

# Bunny Trap

## PART ONE: THE TIPPING MOMENT

### 1.

She studies the fluffy white and chocolate coloured rabbit desperately tugging its paw from beneath the branch. Its eyes wide, full of fear, illuminated by the syrupy patches of sunlight dappled through the trees.

No matter how it shifts and tugs it fails in its effort to gain freedom. It must have, she reasons, dashed through the pile of leaves and just enmeshed its paw in a tangle of imprisoning twigs.

She stands alone on the edge of the woods. No one can come to its rescue. It is trapped and can only escape with her help. Brushing her hair from her face she reaches down to the branch, taking a careful hold of its thickest part, she tries an experimental gentle tug to the left, then to the right. The rabbit remains held firm, its huge blue eyes staring up at her in fear. The fur shakes as if it is vibrating.

Taking in its decorative long pink ears and ludicrously attractive but ineffectual ball of a tail she gently pulls the twig back towards her. The rabbit slips, scurries and despite itself is drawn close to her. She waits while it caught its breath. Suddenly it leaps up in a frantic attempt at a quick escape before falling on flat on its cute nose.

By pulling the branch an inch or two towards her she forces the scrambling helpless animal to be reluctantly drawn nearer.

It sits up shivering, she sees its heart thumping in its chest.

She releases the twig and stands up. The rabbit has surrendered. It simply waits for her next action.

She smiles then giggles. A tingle fires through her body. A tingle to electrify the skin, to prick the hairs up on the back of her neck. Her tongue stabs out touching her top lip, her breathing grows more rapid.

She would never remember how old she was when she experienced the thrill, but she never forgot it.

Over the years the same thrill tickled her nerves and tummy when she watched action films with men and women forever being tied up and left helpless by their captors.

How much better when they were scantily clad.

## 2

So she filtered her boyfriends carefully. She read about dominatrixes, so knew there was a man for her.

The search in a small town of small minds and narrow sexuality yielded little. A chubby teenager, who liked to be spanked but only when he wanted. Big deal.

She studied law and discovered good wine, good food and Justin. Justin was easy going handsome in a pretty small boned way, and actually initiated being bound by her.

They had only seen each other twice, had yet to have intercourse yet there he was asking her to bind his wrists together. Three months later she married him. She wasn't going to let him go.

For the first couple of years Justin would instigate 'the game' and she would comply to his demands never daring to admit to the heat of pleasure she felt. Surely that was as good as it was going to get.

But still the helpless bunny caught, held at her complete mercy, haunted

her thoughts. Total power over another. Total control.

A few times Justin found himself bound to the bed longer than originally requested and rather than capping the evening with sex it was flattened by his petulant shouting.

"I said fifteen minutes."

Which brings us to the tipping moment ...

### 3

She lay back in bed in her favourite sensual navy blue silk night dress knowing she was going to be satisfied this evening. Flicking through her Cosmopolitan she shrugs. "Sorry just forgot the time."

"Forgot the time," he rolls over tugging the duvet over his shoulders. "It was at least half an hour. Look at the marks on my wrists. Sometimes you tie too tight."

She reads the same sentence over and over, only she isn't reading.

When she fails to respond to his statement he adds, "and I said the cane is too harsh. You have to start off slowly with the cane. It's not like the slipper or your training shoe."

"Do I?"

He tuts. "I've got a good mind to stop playing the game."

Good, she thinks, but what she says is, "I'll make it up to you next time. What would you want to do next Friday?"

"Maybe there won't be a next time."

She smiles: 'as if'.

They lie in frozen icy silence.

"Anyway," he moans, "you won't even do the chastity business."

Sighing she drops the magazine on the floor and switches off the light.

"You know why. I don't get anything from it if you haven't got an erection."

"You're the big shot commercial lawyer. You should use your imagination!"

And she does.

She listens to him selfishly wanking himself into a handkerchief and uses her imagination.

4

The next day she asks Roberta her cute bimbo secretary for a client's folder before issuing instructions not to be disturbed.

Taking out a yellow pad she doodles thoughts and ideas.

Lunchtime she wanders alongside the canal to the sandwich bar her imagination turning into a solid step by step plan.

Bunny, she decides, is going to be put into a situation from which he cannot escape. Not ever. He thought it was a game, well maybe it had once been, but no longer. Her knickers had become so wet they were uncomfortable and she was forced to buy a new pack before returning to work.

Within a few days the yellow folder was half full of notes and squiggles and she had purchased six pairs of dry panties.

5

"Darling?"

Justin held his mobile phone to his ear as he ran his finger down the architect's drawing for the front of an office building. The window is still too high! Why did she always ring when he is busy? "Hi babe."

"About that little," she hesitates, "little game you wanted to play. You know the one I could never see any pleasure in for me."

He glances around at his two colleagues Mat and Tom busy over their computers. His mouth suddenly dry, "yes."

"Well let us give it a go, eh?"

"You sure?"

"I am sure. Can you get a device by Friday?"

"Well I ... yes dammit. I'll nip into the city this afternoon."

Hearing the urgency in his voice Matt glances up at him seeing his flushed features. "You ok Justin?"

He nods in his colleague's direction before turning away so his back to the office. "Sounds fun."

"It will be."

"So what changed your mind?"

Smiling she fingers her pad. "I've used my imagination darling. Like you said."

## 6

Having squashed it down to one sheet of A4 she prints out her to-do list and sweeps about the city shops to various reactions. The printer wrinkled his nose. "No one has asked for that before!"

The pimply lad in the computer shop said it was the easiest web design package he had and demonstrated some of the standard web pages supplied with it. "Just add your pictures here, the words here and then press this for the link."

The lady in the joke shop was a little more sniffy and suspicious. Lydia knew her good looks rattled some middle aged women and spent time getting round their antagonism. "If you wanted something more real," she whined, "you should try the army and navy store down the road."

Lydia did and got more than what she wanted at the army and navy store. "These are double locking cuffs," smirked the old boy. "You get them to the size you want and then your fella locks them. That way they don't spoil your pretty wrists." She pays the man with cash, "no danger of my pretty wrists being spoiled," she laughed.

The DIY superstore supplied just about all she needs, but it takes almost an hour to get everything together.

That evening she sits on the arm of Justin's armchair as he searches breathlessly through the site.

"These are the best maid's uniforms are they?" Lydia asks. "I don't want tacky nylon material."

Justin shrugs, "best I've come across."

"The sissy web shop." She giggles. "Seems appropriate."

"It is for our game," he adds smartly. "You know you like the man of the house to keep charge."

He grins up at her and she sweeps her fingers through his hair.

"Sometimes dear."

"They are pretty expensive mind."

"Oh look at that one," she squeals. "It is lockable. It says once it is on you can't take it off."

"I'm not sure I should trust you with that one. If I am to be the maid for an evening, and an evening only, I want to know it comes off at night. You know how you tie me up and forget."

"Just could be a bit of a laugh don't you think?"

Flushing red he takes in the gorgeous models outfits in their array of colours, from shocking pink though white to black all with flared skirts and flouncy aprons. "I suppose. Just don't forget like you've done in the past. Remember me tied to the bed last Friday?"

"How could I forget?" She kisses his cheek. "That's why I want this to be so special."

"Good. Uhm, er, what do you think of these sissy panties?" The word sissy catches in his throat.

"Delightful," she smiles. "And don't forget some foundation garments to give you curves. You can get that waspie corset if you like."

Crouching forward to hide his bursting erection Justin nods, "well if you like them babes."

"You are making the decisions darling. You're the man of the house."

"Exactly."

"Except for Friday night when I am the mistress of the house."

He swallows on hearing those words. 'Mistress of the House'. He mouths 'wow'. His head swirls as if he is struck with a bat. He mouths 'wow' again and manages to keep breathing.

## 7

Friday night has Justin standing before her in his old black slip and laddered stockings, his short hair incongruous with the slutty appearance. Through his panties and slip his protruding prick gives the game away. "As you can see babes I couldn't get that chastity device on."

She tugs up the basque around her waist feeling her stockings grow taut. "Mmm, I am not sure disobeying the mistress of the house should be a laughing matter."

He waves his hand around his erection. "Lets miss out on the game and get

straight down to the action shall we."

"Well it's a shame that the stuff you ordered won't be here until Monday," she pouts. "Still we have enough to go on with don't you think?"

"Oh babes I am bursting for you. I need you."

Her smile grows wider. "Good boy. I like it when you say things like that."

"So come on then babes."

"Babes?" She raises her eyebrows and crosses her stocking clad legs with a long tingling rasp, leaving one high heeled boot to rock up and down in space. "Don't you mean 'Mistress?'"

Feeling the collywobbles in his stomach Justin smiles. "Yes Mistress."

"So why don't you get dressed and ... you know?" She grinned raising her eyebrows.

In a flash he is gone.

Half hour later she finds him lying on his back on the bed, attired in his short black slip, black stockings with heavily detailed tops and his favourite high heels. A curly blond wig sits slightly askew on his head. The slip has pulled up sufficiently to show the panty's frills around the tops of his legs.

He crosses his ankles feeling slightly silly and self conscious as he usually does at the start of their game.

"Where's your box babes?" she asks.

"The other side of the wardrobe. Where's your box babe."

She forces a giggle at his joke as she crouches down and rummages through his assortment of toys. She finds the handcuffs and holds them up. "My box is for good boys only. Now shouldn't a good boy be wearing these?"

He stretches his arms up through the bars of the wrought iron bed head

absorbed by her feminine wiggle around the bed. Her stunning body in basque and stockings, is a vision from a men's video.

As she leans forward his mouth falls open at the sight of her soft round boobs squeezed at the top of the form fitting basque. She slides a cuff around each wrist and clicks them into position. She turns the key to double lock them, safely as the man at the army and navy store had advised.

Rising she surveys her husband, touching her finger to her lips. "Mmm babes you do look gorgeous, all helpless like that."

"I'm not sure I like the babes bit."

Crawling down the bed panther like in her in thigh length boots she shrugs. "No? Perhaps you should get used to it?"

She is over him now, her blond hair hanging around his head silhouetting the light from the subdued lamps.

His eyes close and his dick strains through the panties and slip. "Yes Mistress."

"Good boy."

She touches his dick beneath the satin listening to him groan softly. "Or perhaps I should say bad boy."

"Yes Mistress." His voice catches in his throat. His eyes close trapping him in seventh heaven.

"I mean you were told to lock on your new toy weren't you?"

"Yes Mistress. Sorry Mistress. It just would not go on over my big cock."

"Humph. Big cock? Oh I see what you mean. Its bigger than usual."

The eyes half open as he grins showing his teeth, "you know you like my big cock inside you."

She sits up next to him still gently stroking his stiff member with her finger

tips. It shivers appropriately at her touch.

"You know babes I was reading in my magazine, now where is it ..."

She reaches down beside the bed. With a grunt she hauls it up and sits next to him so he can smell her sweet perfume. He stretches his head up to rub his cheek over her prickly basque.

"Now where is it?" She folds the magazine over so he can't see the issue is from the previous summer, he needs to think she has only just discovered it. "Ha here it is. Oh you are right about one thing."

He grins, "what Mistress?"

"It says here how a woman needs a big cock to satisfy her. Look." She holds open the magazine with its tasteful drawings and the headline: 'a woman needs a big man'. She rests the article over her lap. "Apparently a man needs a big one in order to satisfy a woman. Small ones just don't do it."

"Then it's a good thing we are well blessed with my huge cock isn't it."

Letting her head loll to one side she stares uncertainly at the tent pole. "I suppose so," she mutters.

Narrowing his eyes he studies her face. "You suppose so?" he forces a dry laugh and tugs at the metal of the cuffs.

"Oh nothing, never mind."

The idea is a black cloud over him. "No, you say it." He bounces his hips up and down. "Come one babe, climb aboard."

"A man demonstrates his masculinity," she reads to him, "by his ability to control himself in not cumming and thus controlling his woman and ultimately making her his."

"That's about it."

She laughs. "You don't look much in control right now babes."

"It's a game. Come on, come and get what you want."

A mischievous smile. "Maybe I have what I want."

He laughs. "Oh babes I want you so much." He bounces his hips shagging an invisible presence.

She continues reading, feeling herself soften and sopping in her knickers. Suddenly she giggles.

"What is it babes?"

"Oh nothing. Don't worry about it."

"Worry about what? Come on what's so funny?"

"It says here you can work out a man's size ratio." Again she flourishes the magazine so he can see the section tabling lengths of men's penises.

"Ha, forget about it. Lets have some action with a real cock. Game is over."

He reaches his thumb and index finger for the safety release of the cuffs before she immobilises him by kissing the top of his dick through the damp satin.

"Oooh, don't stop."

His precum has soaked through his panties and slip darkening the black material like a misshapen sea over the rigid member.

"Ok don't move."

In a flash she is off the bed and racing from the bedroom. He fumbles blindly for the safety catch near the lock ready to release himself. But what the hell, when she is in a playful mood like this he can have orgasms like no other. Let her tease him for a while longer.

She returns with the lap top and bounces onto the bed sitting tight up against him. It whirrs in to life.

"What are you playing at Mistress?"

"You'll see, you'll see. The wireless internet will work up here won't it?"

"Sure. Now I am intrigued."

"One of the bimbos in the contracts department found it. Its so funny."

He struggles up painfully until his head is at an awkward angle. "This I gotta see."

The windows melody tinkles away whilst she enters the name of a web site. He can't quite see what she is typing but soon glimpses a web page with a lean muscular black man standing naked and erect, his hands on his hips. His eyes widen. "Now that is a cock!" he whistles.

"Apparently men's cocks sizes range from really tiny to, well, like his. You know it's a bit racial as well."

"Eh?"

"Well white men are much bigger than the Japanese and Asians."

"Good." He grins.

"But smaller than a black man's."

"Oh?" he purses his lips. "So all black men are bigger than all white men."

"No silly. Just on average. Now a small man is under five and a quarter inches. An 'under average man' is five and a half to six an a half and 'an average man' is six and a half to seven. Bigger than that and it's large."

"I thought the average was six inches."

"Apparently that's what white men tell each other."

"Hey come on babe I'll get a complex here."

"But didn't you say both Matt and Tom have really big ones?"

He grimaces. "I don't know, so they say." He snorts with derision. "Matt reckons his is over seven and a half or some shit."

"Explains why he has so many girl friends. And Tom. They are both players with ladies aren't they?"

"So maybe I should be? Is that what you want?"

"Oh don't get so crabby. It's only a bit of fun. Oh look, you don't look so pleased with yourself now."

Lifting his head he sees how his dick has diminished leaving him feeling wet and sloppy in his knickers.

"Just a sec!" She's off the bed again pulling open the top drawer of her cupboard.

"Look," he scowls twisting in his bonds, "are we going to see some action here or not."

She races back with bouncing boobs, a huge grin and a tailor's tape measure. She kneels astride him. "Let's find out shall we!"

He rubs his cheek on his arm. "What's the point? He's big enough for you isn't he?"

He waits for her answer as a shiver of concern passes through his mind.

"Come on. You might be a real big boy like your colleagues." She raises his slip and pulls down the damp old knickers to reveal his half soft member.

"It's a shame it will be a few more days before your new maid's stuff arrives. How old are these panties?"

"Look I've lost the moment. Lets forget the game and ..."

She collapses next to him her huge blue eyes staring deeply in to his.

"Come on babe, let's see shall we? Are you a big man, who controls his women or ..."

His fingers reach around the cuffs, feeling for the release catch. "No I've had enough. I don't like this." The catch lies near the lock and sometimes, because he is fingering blindly for it, it takes a moment to locate. He runs his forefinger around the smooth circumference of the cuffs. He frowns.

A moment of panic he twists around to look up through the bars of the head board. "Where the hell is it?"

She shifts back so her back is against the headboard and measures how far away his feet are in case he tries to kick her.

"Babes release the catch on these will you?"

She thinks of the rabbit in the speckled sunlit earth from all those years ago. "The catch babes?"

He has twisted uncomfortably onto his stockinged knees so he can press his face against the bars. The cuffs are strangely shiny and strangely hefty. Heavier than he expects.

Her tongue falls dry so she moistens it on her lips and waits.

He tugs hard at the cuffs. "Babes I can't see the catch. Will you sort it out?"

For a long moment he studies the unfamiliar metal bracelets with their short chain. The key hole has a cover over it. This shakes him. He doesn't remember them having a flap to pull down over the holes. He realises she hasn't moved. There is anger in his eyes as he turns to face her. He is on his stockinged knees wearing panties wearing only a slip over his upper body. The strap falls down over his shoulder tickling his skin. He feels foolish. "Babes. Come on. I said sort it out will you."

She is wearing a weird expression. Her face is still, her pink tongue tickling the top lip, her eyes staring, waiting for something.

He feels weird, suddenly unsettled. "Babes?"

"Shouldn't it be Mistress?"

His arms relax, he hadn't realised how tense he had become. "Yes of course. Sorry Mistress. Will you please release your slave?"

Her expression remains fixed, her eyes locked on him, a scientist studying her experiment.

He smiles. "Pretty, pretty please."

"Mistress," she whispers.

His eyes lose the merriment. "Ok. Pretty, pretty please Mistress. Now fucking get me out of this."

A hint of a smile before she wheels herself off the bed and stands and stretches. "I'll bloody do it myself."

He kneels up to the bars twisting his wrists around. Suddenly he stops. He is staring hard at the handcuffs though the bars of the bed. "What the hell is going on?" he tugs aggressively shaking the entire bed. "Lydia!" he glances up, sweat shining on his forehead, his mouth open. "Eh?"

>From her long elegant pink nailed hand he sees and recognizes the familiar toy metal cuffs. How can she have them in her hands when he is handcuffed to the bed?

"Babes?"

She raises an eyebrow. "Mistress?" She prompts.

"What the hell is going on?"

She flicks the toy cuffs on to the bed next to his bare arm and wiggles languidly towards the door. "I don't want to hear you swearing ever again. Clear? But I do think you should address me as Mistress. I'll be back in thirty minutes when you have had a chance to think it over."

As she closes the door she hears: "Mistress? Babes? Fucking hell."

She has to rest her arms on the banister to get a grip. Her head is swirling as if she is drunk. It takes all her concentration to walk >from the bedroom to the stairs, not to hurry, not to look back at her trapped victim.

Feeling the dampness in her groin she exhales slowly. "Oh, my, my, my," she mutters.

Time passes agonisingly slowly for both of them.

She sipping at a long cool drink, lying on the sofa with the tv aimlessly

playing, and he trapped on the bed in his stockings and slip.

His anger dissipates within the first ten minutes. He didn't want to humiliate himself further by shouting and begging so he tries to find a rational take on the situation. Obviously she has enjoyed their games so much she wanted to ratchet them up a further notch. And why not? Great. Let's go for it.

Of course it would have been better if she had discussed it with him so he could have told her how best to do it. The old scratched toy cuffs lay on the pillow near his head. He can see the tell tale little safety release arms and the exposed key holes. The cuffs in which he is trapped are heavier and more sturdy.

He finds a lying position half way comfortable though his arms still ache from being fixed above his head. He could lie on his side, with his stockinged legs on top of each other. Of course his panties are still pulled down and he leaves snail trails of precum between the quilt and his half erect member.

He had always fantasised about being truly helpless so here lay the opportunity to live the dream.

She makes him wait longer. Without being able to see a clock she knows he is helpless. She could return after fifteen minutes and tell him the half hour is up. She chooses the opposite. She wants to make it a whole agonizing hour for him. A full sixty minutes of him working out when she will reappear but the temptation to revisit her prey is too great. She returns after only forty five minutes. "Learnt anything yet ... babes?"

His slip has pulled right up, the knickers are still tangled about his thighs. There is a glow of hot flushed cheeks highlighted by a sheen of sweat.

He swallows, "yes Mistress."

She prowls the room keeping her eyes from his. "And what might that be babes?"

"I, er, must not swear. I must call you Mistress."

"Mmm." She stops. "Anything else?"

He flaps his elbows. "Er, is there anything Mistress might suggest?"

"Reverence?"

"Oh yes Mistress and that too."

She smiles, crawling up the bed towards him. "It will come. So much to learn and so much time for the pupil to study."

His penis hardens as she closes on him and she tickles it gently with her finger nail. It responds urgently as if being inflated by a hand pump before standing rock hard. Precum dribbles over her finger.

Giggling she studies it. "At least he knows his place."

"Yes Mistress."

"Now then," she reaches for the tape measure and places it on the magazine.

Crouching over him she studies the lap top page with the huge cocked black man. She selects an icon and clicks. The page changes to tables of numbers and various pictures of over-sized cocks. She taps her damp finger on the keyboard. "The penis size calculations."

"Look, Mistress," he rolls his eyes, making them as big as he can, "I am not comfortable with this."

"Don't be silly. All we do is measure the length then multiply it by the girth."

He swallows. "Girth? I thought we were talking length?"

"Well the woman's most sensitive part is at the mouth of the vagina, that's why girth is so important. So, as an example an average man with his six and half inch length and his girth is six inches..."

"Six inches for the girth!"

She calmly reaches up and places her hand beneath his slip and bra. She finds the nipple and twists, one way then the other. He squeals and she ignores him as if her reading matter is more important.

"Jesus!" his teeth clench. The pain is short and intense.

She then fumbles for the other nipple and gives it the same treatment. First one way then the other.

"Yeow! Please Mistress. Please. Yeow!"

"You won't forget that important word Mistress whenever you speak to me will you?"

He blows relief through his pursed lips as her hand retracts. "No Mistress."

She locks eyes. "Never forget."

"No Mistress."

"Not ever."

His tongue touches the back of his teeth. His nipples are throbbing sore. Never forget? He smiles. "What about Monday Mistress when the game is over?"

The eyes stay locked until he glances away whispering, "yes Mistress."

"As I say you have a lot to learn."

"So your average man with his six and a half by six inches equals, uhm," she pretends to think through the calculation. In reality she has rehearsed it many times. "Thirty nine inches. There that sounds impressive. Gosh a real man with seven and half inches of length and seven and a half inches girth is fifty two and a half inches. Wow. There's something to brag about. Didn't you say Matt's is over seven inches?"

"I can't remember Mistress."

She giggles, "now don't sulk babes. This is fact finding. Lets get him nice

and hard. You are always telling me how big he is."

For a moment his cock retracts and softens, but as she gently plays with it, it comes to life.

Lifting up the tape measure she crawls closer on her knees. "Now for the big moment."

"Oh wank me off please Mistress. I am so, so in need."

"Pay attention babes." She needs his eyes open. She hasn't gone to all this trouble not to have the audience to experience the show.

He raises his head, his neck muscles straining.

The yellow paper tape measure is pinned to the base of his dick in the forest of wiry hairs. He scrutinizes it carefully ensuring she isn't cheating. He knows his wife can have a mischievous sense of fun. She delicately uncoils the tape measure until it is standing flat against his straining, dribbling cock.

His mouth falls open. It can't be!

She kneels up, her boobs pushing out of her basque. "That's funny." She shakes her head. "Let's try again. Maybe he is not fully erect." She plays hard with his cock until it is shaking solid.

Once again the tape measure is unwound. This time he requires no instruction from her. His head is straining to ensure he is measured properly. The tape is untwisted until once again the measure is standing next to the top of his cock. "Four and a half inches. Oh!"

"It can't be," he splutters, "there's something wrong."

"Look for yourself." She pulls her boobs back offering him a better view. As she takes in the shock and fear in his face her knickers grow sodden between her legs. How she would love to take that hard cock inside herself right now and ride it to orgasm. "Just under four and a half inches. Lets call it four and a half."

"But it can't be, it can't be!"

She swops hands with the tape measure, enabling her right hand to reach around his chest and tweak each of his already sore nipples. They already feel hot from their previous torture. He squeals loudly, struggling ineffectively to try to prevent her hurting them.

"It's a shock for me too babes, but at least I haven't forgotten my manners."

"Please Mistress, yeow! Stop it please, please."

His face is fire engine red and his eyes are damp.

"Have you ever measured it before?"

"No Mistress." He gasps for breath as she leaves his tender breast. "Why should I?"

"Did all your girl friends have orgasms when you were inside them?"

"Sometimes, maybe. I don't know. Girls like to be fingered afterwards Mistress. Don't they?" His eyes are wide and urgent.

"I suppose so. If they haven't been satisfied with you inside them."

"But you have come when we had sex. Haven't you? Mistress? Mistress? You come don't you?"

She finds a play acting sympathetic smile. "Of course dear. And if not I can always play with myself afterwards like your other girl friends."

"Eh? Do you?"

"Noooo! Of course not. Well, maybe, sometimes, you know. Now then babes let's check the girth."

He lies back his mind a jumble of cotton wool. He feels the tape measure wrapping around his cock as his troubled memory runs over his conquests. Did they truly come? He knew some didn't. He knew he had more one night stands than long term relationships. They certainly didn't ring his

mobile the way Mat and Tom's girls were forever chasing them.

"I hope you are checking this with me."

"Yes Mistress." He hauls up his head fearing the worst. The tape links up at two and three quarter inches. "Oh God!"

"Mmm. It is a bit disappointing isn't it? I mean surprising. Not disappointing." She has deliberately measured beneath the bulbous head to catch the narrowest part. "Still two and three quarters times four and a half, is uhm." Again she pretends to do the maths for a calculation she has rehearsed in her mind many times over the last few days. "Is twelve inches. Not too bad. Dear," she commiserates. "I mean an average man with his six and half inches time six is 39 inches. Oh no! That makes you only a third the size of an average man. Gosh!"

Putting her long fingers to her mouth she has a quick glance of her gobsmacked husband lying helplessly secured to the bed rail as his world collapses along with his erection.

"Oh and just think if Matt and Tom are on the large size, say seven and half inches by seven, gosh you are only a quarter their size. Oh babes don't worry." She lies next to him pecking at his cheeks. "There's plenty of men with little willies. Let us take a look at the web site."

She presses the button marked graph at the bottom of the screen suddenly noticing that she has miss-spelt 'graph' without the 'h'. Fortunately Justin is in another world and isn't watching the screen as it flashes up bar graphs and statistics. "Ah now then, four and half inches, here we are. Oh less than 1.5% of the population."

He works his dry mouth, croaking, "1.5%! I don't like this Lydia. Please let me out."

Without glancing down she pushes her palm blindly beneath his slip and tweaks the nipple until he squeals like a pig. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

"Mistress! Mistress!"

