

The Maid

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Justin had been sent to Aunty Sophie by Mother to stop him wearing Mother's clothes. Sophie successfully turned her "Nephew" into her "Niece". Now for the next stage of transformation.

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The next few days were bliss. Justine rushed home from college each day to be transformed into Aunty Sophie's niece as she tried on all the outfits they had chosen at the shops. Justine, with a bit of makeup and the right clothes had become a beautiful young woman. She learnt the power of a peeping lacy slip could make men weak at the knees. Sophie also lent Justine some more lingerie until she was able to build up her own collection. Perhaps they would make another trip to M&S at the end of the week but dressed en-femme this time.





Every day was a different out, with skirts, dresses and blouses. Justine tried them all on.

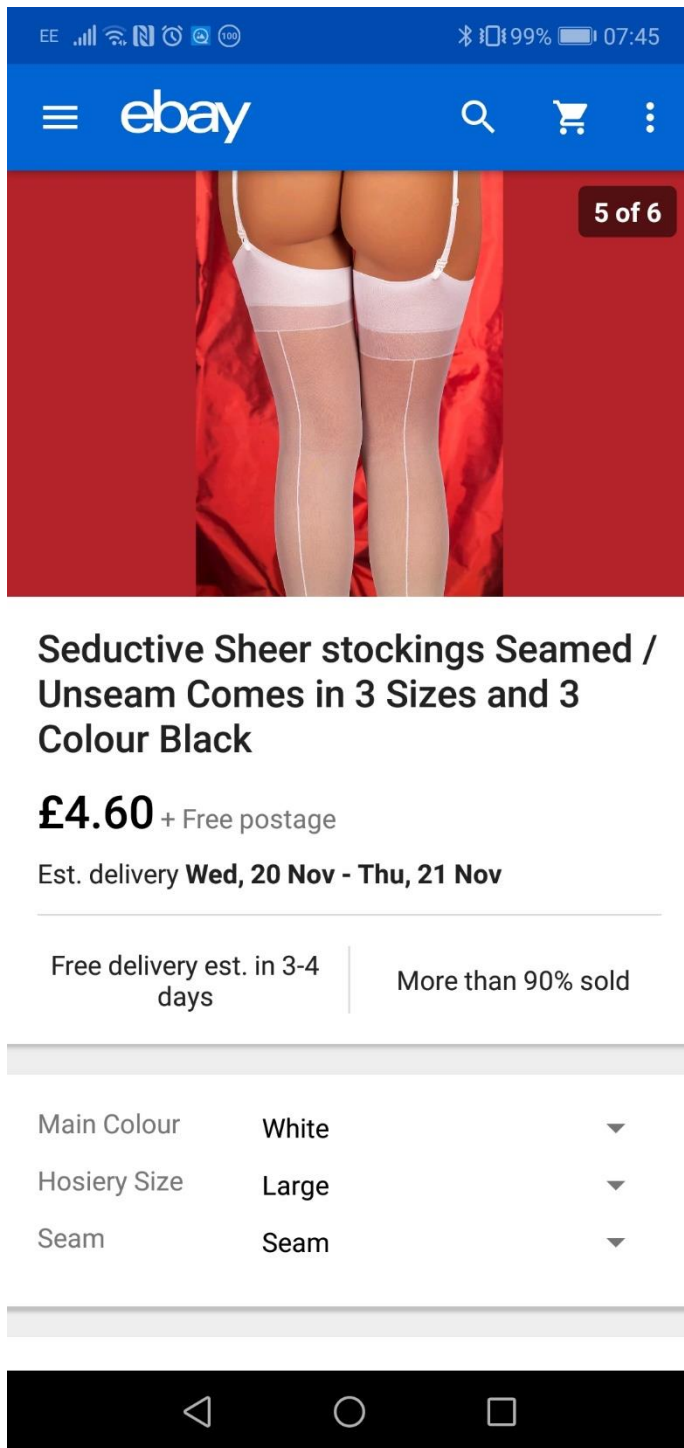


Each outfit had its own lingerie, this included a different slip each time. Justine was falling in love with the silky slips above all else. She got so excited in the slippery nylon and every time it was the same. Dressing up, wank, spunk, undress, clothes needing to be washed in the wash basket.



