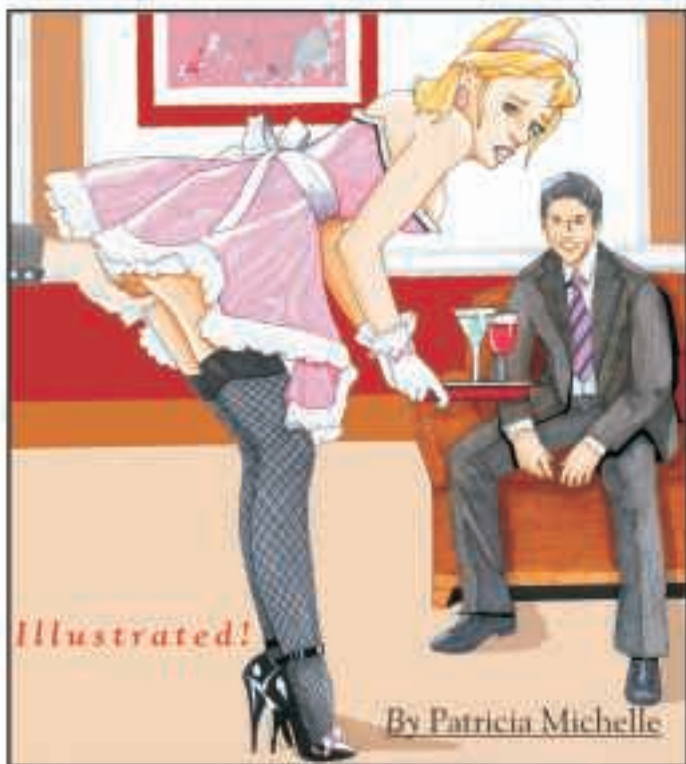


Cheating Actor Cast As A Maid-Permanently.

The story of a cheating actor. As revenge his girlfriend's best friend casts him as a maid in her play. Declaring "total immersion" is the only way to learn the part he's turned over to a gay cross-dresser, then months as a real maid. When "her" part is cut, as planned, the girlfriend hires "her" as her maid-permanently.



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

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Cheating Actor Cast as A Maid-*Permanently*

By Patricia Michelle

Victoria

I should have known better than to think my boyfriend, Ryan, wouldn't cheat on me again. But, wouldn't you know, I caught him with some no talent actress, although he didn't know it. I was, obviously, furious. Not just because he swore he'd never do it again, and that he loved only me, but he was doing her in our bed!

Ryan and I lived together. He was an aspiring actor and basically I supported him in his fruitless search for stardom. So while I spent all day as a high-powered,

corporate lawyer he was fucking everything in sight behind my back.

Having drinks with my best friend, Lauren Montrose, I told her I'd caught him cheating on me yet again.

"Well, what do you want to do about it?" she asked.

"What I want is to cut his balls off and kick him out, but first I want to get even," I replied, really steaming.

After Lauren thought about it for a few minutes she started laughing so hard I thought she was going to choke to death. "I've got it and you're going to love it," she promised, and when she told me what she had in mind I was the one choking, I was laughing so hard.

Lauren, you see, the producer of a stage play she was putting together. Her idea was to write in a special part for lover boy. And what a part! It was hysterical!

That night when I came home I excitedly told him I'd used my influence with Lauren to get him an audition for a part in the new play she was producing.

"God, that's fantastic! When is it?" he asked.

"Tomorrow at ten, and it's a speaking part," I chuckled to myself.

When he got there Lauren explained the premise of the play. "It takes place in Victorian times. It's comedy about two wealthy families determined to marry their son to the other's daughter. However the son is in love with someone else, and the daughter wants no part of him. You see she has a secret lover. A young man who's a gardener. To be with him she disguises him so no one will know. What I'd like you to do is audition for the part of the girls' secret lover," she said, keeping a straight face.

“Really? That’s really an important role, isn’t it?”

“Oh yes, one of the most important. There is one thing though. If I do offer you the part we’d have to dye your hair blonde and you’d need to lose some weight.”

“Absolutely no problem,” he replied confidently.