"Good boy. I'll just do the other one to make sure they feel the same."

"Yeeow! Mistress. Please Mistress stop." Now his entire chest thumps and throbs.

"This is interesting. According to some research a man's willy can be so small it is to all intents and purposes nothing more than a clitoris. In fact look at this ..."

He rolls his head sideways to stare blankly at the screen. Rather than male appendages it now shows diagrams of a woman's vagina.

"A clitoris can be very long, over seven inches." She giggles. "Many are over five inches. Yuck."

She leans back on her knees looking thoughtfully down at the shiny wet, half erect penis. "That's interesting your willy is no bigger than many women's clitoris. Isn't that weird."

"Mistress. I don't like this game."

"Oh don't be silly. Its only between you and me, isn't it?"

"Yes Mistress."

She clambers back to the drawer and buries the tape measure deep beneath her underwear. The last thing she wants is him finding it and discovering it is a manufactured tape with inches created 50% larger than they should be. The printing shop had never had an order like it.

"Oh stop looking so sad. It doesn't matter does it?"

She crawls back down the bed to lie tight up against him, one hand working his limp member whilst she whispers in his ear. "Just think of your favourite panties babes." He closes his eyes and tries a smile. Instantly he is firmer to the touch. "Lots of frills yes?" He nods. "Tight across the front, nice and flat with delicate rounded sweet bumps."

"Yes Mistress."

"That's it. Because now we know you fit them perfectly with your little clitty." It jumps up to full attention, wet and slippery in her palm. "Perhaps nature designed you to wear knickers. Don't you think?"

"Yes Mistress."

"This isn't a game is it?"

"No Mistress. Oh please ..." he moans.

"You are just like a little girl ready to experience her first orgasm at the hands of her partner. Aren't you?"

"Oh yes Mistress. Yes."

The hips undulate.

"Only panties for you from now on, yes?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Pretty, pretty girly panties to cover your little clitty."

"Make me come. Please!"

She stops her movements and waits. Will he remember?

"Er, Mistress. Please Mistress make me come."

"Tell me what you will wear from now on?"

"Panties Mistress."

"Anything else like boxers or Y fronts?"

"No Mistress just panties."

"And what will they cover?"

"Oh please," his head rolls from side to side lost in a mystical rhythm, "my clitoris. My little clitoris."

With an expert tight shake she forces him to come in a spouting flourish.

"Perform for your Mistress, that's it perform. All of it. Good babes."

9

She washes her hands in the bathroom studying her flushed face. Meticulous planning has paid off so far but she knows she must take the next step quickly.

"Lydia! Lydia! Please release me."

He is still on the bed. A dishevelled slut, his limp shiny member shrivelled up above his knickers.

Without a word or even regarding him she strides up to the bed head and sits next to him, feeling the bed give beneath her. He raises his hands to bring the cuffs closer to her but stares in shock as her free hand darts beneath the slip.

"Ooooo! Oh no not now! Ow!" His entire body contorts. "Please you know I don't like this game after I've cum! Ooooooh. Please. Oh all right. Mistress please stop."

She immediately moves her hand to the other hot nipple. "And lets make sure they get equal treatment. I must be fair."

He bucks on the bed. "Please Mistress. You now I don't like this sort of thing after I have cum! Yeow."

"Now then. Have I come?"

"Er... well... no... Mistress."

"Indeed. So all you think about are your little needs." She wiggles her little finger at him making him blush and twist away. "Well all this came about because you didn't put on the chastity belt. And you know you said you would. All because your little clitty was misbehaving."

"Please Mistress, I don't like this game now. Don't call it that."

She flicks her finger at his dick making him gasp in pain. "Well let's see."

She disappears from the room for a few moments and when she returns Justin takes one look at her and struggles fiercely with the handcuffs. "No please Mistress. No."

The camera flashes away. Justin rolls this way and that but always revealing either his backside or shrunken willy. With a mighty effort he rolls over onto his tummy to hide his face.

She reaches down for her slipper and slaps quickly at his bottom. "Turn over babes please."

"No Mistress. Please. Put the camera away."

His snivelling angers her making he stronger, more determined.

Slap, slap. Gentle flicks that bring up rose coloured patches on his bared bottom. Gradually she strikes harder and harder. At first he wheezes on impact but now he is squealing.

"Turn over babes. When ever you are ready babes."

"Stop, ouch, please, ow. No Mistress, please. Oh!"

Inevitable the pain becomes too intense and he twists around in the handcuffs looking helplessly up at her whilst she clicks away. "Smile babes."

His cock shrivels away to nothing as she continues to click. An electronic ping. "Oh, all full. Such a shame."

"Look Mistress I am not sure about this ... please release me."

"One moment babes." She plugs the camera's memory chip into the laptop.

"Oooh look I can do the technological stuff. There they are. Oh don't you look slutty. You definitely need to acquire a whole new wardrobe. Now then: 'press copy'. Good. 'Load up to web page' ..."

"Web page!"

She sits on the bed crossing her stockinged legs whilst her fingers reach behind for the object of torment. He is already writhing and wriggling, manoeuvring his nipples as far as he can from her. But with his hands handcuffed through the bars he cannot escape her torture.

"Ow, Mistress, Mistress. Please. Yeow. Not the other please ... ooooooh."

"Now if you'd like to keep quiet and I need to be very careful about this. There. Right take a look babes."

A flushed panting Justin peers past his wife's gorgeous crossed legs at a website called 'Justin Palmer's Pix'.

"What is that Mistress?"

"Oh don't panic. You're behaving like a little girl. All the pictures are hidden. It is really very clever. No one, who visits the site can gain access without my password. Oh dear, you don't look very reassured."

"Mistress you must understand that there are people, who can break these passwords!"

She strokes his sweaty hair. "Don't panic babes. No one will see you in your torn stockings and droopy knickers." Her smile becomes fixed. "So long as I maintain the password. Of course if you displease me, then," she sighs and shakes her blond head, "then perhaps I won't be inclined to maintain password entry. Do you think this thought might help improve your manners?"

He swallows.

She swings around on the bed. "I trust all is clear."

He takes in the website with the blue background and its flashing pink question mark. "Yes Mistress."

"Good. So here is what will happen now. I will release the handcuffs." She giggles at his relief. "I thought you'd like that. Then you go and shower and use the hair removal cream on top of the bathroom cabinet ... shhhh!" She

places a finger hard over his mouth as he starts to protest. "I will inspect you when you return. Then you will try on the new chastity belt and show it to me."

"But Mistress this is going a bit far. How do I explain not having any body hair?"

She feigns anger by narrowing her eyes. "Oh? And which little slut is going to see your naked body? Something you haven't told me darling?"

Arching away he blurts out, "no Mistress."

"So is a man going to see you looking all smooth and sweet?"

"No! Of course not Mistress."

"Then no problem is it?"

"Well ... I ... I do like this game Mistress. It is exciting but ..."

"I thought you would babes. So," she unlocks the cuffs hearing them ratchet away from his wrists, "off you go. Oh by the way, I have laid out a nightie and panties for you to wear tonight. They are in the guest bedroom." She wrinkles her nose and smiles good-naturedly, "a lot better than these horrible smelly threads you have hung onto since I met you."

He rises from the bed rubbing at his wrists, flexing his aching shoulders but remains stationary near the bed. "But Mistress ..."

"Oh babes you will be surprised at how fast I can turn off the password protection and I do want to be able to say what a good sissy you have been."

His jaw hangs down as he takes in the laptop. "I ..."

"Oh is my little girl being brave? Shall I turn off the password protection? We will watch together to see how long it takes someone to see the pictures. I hear it takes the search engines a couple of hours to pick up a website. Anyone searching for you might not find them right now. But in a couple of hours, well, best not to think about it eh?"

He nods slowly as if in a trance. "No Mistress no."

10

The scolding heat burns away the pungent odour of the hair removal cream. The hot shower stabs at his already sore nipples yet, as painful as it is, he edges his chest closer to the needle sharp water to enhance the ache.

The panties and nightie are a pale transparent pink with delicate white frilly white edging. It is slippery to the touch he brushes it against his now smooth cheeks and feels a tingle throughout his body. He recognises it as the Christmas present she had opened only a few months earlier with a look of knowing disappointment.

"Honestly darling," she had sighed, "we all know who really wants to wear frillies like this."

Pulling the knickers up his smooth hot legs and then squeezing in to the luxurious silky top leaves him with head spinning wonderment. He closes his eyes, girls are so lucky! The baby doll nightie floats around his hips just about hiding his knickers - so long as he doesn't move. Even the slightest shiver sends the material wafting upwards revealing the dainty panties. Posing before the mirror, he smiles. Lydia could be frightening at times but she certainly floated his boat.

Taking the chastity cage from the small white cardboard box he sets about assembling it around his dick. A cold hinged metal circle links behind his penis and balls resting flat up against his groin. The short curved cage slips smoothly over his willy until its eyelet meets a matching hole on the hinged circle.

He uses one of the two tiny locks supplied to link them together, pausing because his heart is thumping so hard it is resonating in his head. It is a long breath held moment before he clunks the lock home.

He unhooks one of the three keys and eyes the guest bedroom for a hiding place, somewhere Lydia would never find.

She might go through the drawers, his clothes, the wardrobe ... where could he hide this important key? Then the idea hit him.

He pulls a piece of Blue Tack from behind a Monet poster on the wall. Rubbing it until it is good and soft he uses it to stick the key beneath the wardrobe just behind the small flange that hides the corner leg.

She'll never find that. He places the two remaining keys on the bookcase near the bed before wandering into the main bedroom. His willy expands to fill the cage.

Lydia immediately drops her magazine to giggle. "Give us a spin babes. Lets have a good look at you."

With flushing cheeks he complies.

"And what do we say when issued with an instruction?"

"Yes Mistress."

"And can you remember what happens to naughty stupid girls who forget."

His hands rise up to touch his chest through the soft material.

"I see you do," she smirks.

It is a relief for Justin to see her so relaxed. "If you reach under the bed

you will find my crop."

"Please Mistress!"

"What?" Her voice level, not raised, as if she has merely misunderstood him.

"You know I don't like the crop. You always beat me too hard. We agreed ..."

She waves a hand in the air. "Just the crop girl or it will be the worse for you."

He pulls out the long cane with the splintered end. "Please Mistress, I have told you that if you hit me softer you can beat me for longer and then build up to ..."

Snatching the cane from him, she snaps her wrist making it whistle through the air.

He finds himself cowering on his knees before her, his body is trying to shrink away to nothing.

"Now then babes, what do you think I will do if I want advice from you?"

He swallows, his eyes fixed on the carpet.

"No idea? All right, then I will tell you. When I want advice from you, I will need to have my head examined. Is that clear enough?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good. See you aren't always so simple minded. Sometimes you can be a notch above bimbo. You understood that in one go."

"Yes Mistress."

"Now then let's have you on your knees draped over the foot of the bed where you can get a nice clear view of yourself in the full length mirrors."

Taking as much time as he can to arrange himself in the required position he observes his reflection. The slip has already pulled up over the flimsy

knickers. His backside is vulnerably higher than his head. He grits his teeth. She always went too far with the cane, that was why he had put a stop to that part of the game.

Rising to stand behind him she taps the rod intimidatingly against the skimpy panties. He groans. The cane stings beyond endurance. He is sure he could take the cane if only she used it slowly and built up the power of the strokes.

"Now babes if I could be assured you will never ever forget to call me by my title I could be lenient."

"Please Mistress I promise I will never ever forget again."

"I know babes. And I know you promise me that from the bottom of your heart, but babes how many times tonight have you made the same promise?"

"This is different Mistress," he clutches at the quilt squeezing it into his fists.

"Well I want you to think of me as a kind benevolent Mistress," she taps his bottom firmly, "and you do think that, don't you?"

"Oh yes Mistress. No mistress has ever been kinder or more benevolent."

"No. Nor more understanding of how a bimbo thinks. Isn't that right?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Because you are a bimbo aren't you?"

"Oh yes Mistress."

She leans next to him stroking his hot cheek with the outside of her fingers. "It's just that sometimes you deny it, don't you?"

"Oh no Mistress."

"No?"

"But you keep thinking this is a game, don't you?"

Silence.

She puts her lips to his ear and whispers. "I bet you don't think you are a silly airhead in the office do you?"

He swallows. "Please Mistress we agreed to keep the real world divided from the game."

"A game," she muses. "Mmmm. So you are only pretending to be a bimbo? Is that right?"

"I er, er, no Mistress. I am a bimbo honestly."

"Oh? And does Matt your colleague know this?"

"Eh?"

"I want to hear you tell your colleague you are a bimbo." She rises as he twists his head around, his eyes huge and wide.

Collecting a cordless phone she chucks it onto the bed beside him.

"Mistress?"

"Now I shall leave you to find the reason why, but I want you to phone him and tell him you are a bimbo."

"Please Mistress," his eyes moisten, "I can't do that."

"Dial the number now and show me how clever you can really be."

"Please Mistress. No. Anything. I'll do anything else."

She experiments with the cane in the air. "If you don't then I will have to beat you twenty times ..."

"Twenty Mistress?"

"Perhaps more for interrupting."

"Sorry Mistress."

"If I hear you tell him what a bimbo you are then we'll call it quits. I'll know you appreciate your shortcomings." She giggles, wiggling her little finger at him. "Get it babe? Your short comings? Or have you forgotten about your ..." she nods down to his groin, "your shortcomings."

"No Mistress." Why is this so exciting? She is humiliating him about the size of his cock and he feels on fire. His cock swells, feeling the restricting bars of the chastity belt and his breathing is short. He has to think. He is bound to think of some way to make it sound like a joke. Yes that is it.

He taps out Matt's mobile hesitating over the final number his heart thumping as if a boxer is punching his rib cage. His mouth is dry. The final number pressed. An eternity of silence but just as he feels relief he hears the ringing tone.

Lydia settles on the bed next to him, her jaw hanging open. This is bliss. He is so much under her control it is untrue. She cannot believe he is doing this.

And it rings, and it rings, and it rings. Thank God! Justin closes his eyes. Saved. But then a crackle.

"Yeh?" It is unmistakably Matt's harsh tones. "Hello? Who is this?"

"Speaker phone babes!"

He presses the green speaker icon and the question is repeated loudly, echoing in the bedroom. "Who is this?"

She whispers into his ear away from the phone mouthpiece. "A man is asking you a question babes. Speak."

He pushes his finger over the mic and in a low voice mouths, "yes Mistress." He brings the phone to his mouth. "Hi man it's me."

"Who's me?"

Lydia giggles and leans closer to the phone.

"Me," he croaks, "Justin."

"Oh yeh. You sound weird. You all right?"

His brain is whirling. He needed to think this out before he phoned. "Yeh, a bit groggy. Drank a bit too much."

"Anyway I am a bit busy here. You know old Dave from the Blue firm down the road?"

"Yeh, yeh."

"Well I've got his missus back to my place and she's sorting out some drinks for us. I am going to fuck her good and hard. Show her what a real man's cock can do."

Lydia giggles behind her hand and Justin feels his own willy shrink in shame. "Right, good."

"Talking of which how's that gorgeous wife of yours?"

"Fine Matt. She's great."

"Yeh well, if you ever get sick of screwing, her just give me a call."

Justin coughs, "yes of course yes. Listen about Monday. I won't be in. Something's come up ... er I meant to tell you Friday, but you know. I was being a bit of a ..."

The earth rotates slowly. He closes his eyes so tightly his forehead hurts.

"... a bit of a bimbo. Sorry."

"A bit of a what? Hey Justin. A bimbo." Loud laughter.

Tears sting his eyes. "Well you know what I mean."

"Oh sure. I've heard it all now. Justin with the brain of a bimbo."

"Yeh, so I'll see you Tuesday. Cheers."

He turns off the phone cutting out the grating laughter before staring moist eyed up at his wife. Even as a joke he is humiliated. He knows Matt

isn't going to forget it in a hurry. He knows the ribbing and piss taking he will now have to endure.

"There you are babes. I'm pleased he knows. Its only fair isn't it?"

"Yes Mistress."

"So what's this about wanting to, er, have me?"

"You know what he's like Mistress."

"Men eh?" She clucks her tongue.

He looks down at the floor.

"I mean all men are like that aren't they."

"Yes Mistress."

"So what would a man do if his colleague says he wants to fuck his wife?"

"I don't know Mistress."

"Well you know what men are like don't you?"

"Y- y- y- yes Mistress."

"Exactly, a man would thump him. Wouldn't he? That's what a real man would do. So what did you do?"

"I, er, nothing Mistress."

"Well, we girls do things differently don't we?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Well I am glad that's settled. Lie down on the bed. There is clearly no need to beat that arse of you because you truly do know what you are. Which is what babes?"

He clambers up onto the bed, "a bimbo Mistress."

"Exactly. And at least your colleague knows that, now doesn't he?"

"Yes Mistress."

"On your back. There's a scarf of mine on the pillow. Tie it a round your eyes whilst I inspect this new chastity belt. You have put it on properly, haven't you babes?"

He lifts up the pastel coloured scarf. "Oh yes Mistress. I can't get out without the key." He ties the scarf around his head, blackening out the scene. Somehow he feels more at ease in the darkness. Safe.

"So where are the keys babes?"

"In the guest room on the book case Mistress."

"Now you lie there like a good girl and I will fetch them."

A moment later he hears her returning, jingling the keys. He thinks about the one single key secured beneath the closet.

"Pull down your panties for me and spread your legs a little. Good girl."

The knickers are pulled wide and taut across his thighs revealing the little cage holding its stiff prisoner.

He hears a clink and feels her fingers around his groin. The cage pressure is relieved. She has unlocked him! Obviously checking the keys! He has pulled a fast one on her. She obviously thought he would give her the wrong key so he could escape.

"Good, it is a real lock. I just needed to check. You understand babes."

"Oh yes Mistress." He finds himself smiling. The third key is safely hidden!

"I mean just think of how you made a fool of yourself thinking I had used the trick handcuffs earlier."

"Yes Mistress."

"What a bimbo. Not realising how I will always have the upper hand." She tuts.

A clunk and he feels the cage tighten into position over his penis.

"Oooh."

"Good. So that's sorted."

He pushes his hands blindly down to feel the locked cage testing the weight of the lock in his fingers.

His wrists are grabbed in a tight painful squeeze and he feels the cuffs lock loosely about them. The ratchet clicks, the lock tumbler clunks.

"Blindfold off babe."

He raises his manacled hands in unison to release the loose knot behind his head.

"Good boy. Right back to the spare bedroom."

"Mistress I cannot sleep in these," he rattles the small chain between his wrists.

Pushing her two hands simultaneously between his secured arms she can reach beneath his slip and twist both nipples at once. As he howls she quietly speaks to him, "please don't complain babes. You might upset me."

"Yes Mistress!"

"Now follow me."

He clammers awkwardly off the bed wiping his moist eyes on his shoulders.

In the spare bedroom he sees her make straight for the wardrobe. Shit, does she know about his hiding place for the key?

To his relief she simply opens the door. His relief slides away as she carries out a child's potty in the shape of a hunched up rabbit. She places it on the floor next to a loo roll. "There. Its half past eight. Time for bed. I don't expect to see you or hear from you until you bring me toast and coffee in bed at seven thirty exactly."

His eyes are locked on the potty, "Mistress I can't ..."

"I did say I didn't want to hear from you until tomorrow morning didn't

I?"

His shoulders sag. "Yes Mistress."

"And I said seven thirty. That's not seven twenty nine nor is it seven thirty one. You will not leave this room for anything. If you need to use the loo then sit on the child's potty. Sleep well babes."

As soon as she closes the door behind her he creeps barefooted across the bedroom and listens. He hears her clip clopping downstairs before a door closes. A moment later the tv comes to life: an action film.

His hands reach for the handle but pause in mid air. He thinks about the cane. He thinks about the photos on the web page. He thinks about her threats. Well he did always ask her for a more exciting game and this was certainly moving to new heights. He is actually feeling true fear, the physical sensation of a metallic taste in the mouth and a quivering in his tummy. Slightly nauseous, yet excited.

Glancing at himself in the mirror wearing the sexy pink baby doll, which of course the cuffs prevent him from removing, he asks himself 'isn't this what I always wanted?'

He kneels down next to the wardrobe to fumble for the key and smiles. He can remove the chastity cage whenever he wants, but wouldn't it be more fun to play out the game with her? Wasn't this a once in a lifetime opportunity to play out a real game with her?

He sets the alarm for seven o'clock, makes humiliating splashy use of the potty, pulls up his little knickers, clammers into bed and turns off the light.

Sleep evades him. His secured hands mean he can never achieve a position comfortable enough to drift away so his mind wanders across the vents of this evening. The sheer sexiness of being locked in the silky girly outfit make him feel deliriously warm inside but what was all that about his penis length?

He never realised how small he was. Lydia hadn't made a big issue out of

his lack of size, in fact she had really been very kind, he thought. But what about previous girl friends? Why had they said nothing? It seemed obvious to him that girls would be more circumspect about such matters, far too nice to complain about his lack of inches. That revelation troubled him further: had he really failed to excite any of them? Had he really failed to bring his own wife to orgasm over the last couple of years?

He curls up like a baby his fists lightly clenched beneath his chin and drifts away with gnawing doubts stirring in his tummy.

He is awoken from a restless slumber by the bathroom door slamming closed. He glances in the direction of the master bedroom raising his manacled hands to his mouth. After an age he hears the toilet flush, a tap running for a long time before she marches passed his room. Surely she will call him in and they will both laugh before having sex. He hears the bedroom light click off and with a mixture of sadness and trepidation he realises she meant what she said: he would be serving tomorrow at breakfast.

## PART TWO: LOSS OF CONTROL

### 1

"All right then I'll see you here on Monday afternoon." Lydia slams down the phone but finds a confiding smile for her husband. "Aren't men silly. Always having to control things?"

She runs her hand through her husband's hair. "I bet your work colleagues are like that. Always have to be in control of everything."

Swallowing, Justin gathers his courage. "Me too." One of his high heeled feet falls behind the other attempting to alleviate the weight on his aching feet. The four inch heels force him onto the balls of his feet and he has to lean back, pushing out his false breasts, to maintain balance. "I take control."

She tickles his chin and laughs. "Mmm. Maybe."

"But I do!"

"Oh now don't get hysterical. Have you noticed how men always control themselves? Have you emptied the dishwasher?"

"But I, er, I do control myself and I am not getting hysterical!"

Lydia crosses her legs resting her magazine on her lap, waiting.

"Yes mistress I have emptied the dishwasher." Suddenly he is on his haunches before her. "Please mistress, release this chastity thing. I am desperate. I can't think about anything else."

Her finger nails scrape gently along his cheek. "I know babe. Poor babe. Always so naughty."

"Damn!" he rises shakily on to his heels, his torn black slip rustling under the pinafore. "look I know I wanted a game, but this is just going too far!"

"Are you going to stamp your foot babe?"

"Right. That's it. Game over. Over and done with. I'll never play it again."

He would like to storm from the room, but the heels are too high for such a dramatic statement so he simply wobbles for a moment before mincing away. Irritatingly Lydia has remained more amused than angered by his action.

Stamping up the stairs he hears her walking calmly up behind him. "Babe, are you all upset? We girls have so much trouble with our emotions don't we? Haven't you noticed. Men are so much more in control of theirs."

He is shouting, close to tears: "I can control mine!"

Once in the spare bedroom he crawls around the base of the cupboard.

"Enough is enough. You wait until I am a man again."

"Oh? A man?"

She rests in the doorway, smiling, watching him reach beneath the closet.

"And what have you got there maid?"

He laughs, flashing the key at her. "You didn't think I would let you outwit me did you? Men are planners, tacticians, that's why we always win at games of chess and everything else."

She is nodding. "True. Men are good at that. We girls always get caught out don't we?"

He sits on the bed, stockinged legs spread, pushing his hands into his panties. "Oh go ahead, laugh. We will see who will be laughing after I have released myself."

"One second babe."

He stops, a shadow of worry. "What?"

"We'll play a little game shall we?"

His mouth pulls down with concern, "what game?"

"Well like you said," she muses, "men are so clever at games and tactics."

"And?"

"So I will turn on the web page with your photos -- wait darling let me finish. And as soon as you get your chastity belt off you can call yourself the man of the house and I will erase the web site."

"Right." He knows she is always as good as her word. She never lies or goes back on anything. "Erase the website! Yes. Right!"

"Of course if you don't, then as a maid you will have to face the consequences won't you?"

He holds the key to his release and finds himself nodding. Does he really want to end this situation right now?

The laptop springs back from standby the moment she presses the button, seconds later she has entered the password and the page appears.

Demeaning pictures of him from a couple of nights ago in his slip bound to

the bed. His name, Justin Palmer, stamped across the top of the page. The visitor counter still reads as a string of zeros.

Sighing with relief he finds himself wondering if he is disappointed with the game coming to an end. Could he have survived another day in the heels as her maid? At her beck and call, with all the put downs about him being less than a man? He holds the heavy lock securing the chastity belt touching the key to the slot. Perhaps he should persevere. Wallow in the humiliation for just a bit longer. Hasn't this always been his fantasy?

"I'd hurry up darling. No one has seen the pictures yet. Pretend you are a man, be decisive! Action! Go on. You have seen the men in your office take decisions and then act on them."

"Lydia!" Right! Mind made up. He pushes the key in to the hole, but the vast lock swallows it. He twists it one way then the other, but it never quite catches. Removing it he slides it in upside down but then it hardly fits at all. "What!"

Scrabbling frantically beneath the wardrobe, his fingers fumble around the Blu Tac. Nothing else. The only key is the one in his fingers. Try again. That's it, he must have failed to push the key in correctly. Sitting on the floor, legs apart, suspenders stretched, he forces the key home but it just slides in too easily. "Fuck!"

"Tut, tut. Such language for a girl."

"Lydia what have you done! Where is the key?"

"In your hands maid. Oh and no one has found your website yet."

The visitor counter remains a series of zeros.

His head spinning, panic in his gut. "Turn it off, turn it off. Quickly before someone finds me."

"Oh babe, don't be such a big girl. Play the game, you know, the one where you pretend to be a man. A man in complete control of the situation."

"I know you found the key and switched it. You deceived me."

She glares. "Mmm, and weren't you told to bring me the keys babe? All the keys? Did you tell your mistress a naughty lie? Oh dear, dear, dear." She peers deep into the screen. "Still no one searching for you."