Seeing the pile of lingerie in the wash basket gave Sophie an idea. Sophie needed a maid who could do the washing, clean up the flat and maybe serve guests. Justine would become The Maid and Sophie The Mistress. She had never trained a maid, but Justine was so suggestible and adorable, she was even turning into a Sissy. It had been fun to make her into Sophie's niece but even more fun to put Justine in a black and white outfit with loads of frilly white petticoat and black stockings. She was so glad she had found the black French knickers in M&S but still needed some seamed stockings.

Sophie went online and found several maids uniforms on Ebay, one was really short and had built in petticoats, just what she wanted. She added one to the basket and then went hunting for some seamed stockings.



There were several choices of stockings. Sophie was looking for black seamed stockings but then found some white seamed stockings that would be a nice contrast with the black and white dress.

Perhaps not as good as Gio's, Sophie's favourite, but the price was within budget. She ordered 2 pairs of seamed stockings, 1 pair in white for her new maid and one pair in black for the mistress.



At the end of the week several packages arrived in the post. Sophie picked them up from her neighbour as she had been out at work. She couldn't wait to unwrap them and put into place the next step in the plan for Justine to be her new maid. Justine wasn't home from college yet, which gave Sophie just enough time to get things ready. Sophie sat down on her make up stool and opened the packages. She was delighted with them, just what she wanted. Justine would look so adorable and sexy as her new Maid.



Sophie wondered about changing out of her office wear. She had worn a black pleated skirt with a black satin blouse but with matching red lingerie underneath.

As usual she wore black stockings but this pair had a red seam to complement the peeping red slip. She loved to show off her slips. She was also wearing red French knickers, a lacy red suspender belt, a red and black bra and a gorgeous red half-slip with oodles of lace on the hem. It looked and sounded good enough to eat on MasterChef.



When Justine got back Sophie told her that the flat needed cleaning and it would be Justine's job to do some of the housework.

"But I don't know about housework," tailed off Justine. "Nanny does that at home."

"Your Mother told me all about your Nanny. She is a tranny, just like me. That's why Dawn and Phillip employed her. They thought it would be good for George to have a different perspective on life."



Justine was shocked at this. "They know that Nanny is not female?"

"Oh yes. And they know about you spying on Nanny in her lingerie."

Justine looked like she was going to cry.

"Don't worry Justine. Now, I have something new for you to try. You have been transformed this week from my nephew Justin into my beautiful niece Justine. Now for another step. Go to your room and put on the black lingerie and a new packet of stockings that are on your bed. I am going to train you as my maid."

"What dress and slip shall I wear," asked Justine, curious to know what was going on.

"No dress or slip yet. Put on the undies and stockings that I have laid out for you, and some breast forms for your bra. Be careful with the stockings. There are some black gloves, put those on first so you don't snag the thin stockings. You are going to be my new Maid so that you can do the housework and serve guests, isn't that wonderful?" Sophie clapped her hands. "Now go and get dressed and come back here as quickly as you can so I can do your hair and make-up. Then I can finish dressing you as my Maid with your costume, which has a built in petticoat. Oh, and put on your black high heel sandals as well."

"Yes, Aunty," said Justine meekly.

"Mistress, I think," said Sophie slowly.

"Yes, Mistress," said the Maid.



Justine, or rather now The Maid, rushed to her bedroom and put on the gorgeous black lingerie. The knickers and bra had already been through the wash after the French knickers got drenched with cum on the first wearing on Saturday. The Maid had not worn breast forms before. They really filled the black lacy bra much better than the spare pairs of stockings and tissues she had used before.