“Now what the girl disguises her lover as is her chambermaid,” Lauren said.

“W-What, y-you want me to dress as a maid, the whole play? I’m not going to dress like some maid, a girl,” his macho ego flared up.

Which is when I came in and brightly asked if he was right for the part.

“I think he really could be, but I’m afraid his ego is acting up. Apparently he’s not very secure in his masculinity, he doesn’t want the part. Which is really too bad. If he could have carried off this role he could have gotten a role anywhere. It would have made his career,” Lauren commented.

“Do you hear that, this could make your career, Ryan,” I said to him.

“I don’t care. I’m not dressing as a girl, for god’s sake,” he declared adamantly.

“Excuse us for a minute will you, Lauren?” I asked, then yanked him to one side.

“Now listen buster, I’ve had it with you. Here’s a chance of a lifetime and you won’t take it because it offends you precious macho image. So here’s the deal. You either take the part, which you don’t actually have yet, or I kick you out of the apartment this afternoon. And I want the \$5,000 I’ve given you so far for your worthless career. I’m fed up with you freeloading on

me. Do we understand each other macho man?" I asked, sounding as furious and angry as I could.

Ryan

God, I'd never seen Victoria as mad as she was. Her edict left me in a panic. If she kicked me out I was in real trouble as the only money I had was in my wallet.

"A-Alright I-I'll take it," I said, thinking I'd audition so badly there'd be no way they'd cast me.

But that plan was quickly dashed when she said, "I know you, and what you're thinking. If you don't get the part I still throw you out. Now I want you to literally beg Lauren to audition for the part, and tell her you'll do anything to get it."

Well, what could I do? It was humiliating begging for friend to play the part of a maid. And she didn't make it easy.

"You're sure now Ryan that you're not going to let your childish ego flare up?"

"No, really it won't. I-I was just, ah, taken by surprise..." I mumbled

"And you'll do whatever's necessary to make you totally believable in your role so that not person in the audience suspects your true identity?" she asked.

Looking back I never should have sworn that I would. That one question marked my descent into what I am now.

Just as I was promising to do whatever was necessary this obviously swishy, gay guy minced in. God, how I hated gays, just a bunch of fairies!"

“This is Teddy. I’ve hired him to help me select the right actor for this part. You see, Teddy is one of the top female impersonators in town. Well Teddy, what do you think?” she asked, pointing at me.

“It’s really hard to tell with all those clothes on. Let’s get them off and I’ve brought a couple of things he can put on that might give us a better idea. Here sweetie, go and put these on for us,” he ordered. I nearly passed out in shock, oh god, no, was all I could think as I was handed a pair of pink, satin panties dripping with lace and a matching bra!”

I looked over at Vicki for help, but all I got was a steely, threatening glare back.

“Oh yes, and tuck up your you know whats. They’ll spoil the look,” he giggled.

Vicki’s glare told me to do it or else. So horrified at the thought I went behind the curtains and changed. I couldn’t believe the panties, they were so tight! Even stuffing my dick and balls up between my legs I had to struggle to get them on. Then there was the bra, which I had a hell of a time fastening behind me.

I truly didn’t want to go back out there. Especially when I saw myself in a mirror. I gasped in shame that the panties barely covered half my ass. I dreaded the worst pulling aside the curtains, and my worst fears were realized. For there was yet another absolutely stunning woman there who Lauren introduced as her lead actress, Francine Wright.

“I thought I’d invite Francine to give us her opinion as you’ll be playing opposite of her. And I wouldn’t want to cast such an important part without her approval,” she said.

“Well Teddy, do you think you can make a believable, and I mean totally believable, lady’s maid out of him?”

“I think we need to add one last thing. What size shoes do you wear honey?” he asked me, and I swear I wanted to jump off the stage and beat him to a bloody pulp!

“He wears a size seven,” Vicki said.



"Just a seven? My goodness such tiny feet. Anybody wear an eight-and-a-half?" he asked.

"Why that's my size," the actress said.