"Look I am sorry about that."

"I hope you are. Maid's, who lie, get punished."

"Look my head is all over the place. I can't think straight with that website on. Turn it off for God's sake."

She tilts her head to one side feeling her hair tickle her shoulder. There are tears in his eyes. His cheeks are glowing pink in two neat little balls. "But the game was to turn it off when you got the chastity belt off, babes. Remember?"

"You switched keys!"

"Babes you are shouting."

He curls up his stockinged legs. "Please mistress. Please give me the key."

She prowls around him heading for the window, peering through the blind. "I didn't switch the keys."

Relief! How stupid could he have been, he is just panicking. He rams the key back into the lock. It clinks emptily in the cavernous lock. "But it doesn't work!"

Her voice is soft, as if distracted. "I didn't switch keys. I switched the lock." She turns around, leaning against the windowsill. "Remember babes? Like when I switched the handcuffs? Wasn't that funny? Oh don't sit there like that with your pretty little pink mouth hanging open."

He bows his head and swallows. He must not cry. "But, but..."

"Not because I thought you would hide a key and lie to me. I just thought the lock would be a bit lightweight. A little easy to cut through. So I bought

a selection of heavy weight, 8 lever miniature locks from the hardware shop. Apparently they cannot be sawn through or drilled into. Amazing eh? And no one can pick an eight lever lock."

"I er, er..."

"I know babes. Outwitted tactically at every turn. Maybe I should have played this game with a man. At least they think ahead and plan. They always win, don't they?"

"I, look, I don't... know what to say, I..."

She smiles indulgently. "Oh babes. I know. You soooo much want to apologise to me for lying."

"But you lied too!"

"Oh don't cry. Get a handkerchief and wipe your eyes and blow your nose." While he crawls over to the chest of drawers to take out a nicely ironed handkerchief, she muses, "babes I wouldn't lie to you. I never said I hadn't switched the locks. You were blind folded on the bed at the time. Remember?"

He blows his nose with a watery squeak remembering all too well how heavy the lock felt as she applied it.

"Oh babes. What are we to do with you? Don't you ever win?"

"This isn't fair." He looks up at the web site with the string of zeros in the 'visitor' display.

"Lydia. Stop this. Please. Mistress. Please stop this before it is too late."

"Oh has the game finished maid?"

"Yes!"

"Well there was never a game really, was there?" She sits on the chair beside him her fingers over the keyboard. "Was there, babes?"

He swallows, "no mistress."

"No game at all, because you always lose, being a girl."

His mouth with a dry metallic flavour. "Yes mistress. Please."

Pulling her finger up his cheeks to mop up a tear. "I know babes. You must be soooo scared. Still the maid's outfit arrives tomorrow," then quietly to herself, "amongst other things."

His sweet pink mouth falls open. Other things?

"Now why not get down on your knees and see if you can apologise for your deception. After I am satisfied you are truly, and I do mean truly sorry, we can activate the password on the website. Then you might like to think about your apology for calling me a liar and lying yourself. When I have heard you, I will reveal your punishment."

2

"Oh babes, here is another one of those studs."

"Yes mistress."

"Keep kissing babes."

"Yes mistress."

Gently holding her stocking legs he kisses the inside of her soft thighs. He is light headed with lust and desperate to cum.

"Gosh this man took three women to bed and satisfied them all." She laughs and pulls up his chin, taking in his pleading eyes. "Do you remember when you pretended to be a man babes? All that grunting and groaning. And I never came did I?"

"No mistress. But that's not fair."

"Oh? Why?"

"No. You said mine is..."

"Gosh haven't your cheeks got hot. What did I say babes? Remind me."

"You said," his voice became a low croak, "mine was too small so I could never excite a woman."

"Well I didn't say it, did I babes? We learnt it from my magazines and the internet. I suppose you have a point. But this stud would really have to control himself to satisfy three women. Can you imagine a real man taking control of three women?"

"Miss, I can control a woman." He swallows. "If I am allowed."

Giggling, she shakes her head. "I don't think real men need to be allowed. But oh it would be nice to have something inside me. Perhaps you would be better than a carrot."

He holds his breath in hope.

"So you are going to control yourself babe?"

"Yes mistress."

"Not cum like some little boy, not until you have satisfied me. After all it is only one woman. This stud held out for three before he came. A real man."

"Yes, yes, yes, Please. Please I will!"

"Ok. Only fair you should be given your chance babe."

"Yes mistress."

"Ok remove your slip and lie here. I'll get the key." Her mouth widens into a grin, "the real key."

He strips off the slip struggling as it clings to his body. His dick is pushing hard within its restraint. He is going to cum. Moreover he can show her he really is a man and end this silly game.

Suddenly she is back in the room, moving quickly. "Put this on." She dangles before him a thin leather collar with a silver ring at the front.

"Come on babes."

"Yes mistress." He pulls the collar around his neck, feeling the cold rough

material rasp against his skin. The ring tinkles brightly against a brass stud holding it in place at the front. He belts it loose around his neck for comfort, but he knows it is too tight to tug it off over his head.

"Good girl. Now these." The handcuffs hit the quilt with a soft thud.

He raises them feeling their ominous hefty weight. Why had he not noticed they were so much heavier than his 'toy' cuffs? Had he not been chained helplessly to the bed in the first place, maybe he could have avoided all this. He folds the bracelet about his right wrist hesitating, unable to complete the action.

"Come on babes. I know you're nervous. It has been days since you came hasn't it."

Holding his breath he forces down the cuff feeling it clunk home. Locked. He makes to wrap the second bracelet about his left hand when she tickles his chin. "Babes. Behind your back. Oh you are sooo silly."

His breathing is short, panting like a dog on a hot summer's evening. He pushes his arms behind him feeling for the dangling cuff. His eyes are closed. He knows he must do it. Click, click, click. The ratchet takes the armband and secures it. He tugs his hands knowing they are now trapped until Lydia releases him.

"Lie down."

With his mind in turmoil he obeys.

She takes a chain dog lead and runs it around a bed post before threading the chain through the handle so it is caught tight. She then links the chain end to the ring in his collar. With his hands behind his back he knows he is held firmly to the bed head. Fixed in place.

She runs her fingers down his knickers and he gasps. She giggles. "Babes. You are soooo sensitive down there, aren't you. Can you imagine a man putting his hand down the knickers of some hot babe? Eh? Can you?"

Eyes closed he can. His dick is so swollen it burns in its confines. "Please mistress let me cum."

He feels her finger nails through the cage. "Oooh you are sooo wet. Just like that girl, that hot babe. Can you picture her? Lying there passive, willing, accepting. A man taking control of her."

He mumbles a yes, his jaw hanging open. His breathing is short and gasping as if the air has been sucked from the room. He might as well be lying in a sauna.

Her cheek strokes his, her hair tickling his senses. "No matter what she thinks, her body has surrendered to this powerful man."

"Yes mistress." He can hear a key. Moments later his dick bounces to its full length. Free, stiff and light as a balloon after so long in its confinement. He cries with joy. He feels it gripped, and squeezed.

"Cum baby!"

And he does.

And he does.

And he does.

Three days of pent up spunk. No pleasure just a pumping machine. No time for any satisfaction. It just spurts and keeps spurting.

He opens his eyes, feeling spent and empty, smiling up at his mistress. His smile vanishes. Her face is dark, her eyes have narrowed. Menace has entered his flight of fantasy.

"You fucking bastard!"

He has never heard her swear before. She slashes the back of her hand across his face.

Slap.

"Yeow."

His head is on fire. He tries to shift down in the bed, but the dog chain holds him fast. He tries to crawl, but without his hands it is an odd, ugly movement.

"You promised me some self control. You promised me pleasure! You promised me you would try for once to be a man didn't you!"

"Yes mistress." Tears are running down his face. Helpless. Defeated. Vulnerable. "Please don't hurt me."

She lets out an exasperated 'ugh' sound and kicks both her heeled feet at him.

"Ouch!"

"And what am I supposed to do? Eh? Always thinking of yourself! I wanted something inside me. Where am I going to get that from?"

"I don't know," he cries, "I am so sorry."

"Ok, ok. Just relax. It's not your fault. It is mine babes."

She reaches across him and reapplies the chastity cage.

"I expected too much. Girls don't have control over themselves, do they?"

"No mistress."

"No. Once turned on, their bodies are no longer theirs. They are controlled by others."

Click.

The lock strikes home and his dick, wet and sore, is trapped once again. He has no feeling of fulfilment. Suddenly he came and now he is being locked away again. The usual contentment following ejaculation is absent; he is not even sure he enjoyed coming. It just happened so quickly.

"I'm sorry."

His eyes are huge, wet, full of remorse while she strokes his perspiring forehead. "Babe I expected too much. All that reading about men and how

they control their women. It just made me forget that you are only a girl. How about," she winks her nose, "how about if I give you six strokes of the cane and we forget all about it?"

He grimaces. That afternoon his bottom was beaten on and off for over an hour as he apologised to her for lying and accusing her of deceit. "Yes mistress. Thank you mistress."

"Yes. No good going on and on about it, is there?"

"No mistress."

"Let neither of us ever make the same mistake again yes? If we want a man in the house we need to find one."

He kisses her stockinged thigh as she kneels next to him. "Yes mistress, thank you mistress."

She strokes his hair. "Silly babes."

### 3

An hour later the most obedient maid in the world brushes his mistress's hair. She applies her own makeup, carefully checking the mascara and lip gloss in her mirror. He can't be trusted with such delicate matters - yet.

A waved arm. "Enough. Find me a really sexy dress. One a man would love to see a hot date wearing."

He opens her wardrobe already knowing it will be the short black party dress.

"Good choice."

He holds it close to the floor so she can step into it one heeled foot at the time.

"Well done babes. I do like it when you do things without me having to tell you."

"Thank you mistress." He pulls it up and letting her arms push through it before tugging the zip up.

It fits like a second skin about her revealing every single curve. His dick erects in its cage.

Admiring herself in the mirror she spreads her fingers flat over her hips. "The stockings don't show, do they babes?"

"No mistress."

"Good. Get ready for bed. Use that nightie I gave you. But keep your stockings and shoes on."

He pauses. He wants to complain how the heels make his ankles ache and squeeze his toes. How the balls of his feet feel so sore he can barely stand on them. "Yes mistress." He leaves her as she squirts perfume about herself. "Oh and you will need the collar babes."

"Yes mistress."

Fifteen minutes later she pulls the quilt about him. "There babes. Comfortable?"

"Yes mistress," he lies, he dares not say anything else. Her perfume is sensual as she leans close.

"Good. I think by having the collar chained to the head bed it will be easier to sleep rather than being handcuffed don't you?"

"Yes mistress." He replies, his eyes wide and staring at the chain and lock.

"The padlock passes through the chain and the two parts of the collar so there is no danger of you getting out of bed until I release you. Now I will leave your mobile phone here next to the bed. But only ring me if it is an absolute emergency."

"Where are you going?"

Lydia smiles at his expression: oh those two big eyes, like brown moons.

"Oh I don't think you want to know dear."

He turns around to fully face her. "Please mistress, don't ..."

She waits, breathing in his agony and waits and waits and waits until he finds the courage to speak.

"Don't, you know... Don't." he sees her innocently raising her eyebrows waiting for him to finish.

"Please don't betray me tonight."

"Oh silly girl." She kisses him on the cheek. "Just a night out with the girls. Didn't I tell you? The girls at my firm go out most nights. I have never wanted to go along being the owner. Thought I might get in the way, you know? But tonight I feel like it."

She kisses his forehead.

"But I..."

"Now, now. I might be pretty late too. So please just get off to sleep. Just think tomorrow is a big day. Those uniforms will be arriving."

His head sinks in to the pillow. "Oh yes."

She turns off the light. "Good night babes. Oh." She turns the light back on. "It is sooo warm tonight don't you think?"

"Uhm? Well, yes I suppose." He wanders if she will strip the quilt >from him forcing him to sleep exposed in just his nightie, stockings and heels.

She presses her knees together and dips down, reaching beneath her short dress. She tugs until she can pull her knickers down her thighs, over her shoes and off. "There. I mean I don't want to be too hot do I babes?" She flicks them onto his bed, where they flutter down close to his hand.

She turns off the light staring at his face so when darkness envelops them. His expression is frozen into her mind like a photo: wide eyes, mouth forming a perfect 'o', eyebrows high on his head. Shock.

She closes the door and clip clops downstairs smiling from ear to ear.

And he just lies there. Fixed firmly to the bed head in his frillies to await her return.

What has he created?

4

Justin sits up straight in the chair as the short, curvy, blond girl snips her scissors precisely about his hair. He stares at the mirror Lydia has erected on the kitchen counter.

"I want it cut like Winona Ryder's short style in this picture," Lydia had asserted placing the picture of the elfin faced actress on the counter before them.

The hairdresser's laugh was cut short when she saw the fixed, matter-of-fact attitude of Lydia. Her wimp of a husband in his smooth girly looking suit simply sits there in front of his wife wearing a bewildered frightened expression. Surely those are girls pants with the odd exposed clasps at the top.

"Er ok."

An hour later Lydia returns hauling bulging shopping bags. "Ooh," she cooes, "that's better. Don't you feel better babes?"

Justin swallowed. "Yes Miss Palmer."

"Of course you do. See how it brings out your cheekbones."

The hairdresser glances away, eyebrows raised. "Glad you like it Lydia. Don't think it suits many men."

Lydia, laughs. "Quite right. It wouldn't suit many men. Come on babes I know how you like sitting around on your arse all day, but you have a few chores at home don't you?"

"Yes miss Palmer."

"So off you go then."

"Yes miss Palmer."

He is wearing a pair of ankle length boots with the merest of Cuban heels. The pants are of a stretchy fabric to grip around his hips and thighs but flaring out slightly around the boots. His crisp white blouse is opaque enough to hide the white foundation garments. He is hot, perhaps because of wearing tights, but more likely because of the humiliation of wearing this outfit when the hairdresser called around. He passes the wide mirror in the hall and catches sight of his Winona hair style. It makes her look worse than boyish, it makes him look girly.

He hears the rear door close and sighs with relief. The stylist has gone at last. His tummy tingles when he hears her assertive voice: "Babes? Hope you haven't gone for a sit down as you have a pressing task ahead of you."

"Yes mistress."

5

"Good girl."

Phew! "Thank you mistress."

Lydia surveys the four large suitcases. "And that are all my husband's clothes?"

"Yes mistress."

"You are sure?"

"Oh yes mistress."

She nods, satisfied. "So the six strokes of the cane helped concentrate your mind on the task?"

"Oh yes mistress."

"Mmm. Thought it would. Because you know what will happen if I find so much as a tie hanging around don't you?"

"Oh yes mistress. Please! I have checked everywhere."

"That was silly of you to forget his underwear in the washing basket wasn't it?"

"Yes mistress." His hands inch back around the neat black maid's uniform to his aching backside. The underpants were not deliberately omitted, he had simply not thought about them as he packed his belongings. But Lydia had said that there is little difference between an error and deliberate disobedience.

"Now then," she opens the wardrobe sliding doors in his new room and the frilliest dresses imaginable bulge out. "So you have a maid's dress for each day of the week? Drawers full of underwear and a rack of heels."

"Yes mistress."

She sits at a desk near the laptop typing, seconds later the Justin Palmer website appears, a flashing box asking for the password.

He finds himself emitting a girly, "oh!" What is she doing?

She calls up another web page. "So sit here and pretend you are a secretary. Ok?"

He settles down pulling the skirt flat under his bottom as he had practised, ensuring his stockinged thighs are tight together. He finds himself looking at a blue web page titled 'deed poll name changing'.

"We are going to change your name dear."

"Eh? Er... Mistress. Why?"

"Oh those big blue frightened eyes of yours. You do look sweet at times. Because I cannot have a maid called Justin can I?" She shakes her head at his foolishness.

"Mistress, but what about when we finish the game?"

As soon as he speaks he wishes he hadn't. Shaking her head she leans across him opening up his web page. She swiftly presses a string of letters and numbers and the web site flashes up picture of Justin in various states of drag from the night 'the game' began. There he is in his little slip, sometimes over his chastity belt sometimes above it. The visitor counter is still set to a line of zeros

"Oh no. Please mistress! Set the password. Please."

She flicks back to the deed poll name site. "Once the form is filled out I will password protect the site again. So you better get those little fingers working Justin, like a good secretary."

He quickly fills in the boxes with his name, address, street and phone numbers. The site then opens a box asking for payment information. He asks for his credit card, but Lydia smiles and offers him hers "for now". He has to fill out her name and address along with the card number. He feels a line of sweat beneath his neat Winona Ryder hairstyle.

Finally he is offered the 'new name' box and he glances up at his mistress.

"Well type in Justin."

"Oh thank you, thank you mistress."

"Now add an 'e'."

"Eh?"

"Your new name. Justine. Isn't that a sweet name for a cute obedient maid?" She laughs at his expression of horror. "Babes you can always change it back. You can change your name every day if you wish!"

"Yes mistress." The observation calms him. He types in Justine.

"Now Usher."

"Usher mistress? But that's your old surname name."

"Yes my maiden name. I wore your name when we married. Did I complain at being turned into an appendage of you? Now you can wear mine with the same good grace. Don't worry. You can change it back when you want."

He types in 'Usher', though it is a moment before he can bring himself to press enter. The reply is so fast his email dings just moments after she password protects his Justin Palmer website.

He looks at the email: 'To Justine Usher.' Suddenly he is drowning. Disappearing from the world. Somehow he has lost himself. Justine Usher is a different person to Justin Palmer. He is Justine Usher. Someone has sent a message to him. To Justine usher. His heart pounds.

"Justine," Lydia experiments with the name. "Perfect." She flicks on the password control. "So much to do babes. You need to create an email account with your new name ok? But first a special treat for you."

Justin spins around in his chair, his heels catching on the carpet. "Yes mistress?" His hand moves down to his trapped member. Will she release him?

"Yes indeed. Pick out the sexiest outfit for me you can. From underwear right up to outer wear."

He stands, his ankles still dangerously unused to heels.

"Oh look how eager Justine is to do her mistress's bidding. Off you go. You have five minutes to find the outfit, but only fifteen to help me dress.

The outfit begins with a red basque, black stockings and skimpy black panties through which her furry pussy can clearly be seen. It was only yesterday that he had experienced relief, yet his balls felt full, fit to explode. How he had made a fool of himself coming so quickly when he had told her he could control himself. Yet he had experienced no satisfaction at all.

As he kneels before her to slide her heels on to her feet he finds himself

kissing her calf muscles, his head bobbing up towards her thighs.

"Oh Justine I don't think you have time for that. But very sweet of you."

"Sorry mistress," he is gasping as if air has been sucked from the room.

"And really you ought to ask permission shouldn't you Justine?"

"Yes mistress."

Then she spits out the word "slut" under her breath, just loud enough for him to hear. A dismissive curt put-down aimed at him. How often has he ogled a girl in sexy clothes and thought 'slut'. Now the epithet is fired at him.

"Slut." He pauses, his fingers inches from her stockinged legs. If he were given permission his mouth would be all over her sexy limbs. Slut. Yes he feels like a slut.

"Come on quickly," she snaps. "Or do you want another caning?"

"No, no, mistress." His bottom still feels the six dull lines of pain from his caning that morning.

He holds the dress near the floor for this now well rehearsed manoeuvre of him helping slide the garb up her curvy body. It feels too tight around her hips but with a gentle series of tugs it slips free and she pushes her arms through the sleeveless upper half. He zips it up finding himself leaning towards her, desperate for a kiss. Desperate for relief.

She flattens the dress over her hips turning this way and that before the mirror. "Excellent Justine. We girls do like being sexily dressed don't we?"

"Yes mistress."

"Just imagine if there were a man in the house now. Ooooo." She shivers.

"I would feel so vulnerable and hot."

"Yes mistress."

She glances at him, narrowing her eyes. "Of course there isn't a man in the

house is there?"

"No mistress."

"Just we two girls."

He nods and whispers hoarsely. "Yes mistress."

The doorbell chimes.

"Oh, he is early."

"He?" he notices her surprise.

"Quickly girl, this way."

They are back in the spare bedroom, what has become his bedroom over the last few nights. She handcuffs his wrists behind his back. The doorbell chimes again. "Quickly Justine."

She has induced panic into her rabbit, who eagerly follows her instructions until he is sat in the wardrobe with his hands secured behind his back in those terrifying heavy cuffs. Totally helpless.

When he looks up at her he sees a chilling site. She is smirking. A smirk full of superiority, of success, as if she has won.

"Mistress?"

"You remind me of a rabbit I once saw Justine. I will tell you about it one day. Now you stay in there and keep quiet babes."

The door is slid shut and, save for a long sliver of yellow light across his stockinged legs, darkness envelops him.

He curls up his legs and wriggles back against the side wall to get comfortable.

The front door opens and he listens with his lipsticked mouth gaping open.

Chat. Lydia and a man with a low gruff voice.

The door is closed, but there is no time to feel relief as already there are

two sets of footsteps coming upstairs. Two sets!

One definitely heavier than the other.

"It is this way." His wife says. Then they are close to the wardrobe. Jesus Fucking Christ!!!

He speaks, his speech lower class, the ends of words cut off. Masculine.

"This room?"

"That's it."

Silence. A bag of tools thumped to the floor. "You look stunning."

Justin grits his teeth: cheeky bastard!

His wife giggles. "Thank you. Do you like the outfit? What about >from the back?"

The man laughs. "You look good from everywhere. A bit early in the day to be dressed like that isn't it?"

"I have a function lunch time. Just getting ready early. So tea? Coffee? I am afraid the maid is indisposed right now."

He laughs at her maid joke. "Coffee is good."

Justin imagines her standing before him, turning for him. He imagines his lusty reactions and he feels sick. How can he do anything attired and cuffed like this?

Moments later there is a crashing, splintering sound. Hammering. Electric saws.

He sits in the wardrobe not daring to move and be caught by that, that, that man!

A full pulsating, sweating, stomach turning two hours later the man leaves. When the front door slams shut he sits up straight, waiting. He needs to be sure he has gone before he attempts to clamber out.

Footsteps back up stairs. Just a single woman's heels on the steps. Lydia. The door slides back and he smartly checks behind her ensuring the man has truly gone.

"Come on. No more slacking in there. Out you get."

"He could have opened the door and seen me!"

She raises her eyebrows. "You are shouting Justine."

He pulls his arms hard as if he could break through the cuffs. "Look Lydia, mistress, I don't like this. I feel like I have lost control of everything."

"Don't worry. Look at what that clever man has done."

She unlocks his cuffs and he gratefully rolls his shoulders releasing the muscles.

Why had he not noticed before? The bedroom door has changed. Replacing the white colonial door stands a hefty brown wooden door with a solid silver industrial handle.

"What's that?"

"I'll show you. It is very clever."

She opens the door and he can see its thickness.

"It's a fire door. But look at this."

Above the handle on the other side is a slim silver box with push buttons. Each button has a number.

"Why do we need that mistress?"

"It is very clever. Now you don't have to be tied to the bed with that dog collar. When I send you to bed I simply lock it and you can't get out of the room until I release you. I can set its automatic timer or control it from my mobile phone. Isn't that weird! Oh do please close your mouth, you'll be catching flies."

"Lydia, Mistress. This is fun in a scary sort of way, but right now I want to go back."

"Oh I understand babes." She embraces him squeezing him tight to her. "I know you are scared and helpless. I know you don't like the beatings and being sent to bed early. But you know what?" She takes hold of his bare arms to stare deep into his hopeful eyes. "I think you are very close to going a day without a beating. And if you can achieve that, then I will release you from your little constraint for a full hour!"

"I er ..."

"So try extra hard tomorrow and you could be in for a very special evening!"

"Yes mistress."

The phone ringing shakes Justine. "Oh, who could that be?"

Laughing she pats his arm gently. "Stop panicking. Besides I don't think either of us will know until you answer the phone."

He blushes at his stupid question.

"Now then I want you to answer the phone from now on with the words 'the Usher household, may I help you?'"

"Mistress?"

The phone rings. Insistent. Demanding to be answered.

"You pick up the receiver. You say in your nicest, most polite voice, "the Usher household, how may I help you?"

He shakes his head, his eyes fixed in the middle distance.

The phone rings.

"Mistress, that is your maiden name."

"And your surname right now yes?"

"I er ... well yes, I suppose."

"Good. Now answer the phone or one young lady will not be in my good books. And you do want to be released don't you?"

"Well..."

She leads him by the arm to the bedroom phone. It rings. He lifts it up holding it for an eternity before pushing it to his ear. His voice is quiet, his mouth dry. "The Usher household. How may I help you?"

The voice in the earpiece is rounded. Confident. Masculine. Worse, it is very familiar. "Justin? Justin? Is that you?" Matt laughs uproariously. "Justin?"

"Yes. Hi Matt." His voice is stilted. He closes his eyes. He must speak. "How are you?"

"Me fine. How do you think, now I am taking that gorgeous wife of yours to the charity dinner tonight!"

"Eh?"

Lydia smiles, flicking back her blond hair. "Oh sorry I almost forgot. I am going to the City's Charity dinner tonight. I know how you hate such things, so I asked Matt if he would escort me. And you know what? He could not be more helpful."

Anger. Sheer rage throbs through Justin's body. He is shaking. He holds his hands over the mouthpiece. "We don't need him to come with us!"

"Us? Oh dear no. You have too many chores to do tonight. Just me and," she cocks her head to one side studying his reaction, "and Matt."

How could she be so stupid? Doesn't she realise he will try anything to get into her knickers?

"Justin? Justin? You still there?"

Lydia smiles. "Answer him Justine."

"Er, yes. Yes. I am still here. Yes." He watches his smug wife tap her finger on her smiling lips. Watching him, judging him, awaiting his reaction.

"Justin? You ok?"

"Yes, yes, sure."

"Lydia said how you couldn't make it tonight because of your flu. And you won't be in the office this week then?"

Justin and Lydia's eyes locked.

An exasperated Justin thinks: what the fuck?

Lydia thinks about the rabbit's eyes from a long time ago. Helpless. Stuck. Secured. The rabbit is helpless. What goes through his mind when he knows he is totally trapped and will never escape, not ever?

Justin lowers his eyes. "No. That's right Matt, yes."

