy of his twin sister leads to years of secret cross-dressing. This beautifully-written story has a humorous and unexpected climax, when the young man finally plucks up the courage to venture into town dressed in full feminine finery..*

Jackie and Melanie Take Charge (Part One) *Kevin can't believe his luck when two attractive, sophisticated women pick him up and take him back to their hotel room in Bangkok. But Kevin has fallen into a complicated web of intrigue woven by two formidable female academics. Their researches into the psychology of gender take on a practical turn when they inveigle Kevin into dressing as a girl.*

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