"Can he borrow them, and can someone get a pair of nylons for him?" he asked, and when she had them off they were handed to me along with a pair of nylons with lacy tops and seams. After I got them on I put the heels I was handed on. They were really tight and with such slender heels I nearly fell over.

Soon, on his orders I stood there posing like a woman, in only a bra, panties and heels, humiliated beyond belief. Listening to them discussing turning me into a girl.

I think Bruce can do a lot with his face and hair. He's more pretty than the macho, rugged looking type, don't you think?" he ventured.

"I agree, although you'll have to dye his hair blonde for the part," the actress commented, then, to my burning shame added, "And notice that he has an unusually big ass for a man, so that won't be a problem you'll have to fix."

"And with such narrow shoulders dresses will hand nicely on him. Thank god he doesn't have those big manly shoulders," he snickered.

"True, but what can you do about his waist? It's way too big for a girls." Lauren said.

"Naturally he'll have to be dieted, but the only thing to fix his waist will have to be a corset," he proclaimed.

Jesus Christ, not a corset! I moaned to myself.

"Well, we really won't be able to decide until he's fully made up, will we?" Can your friend Bruce take

him first thing tomorrow? Then get him back and dressed in one of the uniform he'll be wearing? I want to make a final decision by tomorrow," Lauren said.

"I'm sure I can, but it'll help if I take a few photos to show him late tonight," he said, and before I could react he had a camera out and was making me assume



various, humiliating girlish poses, demanding that I smile, while snapping picture after picture!

On the way back to the apartment I begged and pleaded for Vicki not to make me do this. I hated myself for doing it. I'd never begged a woman for anything before, but I couldn't help it.

"Oh you'll go or you're out. I know how much you hate gays, but you'll swallow your inflated pride. I'll ask him and if he tells me you gave him even a hint of trouble I kick your ass out. Not only that I'm getting copies of all the photos he took. Then imagine what'll happen when I show them to all your macho, straight buddies. Especially when I post them on their billboard. I think taking orders from a fairy like Teddie, and all his friends, is just what your ego needs. A little deflating, hopefully a lot, I'd love that," she proclaimed.

Oh god, she wouldn't! But one look at her told me with a certainty that she wasn't bluffing. I'd never be able to show my face anywhere.

So the next morning I entered the beauty salon loathing what was to come. His friend, Bruce, was an even bigger fairy than Teddie. He was dressed in pin and I could see make-up and painted nails for god's sake!

I'd been told to wear the panties then was handed a frilly smock to put on that didn't even cover the panties.

Clapping his hands Bruce called a couple of assistants over. "Girls, girls, girls you know what Ms. Montrose wants so let's get started. I'll do her, I mean his, hair. Brenda you do make-up, Carla, nails please, Betty, legs and arms," he lisped.

Sitting there I was in a panic. Four pair of hands were working on me, all at the same time. And whenever I asked what they were doing all he'd say was, "Now, you just sit there like a good girl, ah, boy and don't bother the girls."

Which I did, terrified at what I could feel them doing. My hair was washed and shampooed. Then of all things was put in rollers and some nauseating stuff poured on it. I felt my brows being plucked while my legs, arms underarms and even my cheeks were waxed. God, it hurt like hell! One girl attached things to my eyelashes making them feel three times as heavy. Then she spent what felt like forever making my face up.

Finally I was put under a hairdryer and they were done, I thought. As before I could do anything, twitty Bruce squeaked, "Now Carla, you forgot the ears, did you?"

And the next thing I felt were my ears getting pierced. Me, the guy who always looked at men with a pierced ear as obviously gay, now I had both pierced, twice!

I seemed like I was in that chair for hours when they finally brushed my hair out and turned me around to a mirror. What I saw first shocked, then horrified me as I realized I was staring back at myself.

My hair was now blonde, a mass of waves and curls, and it looked like I had three times as much. My eyebrows had been plucked to pencil-thin arches. My eyes fully made up, over made up I thought. I looked painted on. The longest, fluttering, curled eyelashes had been glued on. My lips were cherry red and had been made so much fuller.

As I raised my hands I saw dangerously long, dagger pointed red nails. In my ears were huge, gold hoop earrings. I was so stunned I couldn't utter a word.