"Hey, I hope you don't mind me escorting Lydia. I mean, why not take some aspirin or something and join us?"

"Er no, no."

"Listen, the reason I am ringing is to ask Lydia if I can pick her up a bit earlier. At seven."

He holds the phone down next to his false breasts staring blankly at his mistress. "He wants to know if he can pick you up," he pauses after the words 'pick you up'. They have a disturbing resonance. "Pick you up at seven."

He holds the receiver out to her like an automaton.

"Tell him that will be fine, oh and be sure to thank him for looking after me tonight."

"Yes." He swallows, raising the phone shakily to his ear. He has to clear his throat but his voice still sounds strange. Squeaky and weird. "Yes. Matt? Er... yes that will be fine by her. And Matt?"

"Yeh?"

He stares down at the phone holder seeing the patterns of numbers and lights. "Er... thanks for looking after Lydia tonight."

"She'll have a great time. You can be sure of that."

"Great. Yes. Night."

"Night bimbo!"

A laugh before the tone declaring the call has been cut off.

Lydia gently removes the phone from her shocked maid's fingers. "Oh babe, now please listen carefully as he will be here shortly. I want the ironing finished before eight thirty tonight. You must do it in the kitchen, not in the front room. You are forbidden watching tv tonight. I want your full attention on the ironing."

"Mistress I think we need to talk ..."

"I will use my mobile to lock your door at exactly nine o'clock so make sure you are safely in your room by then. When I lock it, you can't open it because you are not allowed to have the keycode. If I find you are not locked in your room when I get home you can be sure there will be no hour play time tomorrow night - no matter how good you have been."

"Mistress I... I am not sure about this. Where is this going?"

"I honestly don't know. All I do know is that it is me, who's making the calls now. You do as you are told. If you keep me happy then you will be happy. You upset me and, as you have seen, I can cause you a lot of problems."

"We could end up divorcing."

"We will do this until next Friday. That will make a full week. Then we will decide how to go forward ok? We'll have a little chat."

He shakes his head. "But mistress. Matt is a dog with women. You don't

understand."

"Mmm. As you can see I can handle myself. Anyway if you want to come with us then brush your new hair, smooth out the dress and come down to the hall with me. You can ask Matt what he thinks about your new maid's dress."

He shakes his head, but cannot think straight. He must stand firm with her as her husband but cannot think how. "Right, so Friday mistress. Oh, Friday, we discuss the situation Friday," he declares empathically as it is his idea.

She pecks him on the cheek. "Good girl Justine. But make sure you do the ironing well. Now then..."

She retrieves a book from the master bedroom. "I want you to read this for a few hours before you go to sleep."

He accepts the paperback with a pastel coloured cover showing a bosomy girl in rags looking up at a muscular dark haired man in some ancient garb. 'Slave Girl of the East' is the title.

"Girlyies like you love books like that."

The doorbell.

Lydia runs her palms down her dress ironing out the imaginary wrinkles, suddenly feeling vulnerable in such short attire. She ambles downstairs running her fingers through her hair. "I'll be asking you questions about your book tomorrow coffee break time. I expect lights out at eleven." There is a tremor in her voice. She is moving from a position of control to an unknown world where a man may be taking the initiative and she is left to react.

Leaning over the upstairs balcony Justin sees her carefully check her lipstick in the mirror. She opens the door and Justin holds his breath.

"Lydia! You look like wow!"

Lydia giggles and glances quickly upstairs. "Don't I get a kiss?"

Justin finds his hands clenched but is relieved to see her offer only her cheek to Matt who leans into the doorway.

"Hey, is your husband about? Like to say hello."

She tilts her head back to shout upstairs. "Babe? You want to come down to say hello to Matt?"

Justin finds himself stepping back along the landing until he is flat against his own remote controlled fire door. He squeezes his eyes shut, holding his breath.

"Oh he must have taken himself back off to bed. He is just like a baby at the moment"

"Not a bimbo then," Matt laughs as the door thuds shut.

It is a long time before Justin can open his eyes and exhale. In that time he hears two car doors slamming shut, the engine start and the car whizzing off into the night. Matt always did drive like a lunatic, impervious to consequences.

Looking down at the chained maiden on the front cover he notices she is wearing a steel band around one wrist with a broken chain dangling >from it. He wonders if the man is her master or her hero come to rescue her. He wonders if he has broken her chain or is fixing it.

Dam! The ironing. The book will have to wait, as Lydia will be locking his bedroom door at nine. He scoots downstairs in his heels pausing at the kitchen door. "Heavens!" he exclaims to himself. A sudden horrific realisation Lydia is controlling his actions without her even being in the house.

Tomorrow they were going to have to talk this through, this game has become terrifying.

Lydia is determined not to glance away up her magazine. The images and writing are blurred. She must not laugh, she must not laugh. Blindly she flicks over a page to another image made foggy by tears. She even nibbles her lips to stop laughing out loud. Finally she allows herself a peek.

"Oh, you still here Justine?"

Justin is bright, fire engine red. He is fuming. His eyes glare, his pink lipsticked lips pout. His stockinged legs pose, one knee in front of another. It is the baby blue maid's dress this morning. He is still holding the silver tray on which he has just brought her morning coffee, running his fingers around its lip.

"Mistress," there is a slight hint of steel in the word mistress, as much as he dares, "we need to talk."

She sighs and flicks the pages of her magazine. "Not now Justine. Can't you see I am busy?"

"Mistress. This is just going too far."

"Not now dear. Shouldn't you be emptying the dishwasher? And try to remember to put the plates away tidily today." She tuts at his incompetence. "We don't want a repeat of yesterday do we?"

"But, look, Lydia..." he swallows. He has dared to use her christian name. Somehow he has to rebel yet he is too fearful to continue.

Lydia neatly folds the magazine, resting it on the table before she raises her cup and blows the surface of the coffee propelling steam across the room. After a single delicate sip she rests the cup on the saucer and rises. The maid's eyes widen as he holds his breath, but Lydia simply stretches and walks calmly past her maid and onward to the downstairs office.

"Mistress?" He smartly follows her to find her bent over the desk, her neat bottom wiggling in their tight jeans as she taps at the keyboard.

Horror upon horrors. The Justin web site emerges with the flashing password sign. She continues tapping.

"No. Please. No.!"

Too late, the pictures flicker up one at the time filling the web page. Pictures of him in his horrible black slip and stockings, his hands cuffed to the top of the head board.

"Please."

"Fetch me my magazine Justine."

"But..." his lower lip trembles, he sucks back nervous saliva.

"Please turn it off."

She says nothing, just settles into the office chair.

He races into the room grabbing the magazine in a whirl of petticoats and dress.

"And my coffee." She calls.

Taking the mug he prances back on his heels to the office to offer the requested items to his mistress. She simply nods at the desk so he obediently places them before her.

"Mistress!"

"I know babes. And you thought you would be big and brave didn't you?"

"Please mistress, before someone sees them!"

"I said you tried to be big and brave didn't you?"

"Yes mistress. Sorry mistress."

"And you are not big and brave at all are you?"

"No mistress?"

"How would you describe yourself maid?"

"I am a maid mistress. Please turn off the web page. You don't know how fast people can find stuff like that and then it will be downloaded ..."

She interrupts, her tone precise and icy. "Are you big and brave?"

"No! I have said I am not big and brave. I am your maid. Honestly Lydia. I am sorry."

She flicks her little finger, "you are certainly not big." Then she giggles as his hands fold in front of his groin, aware the point has struck home. "And you are not brave are you maid?"

There are tears in his eyes. "Please mistress. No I am not brave."

"Just a frightened little sissy."

"Yes," he sobs.

"What are you?"

"I am a frightened," he swallows making the next words hoarse, "little sissy."

"Sorry dear I just couldn't quite hear that."

"I am a frightened little sissy mistress."

"Yes and what is your occupation little," she waggles her little finger, "little sissy?"

"I am your maid mistress. That's all."

"Oh are you? But didn't I tell you I didn't want to hear from you just now?"

"Please mistress I wanted to discuss last night. You and Matt. And me locked upstairs and ..."

"And I told you I was busy didn't I?"

"Yes mistress. I am so sorry. Sorry mistress. Please forgive me."

"Now then would you like to do me a big favour little maid?"

"Yes mistress, anything."

"Mmm I am sure. Run upstairs and fetch me the ball gag please."

"Yes mistress."

He is back, panting, in just a few moments holding out the ball gag to her.

"Not for me silly. Place it in your mouth, turn around and kneel down."

"Yes mistress."

He pushes the ball onto his tongue, tasting the hard, dull rubber covering. His teeth bite around the plastic covered steel pin that connects it to the leather strap.

"Good maid."

She pulls it tight making him wince, dragging back his cheeks in a pinching sensation. He hears her buckle it before lifting one of her small padlocks from the office table. It is a difficult job to thread the hook of the padlock through the eye of the strap and then through the catch but she finally manages to anchor it shut.

"There little maid. Stand up."

He rises unsteadily feeling the gag grip his face as he raises his head.

"So I don't think you will be bothering me again with your silly little questions will you?"

He shakes his head, his eyes wide with panic. He nods at the computer screen.

"To be honest Justine I am so cross with you I don't mind who in the world knows your sordid secret. For years you have told me about your fantasy." She cruelly mimics him: "Oh Lydia please let me be a maid to you. I want to be so helpless. Please." She raises her eyebrows, "right?"

He nods frantically.

"And now it's nothing but complaints. Do you think a maid should be

questioning his mistress about what she does in the evenings?"

Closing his eyes he shakes his head.

"No, nor me. Yet that is the sort of abusive behaviour you expect me to put up with. Well I won't. I am not going to tolerate it. Understand?"

He nods quickly, his hands gripping the flouncy skirt part of his dress. A tear is running down his cheek.

"I will cane you 12 times just before you make lunch. Until then the gag stays locked on. You will present yourself to me after my lunch. I will make time for a chat," her eyes narrow, "but only if you are a very good, obedient maid. I am not in the mood for naughty girls."

Her fingers move quickly across the keyboard, too fast for him to make out the secret code word and the web page shuts down to the password protection' screen.

He pushes his hand through his Winona styled haircut and closes his eyes with relief. The visitor counter remains at zero.

"Erm... excuse me Justine. Isn't there a dishwasher to be emptied?"

In a flash he is gone. Heels thumping on carpet and then striking across the wooden kitchen floor. A maid in a hurry.

Lydia has to rest in the chair for a moment to control her own breathing. It is intoxicating. So much power over another human being. She lets her hand rest on her groin, pushing the heel of her hand downwards for a moment. She is so wet she will need to change her panties. Then she laughs and shakes her head.

He leaves his room door slightly open as he taps furtively at the keyboard of the computer. His heart is thumping, the ball gag has dried his mouth. His stockinged legs prickle on the surface of the chair. He has to lean his

weight forward because of the twenty canings he has received. His backside is on fire. Apparently his mistress did not have 'time to chat to such an ungrateful maid' as him. She caned him and dismissed him and he definitely heard her laughing as he fled weeping into his gag.

The poll deed site flashes up with the logo: 'do you wish to change your name?' He leans his head back to scrutinise the landing area at the top of the stairs, the same balcony over which he had seen Matt step into his home the previous evening.

He clicks the 'yes' key and the site allows him to enter his name and address. He types in the girlish name his wife has bestowed on him: Justine Usher. He feels butterflies in his tummy when he identifies himself with that girlish of names. Justine. He is Justine but pretty soon he can change it back to Justin. His surname is now that of his wife's. So humiliating but within moments he will be Justin Palmer again. He pushes the ball gag up the roof of his mouth to allow his tongue to rest as he types in his age.

The web site requests he enter his new name. His head swims. Another glance at the stair well, this time longer and more nervous, dreading seeing her standing there glaring angrily at him. Oh God don't let her catch me doing this. It is still empty; the house is quiet apart from the drone of the laptop. At any moment he feels she will leap out of one of the upstairs doorways. Has to keep his nerve, stop his fingers from shaking.

He types in his new name Justin Palmer. It doesn't feel like him, more like the name of an old friend. He smiles.

It accepts the new name. He is almost there. The next box appears:

'Please enter credit card details.'

Ah. Credit cards? Where are his credit cards? Bugger!

He rises up from the chair, his heels still locked around his ankles. His credit cards? He thinks. They must be in his suit. Damn, the suit he placed

in one of the suitcases she forced him to pack - along with every male item of clothing. The suitcases chained shut, locked and then hidden some place outside the house.

Could he remember the number?

"Justine?"

Her voice is even as she calls up to him. "Justine?"

His heart thumps piston style as he selects 'exit' but it won't close down fast enough.

She is inching up the stairs.

"Are you up here Justine?"

Oh God. Sweat tickles his forehead beneath his neat hairstyle.

A window pops up: "Are you sure you wish to exit."

He bites down upon the plastic covered metal securing the ball gag in his mouth to the strap.

"Justine?"

He types 'y' for yes but has inadvertently hit the "t" key! He hits 'y' on the second attempt. Oh God, Oh God, Oh God.

"Justine?" She is on the landing heading for his room. He has seconds.

She enters as he steps stiffly back from the laptop. She narrows her eyes, resting her hands on her hips. "And what are you looking so guilty about?"

Like a naughty child he can't help looking in the direction of his mischief. She follows his gaze to the computer screen as the windows desktop screen appears. No evidence of his industry remains.

"Mmmmm. I hope you weren't trying to break the password on your web site Justine."

She has missed the point. Thank God. In all honesty he shakes his head.

"Searching the web for hunks to ogle? Is that it?" She smiles impishly.

Horried, he shakes his head.

"Slut," she adds an edge to the word making him wince. "No ogling men on my time!"

He shakes his head.

"Shouldn't you be in the kitchen?"

He nods sucking on his gag. Occasionally the ball gag seems to slip further back making him fear he is about to choke even though logic tells him it is held firmly to rest on his tongue. He marches passed her but freezes on the spot as she says.

"You know Justine your walk is a bit ungirly."

He turns around his eyes widening.

"Girls walk with a roll to the hips. Try it down the landing."

He does and she laughs. "No silly not like a transvestite. Like a girl. That nice languid movement girls have. Look, men walk from the shoulders through the hips like this." She walks across his room her shoulders rolling. "A man's hips go down with each step that's what swings their shoulders making them look so tough. Girls walk in exactly the opposite way. As the right foot goes down so the right hip rises. Then the same with the left. As the left foot goes down so the left hip rises. Try it."

It is a crazy absurd task. How can you push up with the hip when that leg is pushing down.

She laughs gently. "No silly. I don't know what that looks like. Don't think about it. Just let it happen. Don't exaggerate it. Just do it. Walk slowly towards me."

He does so gently pushing up the hip of the falling foot. Suddenly he feels his backside swinging from side to side making the dress swish about his thighs.

"Very good. Now keep the knees together more. Good girl and back along the landing. Good."

She scrutinises his efforts finding a smile of encouragement. "That is very good Justine. That's how you should walk from now on. The heels help, but you will find that even without heels your hips will snake back and fore now. Well done. You know sometimes Justine I think you really are going in the right direction and I forget about all your silliness. Well done. Right, the kitchen. And remember those hips. Raise the hip on the same side as the foot going down."

For Justin the movement adds to his sexual frustration. The stockinged thighs are forced to brush together and even the rhythmic swish is erotic. He knows his hips are wriggling Marilyn Monroe style. His dick engorges filling the tiny cage. Oh! This is soooo unfair.

### 3

"Excellent lunch Justine. A great improvement on that horrible sandwich yesterday. Do you see how some walnut oil over the salad brings a salad alive?"

The maid in her baby blue frilly outfit eagerly nods.

"And I did notice your gait entering and leaving. Excellent Justine. Now place a cushion on the floor and settle down on your knees so we can enjoy the little chat you were so eager to have this morning. The one that got you into so much trouble. Hope your bottom isn't too sore."

As he settles on his knees on the cushion his flouncy dress sprays delicately around his hips and thighs as if it is a parachute settling down. He looks up at her pushing the ball gag up to the roof his mouth, his

breasts straining out and upwards though the blue satin.

For a long while Lydia stares at him. Taking in his make up, his stupid, sissy dress and hairstyle and the gormless, lost expression on his face. There is a flicker of hope in his eyes. Finally she asks, "well? Yes?"

His eyebrows knit. He points at the gag.

"Well that is your fault isn't it?"

As angry as he is he simply blushes and nods.

"Well I think you were asking about Matt?"

His palms rest on his dress his hands gripping the satin fabric.

She crosses her tight jeans. "Well he is the perfect gentleman. So charming, so funny. Do you remember when my husband tried to be funny?"

He is perplexed. He is funny!

"Remember at the office party? Mmm? Last New Years Eve party? When my husband tried to tell a joke about this crocodile under a man's arm when he goes into a bar? Oh you weren't around then. All the men were telling jokes. You know what men are like when they get together. So wonderfully entertaining."

Justin swoons, the room is swirling. This can't be happening. He is in a parallel universe where his wife is discussing intimate details of her husband with him. Only he is her husband and... this is too surreal for words. Worse, she is making her husband appear foolish. No she is making him look foolish.

"So of course my silly, little husband has to tell his joke and gets it all wrong. And bang. Dead silence. Obviously I giggled, as a wife should. I am sure you do when your boyfriend tries telling a joke. So embarrassing. Then the men got on with more jokes. Anyway this Matt is really funny. He can tell a joke and says funny things all the time. All the way through the

dinner he kept everyone amused. What a man."

She can watch Justin's little hands gripping the hem of his skirt so tightly the knuckles have turned into spots of white.

"Haven't you wondered why we girls can't tell jokes like that? Well not with men around anyway. Still. Matt really looked after me."

Justin knows she got in near two thirty in the morning because she slammed the door hard enough to wake him.

"Now then. Maybe you have been good. Perhaps you have learned your lesson."

He finds himself nodding eagerly.

"So how about a little romantic dinner for two tonight? You can prepare and serve it."

He perks up.

"Sounds exciting doesn't it? You can dress me how you please. You'll like that won't you? And how about you getting out of your maid's outfit and put on a trouser suit? Make a change won't it?"

He nods furiously.

She laughs at his enthusiasm. "And if it all turns out well perhaps we can release your little friend down there and you can play with yourself."

He feels tears of gratitude swell in his hot eyes. He nods wildly before throwing himself into his mistress' lap.

She hugs him. "Oh how sweet. But only if you are really good. So let's get that horrible gag out of your mouth because I am sure you will be well behaved this afternoon. Otherwise no treat. So, no speaking, remember the hips and be polite and industrious." She leans close to him, pecking his cheek. "Who knows where the evening might end? So turn your head around so I can unlock your gag."

He twists around turning his back towards her. With a single click and a bit of jiggling the lock falls free and he can push the ball gag from his mouth. Freedom, though he can still feel the imprint of the strap around his cheeks.

"Yes Matt was the perfect gentleman last night. Especially when he took me dancing."

Dancing! Justin spins around so quickly his heel catch in the carpet, his eyes wide with rage.

"Hush now babe. Remember. No speaking unless being spoken to!"

#### 4

Justin is very good. All afternoon he walks with the gentle rolling hips and straight but relaxed shoulders. He never talks back. "Yes mistress" or "no mistress," is all he requires.

Throughout he gauges Lydia's mood. Is she pleased with him? Disappointed? Is she happy? Enjoying herself? Pissed off? It is impossible to know. He is called when she requires a service and summarily dismissed when the service is completed. She barely acknowledges him.

By six o'clock his ankles and the balls of his feet, on which his entire weight is pressed, ache and throb.

He prepares a pasta and chicken dish with a cream sauce for the main course and knows an easy asparagus tips recipe with mozzarella cheese as an easy starter. He has chosen two bottles of wine for her to choose from, a Chablis chilling in the fridge and a Rioja resting near the window. Perhaps he will offer her both.

All is in place - just so long as she is satisfied with him.

How he longs to have this terrible constriction removed from his penis. How he longs for release. Was she hinting at sex with him? If she does free him, allowing him to have sex with her, he appreciates he must perform

well with his small dick. He is determined to please her. The game will end tonight on a high note and then maybe she will play the game again in the future.

"Justine!"

She is upstairs. He moves quickly up the steps, even out of sight he ensures his hips roll as instructed.

"Mistress?"

"Run me a bath. Perfumed. Bubbles. The works."

"Yes mistress."

She strips before him. Not erotically just casually as if he is indeed little more than her servant, yet for him the sight is as erotic as anything he has ever known. Every curve of flesh makes him throb down below. His breathing grows short as he notes the details of her undressing. When she lowers her jeans, her black lace knickers become caught and are pulled down over the cheeks of her arse.

"You still here?" She pauses. "The bath?"

"No mistress. I mean yes mistress. Sorry mistress." Then he is gone, moments later the taps are full on blasting steaming water into the bath.

"Justine?"

Scurrying back he finds her wrapped in her robe.

"You choose what I wear for this romantic evening. Make it special. Something that will really turn you on."

"I don't need you to wear anything mistress. You turn me on all ready."

A glare and Justine gasps.

"Don't be vulgar," straight lipped she strides passed him. "I won't have that in my staff! Find your trouser suit. Wipe the make up from your face but brush your hair! You may keep the corset and the bra on! But you

don't have to use the fillers.

"Thank you mistress."

She closes the bathroom door shouting: "the key to the high heel locks is on my dressing table. It had better be there when I return."

"Yes mistress."

For Justin the choice is straight forward, he knows what would turn him on, turn on any red blooded male: The presents he had bought for her the previous Christmas. The presents she immediately crunched up into her drawer. The basque with a new packet of stockings, along with the lacy black thong. Over this a short, neat black dress with the roll over neck and, the finishing erotic touch, high heeled knee length boots. He knows what torture his dick will suffer when she dresses. What torture it will be to watch her walking and sitting dressed like this. What torture to be in the same room as such a sensual sight.

But there is to be a reward at the end of the evening for him. He will be lost in nervous expectation, his very fantasy come to life. Then, when released he will show her his best loving technique before cumming like a train. It will be so satisfying. All he needs in the world is to cum.

Suddenly he realises he is sitting on the edge of the bed his fingers stuffed beneath his petticoats fingering the outline of the chastity cage in his knickers. Inside, beyond his touch, his tiny dick bursting. He smiles, perhaps after being cooped up for this length of time it will be bigger than it has ever been. Maybe he can satisfy Lydia by lasting longer than ever before.

For his own outfit he chooses the most masculine trouser suit he has been allowed. Although it has a zip up the front like a man's pair of trousers the twin, exposed buttons at the top gives away the gender it was designed for - as does the cut. It grips his hips and moulds around his thighs, tightening towards the ankles. The blouse too is as masculine as he can find being

white, opaque, with only a little delicate detail near the collar. Needless to say he dare not strip out of the maid's uniform until given precise permission.

Tomorrow when he is man of the house again he will thank Lydia for providing him with the most extraordinary fantasy as a man could ever have.

5

Lydia is curt to begin with, wrapped up in her own preparations. Is my hair all right? My mascara? Finally, after much fussing she stands before him as a sex fantasy figure straight out of a magazine. And male would throw grab her and throw her to the bed.

"Justine. You may wipe the make up off. But keep the girly haircut. Understand?"

"Yes mistress."

"Tonight you will have the appearance of a sissy, nothing more."

"Yes mistress."

"And don't think I hadn't noticed your obedience today, that is very good Justine. A vast improvement."

Beaming his cheeks warm, "Thank you mistress."

"Tonight you don't have to call me Mistress."

"Oh thank you, er, Mistress."

"Miss Usher will be perfectly adequate."

He frowns. "Yes mistress."

"Do you have a problem with that Justine?"

"Oh no mistress."

Reaching for the cane beneath the bed she waves it beneath his nose

making a whooping sound. He catches his breath.

"As you know Justine I can deal with most of your problems with this."

He swallows. "Yes mistress. Sorry Mistress."

"Aim for dinner at eight. Dismissed."

"Thank you mistress."

## 6

At quarter to eight Justin is clip clopping around the kitchen in his Cuban heeled zip up ankle boots. He had originally chosen flats but his choice had not gone down well with Lydia during the inspection; nor the fact he was not wearing tights. He was forced to put on a severe control set of tights over panties with bottom enhancers. By the time he had zipped his trousers up he found he had a backside sticking out like a perfectly rounded pair of hills.

Even without the breast forms the bra and corset ensured 'A' size boobies through the blouse.

Taking in his reflection he felt he looked more like a slightly flat chested, teenage girl than a sissy. But Lydia was happy - well she seemed content though she didn't smile.

He had laid up the dinning room as he knew she would like it. Candles formed the centre piece from which cascaded place mats, wine glasses and cutlery all neatly displayed.

She would be soooo pleased with him.

Then a nightmare. The doorbell rang.

He froze in the kitchen, his jaw dropping. Oh god was someone going to spoil their evening? Who would call around now?

"I'll sort it out Justine. You put out the first course."

He could have cried with relief. "Oh thank you Mistress, er Miss Usher."

The door opens. There are voices. Lydia is making something very clear then the door closes on silence.

He places the asparagus tips on a tray and pores the mozzarella sauce gently over them before adding some chives. It looks like a picture from an upmarket cook book.

Standing in his Cuban heels feeling the constriction of his tight outfit he pauses for a moment to drink in the atmosphere. Tonight is going to be so special.

Carrying the tray in he beams at Lydia sitting regally near the curtains. He starts speaking: "the first course..." but is caught short. He shakes so much the plate has slid forward precariously on the tray. "Oh!"

A mystified Matt stares back at him. He takes in the tight girls trousers flattering his curves and the girlish blouse with the size 'A' budding breasts. Then there is the hair. Initially Matt believes he is looking at their au pair, it is a moment before he realises it is...

"Justin?"

"Uhm."

"Please serve the first course before it gets cold." Lydia speaks dismissively. "Sorry Matt you were saying?"

"Was I ? Erm. I don't know what I was... er..."

"Justine please."

Justin walks to the table and lays out the tray. He uses the serving spoon and fork to place half the portion onto Lydia's plate before scooping the other half onto Matt's.

"What's going on here. Is this a joke?"

Lydia cocks her head to one side. "You don't like asparagus tips?"

He laughs but finds himself laughing into a silent room.

"No I mean, you, know, I mean Justin here."

"Continue serving please. And ask if Mister Fielding would prefer red or white wine with his first course."