It felt wonderful to open the packet of new white seamed stockings. The Maid remembered to put on the black gloves. She put them on really slowly and carefully, although it wasn't easy as the gloves were silky and slippery. She wasn't sure if she had got the seams straight as she attached them to her black suspender belt, perhaps Mistress could help her with that. They were just like the stockings she had seen her Mother wearing last week with seams. How she had wished she could have worn Mother's black seamed nylons, and now she was wearing her own pair, in white. There was huge tent in the Maid's black French knickers, perhaps Mistress could help with that as well. Finally, she stepped into the high heels and checked how she looked in the mirror. It looked and felt so sexy, just like Mother.

Justine walked into the living room, she was excited at wearing her new lingerie and stockings, but slightly nervous about being transformed into a Maid. She had not expected this and wasn't quite sure if she wanted to go this far.

"Now, come into my bedroom and sit on the stool so that I can brush out your hair and do your make up, said Mistress.

The Maid followed.

Fortunately, Justine had long hair, but it did need some washing and styling to turn Justine into the Maid with her hair up in a ponytail. It took about 40 minutes. Then it was onto the make-up.

Justine had not worn make-up in the past few

days as the nephew transformed into the niece but now as a Maid this was stepping up a gear. The Mistress worked her way through concealer and eye shadow, teaching the Maid what to do for the future. Finally, it was time for a red lipstick. The Mistress stood back and admired her handiwork. She was very pleased with the finished look.

"Oh my goodness, I look so femme now, thank you Mistress," said the Maid as she turned her head to look in the bedroom mirror at her hair and make-up. She had no doubts now, she felt super excited and turned on.

"Now for your uniform. Stand-up," said the Mistress.





The Maid got up from the stool as the Mistress opened the wardrobe door and took out the new French Maid uniform. The Maid's eyes open wide.

"Arms up," said Mistress as she dropped the uniform over the Maid. "Oh, Wonderful."

The Maid smoothed the dress down and felt somewhat exposed as the white petticoat barely covered her stocking tops.



“Now for some training,” said the Mistress, “lift your skirt and petticoat and do a curtsy.”

The Maid’s first effort wasn’t very good, so Mistress showed her. After a few goes she was getting better.



“Now, bend down and check the straps on the sandals.”

The Maid crouched down facing her Mistress and fiddled with the straps; the little pin was definitely in the hole of the leather strap.

Mistress felt a stirring in her own panties as she looked up the skirt of her new Maid.

“Open your legs a little more so I can see your panties better,” said the Mistress.

The Maid obliged, suddenly realising that this was a new game.



“Yes, very good. Now stand up straight,” said the Mistress as she slid her hand inside her red French knickers to massage the stiffening in there. The Maid was getting excited too but did not dare do anything about it.



“Now turn around and bend over from the waist to pick up something small from the floor,” said Mistress.

The Maid stood with her back to her Mistress and slowly bent over from the waist. The Mistress took in the sight of the gleaming white seamed stockings and the contrast of the black high heels. As she bent over further the Maid’s white petticoat slowly rose up to reveal the stocking tops and even the black French knickers.

“Oh My God, that is wonderful,” said Mistress as she spurted cum into her red knickers.



Just at that moment the doorbell rang.

Mistress recovered quickly. “What excellent timing. Go and let our guest in,” said Mistress as she dropped her red slip and her black skirt back down. “Then open the bottle of Prosecco in the fridge.”

“The Maid straightened up. “What guests,” she asked in a panicky voice?

“Just a friend.”

The blood had drained out of the Maid’s face.

“Don’t keep our guest waiting. Chop, chop. And don’t forget to curtsy when you open the door”

The Maid walked to the door of the flat to open the front door. The Maid remembered to curtsy as she slowly opened the door. Her eyes were still downcast on the floor when she suddenly heard, “**Oh My God**, is that you Justin?”

Suddenly the Maid looked up to see Mother standing at the door.

“Oh My God, Sophie has done a wonderful job,” said Mother looking up and down at her sissified son in his French maid uniform. “Don’t you look precious. Can I come in?”



The End

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