Teddie effusively complimented Bruce and his girls on, "What a fabulous job they did on 'her', well him. I'm sure when Ms. Montrose sees him she'll think he's perfect."

Then turning to me said, "Well let's get you dressed and headed back to the theater."

When we arrived back he was all business. "First, before anything we'll have to get this on you," he grinned, holding up the most fearsome looking corset.

"It's called an hour glass corset. We all wear them to give us such divinely girlish figures. I'll show you how to put it on. First hook it up the front," he ordered, and when he finished it felt pretty tight. But, I thought, if this was all there was to it, I'd survive.

But then he had me lean up against a post with my arms raised as high as I could.

"Lacing it is always the hard part. Take a deep breath honey, then exhale," he instructed. When I did he yanked on the laces, and kept at it till I felt like I was being crushed.

"S-Stop, please! It's really too tight!" I pleaded.

"If you're still breathing it not too tight, and stop complaining you sound just like my sissy friends," he barked.

"I'm not a damn sissy!" I proclaimed.

"Then stop acting like one," he said, yanking again and again on the laces only stopping when it looked like I was about to faint. When I let me arms down t

was even more crushing. I couldn't believe it! I felt like I was in a vise.

Then came a bra, which I thought much too big, until he filled them with a huge set of falsies. Seamed ny-



lons fastened to suspenders came next, and then the most lethal looking pair of shoes. Black, patent pumps with the sharpest toes, and stiletto heels. When I stood up I nearly fell over. "They're higher than the ones I wore yesterday," I protested.

"Yes, but they're only four inches. Don't worry, you'll learn. Mine are six inches when I'm on stage," he said unsympathetically. Actually I think the bastard was enjoying seeing me teetering, terrified in them.

"Now for the piece de resistance," he exclaimed, bringing out the maid's uniform.

When I saw myself fully dressed I cringed and would have cried, which I refused to do in front of swishy Teddie.

It was horrible. He called it a traditional French Maid's uniform. I can't describe what I called it. Beyond sexy, slutty, immodest, revealing, all of the above. The skirt and petticoats barely covered my ass. The short, puffy sleeves were trimmed in ruffles as was the apron, cap and even the short, white gloves. But it was the neckline that made me cringe so. It plunged so much in front that half my breasts were exposed. The thought of appearing in front of Lauren and god knew who else was just unbearable.

"There's a half hour before Lauren comes back from lunch. Pay attention and I'll teach you how to walk so, maybe, you won't embarrass yourself, although I doubt it. Take tiny, little dainty steps, put one foot precisely in front of the other. Elbows in, arms out, wrists limp, palms up," he ordered, and what else could I do, learn or fall flat on my face.

I could see myself in a mirror and I hated what I saw. Mr. Lady Killer, Macho Man, swishing about,

limp wrists, teetering, terrified on high heels. Finally Lauren was back and wanted to see me on stage. So I did, not just in front of Lauren, but Francine Knight and, oh god, Vicki!

“Well, my goodness, what a big improvement wouldn’t you say girls?” she asked.

“Oh, I definitely would agree, but a few suggestions?” Francine ventured.

“Yes, of course, go ahead,” Lauren said.

“Well, if her boobs are going to show she’s going to need a more realistic pair. Everyone will tell they’re fake. And since this is supposed to be a comedy I’d exaggerate them and make them huge. And her lips could be fuller, more like, well, bedroom lips.”

“Excellent ideas. I think Teddie can take care of that. Vicki do you have any comments?” she asked.

“No, I think ‘she’ looks perfect, very tarty, especially with those boobs hanging out,” she said, looking at me with a gloating expression.

Was she purposefully trying to humiliate me? I got my answer when she added, “I didn’t realize how sexy ‘her’ legs were, especially in heels.”

She was obviously having fun at my expense and like a wimp I just stood there and took it. I was already humiliated just standing there, but it actually went downhill.

“Why you’re right. I hadn’t really noticed. Walk back and forth for us Babette. Oh yes, that’s your stage name Babette Dupre, so please respond to it from now on,” she dictated.