Justin is in a special place right now. It could be on another planet. It could be in another universe. Wherever it is, it isn't here or now. He finally understands he is having a nightmare and in order to escape merely has to awaken. The nightmare is a warning from the fates about carrying his fantasies too far and pushing his wife into uncomfortable areas.

"The white is fine. Or red, what ever you are drinking." Matt's face is wearing a smile of uncertainty, the look of a man who doesn't know what to say or do.

Lydia nods. "Pour the white please."

Like an automaton he reaches for the white from the chilling bucket. This is not a nightmare, this is really happening. Lydia has lost it. He is standing before his colleague dressed like a girl serving him food and drink whilst his sexily attired wife issues instructions. Horror upon horrors: is Matt in on the game?

Not judging by his face.

"Quickly please Justine."

He pours the wine, his hand shaking so much the liquid glugs from the bottle threatening to explode over everything.

"Now me. And remain here in case we have needs."

Justin nods but keeps his head bowed. He cannot bring himself to make eye contact with either of them.

His friend and colleague Matt is sitting in his place! Opposite his wife!

"Look Justin I..." Matt holds out his palms to his friend as if apologising

before shrugging helplessly. He turns to Lydia, "isn't he going to join us?"

She laughs. "Oh dear no. We have made some changes here. I told you last night how busy I am. We just had to make changes for our life style to work. Home help. Staff to do the office stuff and housework. Justine had been asking for some time to carry out these duties," she smiles at her blushing, shaking husband, "hadn't you babes?"

His heart is thumping like a machine on the threshold of tearing itself apart. "Well... I..."

"Justine. You have asked many times to do the ironing and clean the house haven't you?"

Of course he had. It was part of the game he wanted his wife to indulge.

"Yes I suppose so."

"Yes Miss Usher I believe you were going to say." He steps back and fore on his Cuban heels. Should he end this now? But how? She has the key to his chastity belt, she has the web page password. "Yes Miss Usher," then he finds himself uttering, "sorry Miss Usher."

"Exactly. And tonight is one of Justine's late nights."

"Late nights?"

"Yes some times she is allowed to knock off before seven, but as I have a guest clearly Justine will have to be at our disposal throughout."

"Justine?" Matt, is a big guy. Well over six foot and solidly built, he leans across the table like a bull. "You mean Justin?"

She laughs gently. "Do I? Justine, your name is Justine isn't it? With an 'e' at the end?"

He closes his eyes. He must not cry. He whispers, "yes Miss Usher."

"I thought so. Perhaps with you boys he pretends to drop the 'e' part." She rests her chin on her hand and stares at her cowed husband. "But not any more Justine? No?"

"No Miss Usher."

"Oh come on," Matt guffaws. "This is some kind of joke."

"Of course not, it is a sensible answer to the conundrum of a modern marriage where the wife works long hours. We have just firmed up the understanding by a contract so Justine is paid for his domestic duties here."

"But there's a lot of work for him in our office at the moment. How's he going to cope?"

"That is why I brought you here tonight," she sips her wine, "well one of the reasons," she smiles. "He is resigning."

"You're joking!"

"Oh no. Tell everyone how content he is with performing his domestic chores at home."

Justin needs to flee. He needs to charge up the stairs, slam his lockable door shut and throw himself on the bed and just cry.

Matt shakes his head. "Well it is a changing world."

"It is indeed Matt. Now tell me what your asparagus tips are like. And then tell me one of your funny stories. Oh Justine, don't stand there like a lost sheep top up the glasses please."

Every attempt to nibble and swallow a little of the left over asparagus tips makes his stomach convulse as if ready to throw up. Justin can't even nibble at the remains of the pasta dish on the kitchen counter. From the dinning room comes more laughter. One of that idiots fucking so called

comical tales! Justin clenches his fist tight around his fork trying one final time to eat. He cannot. He is nauseous. He is as trapped as his penis in its strict constraint.

More giggles. He needs to go in there and confront her and his so called friend who is now treating him as little more than domestic staff.

The point at which Matt simply held up his glass for Justin to refill without a word being spoken between them brought Justin to boiling point.

As soon as he has sorted out the threatening web page he will confront her. This has just gone too far. Yes sure it has always been his fantasy to imagine her with another man whilst he is a maid but that doesn't mean he actually wanted it to happen.

He groans at the memory of her telling Matt to explain about his new domestic situation to all his colleagues. He would have to get a job somewhere else. Another city. Will that be far enough? Another country?

"Justine?"

Ignoring her call he lines up his knife and fork neatly on the plate and shifts a little on the stool.

"Justine!"

Closing his eyes he shakes his head as if he can shake away his predicament. He knows he cannot ignore her any longer.

"Justine!"

He slides off the chair, why are women's trousers so sensually slippery, and ambles into the dining room.

"Yes Miss Usher?"

"Mister Fielding and I will move to the lounge. Please fetch a tray and take our drinks."

"Yes Miss Usher."

"Justine where on earth are you going I haven't finished your instructions yet."

He swallows hard but whatever he is swallowing will not budge. It rests like a boulder in his throat. "Sorry Miss Usher."

"Then clear the table and tidy the kitchen. Once you have the dishwasher running report to me to be dismissed for the evening."

"Dismissed?" he repeats. Dismissed. What the hell does that mean?

"Yes." She catches Matt's eyes and they hold each other's gaze for a long moment. "Mister Fielding and I have important matters to discuss. We won't require your services."

His wife in her hot outfit rises and Matt steps back to allow her to go first. What a gentleman!

Keeping his eyes fixed on the carpet as they move passed Justine is drawn to her shiny high heeled boots, with their taunting flash of stockinged thigh and short skirt. Despite his predicament and anger his cock is inflamed in its cage. She is so hot it is untrue.

Her heels are followed by Matt's scuffed shoes sauntering by. Matt never was one for the details of appearance. Nice shirt, neat suit balanced with scuffed, old, comfortable shoes.

When he hears the lounge door close he straightens up feeling the corset straps tighten around his shoulders. The clothes present him as a neat sexy package following every curve, even though the curves are a product of the control tights, bra, corset and bum enhancing panties.

Oh, he so needs to cum. Despite the anger, the humiliation the bruised cock filling the metal and plastic needs relief.

Lost in his erotic thoughts he comes close to calamity. The red wine bottle rattles dangerously on the tray, sliding to the edge, moments from toppling to the floor.

The thought is a killer. What if he drops a bottle of red wine over her favourite cream carpet! What will Lydia say to him? And in front of Matt! The sickness overwhelms him. He sways a little on his heels. It is a long moment before he regains control. He mustn't faint. That would be the final indignity before his wife and former colleague.

Carrying the tray warily to the front room door he precariously uses his elbow to lower the handle so he can enter with the rattling tray of bottle and glasses.

"Just on the table please Justine." His wife raises a high heeled leather foot and points it before her.

"Yes Miss Usher." He places the tray down laying out the bottle and glasses without any eye contact. He knows they are sat closely together on the sofa, he can see their legs.

He steps back ready to retreat.

"Oh Justine?"

"Yes Miss Usher?"

"I think in future you ought to knock when I have guests don't you?"

"Yes Miss Usher."

"Can't have you barging in here as if you own the place can we?"

"No Miss Usher."

"Thank you. Anything else Matt?"

"What? Eh? Oh no. No. Great Justin, er Justine. Yes great."

Lydia crosses her legs. "Good. So carry on Justine please."

"Yes Miss Usher."

Closing the door behind him he has to catch his breath before he can safely move on. He hears a whispering but cannot make out what they are saying. A gentle giggle from Lydia. Another giggle, more muffled. Then she laughs

and he laughs. What are they doing in there?

Must he really report to her later? Couldn't he just slink off to bed?

8

It has taken him an hour and a half to clean the kitchen and dining room. It is spotless, show room style, glimmering under the fluorescent lights. He is working hard to avoid confrontation with Lydia.

He wipes the last plate and stacks it neatly in the upper cupboard and then he sees his opportunity for escape. A piece of paper to signal his freedom. All he has to do is survive tonight.

For a long breathless moment he stands outside the living room door, a door that is suddenly strange, as if he has never seen it before. He feels the slight Cuban heel straighten his legs, forcing out his bottom in their tight woman's stretch trousers. He experiences the electric tingle of fine silk against his smooth arms and body. Beneath it all is the web of constricting garments flattening, prodding and forcing his body into the curvy shape he had longed for over so many years.

It is quiet. What are they doing?

He closes his eyes and swallows. His hand rises making a gentle fist. He taps the door and waits.

"Enter."

Oh no. He opens the door and steps inside an alien room. The house no longer feels his.

Lydia is propped amongst a sea of cushions, her heeled boots on the table flashing long black stocking legs. Matt is slouched at the other end of the sofa swirling red wine around his glass. They both look thoughtful, pensive.

Justin clears his throat.

She smiles absent mindedly. "Oh yes Justine. The kitchen is tidied?"

"Yes Miss Usher."

She nods and catches his eye. "You sure?"

"Yes Miss Usher."

"Then you are dismissed for the evening."

Justine nods. Stepping back to the door. As Lydia snorts derisively.

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

He freezes. Does she know about his discovery?

"Miss Usher?"

"Oh don't look so frightened, you are embarrassing mister Fielding."

Matt coughs, "no no. No problem really."

Justin has never seen his colleague reacting so sympathetically to another's plight.

"Say good night silly," Lydia says.

"Oh yes. Good night Miss Usher," his toes clench in his tiny shoes, "mister Fielding."

"Yeh, good night Justine. Don't worry about anything. Lydia, er Miss Usher, here has explained everything. I do understand. Well, sort of. Don't trouble yourself about your job. I'll sort everything out."

Justine nods and then skips out of the room gently closing the door.

Moments later he is racing upstairs as fast as the heels will allow with the document held tight to his bosom. After his night time preparations in the bathroom he heads back to his room, quickly closing the door and leaning against it. Once he closes the door he hears a whirr followed by a clunk. In a flap he immediately tries the handle but it is loose, not taking up the lock. She has trapped him in his maid's room whilst she is downstairs dressed as sexily as hell with the worst Lothario in the world.

But Justine has other plans. Escape.

He changes into the dainty blue nightie and matching panties, both with white trim, before sitting at the laptop. Within moments the screen flashes up the Deed Poll web site. Furiously making spelling mistake after nervous spelling mistake he fills out the online forms. At one moment he thought he heard Lydia downstairs but once everything went quiet again, his heart returned to normal and he resumed his mission: to change back to his original name and gain some dignity. Justine!

Finally it asks for his credit card number and he flourishes the statement he had found in the tall cupboard. She may have his credit cards but he has his number.

Grinning from ear to ear he types it in and presses enter. An egg timer circles aimlessly whilst his ears bristle with every creak in the house. What would Lydia do to him if she discovered his ruse? He shakes his head, best not to think about it, especially with his colleague downstairs. The timer freezes and a box appears: "number unknown."

"What?" He checks the number with the statement. They are identical.

"What!"

Breathing hard he turns over the paper for the emergency phone number. Still no sounds from downstairs so he dials it.

Music, the irritating messages and then an Indian accent. A young girl. He sighs with relief but there is no time to lose. He gushes out his problem

and the girl is sympathetic. She asks his name.

"Justin Palmer."

"How are you spelling it?"

How many ways can you spell that name? He nevertheless spells it out to her.

"I am sorry but we have no one by that name ... oh. Yes. Here you are."

His chin hits his chest, his smooth hairless legs shift under the desk. Thank God.

The voice is hesitant. "You cancelled your card two days ago Mister Palmer."

The world turns in a long silence, his mind is frozen. "You're mistaken."

"No. definitely cancelled. Over the phone, by the joint holder, Mrs Palmer."

Ha. Bitch. She has thought of everything. Mustn't panic. Must find a way out of this. "I see. I think it was a mistake."

"Would you like to apply for another?"

"Yes yes." Oh you wonderful lady.

"Ok then Mister Justin Palmer. Address please?"

He feels winded, taking short breaths as he lists his address.

Silence. "Oh." The 'oh' is one of suspicion. "I am afraid that no one of that name lives at that address."

"There must be some mistake."

She is harder now. "Sir, two women live at that address. I have it on my computer in front of me."

"Who?"

"I cannot give you the names! Would you like to speak to my manager?"

"No, no, no." he slams down the phone. He knows who the two women listed at the address are: Lydia Palmer and Justine Usher.

He screws up the statement and throws it at the drawn blinds.

The world closes in on him. Darkness. Claustrophobic hell. A prison without release.

Suddenly he finds himself attacking the door, hysterically shaking the handle.

Tears run down his cheeks, he kicks the door stubbing his bare toes.

Throwing himself onto the bed he cries into the pillow, his chastity cage catching on the quilt painfully tweaking his dick. He grabs the cage. "Get it off. I must get it off. I must escape."

He presses his hands to his face. This cannot be happening.

He is back on his feet. His brain blowing fuses, his body no longer under his control. He is screaming. Banging and kicking the door like a madman. "Lydia! Lydia!" he wipes the tears with his bare arm. "Let me out!"

He hears a door downstairs open and a voice call up: "Justine? What is all that noise?" It is a sweet voice, the voice of a mother to a young distressed child. He hears her coming up the stairs so he backs away from the door.

Now he really is scared. Fear grips his stomach twisting it into a painful knot.

"Justine?"

He can't answer. He cannot say anything. He needs to get control over his breathing. He needs to pee but he knows he must say something

"Lydia. Sorry. Please open the door." Was his voice cracking as much as he fears?

"Ok."

Uh? It is not the answer he expects.

"But you must tidy your hair and wear some make up. Then cuff your hands behind your back."

"No! I mean. Please no Lydia. No."

"If you want the door open then you will do as you are told. Then perhaps we should have a little chat. Would you like that Justine?"

"Yes. Yes. Just a second."

Using the mirror he wipes his face dry of the tears with tissues and applies mascara as carefully as his shaking hand will allow. He uses the pink lipstick she gave him for his lips.

His heart sinks as he lifts the heavy cuffs from the drawer but what alternative is there? If he wants the chat he has to do as she commands. She says she will talk to him and that must be the way forward. He clicks one shackle around his wrist before pulling it behind his back. He folds the cuff around his wrist but as ever it is as difficult to click the last lock home. Yet he must make himself helpless if he is to get his way. He closes his eyes, holds his breath.

Clunk.

Hands helplessly secured behind him he settles onto the bed his bared legs beneath his baby blue nightie, but he still cannot compose himself. He is terrified.

"Lydia?" There is definitely a high pitched tremor in his voice.

The door lock clunks and it springs open. Lydia is smiling, her cheeks flushed and her eyes huge and comforting. "Justine. Just turn around a bit so I can see you have been good and obedient."

He slides around on his silky knickers to show her his secured wrists.

She smiles and he smiles back. "Lydia I..."

She crosses the room in two long strides. Her right hand reaching for the ceiling and quickly spinning down in an arc until it slaps his face so hard he is thrown backwards.

"Yeooow ." He hears himself screaming. His cheek burns. He opens his eyes to see her two hands reach down the top of his nighties to take hold of his nipples.

"No, no, please!"

She twists the nipples viscously this way and that. The pain is excruciating. He screams continuously oblivious to whether Matt can hear him. Nothing matters save the pain from his breasts. Surely they will be pulled off if she continues. His body thrashes around as if he is being electrocuted. Using his nipples for leverage she lifts him so he is sitting up straight against the bedhead before giving him a shove that has him bouncing on his back on the mattress. She reaches back into his nightie and using his nipples hauls him back to the sitting position.

All the time he is forced to follow his tormented breasts, screaming like a tortured puppet. "Please please please."

Then it stops and he lies on his back crying his chest burning, the one side of his face numb and throbbing. He realises his face is drenched in tears.

"Now what do you call me?"

"Mistress."

"And?"

"Miss Usher."

"Miss Usher what?"

"Miss Usher mistress. Sorry mistress."

"And only Miss Usher when we have guests."

"Yes mistress, he sobs.

"You're a stupid slut aren't you."

"Yes mistress."

"What are you?"

"A stupid slut mistress."

"I don't know what I pay you for!"

"No mistress."

"Maybe I should get myself a real maid. One who knows how to serve!"

"No mistress. I am sorry mistress."

"Stupid slut."

"Yes mistress."

"Do you think you can summon me, your mistress, when you want?"

"No mistress."

"I summon you. Never the other way around."

"Yes mistress."

Now his nipples are feeling strangely icy as if the fire has given way to the opposite state. It feels even worse. How he would love to rub cold water over them.

"So what did you want?"

He opens his eyes and studies her: is this a trap? She is standing, her clothes dishevelled after her assault, her hair sticking in all sorts of directions. Her eyes flashing impatience.

"Mistress I cant go on like this. I am sorry. I know I wanted to do this. But I have changed my mind."

The room hangs silent for a long time as she mulls over his words.

He wriggles slowly back towards the headboard feeling exposed and

vulnerable. What will she do? Will she beat him again?

Finally she nods as if understanding his plight and reasoning and settles down next to him on the bed making him shake in terror.

"Oh babes, just relax. I am not going to hurt you."

"N-n-no mistress." He stammers.

"Silly babes." She strokes his hair and kisses his tears. "Silly babes. Getting yourself so worked up like this."

"Yes mistress."

His breathing grows shallow, his eyes close and he nuzzles his sore cheek against her shoulder.

"Poor babes. We girls have so much trouble controlling our emotions don't we?"

He pushes his demanding groin up against her thigh, his dick desperate to erect in its confines. "Yes mistress."

"So hard for a silly muddle headed maid."

"Yes mistress."

She kisses him lightly on his forehead, he is close to swooning. Running her fingers lightly down his sexy nightie she slides her hand between his legs to rub gently his constraint. "So, so, hard for a muddle headed little maid."

"Yes mistress." He is emitting little oohing sounds like a worked up hot virgin.

"So much in my control. You love your sexy little outfits don't you?"

"Oh yes mistress."

"You love the smooth silky finish."

"Yes mistress."

"I've seen you parading downstairs with your duster: 'oh look at me'.  
That's what you are saying inst it you little tramp"

He giggles under his breath, "yes mistress."

"Do you love your mistress?"

"Oh yes mistress."

She brushes his lips with hers. "Really, deeply and truly adore your  
mistress?"

"Oh yes, yes. I love you mistress."

She laughs sweetly, "I know you do my darling."

"And do you love me?"

She stops moving, as if thinking. He opens his eyes to see her pursing her  
pink lips in thought. "I am very fond of my maid. How about that?"

He feels insulted. He has just given her his love as a maid and she is only  
fond of him? He kneels up. "Don't you love me?"

She laughs. "Silly. A mistress can't love her maid. What is the world  
coming to that you could think such nonsense." She stands up. "But a maid  
should always love her mistress."

"But..." he cannot think of an answer.

"Silly muddle headed little maid. I think I will persevere with you for a  
little while longer."

"Persevere?" he feels a hot flush of rage.

"Well look at you, you slut. All hot and bothered ready to give yourself to  
me after I have slapped you around and punished you. What a slut." She  
laughs, shaking her head and makes to walk out.

He is about to call her name but is too afraid to go that far. "Mistress!"

Pausing at the door she sighs as if bored. "Yes maid?"

"Unlock my hand cuffs."

Immediately he regrets the words and the tone he used. "I mean mistress..."

"No. no. I understand. You no longer want to be my maid."

"Well... no. I sort of like the game. But this is too much. All that's happening. I am so helpless."

"Ok. I'll take the cuffs off. And?" She points down to his groin. "And that too?"

"Uhm... well yes please. Thank you mistress."

"No problem, if you don't want to be my maid." She looks back outside the door and shouts: "Matt? Matt?"

Terror. Sheer blinding terror. "What are you doing mistress?"

"Asking Matt to bring the keys up. I left them downstairs. Maybe he can unlock you and release your chastity belt."

"Oh Jesus Christ no. Not him. No. Don't let him see me like this."

"Matt?" She shouts louder.

"Mistress no. No."

"But you want them taken off don't you? You have had enough of being my maid?"

"No... I er..."

"Matt can you hear me?" She is really shouting now.

"No Mistress. I want to be your maid. No forget it. Leave the keys downstairs."

"But you want your handcuffs off don't you?"

"No, no."

"You want that seedy chastity thingee you bought removed don't you?"

"No, no, please leave it on."

"But you no longer want to be my maid? Isn't that right?"

"No I want to be your maid. Please let me be your maid mistress."

"Well you do beg rather sweetly I must admit. Oh ok. Then just for a few more days, ok Justine?"

"Yes mistress, thank you mistress."

"And as you clearly don't know your own mind, from now on I will take all decisions in this household. Clear?"

"Yes mistress." Saliva hangs from his mouth and, unable to wipe it, he tries to suck it back. Is he safe from Matt seeing him like this?

"Good. Breakfast at seven. The door will automatically open at six. I'll leave the handcuff keys in the bathroom"

"Yes mistress. Thank you mistress."

"Good night Justine." She glances out of the door, over the banister and down the stairs. "Oh here he comes now. Hi Matt. Come to see what all the commotion is about?"

"No!"

Justin scrambles beneath the quilt kicking it up with his legs and desperate to slide his smooth limbs beneath it and hide. Somehow it just will not cover his made up face. He tries to grip it with his teeth but knocks it off his shoulders exposing his nightie down to his knickers.

Lydia reaches down and snatches the quilt from the bed leaving him curled up and exposed, crying like a baby. His eyes tightly closed and head pushed deep into the pillow.

Suddenly a hand brushes over his naked shoulder and he feel Lydia snuggle up to him. "There, there babes. Matt went home an hour ago." She

kisses his cheek. "Silly babes. But I think we are beginning to understand each other aren't we?"

"Yes mistress."

She slaps his bottom, not too hard, but certainly not playfully. She is making a point.

"Night babes." She kisses him tenderly on the cheeks making him feel close to swooning.

The door closes and the locks hit home with a steadfast resounding clunk. He knows how prisoners in jails feel. The despair of being locked up for the night.

Sitting up on the bed, his head swimming, his wrists manacled behind him, the quilt piled on the floor staring at his bared feet he draws breath.

>From where is he sitting he can see the laptop computer still on the name Deed Poll Web site. At least his mistress missed that! Next to it is the phone. His mind replays the nice Indian girl's voice: "I am afraid that no one of that name lives at that address."

He flops back onto his manacled wrists. "I no longer exist." Only two women live at this address. Justine Usher is one of them and that woman is he. Justin has vanished as if he never existed. No person, no credit card, probably no bank account and definitely no job. She has wiped away his past and replaced it with a present that is as much a prison as his chastity restraint and his locked bedroom door.

His head falls to his chest as he starts crying. All he knows is that given a chance he will escape from this woman and his predicament. There must be a way.

He wipes his tear strewn face on the pillow. Yes there must be a way. Tomorrow he will escape. He has to.

In the master bedroom Lydia stands before the mirror knowing how knock down sexy she looks. Her knickers are damp, erotically uncomfortable, her nipples stiff like pointing fingers. When they said power is an aphrodisiac I wonder if this what they meant?

She peers in her wardrobe opening the one bag she has yet to show Justin. Its contents spring fluffily to life. They are only clothes but they make her senses reel. Can she really go this far? Will the sissy submit totally? She strokes the material in the bags. There is no going back now, she must find out.

She collapses to her knees her hand rubbing hard between her legs before falling sideways gripping her fingers tightly between her thighs. She shakes and is spent yet still she feels hot, ready for more, much more. She tips open the bag sees the silky contents and immediately feels the tingle of a fresh orgasm.

## PART FOUR

### 1

He showers, the steamy hot spray pulsating his body as his fingers stray down to the metal chastity device fixed about his groin.

"Damn."

As he touches the unyielding strips of smooth metal he grinds his teeth in helpless frustration. "Damn!"

He dries in the luxurious pink fluffy towel before dressing. The rigid corset, the fine silky stockings, delicate but firm panties all torture his senses. What he would give for relief, any relief. He delicately makes himself up before donning the black maid's dress with the longer hemline and squeezing his feet into the tight strappy heels.

And he thinks.

He thinks this is a fantasy that is so exciting his head buzzes as if his brain

has ceased to be a useful organ. He thinks how frightened he is, how powerless. He thinks about his loss of identity. He knows it is temporary, yet Lydia is acting so strangely, so disconnected from any notion of the real world, he is left with a fearsome sense of permanence. When he behaves, she is pleasant and nice to him, when he doesn't behave, she grows icy and scary.

Yet one thought overrides all others. The thought of the heat in his groin. He can just about push a finger nail through the cage bars to stroke his crushed dick for a brief moment of pleasure. Yet the pleasure quickly turns to agonising vexation. Precum dribbles into his knickers leaving him damp and uncomfortable. The irony is not lost on him: this is how a real girl feels when she is excited, hot, damp and in need.

"Stand."

He jumps from the bed holding his breath. He has not heard her approach his room.

The door lock had thumped with its heavy mechanical noise and opened in a brief terrifying moment. She is wearing her office clothes, the tight sexy short grey skirt and crisp white blouse. In her right hand is a hand written A4 note.

Self consciously he feels his knees fall one in front of the other, a pose of girly vulnerability.

"I have spent time creating a list of your chores to day. Hope it is appreciated."

"Yes Mistress. Thank you Mistress."

"For the moment I will keep them simple, but I expect you to improve with each passing day."

Each passing day? "Er yes Mistress."

"So concentrate on the bathrooms today but don't forget to keep the rest of

the house ... why are you looking at me like that Justine?"

"Mistress?"

"The stupid bimbo look of shock. It can be endearing, but when I am issuing instructions I do find it somewhat irritating."

"Oh. You said, er, if you don't mind me saying, passing days."

She sighs. "So?"

"Well, er, Mistress, I mean, er, how many passing days?"

She pouts and twists around on her heels, heading smartly for the door.

"We'll talk about it later." She drops the list onto his dressing table.

"But Mistress!"

His angst has turned into an uncontrollable wail. She stops, her back to him in the doorway. "Yes Justine?" Emphatic, impatient.

"But I am desperate." Justine finds herself gabbling as he approaches her, "I haven't cum in days and it is killing me and I ..."

Suddenly she is embracing him, squeezing her arms around his shoulders.

"Oh babes. Don't cry. Listen. I tell you what." She holds his arms bringing his tear filled eyes level with hers. "You be extra special good to day and I will remove your chastity cage for ooh," she scrunches her face in thought. "For one hour. One whole hour." Her eyes twinkle. "How about that maid?"

"Yes mistress, thank you mistress." It is his turn to embrace her.

Suddenly she is not holding him quite so tightly. She is quiet, her eyes staring in to space, her mouth turns down.

A pang of worry stirs in his tummy. "Mistress?"

With a little movement of her palm she pushes him away, ambling to the desk to pick up the cordless phone.

The pang of fear in Justin's tummy grows sharper as she holds the phone

out to him.

"Phone Matt."

"Eh?"

"I thought you were going to be good? You do want you're hour in the sun don't you?"

"I, er, well..."

"Phone him and ask him if he will call around and entertain your wife..."

He gasps.

"Er... no, not your wife." She thinks. "The 'lady of the house'. Ask him to call around tonight for a meal. Then ask if he will entertain the lady of the house."

"I can't do that!"

"Oh?" her surprise is too theatrical and is ruined anyway by a sly smile.

"Oh ok. I just thought you wanted to be good and ..."

"Look!" He catches himself as her eyebrows knit, to add quickly, "er Mistress. I don't think you understand what a man like Matt will think such an invitation means!"

Genuine surprise. "You think I am as big a bimbo as you?"

"Oh no Mistress, no!"

"All our marriage you have been going on about being my maid." She adopts a wickedly sissy tone: "Oh please dresth me up. Oh pleath make me a maid. Oh pleath put me in a chastity belt and only let me out when you are satisfied with my conduct. Oh pleath Lydia oh pleath. Oh pleath lets pretend I am a cuckold. Pleath Lydia."

"But that's, I mean, I, it was just a fantasy."

"Oh Justine," she softens, stroking his cheek with her finger nails. "Don't you realise I need release as well? You do love your mistress don't you?"

"Of course, yes ..."

"And you can't satisfy me, in that way, right now. Yes?"

"But mistress if you released me I ..."

She waggles her little finger staring at his groin a wicked half smile on her lips. "Do we understand each other? Oh please close your mouth maid, you will be catching flies."

"But..." He can find no words to add to 'but'. But what? But he could satisfy her with his little dick? That he doesn't love her enough to agree to her finding pleasure - even if it is with another man? His fists clench, even if it is with Matt of all people. That bastard!

She places the phone in his hand, steps back and taps a finger expectantly on her lips, a scientist conducting a study.

An hour's release she has promised him. A full hour of masturbating, of total release.

But he has to ask his most roguish colleague to call around and, and, he bites his lipsticked lips, and 'entertain his wife'.

What else can he do? He pushes the phone buttons. They feel heavy. One by one. A long silence before it rings.

"Matt here."

A longer silence before he can reply. His mouth so dry his tongue clicks.

"Matt? Hi it's Justin. Ouch!"

A stinging slap to his thigh. Leaning into his ear she whispers: "Its Mister Fielding to you and don't forget you're real name again Justine!"

"You ok?"

"Yes. Sorry caught my fingers in the phone. Ouch!"

Another stinging slap. "Don't you dare tell lies to my guests!"

"Did you do it again?" A male piss-taking laugh.

"Er well," he wonders if Lydia can hear Matt. Must change the subject. "I, well, listen the reason I rung you ..."

"Listen don't worry about it."

"Eh?"

"Last night. I want you to know that nothing happened. Nothing at all. I told her I couldn't betray an old friend."

"Oh thank you, yes."

"You sound shocked. I am not that much of a dog. Not that Lydia isn't the most sexy wife I have ever come across. Wow. But listen your secret is safe with me. I won't tell anyone. No reason for anyone to know is there? Just keep it between the three of us."

"Gosh yes, thank you, yes. Good idea."

A laugh. "And don't worry about work, your resignation, I'll sort all that stuff out."

Lydia's mouth in his ear. "Ask him!"

"Yes the thing is... Mmmm...I mean Mr Fielding, I wonder if you'd care to er..."

"Wonder what Justine?"

He closes his eyes. "I wonder if you'd like to call around tonight to have dinner with us again?"

"Sounds good." He laughs. "This time with you sat at the table I trust."

"Er, maybe not. No."

"You mean me and Lydia?" he sounds hesitant.

"Er, yes." He closes his eyes.

"Are you sure you are ok with this?"

His mind swirls until after a long pause "Yes."

"Just me and Lydia ... your wife."

"Yes."

"You, er, serving us?"

"Yes." His stomach flips.

"And just me and Lydia."

Justin is nodding, finally he whispers. "Just the two of you."

"Wow. Justine. You are the best. You know I have the hots for her. And I felt something with her. And you doing this for us? Fantastic. I won't forget this. See you tonight."

The maid slumps to the bed, her stockinged thighs closing together as the skirt billows in a neat circle about his hips. With a stunned look he glances up at Lydia. "He said yes."

Oddly she doesn't look pleased.

"Mistress. I said he said yes. He is coming around tonight to have dinner with you."

"What words did I ask you to use Justine?"

With flushed cheeks he responds. "I think he gets the idea Mistress! In fact I think he knows exactly what he is coming around here for."

Unmoved she shakes her head. "I said to ask him to call around to entertain me!"

"But I ..."

She is moving quickly out of the room. He hurries after her. "Mistress?" His heels slowing him down. She is already down the stairs retrieving her briefcase and coat.

"Mistress. It is what you wanted!"

"No it isn't. You knew what you had to say."

"But Mistress. Will I have my hour out of the belt?"

"We'll see!"

She is moving through the front door. Soon she will be gone.

"But mistress he is coming around to fuck you. I have invited him! What more could you ..."

The door slams and he stamps his heeled foot before sliding down the wall to settle on the carpet. Then he grabs at his cage through his knickers and cries like a trapped animal.

## 2

The bathrooms are hard work, forever crouching or dropping to the knees or else standing on tiptoes. Scrubbing and cleaning. Nothing looking cleaner. The sink is spotless and that makes the bath dingy. The bath gleams and the mirrors look dusty. The mirrors are wiped and the woodwork needs a polish. It is unending.

Sweat tickling down his forehead as his foot arches and ankles ache from the tormenting heels.

Her bed, formerly their bed, is easier. He flattens out the lower sheets, shakes the duvet and plumps up the pillows. They actually look good. He smiles. At least one job well done he muses.

He tidies up her clothes dropping her underwear into the washing basket. The bedroom looks good under the late morning sunshine. Like a picture from a housekeeping magazine. He feels a flush of pride, he can't wait for Lydia to see it and hear her praises.

He makes to close the wardrobe door when he catches sight of the package slumped near the back. Like all cross-dressers the sight of an elegant,

plastic, girly shopping bag is too enticing. He settles down beside it, his stockings crackling together.

Delicately pulling open the top he catches sight of a silky black material. His heart misses a beat. There are wide straps for the shoulders. Is it sexy night attire? No, then it would have spaghetti straps. Is it something for her to wear tonight to captivate Matt? Or could it be for him?

Curling his finger beneath a shoulder strap he gently raises it. A swimsuit? It looks like a dark shiny swimsuit with reinforced panels around the waist. Some sort of foundation wear to hold in the figure? His heart is thumping. It is set in the female hourglass shape. He dearly wants to try it on.

The front door slams. "Justine?"

Lydia! Home now? Already?

He pushes the bag into place but the contents tumble towards him. As her heels race up the stairs he squashes them tightly down into the bag before smartly closing the door. He hears the bag collapse against the door.

"There you are. Gosh." She appraises the bedroom and smiles, eyebrows raised. "What a difference. Well done Justine."

He stands, feeling flushed and guilty. "Thank you mistress."

"And the bathrooms?"

"Done. Er. Both of them."

"Then I had better check them hadn't I?"

His stomach tightens. "Yes mistress."

He is caned six times on the rear top of his thighs for not lining up the shampoo bottles neatly at the shelf end of the bath. Other than that Lydia is actually cooing at him and tweaking his cheeks. "Well done Justine."

"I didn't expect you home so early Mistress." He rubs at the welts at the back of his legs, they feel like deep, sore ridges burnt into his flesh.

"Please don't play with yourself like that Justine. Not when you are serving people. What ever will they think of you? Hands in front! Clapsed together when you are being addressed. Shows you are being attentive."

"Yes Mistress," he eagerly adopts the position trying to forget the scars on his legs just above his stockings.

"Now I find myself in two minds maid. On the one hand you have done well with the housework."

"Thank you Mistress." He bobs a neat curtsey.

"But on the other hand you didn't do what I commanded you to do when phoning Mister Fielding."

"Yes mistress. But I did invite him around."

"Oh? And do you honestly think that carrying out my instructions to the minimum level is in anyway adequate?"

"Well ... but he is calling around and ..." she glares at him until he lowers his eyes. "No Mistress. Sorry Mistress. I will do it next time."

A smile from his mistress makes his shoulders relax. "Will you babes? How sweet. Perhaps we should give you a treat?"

"Yes please Mistress."

"How long did I say? Ten minutes?"

He is aghast. "No mistress. No. An hour. Really!"

She giggles, "only teasing babes. Ok. So fetch the cuffs from the top drawer. My cuffs Justine not your silly toys."

"Yes Mistress."

His breathing becomes shallow and it is not just because he is bending over in the corset to take the stuff from the drawer. Release. Release. His dick is permanently semi hard in its confines and now he feels it twitch painfully against the bars.

"Place a chair in front of the mirror babes and remove your sissy knickers."

Did she have to call them sissy knickers? Somehow the humiliation adds to his pleasure.

He places his frilly pink and white knickers on the bed and sits on the uncomfortable wooden chair facing the mirror.

His reflection is of a flushed, impish maid.

"Hands behind back please."

"Yes Mistress."

The usual feeling of terror as she hefty manacles fasten around his wrists is offset on this one occasion by the promise of pleasure to come.

She takes some of his bondage rope and ties each ankle to the leg of the chair but bound in such a way as to keep his feet from touching the floor. There is no way he can get leverage now to stand or push the chair away. But who cares?

She uses a heavy thick belt to trap his waist to the chair's back.

"There. I've thought of this moment for so long Justine."

He smiles. "Have you Mistress? Since we started this game?"

A sweet laugh. "No bimbo. Years ago. Wrists cuffed like that and body held to the chair. Feet raised from the floor."

His smile fades, why does she sound so intense? She grits her teeth, stroking his hair - though not gently. "Sometimes it is a muscular jock with a big cock. All tense hard muscles but helplessly secure. His huge, thick

cock pointing to the ceiling. His eyes helpless. Sometimes it is a sissy like you. Trapped by your own stupidity."

Her eyes are flashing can he see red in her iris? Her head lolls backwards. "Oh the very word. Trapped. Trapped and helpless." Now staring hard at him, her mouth stretching back around predator white teeth. "Because that's what you are isn't it? Trapped and helpless?"

He tugs on his cuffs and wriggles his bound feet, secured hard to the chair legs. "Please Mistress I am frightened."

She laughs and relaxes. "Oh Justine. Well you should be a little frightened shouldn't you? Eh of your mistress?"

"I suppose so."

"Don't pout silly babes. But you can go on struggling like that. It is quite amusing."

He stops wriggling on the seat.

"No? Ok then don't wriggle." She giggles. "Well, you cannot escape can you?"

"No Mistress."

"No Mistress." She slaps his thigh painfully. "No Mistress. No indeed you cannot."

She opens her handbag and lifts out a tiny key. Instantly he knows exactly what it is and what it mean's to him. "Oh Mistress please. Yes." He even tries to bounce his hips towards her but to no avail. He is fixed hard to the chair.

She settles before him, her breasts sensuously bobbling in the white bra cups under her thin blouse. She raises his skirt feeling a gush of warmth. There is his little dick trapped in the enclosure. She chuckles as she takes hold of the heavy miniature padlock. The entire cage twitches like a small animal.

The she stops moving. The key inches from the lock.

"Mistress?" Panic fills his eyes. "Please. Please."

"But you didn't carry out my instructions did you?"

"What?"

"On the phone with Mister Fielding this morning. Can you remember what you were instructed to ask?"

He shakes but the chair wont move. "Please Mistress."

"But you will next time won't you?"

"Yes mistress. Yes Mistress. Yes. Yes. Yes!"

Suddenly she has the cordless phone. She taps out a number.

"Mistress?" he shakes the chair trying to make it bounce away but it is stuck hard. He bound to it and his weight pinning it to the carpet.

She puts the phone to the maid's ear pushing it beneath his neatly cut hair.

"No mistress, please." The first tear swells from his eye and dribbles down his cheek.

The phone rings though the earpiece.

"No. No. No!"

"Hello?"

Matt has answered.

Justine stares plaintively at his mistress but her face is frozen. Is she angry? Sad? Amused. He can't tell. There is no movement in her features.

"Mister Fielding this is Justine again."

"Justin, yes Justine." He forces an embarrassed laugh. "Er, hi Justine. It's still ok for tonight? You know, the meal and everything?"

"Mister Fielding after dinner do you think you could find time to entertain

my wife?"

"What? Er? Entertain?" Another false laugh to cover his shock. "I, er... well... Maybe that's a matter for Lydia yes?"

"Yes Mister Fielding, thank you Mister Fielding. I will pass your message on."

She turns off the phone and throws it to the bed. "What did he say?"

The maid cries softly. "He said it was up to you Mistress."

"Wow. Wow." She shakes her head and laughs. "The only thing that stopped him last time was the thought of hurting you. The last barrier has gone Justine. You will soon be a cuckolded little sissy maid, just like you always have wanted."

"No, Mistress no. I've changed my mind I ..."

The lock leaps apart as soon as the key is turned. She draws the cage down releasing his cock to spring to hard, painful attention.

He has never been so hard before. His erection hurts. She strokes a finger nail up the shaft before kissing his cheek. He closes his eyes and shakes his head in an orgasm he can't quite make happen. His dick requires friction to reach the final level.

"Please mistress wank me off."

"Don't be crude bimbo! Mistress's do not wank, as you put it, their maid's off. You were promised an hour out of the chastity belt so make the most of it without moaning and crying."

"But mistress I thought ..."

A flash card memory of the rabbit in the trap forms in her mind. An image from all those years ago. That final moment when it knows it is totally ensnared and helpless. The shock, the wide eyes, the surrender. There it is all reflected in her maid's face.

"Now please don't bother me I have a man to prepare for."

"Mistress I..." he sniffs up the tears. "Please, you can't be serious."

In the mirror's reflection he watches as her grin broadens. She stands near the bed undressing slowly, one button of her blouse at the time.

"You like watching me strip, don't you maid."

"Yes Mistress."

"Oh what agony it must be for you. Your little member so full and eager and no woman in the world would waste her time with it."

"No Mistress."

"Well may you cry sissy." She lets her blouse slip down her elegant arms revealing her gorgeous breasts held in the frilly white bra. "Still isn't it good you love your mistress?"

Silence.

"You do love your mistress don't you?"

Through sobs he finds a strangulated, "yes, Mistress."

"I thought so. And I am so fond of my maid when she is good and obedient and does as instructed." The skirt unzipped as Lydia turns her back to him to slowly wriggle it down over her hips.

He can feel warm precum cascading out of his dick like a fountain. "Please mistress have mercy."

She turns back in her white panties and bra. "What a fix my little sissy has got herself in."

He closes his eyes tight and cries uncontrollably until the camera flashes. "What?"

"Another family picture for the website." She laughs. She is naked in her white bathrobe now.

He shakes the chair with all his might but achieves nothing. He is stuck before her.

"How to prepare for a real man? Mmm. A long hot, sexy soak in the bath perhaps? And then I'll need to try on lots of sexy underwear." She smiles at him, "and you can watch me. In fact that's all you can do sissy, is sit there and watch me as I try on all those sexy, sexy little items of lingerie you have bought for me over the years."

And that's all he did do.

#### 4

In her minds eye it was going to be so easy. She had read about it in the chastity belt stories. It happened all the time there.

But, annoyingly, it didn't work in real life.

Justine sat there in his maid's outfit, mascara caked in streams on his cheeks, gasping like an underwater swimmer with two bags of frozen ice cubes sat on his groin.

According to the stories the dick should deflate like air going out of a balloon, but it remains obdurately, ramrod erect.

Sighing, she rises to her heels enabling Justin to take in her stunningly perfect body in the black basque, stockings and heels. Oh my God has there ever been a more sexy sight? He tries to speak through the gag but it just comes out as aimless muffling.

"Mmmumph phlub"

"Remember what you were like without the gag babe?" She adopts a comical sissy voice, "oh pleath let me come misthresth. I promith to be good. I'll do whatever you say. Well no way Justine! But how are we going to shrink this?" She giggles as she catches his pleading eyes. "Yes my love that would be one way, but it's not going to happen babes."

The words 'it's not going to happen' slam into him. She is as good as her word, he has learnt that much. He finally realises he will not be allowed to come. Closing his eyes in misery, he washes away the erotic sight of his mistress along with his predicament in his own abject pity.

"Not going to happen." She had said. He feels himself relax. Suddenly the cold sting snaps at his balls and dick, almost as if the ice is burning. "Not going to happen". He wiggles his bare backside on the uncomfortable wooden seat shifting the ice to fall onto his thigh making him squeal into the gag. Not going to happen. Could his misery be more compounded?

Clink. Snap. A metallic snap. He glances downwards already knowing what he will see. Sure enough the chastity belt is fitted snugly back around his cock. He groans.

"Phew! A days work waiting for your puny little member to see sense!"

As she unlocks his cuffs, the ice bag slips to the floor leaving him damp and chilly around his groin.

"So much for all those silly stories!" She arches her shoulders groaning at how stiff they have become. "Now I have only an hour to finish dressing. You make sure the meal is ready for thirty minutes after Mister Fielding arrives. Thirty one minutes is too late. Yes?"

Rising stiffly from his chair, his buttock's skin is caught as if super glued to the wood. His flesh 'slurps' away as he stands, stretching. "Yes Mistress."

Wandering away he hears her call out, "Justine. Hips please! Thank you that's better."

Once in the sanctuary of his own bedroom he reaches for the neat girly trousers and blouse he wore the previous night for Matt and his wife. It takes a while to pull down the zip at the back of his maid's dress. Why put it just beyond reach? What is that about? His thighs feel frozen like those of a supermarket chicken.

Sitting on the bed with the top part of his maid's dress hanging loose, he

sighs. His mind is still erotically charged. He feels that sleepy, erotic, submissive buzz. One good wank would send him off to sleep. One good wank! What a pleasant thought. Such a normal part of life denied to him!

Tonight she would make love to Matt. His deepest darkest fantasy will come true. The shame, the humiliation, the anger - the sheer, impotent jealousy. If he possessed a proper sized cock would he still be in this position? When this was all over and the game finally played out and they went back to being man and wife, how would she see him? Still as the sissy maid? The cuckold? Could he ever be the man of the house again?

He tried to tell himself it would all float back to normal, like popping out a hat that has been crushed. They would get on with their lives as if it never happened. He was to be allowed to cum tonight. She had said so. Of course she tricked him so easily before, but this time he felt it would happen. She had said he would only be allowed out for an hour and she kept to her word. As soon as she had cheated on him she would let him cum. Then this extraordinary game would finally be over.

"Justine!"

He leaps to his heels. She is standing in the door way with her own short black dress hanging from her shoulders. They could be twins save for her flounced up blond hair and his Winona Ryder neatly styled black hair.

"What are you doing?"

"I, er, thought... erm sorry mistress... but I thought I should change now... Er, ready for Mister Fielding's arrival."

Her eyes fall to the pants lying flat on the bed. "Change into what Justine?"

He glances down and freezes. Dread. She had not given him permission to change. Oh no! "Oh mistress I am sooo sorry." He hangs onto the 'so' the way girls do, it makes it more emphatic. "Please don't beat me. Do I have permission to change now ready for Mister Fielding's arrival?"

Her eyebrows disappear into her blond fringe. "Change? Justine you are

on maid's duty until dismissed tonight. I do not remember saying otherwise. Do You?"

His mouth hangs open.

"Obviously I expect you to repair your face after all that squealing and crying but no, you stay in the traditional maid's uniform. Unless you wish to wear the frilly short pink one? We haven't seen you in that yet have we?"

"I, er... but dressed as a maid? Oh Mistress please don't make me do that."

"In fifteen minutes time I will inspect the kitchen. Ensure my useless slut of a maid is preparing a dinner for her mistress and the man in her life. I expect her to be correctly attired for the occasion." She raises her palm, "don't interrupt. Should I be disappointed I will open your web site for two hours. So anyone searching for you will find you. In all your glory. Do you think I am joking?"

He shakes his head. Totally defeated.

"Good. So Justine why don't we girls zip up the backs of our dresses for each other. You know you'll like that. Girls together. Then we can each prepare for tonight in our own way."

5

"I just didn't expect to see him dressed like... well like..."

"Don't trouble yourself Matt. Just let Justine help you with your coat, that's it, and come into the front room. Oh Justine? Come and take the order for drinks will you?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Mistress?" Matt may as well have been an automaton as he is led stiffly by his arm to the sofa.

"Ha, Justine. Two martinis if you will please."

"Yes Mistress."

"And be a darling and close the door will you."

"Yes Mistress."

The door closes as heels are heard clattering in the kitchen.

He shakes his head. "Sorry I just didn't think you and he... well Justine..."

"Well you don't see many maids these days do you? Not fully uniformed. But the way I see it, if that is what she wants, then I may as well make the most of it."

"Well yes, I suppose."

She laughs. "Relax Matt. Take off your jacket."

As she helps him pull off his jacket, she places one knee on the sofa so her breasts fill his wide eyed vision and her perfume tickles his nostrils. She can already see his excitement growing in his pants.

"I mean Lydia how often does he dress like that."

"Oh I don't know. Does it matter?" She smiles, lowering her lids slightly, "I know Justine has a nice pair of legs and a trim figure, but I wouldn't mind some of your attention." She giggles.

Finally he laughs and takes her hand. "Sure Lydia. Sure. And you look stunning. Absolutely ravishing."

The door opens with the rattle of drinks on a tray. Matt makes to pull his hand free but Lydia catches hold of his fingers maintaining their lock.

"Drinks on the table Justine. Thank you. Now ask Mister Fielding if there will be anything else."

Justin feels the heat in his cheeks as he avoids eye contact with his former colleague. "Mister Fielding is there anything else I may help you with?"

"No, no... erm, no, no thanks you Justine."

Lydia leans into Matt as she smiles at the maid. "Mister Fielding was just commenting on your legs and trim figure weren't you Matt?"

Matt's eyes widen. "Well not exactly, but..." For Matt the world is in confusion, like driving in dense fog. It doesn't look like Justine, it looks more like a cute submissive, sexily attired girl. He is trying to prevent his brain moving to complimentary flirting mode. "Yes, yes. Very pretty Justine. Yes."

## 6

In the kitchen Justine is frying the chicken's liver, but her mind is iced up. Pretty? Trim figure. My legs? Am I? He feels his cock inflate to fill its confines. Could I be attractive as a maid?

In the sitting room Mat has moved to the edge of the sofa. "Look Lydia. You know what I am like. The entire world knows what I am like. I just don't want to read all these signals wrongly..."

She leans forward, her boobs hanging magically in their dress until her nose is inches from his. Her look explains everything. He only has to move his head slightly and he is kissing her. Gently at first, but as her body yields so, he becomes more forceful until he is pushing her down onto her back.

Lydia is aware of his brute strength, a quality she has never associated with Justin with his slight boyish build. She is equally conscious of other comparisons with her gentle hubbie: the firmness of his muscles and the roughness of his skin, the bristling wiry hair at the top of the front of his shirt. A real man. Then her hormones take over and she simply lies and lets him kiss and fondle her. More gentle than she would have expected of him but nevertheless firm and strong. Her lids half close.

Exciting.

## 7

Maybe there was anger somewhere, a fierce rage locked away like his cock, but for Justin the only choice remained obedience. Any form of challenge resulted in him risking abject humiliation before his former colleague. Submission to Lydia was the only way forward - and then the promise of reward. He would be allowed to cum.

Sleepily he sat on the stool in the kitchen. His defeat was tiring, sapping his will.

All he had to do was get through the next hour or so before being dismissed to the sanctuary of his bedroom.

The dreaded bell rang. He was being summoned.

With a sigh he slips down onto his heels and sashays to the dining room. He knocks and waits.

It is Matt who shouts enter, and he hears them both laugh.

He stands in the door way not presuming to approach them, his A line skirt swimming above the foaming sea of petticoats just visible beneath the hem.

"Very good Justine thanks," Matt states, "you can clear away the dishes now."

"Yes Mister Fielding." A perfunctory, rustling bob as he avoids their smiles.

"Mister Fielding was commenting again on your trim figure and shapely legs Justine."

Justine maintains her concentration on the clattering plates and cutlery.

Matt laughs. "Lydia. Come on now."

"Why don't you give our guest Mister Fielding here a little twirl Justine? I think he might appreciate that."

Oh God. Justin grips the plate tightly. His brain is fizzing as if an alarm is

going off deep in his head. He waits for Matt to say something, stop this absurd game.

"Lydia, come on now, the maid has stuff to do."

Lydia shakes her head, her cheeks reddened with alcohol. "There is always something for her to do. Not that you would believe it sometimes, the way she lies on her bed in her room." Firmer now. "Give Mister Fielding a little twirl."

He leaves the plates and with bowed head steps back a few paces. How do you twirl he wonders? He pictures girls in films spinning so quickly their skirts fly up revealing their knickers. He slowly pirouettes feeling clumsy and foolish.

Lydia examines Matt. Sure enough his eyes are fixed on the maid performing as directed. Is there fire in the man's eyes? The French Maid is of course a classically sexually charged outfit. Justin is delicate and carries it well. Is there a flicker of heat in Matt's response? Do the clothing that accentuates the woman's sexuality become the tingle?

She rests her drunken chin on her palm and the thoughts float away.

"What do you think Matt?"

"Every home should have one."

They laugh. Justine remains statue like before them not daring to move until instructed.

"Including your home?"

Justine flashes a look towards Lydia.

"Well," Matt sits back in his chair searching for an answer. "I er... well... yea... sort of."

"Sort of? I thought a decisive man like you would know whether you want a maid at your beck and call or not. You are a decisive man aren't you?"

Matt feels his voice lower in timbre. "Yea. Of course. Now if it were you in

that outfit..."

"Fat chance of that Matt. Just wondered if you had any ironing or cleaning to do? A man like you... living alone. Justine would only be too pleased to help, wouldn't you babes?"

Justine feels her pink lips fall apart.