After I’d shakily minced back and forth for them, truly wanting to die, she said, “Well with a few

changes Babette looks the part. But obviously Teddie she's going to need a lot of work teaching her to act completely girlish to fool everyone."

"Oh, I can work miracles. By the time I'm finished with her nobody will suspect for a minute that Babette is not what she appears to be," he giggled. Truly I hated him!

Which, much later, I realized that should have been the time to rip off the ridiculous outfit and run out of there, regardless of the consequences. Sadly I didn't. Nor did I when I was handed a contract to sign. I never, never should have signed it. That truly did seal my fate. I just didn't know it at the time.

After I handed it back Lauren looked at me with what looked like a smug, victorious look and said, "What you've just signed is a standard actor's contract agreeing to assume the role you've been given for the duration of the play. During that time you have agreed to help promote the play in whatever way I deem most helpful. As an employee of Star Production in between shows you'll work in whatever capacity the producer, that's me, deems most fitting."

Much too late I should have questioned her, as I wasn't sure just what some of it meant. I falsely assumed it was, in fact, a standard contract.

She then turned to Teddie, "Teddie, we haven't heard from you. What are you thinking?"

"She really needs to lose some weight. She's just too heavy. Obviously we're going to have to put her on a crash diet and a figure slimming exercise program," he remarked.

"How much are you thinking Babette needs to lose?" she asked.

I nearly fainted when he said, "We need to get at least twenty five pounds off her, at least to start, thirty to be safe." That's when I truly started to hate him. Twenty-five or thirty pounds! Christ I'd end up weighing less than Vicki!

"Of course as soon as I see her getting accustomed to her corset I can start really lacing it a lot tighter. And as an additional benefit of wearing a corset it'll make her rear end all that much bigger and sexier. Lift up your skirts and turn around," he suddenly ordered, and without thinking I did. Realizing he was showing off my ass to everyone. I just wanted to die as he wrapped a tape measure around my hips.

"You see, even in just this corset her rear end is already two inches bigger, and the smaller the corset the bigger it'll get," he pointed out, smiling directly at me with this "gotcha" grin.

I really didn't think it could get any worse, but, of course, I was wrong.

Addressing me she said, "Starting tomorrow you'll report everyday to Teddie. He'll be in charge of training you to the point where you'll be totally believable. I believe the best way to learn a part is the 'total immersion' method. So totally immersed that you become the part. That goes for you too Vicki. He can't be Babette during the day and Ryan your boyfriend the rest of the time. Much to confusing for her.

"Oh, I'll do my part," Vicki assured her, and I swear I saw her wink at Lauren.

"Once you have her trained then I can institute the second part of totally immersing her in her actual role." She said, then to me added, very sternly, "this isn't going to be easy. You do remember when I asked you if

we were going to have any ego flare-ups, and you promised there wouldn't be, right?"

"Yes, I-I did," I said miserably, although standing there dressed as I was, being called 'Babette' and referred to as 'she' by that fairy my ego wasn't flaring up, it was crushed. Could anything possibly be more humiliating?

"I'll hold you to that. Teddie, any ego problems with her and you can deal with her any way you want, she's now yours," she stated, I thought, rather triumphantly.

To me he said, in a commanding voice I never would have expected out of him, "You'll report to my studio every morning at eight. Panties, corset and nylons on got it?"

Thoroughly intimidated all I could muster was, "Y-Yes, I-I u-understand."

Then it was Vicki's turn to torment me. I couldn't understand her, it was almost like she was doing it on purpose.

"What about when, ah, she's at home? Any special instructions?"

"Keep in her in her corset, panties, nylons and heels," he said.

God, I was never so relieved to get back to my own clothes. Except I was horrified when I put them on. They were all too big and the one place it wasn't loose it was way too tight. The damn corset pushed my ass out so that I thought if I wasn't careful they'd split.

"Vicki, for god's sake, I can't go home like this," I pleaded.

“No, you’re right. Don’t you think you should remove your make-up,” she giggled.

My make-up! I rushed to the mirror and with tissues managed to get most of it off. But I still looked like a damn fairy with my girlish hair, long eyelashes and plucked brows.

When I pointed this out all she said, with a smirk, was, “Oh my, now you look gay, don’t you? Well, there’s nothing you can do about it, you’ll just be another fruitcake mincing down the street.”

When we finally got back she handed me the torture heels. “You heard Teddie, heels in the apartment Babette,” she ordered.

“Oh please Vicki, please get me out of this,” I begged.

“You can either do as you’ve been told, or I take these pictures Teddie gave me down to the bar and show them to all your buddies,” she said.

What I should have done was run to the closet, pack and get the hell out of there. But, like the spineless wimp I never thought I was, I put the heels on, hating myself.

Later when she caught me slipping my aching feet out of the heels for some relief she sternly said, “Put them back on and get them laced.”

I did as I was told not believing the sudden change in her. I told myself I should stand up to her like a man, but I didn’t feel much like one in a corset, panties, nylons and the damn heels.

The next morning jeered and laughed at I made my way to Teddie’s studio.

“Well, Babette, I see you made it. I can imagine how a straight, macho guy like you must feel having everyone think you’re a flaming fairy. I know you hate gays, and me, so I’m going to enjoy this. But just to make sure you’ll be an obedient girl, do as I tell you and try as hard as you can I asked my boyfriend to stock around. This is Clyde, if you give me any trouble I’m turning you over to him and have him take you into the bedroom and break you in properly, as he does all the girls,” he said.

I swear when I saw him my knees nearly buckled and I broke out in the most terrified sweat. Clyde was at least six foot, five of muscle bound ape. He sat there with an evil gringiving me a look that scared me to death.

“Or, I may have him put you over his knees and blister your ass, would you like that?”

“Oh g-god, please no,” I begged, pathetically.

“Then you’ll be a good girl for me, do everything I tell you to do Babette?”

“Yes, I swear I will,” I babbled.

Ordered to get my clothes off I wasted no time, nor did I hesitate to put on a bra and inserting a huge set of falsies, bigger than yesterday’s.

“A perfect D-cup. They’ll do for now, I’m positive you’ll have all the tit men in the audience positively drooling over you. Now panties off, we have to hide that big manly thing between your legs,” he said sarcastically.

Once I had them off he ordered me to spread my legs as far as I could. Then sitting between them he said, “For years what impersonators used to hide their things was what they called a cache-sex. It was a pain

in the ass to put on, it wasn't very believable and very uncomfortable. Now days we wear what's called a Pussy Deluxe. It's totally believable even without panties, it's hygienic and can be worn indefinitely. You remove it with this solvent, which I'll keep."

That, to me, didn't sound good, but as I was thinking about that he started chuckling. "My god, is this what you're so proud of? It looks more like a pencil to me.

Want to see a real dick, Clyde's has to be five times bigger than this little thing."

Humiliated beyond words and petrified at coming face to face with what sounded like a monstrous cock I shamefully whimpered, "N-No, I believe you, really."

When he was finished he stood up and grinning ear to ear said, "Congratulations, you're now the proud owner of your very own pussy." Across the room I heard Clyde laughing hysterically, and all I wanted to do was crawl in a hole and die.

Holding up a mirror so I could see I did nearly die. I had a pussy so real I could tell my skin from it's. It even had little, curly pussy hair that perfectly matched my now blonde hair. I wanted to cry.

"Don't bother trying to get it off, you can't. Oh yes, you'll have to sit on the toilet from now on. I've ordered a new model which I'll put on later when it gets here," he gloated.

I had no idea what he was talking about. All I was thinking was that I no longer had a dick or balls, there was nothing between my legs except a pussy. And he had the only solvent!

Teddie

Once he was dressed in the all too revealing maid's outfit I loved laying down the law. "I know you look down your nose at me, don't bother denying it. So from now on you'll address me as 'Sir' and Clyde as well, is that understood, Babette?" I asked.

"Y-Yes Sir," he stammered.

"Now as a maid you'll be doing a lot of curtsying, so that's the first thing you'll learn," I dictated.