"Well there's always stuff to be done but I, er, you know..."

"It won't be a problem, will it Justine?"

Matt's two palms are raised. "Look I am ok..."

Lydia powering onwards. "Shall we say œ50 per day? Not too much to ask is it?"

"Fifty quid?"

"Ok forty five pounds. Done. I will drop her off Thursday morning and you have a list for her. She is very obedient these days. Pour some wine, Justine, we have our first customer."

Customer? First customer? First! Justin needs to speak, but he dares not. He tries to catch her twinkling eyes fixed so adoringly on Matt. So he pours them another glass of wine his gut twisting as if someone has punched him in the solar plexus.

In a catatonic state he carries the plates out to the kitchen. What is happening? He has been hired out as a maid to a former colleague. The man who is going to cuckold him. The man who is going to take his wife whilst he acquiesces as their compliant maid.

Reason has given way to nightmares.

Head down he returns to fetch the serving plates and dishes, but Lydia is ready for him.

With her usually immaculate blond hair in disarray, her lovely legs exposed to the stocking tops Lydia looks like a drunken, up-market slut.

"Justine? Matt here is doubtful you would wish to carry out his domestic chores for him and to obey his instructions."

Matt coughs. "It's not just that Lydia ..."

"Justine! Don't just stand there like the bimbo you are. Tell our guest how much you wish to serve him and carry out all his chores."

And this is the end. He dies inside. There is no way out. He must debase himself. He stalls for the only escape route open to him: time. If he waits long enough something may happen to alleviate him of this awful task. But the room is silent. Even the love songs are between tracks.

"Mister Fielding... I er... I..." his eyes are hot but he must not cry, not now, "I would like to carry out your chores."

"Please!" Lydia bites at him.

"Yes, please," he quickly says. "I would like to carry out your chores for you please."

"And?" Lydia is leaning forward, blond hair curling around her huge eyes.

"Yes Mistress. And to serve you Mister Fielding... Please... I would like to serve you please."

The words bounce around in his empty head. Has he really spoken them?

"Well," Matt shrugs, takes a gulp of wine, "then yea. Ok. Lets give it a go. If you are sure Justine."

"Well answer him!" Lydia barks."

"Yes Mister Fielding. I am sure, thank you."

Lydia sips at her wine, but she is tasting nothing. Her pussy is wet and hot. There is an element of shock - otherwise her long thought out fantasy would have her writhing on the floor, fingers reaching into the panties, by now.

"We will take our coffees and brandies in the sitting room, thank you

Justine."

"Yes Mistress." Head kept bowed, cheeks flaming, tummy churning, the knees shaking as if they are about to give out.

8

Coffee time threw up Lydia's first major obstacle.

Justine said "no!" with such wide wide eyed shock it looked final.

Folding his arms Matt sits back feeling uncomfortable. "I just said I wanted a top up of the wine Justine. Hardly a big deal is it?"

Silence troubled the room.

"You are the man of the house aren't you?" Lydia says to Matt, fearing a sneer has slipped into her voice.

"Look Lydia. This whole set up is taking me a bit of time to get used to. Maids, men of the house, you dressed like ..." his eyes widened taking in her thighs where he could see the darker shade of the stocking tops. They move up to her lovely, slightly tanned breasts, sitting enticingly in the top of the low cut dress.

"May I be excused Mistress?"

"No!"

Justine shrinks to make herself as small as possible.

"Do you think I, a woman, should maintain discipline here?"

"No. But you know... I mean... spanking... it's so..."

"Maids get spanked. That is the point of maids. How will you maintain discipline when she is at your home?"

"Well that's the point Lydia. I am not too happy with that either."

Lydia's mind races, but the alcohol fogs her rational. Over confidence. She has played the card too soon. Her plan was running slickly on smoothly

prepared rail tracks, but now the entire carriage has just come to a sickening, grinding halt. She could lose everything here. She is only a day away from realising her utmost fantasy and now the world is set to crash about her ears.

She reaches across the sofa and pats his muscular arm. "I am sorry to put you on the spot like that Matt," she coos, pouting submissively.

"Hey. Look it's me. It's all new. I just can't get my head around it, that's all."

"Of course." She snuggles up close to him feeling his body heat. "If only you knew what it was like for me. Being in charge all the time here, the boss in work, the boss at home. Women aren't supposed to keep giving the orders."

He nods. She has struck a chord in his chauvinism, but will it resonate? "I just don't feel comfortable doing it - you know?"

Justin knows he just can't dash for the door, but watching his wife manipulate his former colleague makes him feel humiliated. Is this what she has done with him? Has she twisted him around her finger until he can no longer even think straight? He sees Matt pat her thigh.

"Listen babes I know where you are coming from all right? I see it in the women managers all the time."

No need to respond, she merely simpers.

"Women giving commands. To be honest I fantasise about spanking a maid."

Lydia squeezes under his arm. "Don't feel pressurised. I will deal with her in the morning." She pecks his cheek.

Justin feels a sliver of ice slide all the way down his back bone. He has just seen his sexily attired wife kiss another man. Actually kiss him. She is coming on to the worst animal Justin knows. He must stop this. If it goes

on this dreadful, hateful, cock sure man will fuck his wife. An act that can never be undone. He will have to live with it forever.

His former colleague drapes an arm around her shoulders. "I'll do it if you really want."

Lydia smiles indulgently, "oh please no. I have put you on the spot. I can see why you might be afraid to spank Justine."

"Hey who's afraid?"

"Don't worry I will sort her out tomorrow. I am sure you are a bit tired too."

"Just a second here. I am not afraid and I am certainly not too tired!"

He is sat bolt upright on the edge of the sofa defending his honour.

"It would take a lot of courage to take the step and become man of the house."

"Right." Matt is on his feet. A big man, powerful. Maybe six foot two, barrel chested, muscular sportsman's arms, athletic frame.

Justine feels small and lost, tearful and helpless.

"If she needs to be spanked then I'll do it."

Lydia reaches for his hand catching his fingers. "No honey. I'll deal with it all tomorrow."

"Maid fetch that chair over here right now!"

Tears blur Justin's view of his wife, but he can just about see her nod her head directing him to obey him.

He twists on his heels to look up at the slightly flushed drunken man.

"Look, please sir. I promise I will bring the coffees as soon as you ring the bell next time. I had the taps running and I couldn't hear and ..."

Lydia's snort of disapproval stops him in his tracks. "Matt don't let her get away with snivelling, oh, the 'poor little me' act. She always tries that."

Matt pulls back his broad shoulders. "Don't worry I know how to handle this sort of thing."

Lydia lifts her cold glass of wine, ready to settle back and enjoy the show.

The maid carries the chair awkwardly towards Matt. "Please sir I am really sorry."

"You will be!" he booms for little reason other than he desperately wants to impress the sexy Lydia.

Justin freezes for a moment dropping the chair before him. He has an overwhelming temptation to throw himself on his knees and beg for mercy, but he knows deep down the situation will only be made worse. He is about to be spanked by the man who is going on the road to fucking his wife to make him forever and a day a sissy cuckold.

On the sofa sits his mistress one lovely leg over the other. The woman who has taken over and controls his life. Her ice cold blue eyes stare up at him over her glass of wine. He can see her lips slide into a wicked smile of triumph. Justin shakes his head. It is almost as if she has planned all this. How ridiculous would that be?

But Justin has a plan of his own. As he watches Matt settle into the chair and prepare himself Justin vows not to cry. He will ensure he has one final piece of dignity in amongst all this humiliation.

As he leans forward, finally tumbling into the undignified position his vow intensifies. What ever happens he will not cry. Never.

His determination is broken with the second spank.

Did Matt really have to pull down his panties like that! Did his wife really have to change seats to observe his reaction so closely? Did Matt really have to beat him so hard? Why was he so angry with him?

Each slap is so hard it knocks the wind from his stomach, making him bounce on the man's lap and squeal like a little girl.

Lydia's delight at the scene is multiplied by the realisation she came so close to losing everything. Tomorrow she would have to be foot sure all the way. No more room for error. She is now hours from her final aim. Her final triumph. The realisation of the fantasy she has held since being a little girl.

Meanwhile the poor maid bounces away over the knee of the man who is going to cuckold him. Every slap inducing a flounce of petticoats and skirts along with a delightful shriek.

Maybe the moment should be savoured Lydia decides. The delights of tomorrow lay ahead.

## PART FIVE

### 1

Hell is hot. Justin kicks off the quilt with his stocking clad legs. The previous evening Lydia allowed him to remove the dress and the heels but not the lingerie before cuffing his hands behind his back. She was a girl in a hurry. "I have a man to please. Maybe one day you'll know what that means. Do stop those tears Justine!"

Guffawing into his gag his pleading is reduced to meaningless spit fired grunts. Saliva dribbles down his chin, melting into the tears staining his cheeks.

Sweat sticks his slip to his back and keeps his bra fillers anchored in place. The heat between his legs forces him to splay them but the room is too claustrophobically warm to remedy his discomfort. Of course the temperature is not helped by the roasting buttocks after Matt had finished spanking him.

Then he hears her giggling. They are on the stairs. He climbs from the

sticky bed to stand in stockinged feet at the end of the bed. Matt has said something. Will he just leave now? They are coming upstairs. She is whispering. Then a giggle. Then a silence. A silence which isn't a silence because it screams in Justin's head like a broken engine. What are they doing?

Then she gasps. A definite gasp. They have been kissing.

A man is kissing his wife. A sissy cuckold. The term once erotic and exciting is now an abuse only hell could create. Once it happens they will never be able to go back to how they were. He will always be a sissy cuckold.

He tiptoes to the door, his stockings rasping and tugging at the carpet like velcro. Surely they can hear his footsteps?

Matt's voice, low, warm, soothing. "And you are sure babe? You must be sure. Once we start ..."

"I am lover. I need it. You just do not know how much I need it."

A rush of stamping feet into their bedroom. Justin leans close to the wall breathing hard into the ballgag. More giggling. The bed bouncing. Have they leaped on the bed?

She laughs loudly, but worse for Justin, the laughter is soon silenced

Enough of this hell. He will stop it. End this game. He screams "No!". As loud as he can. What emerges is a like a cow mooing through a hundred deadening pillows. The ball gag rests on his tongue forcing it down, keeping his mouth a specific rounded shape. He tries again. No!

Then again. No!

Defeated for the umpteenth time he settles on the edge of his own bed kicking at his high heel shoes lying on the floor so they bounce across the room. He tugs at the heavy handcuffs. Nothing gives.

A sissy cuckold maid. Forever and a day. Nothing is going to stop it now.

Nothing.

2

It's quiet now. The luminous radio clock panel glows three zero five. Five past three in the morning. No cars. No voices from the street.

Quiet now.

No rhythmic bed movements, no giggling, laughs or gasps and sighs.

Quiet.

They have stopped a couple of times only to resume after a suitable pause yet they have now been quiet for nearly a quarter of an hour. The clock is his only companion.

Even his tears have stopped. His marriage is over. He has driven them both to this. His fantasies have been their ruin.

Yet again he leans to one side trying to find a comfortable point to rest whilst wearing cuffs. The gag shifts a few millimetres forward to his teeth, but he knows it will fall back when he tries lying on his back.

Time passes, hot and sticky and as slow as a summer's wind.

A triangle of dull yellow light appears. The door has opened. Has he slept? He sits up, his slip stuck by sweat to his body above his knickers. In the pale luminance of the street lamps through the landing window he can see his chastity belt sticking through the satin panties to form the shape of the dreaded cage.

He makes out her blond hair zapped out wards like a mad Einstein's wig. She is wearing the basque but not her stockings. Her garters hang down, bouncing on her thighs as she moves.

"Shhhh!" She has put her finger to her lips.

The door closes behind her as she moves swiftly to the bed shutting out the triangle of light. He can sniff the wine and garlic on her breath, her

beautiful perfume. How could he have lost everything so easily?

He loves Lydia but she is no longer his.

She reaches into his "toy box", clunking stuff around in the dark, searching for something.

When she settles next to him he can see her wrapping the thin leather collar about his neck. The tiny clasp, lock clicks home. He is nervous, frightened of her. He knows she has so much power over him and he can do nothing but accept her actions.

She says "shhhh" again. Softly as if speaking to a small frightened child.

A light, clinking chain is attached to the collar and then locked to the headboard. His tummy turns circles like a spin dryer.

"Good girl," she whispers into his ear. Then she curses. "All these damn keys!"

She is holding up a couple of clinking keys to the curtains but there is little light this side of the house.

"Turn around Justine, quickly."

He slips around on his knees, his stocking feet momentarily caught in the quilt making him stumble.

A firm, slapping pat on his bottom for his troubles. She is doing something with his wrists. They are being released! Two metallic ratchet sounds and his stiff arms pull back to his front where he waddles them like wings, rubbing at his forearms to draw back the circulation.

Now she is on his neck, her nails dig into his skin making him yelp, but she unstraps the gag letting it fall from his aching mouth. He can still feel its imprint in his cheeks as the ball gag drops to the bed with a plop.

Lydia giggles. She tugs at his hips directing him to turn around to face her. He does so. He has not said a word. She is warm, smiling. He can feel her warmth in the dark.

With a quiet giggle she tugs him down, dragging the quilt over both of them.

She whispers hoarsely. "Not too much noise my love. He is fast asleep and we wouldn't want to wake him now would we?"

She is giggling like a school girl who fears being caught by the teachers.

"Mistress?"

"Men eh?" She kisses his lips gently. "Always need to be in control. Oh. I am exhausted. I need some girly care and attention."

She kisses his nose, chuckling under her breath. "You were right about him being so big down below. He is enormous! Do you think all real men are built like that?"

"I er ..."

"Hold me my love. Tell me you love your mistress."

He reaches his arms around her waists feeling the satin boned basque. "I love you mistress." And at that moment he loves her more than all the world. He feels like weeping with joy.

"And I am very fond of my maid!" she says emphatically kissing him on his cheek. "Oh isn't this wonderful? A man free zone? Me and my loving maid."

"Mistress I ...ooooh!"

The cage is tugged lightly by her fingers. "And I have the key ready for that. As soon as you make me orgasm I will release you and we can play together. How about that as a reward for a good girl?"

"Yes mistress," he gasps, squeezing her around the waist and planting

kisses all over her face and shoulders.

"No. Silly. Get down there. Please me babes. You know how a maid can please her mistress."

He freezes. Down there? Her pussy? Her pussy full of the jism of his former colleague mixed with her juices?

"Mistress - I er..."

She is suddenly hard and stern, almost cold. "You do love your mistress don't you?"

"Yes you know I do. Do you love me?"

A moment's silence. Neither moves. A light kiss on the forehead. "A mistress is always fond of an obedient maid. But a maid must always love her mistress unconditionally."

"But mistress, I love you sooo much."

"I know babes, and if you didn't you would be searching in the papers for another position in another household."

"But don't you love me?"

She sighs impatiently. "Babes. If mistress's loved their maids they wouldn't be able to get rid of them if they were really naughty, would they? Eh?"

"I suppose not but ..."

"Silly bimbo. So stop wasting our time. It would be horrible if he woke up, wouldn't it? All grumpy like a bear with a sore head. Demanding this and demanding that and we girls having to satisfy his needs. So come on babes. Get on with your task. I don't want to command you to do this. I simply want you, the maid, who adores me, to get between my legs and bring me to orgasm. Is that too much to ask?"

It doesn't seem so to Justin as he shuffles down her body to the scented area between her legs. He feels the chain from the collar pulling taut just

as his mouth finds her pussy. The aromas are rich here. Headily rich. Erotically taunting. He kisses and then pulls back as if stung.

It is wet. Thick and gluttonously wet. Not wet from her but from them both. He feels repulsed.

He can hear her groaning. "Again babes."

Kissing her he feels her smooth thighs gently cup his head. "Mmmm. More babes. Keep going."

His lips gently press at the wiry curls but it is enough for her to respond. He can feel her pussy pulsate. "Harder babes."

Kissing into her folds he feels her convulse. Why have they never done this before? Her pussy throbs like a soft machine beneath his mouth. His tongue darts in to the slippery slit and her pussy opens to him like a mouth during a sensuous kiss.

"Oh babes, my maid, my maid."

A thick goopy substance squirts onto the top of his tongue making him recoil but her thighs grip tighter to guide him back. Suddenly he is hungry. Hungry to please his mistress. He attacks her pussy and within seconds she is squealing and pulsating. Her hips pressing hard into his face.

"Oh yes..." a long sigh a gasp, her body judders and then she catches her breath. Her legs unfolding lazily as she lies back exhausted.

He waits for a moment before pushing up from beneath the quilt. He can just about make out her closed eyes. The chain glints a little between him and the head post.

Blindly she reaches up for his head. "Babes. You're the best. Silly man in there snoring his stupid head off not realising we girls can please each other without him." She giggles and he finds himself giggling as he collapses next to her.

She kisses his caked mouth. "Imagine babes. If he knew we were doing this

he would want to watch. Tell us what to do, take pictures. We don't want that do we?"

"No mistress."

"We don't need a silly man with a cock for a brain coming between us do we babes?"

He holds her tightly, never has he loved her more than now. A tear is squeezed from his eyes. She is giggling softly again, shushing him. "Now for the big movement. Ta ra!"

A key briefly flashes and glitters. "You want to be released babes?"

"Oh yes please mistress. Please."

"Oh poor babes. From man of the house to sissy cuckold maid. And no way back." She fondles in the dark for the lock on the cage but pauses. "But you don't mind do you?"

He holds his breath staring at the ceiling. He dares say nothing, dares think nothing.

"Now babes once you are free you must still think about the needs of your mistress over your own. Yes?"

"Oh yes, yes, anything, please."

"Mmmm." She is unconvinced. "So you will continue to be obedient? You won't come until expressly told?"

Tears for other reasons now. "Yes please. Please unlock me. I promise my love."

Clunk. The cage falls loose and she slides it from his precum dampened dick. An immediate, painful erection.

"Ohh gosh it feels so small after Matt." She squeezes it and at once it throbs ready to erupt.

"No babes. Only when told by you mistress ok?"

"Yes mistress." He tries to rub his cock along her palm, but she simply floats her hand around him ensuring no firm contact.

"Now then I want a promise from you my little maid."

He is hoarse. "Yes mistress anything."

"You do not tell that silly man in there anything about what we get up to, right?"

"Yes...I promise..." he is slurring his words, his attention centred on his ready to fire cock.

"You know what men are like. He will want to control everything and spoil what is very special between us."

He goldfishes around her chin, sucking at her skin. He may even have said, "yes mistress." It is difficult for Lydia to understand him.

"Ok. I shall count back from five and you will show just how good and obedient you can be. Ok?"

She thinks he has mumbled, "yes mistress," but his mouth is hungrily sucking at her chin. His head shaking back and for in need. She giggles, "what a slut you are Justine," then in her ear, "just like me."

The two girls giggle.

"Five ..."

A deft touch to his cock.

"Four."

A firmer grip. His cock makes to explode but she releases it.

"Three." A fingernail scraping up the length of his quivering dick. "Nearly there." She nibbles his ear. "Two ... and one."

She says it quickly to catch him unawares as she takes hold of his knob and squeezes and humps it with her hand. It explodes instantly, Justine's back arching, gushing sperm all over them both.

And then it continues and continues and continues.

There is no stopping this fountain. It might be a burst water main.

Crumpling onto his back he breathes hard like an exhausted marathon runner, his body twitching as if dying. She hurriedly refits the device but the fight has poured out of him with his jism. He lies there accepting his caging.

Click, the lock snaps shut capturing him again, tight around his groin. Somehow it feels natural there, as if it has always been there and always will be there.

"Mmm," she kisses him around his face in circles. "My maid. My babes. All mine."

"Yes mistress," he sighs.

"Now don't forget. Not a word to that fool of a man. Just between you and me. Right?"

"Yes mistress." He is drifting away into a deep welcome sleep totally unaware of the collar sliding from his throat, oblivious to the tinkling chain being laid to rest in his secret box.

A triangle of light and Lydia is again at the door peering in to the darkness. He is hers. Totally. Not a fight, not a murmur of protest. Her obedient maid. She is smiling, has she ever felt happier? More enriched than at this moment? She knows the maid truly loves her, will truly give up everything for her. She shakes her head, how lucky she is to have a sissy who loves her so.

Tomorrow it could all end, she knows that. The final hurdle. The culmination of fantasies stretching back as far as she can remember. All

the way back to that wooded glade, that ensnared vulnerable animal.

She might lose everything.

"Uh!" She jumps.

"What are you doing?" He is suspicious. A huge, threatening shadow in the greying light.

"Just checking on the maid darling."

Reaching upwards she drapes her arms around his neck.

Matt glances suspiciously over her shoulder. "Ok? Just checking on her?"

"Yes," she giggles, "what else would I be doing with my maid?"

His eyes narrow and his lips harden. She tries to kiss him but he raises his head too high for her.

"Oh silly jealous man!"

Taking hold of his hand she drags him into the maid's room.

She turns on the bed side light but the fatigued maid barely registers it.

Lydia hauls her reluctant lover closer to the bed. "Look silly."

Delicately raising the quilt she reaches down to his panties, tugging them down over the locked cage. "See?"

"What the hell?" he asks under his breath to no one in particular. His brows furrows as the lamp duly lights up the odd cage.

She giggles grabbing him girlishly. "I keep him locked up. So. There. Nothing going on between us yes?"

He snorts a laugh and she can feel his masculine power as his huge hands take her hips. "Yeah, I knew that darling. I mean you and that maid of yours." He laughs, keeping his voice low in the quiet... "Just wondered what you were doing that's all."

She pulls his neck down to deep tongue kiss him, breaking away only to

whisper, "I know what I'd like to be doing. Once more babes? Yes?"

He grunts and laughs. "You are a real slut!"

When the door closes Justine wakes enough to twist over with a satisfied sigh.

The room is no longer oppressively hot, rather it is comfortably warm.

>From hell to heaven. Justine drifts in perfect tranquillity.

### 3

Leaning on the sink the maid surveys the early morning orange glow over the rear garden and sighs. It has never looked more beautiful. A small brown bird with a beautiful white decoration on its chest bounces smartly about stabbing at the ground for worms. It pauses every so often to peer this way and that for predators, but it seems to know this morning is not the sort of morning when anything as unpleasant as being caught and devoured could occur.

"Tea! Eggs scrambled and bacon crispy!"

"Yes sir," she says dreamily, without even turning to the man marching into the dining room.

"Coffee, toast. No butter!"

Justin turns to see his mistress still buttoning up her blouse, her hair as yet unbrushed glaring at her.

"Yes mistress." Another contended moan and with a wink to her mistress she returns her gaze to the garden

"Well get on with it!"

The maid instantly bounces around the kitchen listening to the conversation from the dining room.

Matt's voice: "What's all the shouting?"

"Oh miss dream boat in there can't get her arse in gear."

"Well I'll have to deal with her later. I've not the time to spank her in the morning."

A suddenly harsh Lydia. "I'll deal with her, thank you very much, Matt."

"Yeah, sure. I'm just, you know, trying to help around here."

"Do you think I need help?"

A long thoughtful pause before: "I'm good at putting her in place."

"I know what you're good at Matt!"

The maid giggles at the emphatic statement. His mistress is so commanding, so authoritative. Even men have to sit up and pay attention when she speaks. Oh what a night!

As a perplexed Matt is ushered out of the front door he takes Lydia's shoulders and makes to kiss her, Lydia smartly moves her lips away leaving only her cheek to be pecked.

Matt's expression is of a man, who does not know what he has done wrong. The door is slammed on it.

Bowing her head Justine hides her giggle as he rushes up to his mistress and embraces her.

"Oh mistress, my love, my everything. I am so happy and ..."

The slap across her face is so powerful she stumbles and needs the wall to catch him, before he can balance on his heels. His ears are ringing.

"Mistress?"

"Did I ask you to cuddle me?"

"No ... but mistress I thought ... I was thinking that ..."

Lydia wickedly grabs the maid's chin and twists hard, her face contorted in anger. "And haven't we spoken about you trying to think before?"

Tears. "Mistress. Please it hurts! Yes, yes, please, sorry. Sorry."

With a jerk of the wrist Justine finds herself tottering backwards until she slams into the wall.

"Do you see maid? You get one bit of affection and it goes straight to that empty head of yours!"

"No mistress I ..." Close to tears again.

"Are you still jabbering in my direction?"

Justine closes her mouth tight and shakes her head.

"Good. Lets get one thing straight. Nights like last night are earned. They are not rights!"

"Yes mistress."

"Sashaying about the place as if you are the queen maid!"

"No mistress please..."

"Making eyes at our guest! Showing off your legs to him, wiggling your cute, fat arse in his direction."

"Mistress!"

"Do you think I didn't see it? Eh? Do you think I don't know what your little game is?"

"Mistress, please, you don't understand I ..."

"One man with a big cock and you are throwing yourself at him! Cheap tramp!"

The maid stands with her two hands over her mouth. What could have given her mistress that impression?

"Please no."

Then the calm after the storm, Lydia smiles sweetly placing her palm on the maid's cheek. Justine winces at first dreading another slap before

leaving his head still for his mistress to caress.

"Silly little tramp. You can't help yourself can you?"

"I ... I ..."

The hand grips his ear and twists. "Can you?"

"No mistress. Sorry Mistress. It won't happen again."

"Sluts like you have no control. That's why mistresses control you."

"Yes, yes. Thank you mistress."

"This morning you will concentrate on the downstairs. I will return before lunch and if I am satisfied with your efforts, who knows, there maybe a little surprise for you."

"Yes mistress." A huge expectant smile from the frightened maid.

Lydia laughs. "You look like one of those airhead beauty queens, you used to get in a pageant. Standing there looking gormless."

"Thank you mistress."

With that his mistress picks up her attaché case and is gone through the front door, leaving the maid rubbing her cheek. A surprise? She smiles. A beauty queen? Lydia knows how one of his fantasies is to parade on a ramp as a beauty queen.

"Wow!"

Right, the downstairs is going to get a complete make over!

Maids can be very efficient when well motivated, but Justine's over-riding problem is her excitement. She is hot. Randy. In need. She has twice changed her panties because they became too wet from the foaming precum.

Maids are very distracted when in need. A cloudy head in sub space. Have

the cushions been rearranged? They look it but has she done it? Oh, and look there is a magazine on the floor.

Every movement accentuates her mindless pleasure. Every shushing sound of satin against satin, the rasping of the stockings, the wonderful discomfort of the heels

Yet more than all this ....

... is the love she has for her mistress.

Justin knows deep down how the game will one day come to a halt so the secret is to enjoy it. Does it matter if a silly man, Lydia called all men silly, so did it matter if one made love to her.

He stops dusting and a pang of pain needles his body. Damn Matt! He stands up squeezing the duster with anger. If only Lydia let him have her as a man, a man making love to a woman rather than two girls screwing like lesbians.

His mind takes flight again on a sea of rich pleasure. But wasn't it wonderful? Was it not bliss? Such dreamy sex?

The front door thumps opens and Justin races out to meet his mistress wondering if they will end up in bed together.

"Mistress, I have finished the downstairs ..."

"Get your fat arse upstairs to my bedroom this moment!"

Oh god! Justine's heart is in his mouth as he clatters up the stairs as fast as he can in his heels, stumbling only on the last step.

In her precise, immaculate, sexy office outfit of tailored short skirt and blouse Lydia follows and snarls: "Now strip. And I mean strip!"

"Yes Mistress!"

So terrified is the maid that her fingers struggle to get a grip on the rear zip of the dress. "I'm sorry Mistress!"

Lydia shakes her head, "just get on with it."

Finally the zip is dragged stiffly down her spine freeing up the maid's dress to fall from her body. It slips down over her hips to her heels where she neatly step out of it.

The basque is worse. It is as if the rear zip is melted in to position. Bending this way and that until her ribs ache she stares helplessly at Lydia. "Will you undo my zip please?"

Lydia smiles wickedly. "No. And if it isn't off you in exactly two minutes you won't believe the thrashing you will receive."

With a painful grip on the sharp zip between her thumb and forefinger whilst her other hand pushes the basque up she finally manages to drag the clasp down freeing her restricted body.

Gormlessly Justin holds out the basque to his mistress.

"Just put it on the bed like a good little maid. Heels girl! I told you I wanted you stripped!"

"Yes mistress, yes." He plucks the shoes from his feet before reaching around for the suspender fastener. He is close to tears as it just refuses to unsnap.

"I think you may be the most incompetent maid a mistress has ever had the misfortune to own."

"Yes mistress."

The catch snaps open and the stockings suddenly feel slack around his thighs.

"Panties."

"Yes mistress." Soon they too are scrunched in a ball on the bed.

Being naked apart from his chastity cage makes him feel vulnerable and helpless. He covers himself up, making his body as small as possible by

pulling in his elbows and knees.

"Put these on!"

She chucks a small polythene package at him. He catches it in his manicured hands. Tights! "Oh!" Stockings have been so much part of their game that this is a staggering revelation.

He sits on the bed ready to tackle the strange item. He has watched his wife many times pulling them on and rolls up one leg to stretch the black nylon over his foot. Being made of resilient plastics they feel strangely rubbery after his stockings.

Soon he is pulling them with difficulty over his hips to settle tightly around his groin and hips.

"They are control tights so they may make you feel a little uncomfortable for a while. But they'll make your legs and arse look good which is what really matters to an airhead like you isn't it?"

"Yes mistress."

"Now put your heels back on. Not those! The ones with the padlocks."

"Oh yes Mistress. Yes. May I go and fetch them?"

"Quickly!"

The lockable heels have four and a half inch heels, are black, with a thicker than usual ankle strap for the semi circular metal strips to be locked together.

"Good. Now put this on."

She flicks a black scarf at him, which he wraps around his neck.

"It is a blindfold stupid. Put it on over your eyes!"

"Oh yes. Sorry Mistress."

He does so tying the lengths of material into a single knot behind his eyes. Standing naked save the tights and heels leaves him feeling vulnerable and

defenceless. He wants to feel his way from her bedroom and hide in his own.

He then hears her rummaging through the wardrobe beside him as he holds his breath. Yes! It is the swimming suit with the control panels he discovered yesterday. She is going to make him wear it and he will then be a beauty queen ready to sashay down the catwalk. Does it get any better than this?

"Step into this!"

"Yes Mistress," he says gleefully.

"Now other leg."

He totters a little as he rises up onto one foot before feeling Lydia pull the material around his ankle.

Its elasticised fabric immediately draws his legs together. She draws it up him leaving him light headed with excitement. She is so good to him!

It settles around his groin and then squeezes his lower area as it is hauled into position up to his tummy.

"Ooof."

"Stop complaining maid."

"Oh I am not mistress. I am just so grateful. It is just so incredibly tight."

He hears her snort with laughter.

The containing item fits like a glove around his tummy and chest as his arms are pushed through the straps.

His erection is oozing precum like a fire hose.

"Mistress may I see?"

She pinches him at the top of the insides of his thigh. "aaargh."

"Shut up."

"Yes mistress."

"Hands behind back!"

He does so feeling the heavy handcuffs grasp his wrists. There is something alarming about these cuffs. At least his own could be removed with the safety tab but these real cuffs will remain on until she releases him.

His breathing grows shallow. Trapped in a swimsuit before his mistress. How he wishes he could cum there and then.

Feeling her hands on his shoulders he finds himself being manoeuvred backwards.

"I am sitting you on the bed Justine."

As soon as he feels the bed against the rear of his legs he settles himself blindly onto it, grateful to feel it touch his bottom.

"Now this might hurt a bit. Its an ear piercing."

"No mistress I ..."

His face is slapped so hard he is sent crashing onto his side. "Mistress!"

"Do you want more?"

"No mistress."

"Then keep that hole in the front of your face shut!"

"Yes mistress."

"I am going to pierce your ear, stop shaking your head you stupid little bitch. You are mine. You ears are mine. I want them pierced, so tough. I have bought the proper ear-piercing gun for the job and I have a bottle of alcohol. I've not done it before so you'd best keep still!"

The bed weighs down next to him as he senses her settle near him. His heart is set to explode. How he longs to beg for her not do it.

The scarf is gently eased up around his left ear so that it remains tight across his eyes.

He feels her dab something at once cold and hot on his lobe. She tugs it down and there is a sound like a nutcracker before he squeals.

"Baby!"

She tugs back his ear and the second hole is punched through the rear of his ear.

"Oooooogh. Please no more."

"One more my frightened little maid."

One more? Justine is bewildered. Where will the third go? Yeow! It is at the top of his ear.

Shaking his head he tries desperately to edge away from her but she is too fast. Already she is gripping his waist and forcing him back onto the bed. Now sitting astride him with his hands held behind his back he is helpless. Tears fill his eyes. He does not want the pain of his other ear being pierced.

"Please not the other one!"

Clip. Clip. Clip.

Alcohols is dabbed onto the holes making them burn. He squeals.

"Done!"

He feels her rise from him as he rubs his sore ears into the bed.

"What a baby you are! Tell me when you are ready for the next part."

"Next part mistress?"

"Oh don't shout. So unbecoming in a maid."

"Please. My ears hurt."

"They have been pierced and now we must put the studs in. You don't want to have them pierced every week do you?"

A sorrowful shake of the head and a mumbled "no mistress" tells Lydia what she wants to hear.

"Good."

This is odd. Totally blinded he of course expects the cold metal parts to be thrust into the holes. He expects them to be met with tiny nuts on the other side. What he fails to imagine is the sheer weight being attached to his ears making the side of his head feel warm.

"Mistress?"

"Quiet and keep still."

"Yes mistress."

Having completed her task on both sides she pulls up the blindfold and he squeaks as she tightens it to tie a hard double knot.

"We don't want that coming off do we?"

"Mistress? Why are you laughing?"

"Am I babes. Oh don't worry your tiny little brainless head about that. Lets just say you please your mistress at the moment. Oh Justine!" She laughs again, her laughs cascading, each deeper than the previous. He knows she is laughing at him.

A blindfolded beauty queen! Now he feels humiliated and bows his head onto his chest, tears forming once again. As he moves his head he can again feel the surprising weight on the other side of his head. How can earrings be so heavy?

"Right I now need you downstairs."

She tugs his arm, gently guiding and supporting him as he finds himself edging one careful high heeled foot at a time across the landing, down the treacherous stairs and into the hallway where he hears her picking up her car keys.

"You are not going out mistress? Leaving me like this?"

"Stop panicking silly!"

He feels a few firm slaps to his bottom.

She is leading him again. He can feel the soft carpet beneath his feet change to stone. Have they entered the kitchen? The front door slams right next to him. He jumps. They are in the porch. Almost outside! His heart stops. Has his breathing stopped? "Mistress?"

The porch door opens and he backs up tripping on the step to the closed and locked house door. The air outside is warm, a slight chill in the wind tickling at his bare arms and his legs through the nylons.

"Mistress what are you doing?"

Down at the bottom of their drive cars are passing slowly by. Life from another world. Logic dictates he will be hidden because of the high hedges, but he is still frightened. People are walking by chatting loudly.

"Oh no, no, no."

"Come on maid. Watch the step down."

No way will he leave the sanctuary of the porch.

No way until a hand grips his chastity cage through the swim suit. She lifts him slightly before leading him out.

This is panic. Total unalleviated panic.

"Mistress take me back, please. I promise to behave. I promise."

She can hear the tears cracking of his voice as she glances around ensuring no one is coming up their drive.

The estate car is where she left it. Reversed up as close to the house as possible. Clicking the car key button the rear tail flips open, rising on a gust of compressed air.

She leads the frightened maid to the car before pushing his neck

downwards. He complies desperate to get this over and done with.

He is clambering up. He can smell the car. It is only a few months old so still has the leathery tang to the odours. As he settles inside his legs are lifted and the door slammed shut behind him.

He is now sat helplessly locked and blindfolded dressed as a beauty queen in the rear of their huge estate.

The driver's door opens and Lydia climbs in making the car seesaw for a moment.

"You keep your mouth shut. You don't need to know anything yet. When you do, you will understand. Understand forever."

"Mistress?"

"I said shut up or I'll drop you off in the middle of town. Because, Justine, right now I don't give a fuck. We are close to the end now. The end of the beginning. I have waited years for this. Years. Thought about it, planned it. Sort the right compliant sissy. Now it is within my grasp. If you try and spoil it, you will find yourself in the middle of town on a busy market day."

He slumps down amongst the debris of the rear of the car settling on an uncomfortable bump under his bum. "Mistress I am so scared."

"I know babes, but everything will be ok for good maids. Not so ok for naughty ones. Are you a good maid or a naughty maid?"

"A good maid mistress."

The car engine shudders, slides down the drive and bounces into the street.

She has threatened to expose him to others only if he is naughty and she is as good as her word. He will behave, but where are they going?

Suddenly everything flashes into logical understanding. She is taking him to Matt's. He is going to be humiliated before his old colleague and friend. Did Matt want the beauty queen outfit? Perhaps maid's outfits don't do it

for him. Oh what a mess. He shakes his head and relaxes. And Matt will see him with these stupid heavy earrings! He kicks out feeling bags and chains rustle.

Bags and chains? He holds his breath. He tries to move from the bump beneath him but no matter how he sits it just seems to roll back into place.

5

An old Dean Martin song croons from the radio speakers. The car twists and turns make him feel ill until a sickening 90 degree bend takes them speeding downwards. He knows where they are. It is a slip road, the car throttles away, Lydia always drives too fast. They are on a motorway.

Problem one: Matt does not live down the motorway.

"Mistress," he calls out above the engine roar and radio.

"Do you want to be dropped off on the grass verge?"

"No Mistress."

"Then shut the fuck up."

Time is relative in a blindfold. Five minutes is the equivalent of a quarter of an hour anything more than is a life time.

And Lydia is sat up straight in the drivers seat. Her thin arms stiff as she pulls passed the slower cars, driving up to the boots of slower cars ambling in the over taking lanes. For Lydia the world is on hold. She cannot think. Years of planning have brought her here yet her mind is no longer functioning.

Oblivious to the male drivers animosity and their two and single fingered salutes she storms by them, flashing all who loiter in her path too long. Her life started there and now she will finally return.

6

Justin knows they have left the motorway some time ago. The constant stopping and starting means they are in a built up area. Suddenly the car is free again. Not as fast as the motorway and with a few stomach churning bends, but certainly not in a town.

Now the road is bumpy. He finds himself tossed one way then the other, the ominous chains rattling in what sounds like a sack. Finally the car grinds slowly over stones, bottoming out at one point until it stops.

The engine is turned off and he holds his breath.

Driver's door, heels on stones and mud then the tail gate springs open on its hydraulic pistons. Justin sits up but is pushed backwards as Lydia drags the bags clinking from the rear of the car.

The rear door is slammed shut and Justine sits patiently waiting for the next twist in this extraordinary play.

It is an age before he hears her heels again. The door is raised, the stuffiness of the car washed away in a cool breeze smelling of woodlands. Birds chirp insistently.

His shoulders are grabbed as she twists him to face outwards. She raises his legs so they fall outside the car as she hoists him upright. He feels his heels touch a rock.

"Listen maid. You will do as you are told or you will be left here. Clear!"

"Mistress please tell me what ..."

Maybe he is getting used to the slaps across the face now. It barely seems to register.

"Yes mistress."

He is dragged to his feet, his heels twisting in the stones making him stagger. Lydia supports him, if she doesn't, he will stumble over.

The tailgate is closed and sheer terror floods through his senses. He is standing in a wooded area miles from home dressed as a beauty queen

with his hands cuffed behind his back.

Panic.

"Hold still maid or I will drive off. Slow your breathing down. You are hyperventilating."

"Yes mistress."

"Stupid bitch."

"Yes mistress."

"Watch your steps. Walk slowly. We go up a few rocks then along a path."

"Yes mistress."

The blind beauty queen is guided by Lydia carefully along the narrow woodland path.

Bar the buzz of distant traffic from the motorway this is a quiet, secluded place.

"We are going down now. Take care I don't want you getting mud on your outfit."

"Yes mistress."

Clambering down bumpy rocky pathways is treacherous in heels. At any second he fears his ankles will twist and painfully give away.

"Back up a bit. Turn around. Two steps back."

He almost trips over something ankle high but she manages to maintain his safety with a steadying hand at the small of his back.

"Now stand perfectly still."

"Yes mistress. Mistress I am more scared than I have ever been in my life."

"I know babes."

She kisses him gently on the cheek and he feels better.

"Only it is about to get really bad for you babes. I am sorry. I just have to do this."

Then he feels worse. Worried sick. No one has the power to make his life more terrible than his mistress. No one had ever felt sicker with dread than he.

He feels something around his left leg just above his shoe, metal, but very heavy. A grinding clunk. He recognises a lock click anywhere, but it is a deader, heftier locking mechanism than he has heard before.

He raises his foot experimentally and hears a chain clanking. His foot feels heavy as if someone is holding it down.

"Oh mistress!"

She is in his ear. Her words sharp, commanding. "I am going to release your handcuffs but you do not remove the blindfold until I say. You got that?"

"Yes mistress." The saliva has disappeared from his mouth. He is so dehydrated he cannot swallow.

"I hope so, because you are in one hell of a pickle right now. And if you do anything to spoil this for me you won't believe the consequences!" she sounds weird. Breathless, agitated, maybe frightened herself. The knowledge that she is barely in control instils more fear in him.

Spoil it for her? What an odd remark. What is going on? "Yes mistress."

He feels her holding his wrist as she unlocks the cuffs. Is it his imagination or are her hands shaking?

His hands fall free. His shoulders almost cry out in relief as he shrugs and stretches.

"Don't touch the blindfold. Nearly there babes."

She is scrambling away from him, upwards a little maybe. Stones come tumbling down near his sandalled feet. He wants to follow, hates being any

distance from her when he is as vulnerable as this. Suppose she races back to the car and leaves him?

But he remains obediently in position.

For a moment all he hears are the birds and the branches creaking in the light breeze. All he can sense is the dead warm air, there is no breeze down in this dip.

He tries a tentative, "mistress?" before adding a louder, "Mistress?"

Has she gone? Oh my god!

"Ok Justine. I want you to close your eyes and pull off the blindfold. Keep your eyes shut so you can open them slowly when I say so."

She did say he could pull off the blindfold? He reaches for the knot in amongst his hair but takes a moment to release it. Lydia had wound it so tightly, the knots are reluctant to slip away. Finally the first knot and then the second are pulled free.

He removes the blindfold, dropping it to the ground.

He winces. The imprint of the blindfold is still enmeshed around his face and head.

"Ok. Open your eyes."

7

He opens them slowly. The light burns for a moment but it is a shaded area so he soon acclimatises himself to the slight clearing in the dense woods.

They are set down a little as if someone has scooped out the earth and then forgotten why.

He sees the tall mirror and the two video cameras in one glance. He takes in neither.

Lydia is stood behind one of the video cameras looking odd, maybe in shock. Her mouth hangs open. Usually she is in control, but now her eyes are wide, staring.

She glances at the large screen viewfinder attached to the camera and adjusts it slightly. The second camera is higher up and facing down towards him. Both cameras have a blinking red light.

"Lydia?"

And the mirror. The jolt of the mirror. He recognises it as the one from the garage. They had bought it but never used it. Standing five foot tall and supported by a wooden tripod at its rear it was to be a full length mirror for the bedroom. It took up too much space so was relegated to storage. Yet here it stands between Lydia and him showing the reflection of a playboy bunny.

A playboy bunny? He glances about. There is no one else here. Who is the reflection? As he turns so the image turns with him, the ears waving as they follow his movements. Justin sighs loudly, "oh my God."

Tight black corseted body, black tights all the way down to the locked on heels. And there, on top of his head is a pair of long fluffy bunny ears.

He reaches up to feel their strange attractive, fluffy texture. They have strong wires inside to maintain their rigidity. He makes to pull one but he squeaks in pain. He tugs again. It is attached to his ears! She did not pierce his ears for earrings but to permanently attach these fluffy bunny ears.

Tears of alarm burn his eyes. "Lydia please. Mistress!"

He steps forward and the bulky short chain holds him fast. With a length of little more than a couple of feet it trails back to be wrapped around a fallen tree stump.

He puts his hands over his face and collapses to his hunches in tears.

Lydia puts her two sets of fingers to her mouth, almost aping the bunny's

actions except his hands completely cover his face. She steps back. The tableaux before her makes her wet her knickers. A single sharp spurt. She is orgasming but in quick small breathless impacts. She needs release.

She has no idea whether she actually said anything to Justine. She wanted to tell him she would be back. But her head is spinning too much to know what she has said and what is happening.

Dashing away, the normally elegant, immaculate Lydia slips down on some damp grass and in broad daylight, sat on her exposed knickers pushes her hand beneath her short skirt. She must have relief. Her fingers only need to touch the spot for her to shake and arch and moan and gasp. She comes like a whore.

Yet there is still more. It is as if she has only just licked the top of an ice cream. There is another pulsating orgasm sitting in her tummy waiting to be roared into life. She plays with her labia and her one single finger hits the spot.

Another orgasm.

"Oooooooh."

Yet she cannot escape this sensual world. More orgasms. Pulsating into a single large one, leaving he breathless.

It is only then she hears his screaming girly, "mistress, mistress, please don't leave me, please."

She tries to make her self look decent. A brush down of the skirt at the front and rear, tucking in her blouse, pushing her hair back from her face, but she knows how she must look. A slutty tramp.

When she returns the bunny girl is still trying to pull the ears off. It is a forlorn sight that makes her smile. She knows he cannot remove them. The tiny screws would need pliers at the rear of his ears. And even if he had a pair he would never be able to see the nuts in order to get hold of them and for that he need an elaborately set of mirrors perfectly positioned. Only

she can remove them.

Bending down he tries to tug at the chain, somehow manoeuvre it up and down the lumpy bark of the fallen tree. It is a forlorn action. The chain is stuck to the midriff of the tree and then by a stout chain to his ankle.

Lydia is delighted at his hopeless attempts to escape. The vision of him bent over thrusting up his gorgeously exciting best part, his cute arse with the wagging fluffy tail, makes her chuckle.

It is difficult for Justin to bend in the rigorous corset of the bunny body, and his heels make any level of purchase on the slipping stones impossible. He turns to catch sight of his own wagging tail, thrusting ears and red face in the mirror. A cute fluffy little tail fastened to his backside. That was what he had been sitting on in the car, the article he could not dislodge by wriggling.

Now he makes a forlorn attempt to pull off the humiliating tail. But no matter how hard he drags it the tail always bushes back into shape the moment it is released.

He notices her on the hill appearing sort of drunk and half dressed. Her blouse bulging out around one side of her skirt. She usually appears so flawless in dress he might as well be looking at another woman. What has she been doing?

"Mistress. Please!"

With a few orgasms already spent she is more in control of herself, though her pussy is throbbing and her tummy spinning. If Matt were here now he would not stand a chance. She would have his pants down and his huge dong inside him in no time.

"Justine wipe the tears away please. You have an announcement to make."

"Mistress just release me. And turn off those cameras!"

"You are in no position, no position at all, to make demands Justine. I

have full control. You are trapped. Totally. Caught. In my hand. I have you. I own you."

Justin's mind races for an argument, why she should release him. But he knows she is right. She has him. She owns him.

He makes an attempt at a little dignity: "Ok, yes. You own me. Now please release me. Anyone could come by."

He sees her smile and it chills him to his core. She offers no concern for his plight. Then she giggles.

"Bunny you are a wet dream come true. And you are mine."

He nods. "Ok, yes, yes, I am yours. Pleases stop this."

"Would you like me to leave you here?"

"No!"

"Don't shout babes."

"No mistress," he stutters.

"I'll ring the authorities when I get home. I'll send big hunky, sexy firemen in their uniforms here to rescue you. You'd like that wouldn't you?"

He shakes his head feeling the tears welling up in his hot eyes again. "No mistress. Please."

"Tell the camera you would like big hunky foremen coming to rescue you."

"What? Lydia, er, mistress ... mistress. Please stop this."

"Smile and say it." Lydia breathes shallowly. "No. Put your hands on your hips," she gasps in air, "make yourself look presentable."

He rests his hands on his hips, aping the pose of countless glamour models, his fingers pointing forward. "I, er, would," long pauses fill the gaps between words, "like big hunky fireman to come and rescue me... Please turn off the cameras mistress. Please."

And she does so. She collapses the tripods carrying one in each hand back to the car, her head glancing backwards over her shoulder at the sight of the trapped bunny until the vision disappears below a mound of earth.

At the car she uses the tailgate door for support. If she is not careful she will faint. She has done it. It was planned, it happened and is done. Her single ambition since she was younger than she can remember has been finally satisfied.

All her fantasies explode before her in a single dreamy orgasmic vision. He is totally hers. Totally.

He doesn't hear her return. He has sat looking sexily ridiculous on a log with his head in his hands. His bunny ears shake as he sobs.

She plops herself next to him snuggling up as close as she can. For a moment he pulls away and then he throws his head onto her shoulder and weeps like a child.

"I am totally humiliated!"

"I know babes, shhhhh." She coos kissing his damp cheeks.

"It's not what I wanted."

She raises his tear stained face with her finger under his chin. "Babes, its all you have ever wanted." She kisses his nose, noticing his lips parting expecting more. "And you know something else, it's all I have ever wanted." She pecks his lips and he juts out his face for more. "My wonderful, obedient, sexy little maid. And you dare not be otherwise with two copies of that video in the back of the car!"

He moves his head to her shoulder brushing her face with his bunny ears.

"Now I am going to free your ankle but imprison your very soul. The most obedient maid a mistress ever had." She pushes a large key into the lock around his ankle. The chain falls painfully onto the exposed toes through his sandals.

But Justin barely registers the pain. He has one compelling question requiring an answer. "But do you love me?"

"Maids should love their mistresses and you do don't you?"

"You know I do, but do you love me. I mean... like this?" he bows his head, his ears flopping down.

"Awe babes." She cuddles him. "I am very fond of my maid. I would miss you if I had to replace you."

Checking her eyes for honesty he throws his arms about her. "Mistress!"

"Maid!"

They kiss, collapsing from the log, crunching into the crisp dry leaves. Passion washes away any sense, any probity. They are two lusty animals. Quickly twisting to a position where each has her head in the others groin. Lydia mouthing through the corset at his caged cock, Justin pushing his lips and tongue past her knickers and deep inside her.

They return home exhausted by their discoveries and realisations. Too weak in spirit and mind to do much more than to carefully remove his ears. Moments later they crash out on the bed lying on the quilt, devoid of the energy to pull it over themselves or to even undress.

Lydia kisses him on the nose, and sleepily says, "you know maid, the cage won't be coming off until tomorrow. Just to make a point babes."

The maid smiles, kisses her cheek before replying "that is up to you Mistress."

She smiles. "I know."

They fall into a deep warm sleep that lasts until evening.

There is one final development from that extraordinary day you, reader, will need to learn, to understand fully the future lives of this particular

mistress and maid. So I add this prologue:

It is the same day, near seven thirty. Outside the light is beginning to fade on their momentous day when a still horny Lydia is woken by her maid calling her for dinner. Lydia smiles. Will the rest of her days be spent in the luxury of being called to dinner by an obedient loving maid?

Slobbing out in jeans and a thin teeshirt, still drained from all her experiences she ambles groggily into the dining room, absent mindedly patting the neatly attired maid on her rump as she passes. Did she detect a sly smile?

Then Lydia stops.

Shock!

Sitting at the far end of the table, with a sheepish smile and a raised glass, is Matt. Clearing his throat he speaks hesitantly. "I am er, here to, er, entertain you. Tonight." Seeing her surprise he smartly adds, "If you want that is."

Pushing her hand through her scruffy hair her mouth falls open.

Shifting awkwardly Matt tries an apologetic smile. "I mean I'll go if you want."

>From the kitchen, where pots boil and pans spit, she hears her maid giggling.

Matt rises from the table, he is even blushing a little. "Sorry. But Justin, Justine," he corrects himself, "your maid, said you might require some relaxation tonight and asked if I... you know, might entertain you, but if ..."

Lydia marches into the kitchen leaving a perplexed Matt standing with his glass of wine and feeling foolish.

In her bare feet the mistress of the house marches straight up to her maid and crushes her tightly in her arms. Indeed with such a tight embrace the grinning maid thinks she might snap in two.

Tears sting Lydia's eyes, "My wonderful, gorgeous, thoughtful, delightful, obedient, loving maid!"

As tears fill Justine's eyes he realises he will never have to ask whether the mistress loves the maid because now he knows.

The End