"When you curtsy take your skirts delicately, with just two fingers, and raise them as you dip. Left foot precisely behind the right, bend your knees until just the very tip of your left toe is touching, keep your head bowed looking straight down at the floor," I barked, making Mr. Macho Man do it over and over, dozens of times until he was nearly collapsing.

"Your curtsies are pathetic. Clyde, get that yardstick, stand behind her, and every time she doesn't do it absolutely right spank her ass as hard as you want," I instructed.

"My goodness Babette, how your curtsies have suddenly improved," I remarked sarcastically, after Clyde had swatted her ass for the seventh or eighth time, laying into her as hard as he could, each swat making her cry out painfully. I thoroughly enjoyed humiliating her so after each swat I made her apologize and say, "I'm sorry Sir, Babette

w-will try harder."

After I had her truly near collapsing I stopped for a minute and asked Clyde, "What do you think Clyde?"

"I think she needs to raise her skirts more to give all the guys in the audience a good look at her ass. Just

imagine how you'll have all the ass men simply drooling over your ass, and you. Isn't that what you want to do, show your ass off like a slut?"

"Y-Yes S-Sir," he said as Clyde sharply brought the yardstick with a crack.

"It's too bad you can't show them your pussy too, isn't it?" he demanded to know.

"Yes S-sir," I whimpered.

God, I loved it. Clyde had her scared to death. I think, with him there, I could get Babette do submit to anything I ordered her to do.

"So, from now on, when you curtsy, you'll raise your skirts up until everyone has a clear view of your pantied ass, won't you."

"Y-Yes Sir," he miserably agreed.

"Now this is when you'll curtsy. When you speak you'll curtsy before and after. When anyone, and I mean anyone, tells you to do something you curtsy. You'll curtsy before you enter and before you leave any room, even if there's no one in it. When you have to pass in front of anyone you stop, face them and curtsy. Have you got that Babette," I asked sternly.

"Y-Yes sir," she quaked.

I couldn't help gloating, and winking at Clyde. For a gay guy there was nothing more truly satisfying, or amusing, than having a straight, gay hating, asshole in my hands, and turning him into an ultra swishy, totally feminized, slutty maid. Knowing that he was hating every minute of it. Oh, I had such plans for Babette, knowing she was powerless to do anything about it. My, what fun!

I kept her walking, curtsying and sitting endlessly from one end of the studio to the other with a book on her head without a break. When I finally allowed her to stop I said, "You'd better do better tomorrow sweetie or I'll Clyde walk behind you and beat your ass every time a book falls."

When we broke for lunch she asked if she could have some.

"No lunch for you, you're on a crash diet. I'll weigh you every morning and if you're even a quarter pound heavier I turn you over to Clyde. He's dying to show you his cock. How would you feel sucking on a real, eleven inch cock, I'd love to see that."

"Oh god," she said, absolutely horrified.

Just as we were finishing a good looking woman arrived. "This is Donna Green, your voice coach, 'Ma'am' to you."

"As I understand it, ah, she's to have a part as a maid and you want me to teach her to talk in a totally girlish?" she asked.

"Yes, but I want her to sound really sluttish," he added with a wolfish grin.

"What Ms. Montrose has lent me are some of your lines from the play. We'll start with some of the easier ones," she said.

At first they weren't so bad. "Yes and No Mistress," "Yes Mistress your maid Babette understands." "I'm sorry Mistress Babette doesn't know," and "Thank you so much Mistress." Then they got worse and worse, and I loved it. I could hear her cringe as she was forced to say, "I just love my uniform, don't I look ever so precious?" "Oh yes, Mistress I feel so divinely girlish," and ""Oh my, am I really showing off my bottom."

Finally when the time was up she said, "I want you to practice your lines tonight 25 times each. Tomorrow I expect to hear you repeat them perfectly. Do you have someone you can practice them on?"

"She can practice them on Vicki, can't you Babette?" Teddie said.

"Yes Sir," she curtsied in defeat.

However the day was young and I was far from finished with Mr. Hetero, Macho Man.

Babette

I was so relieved when I was ordered to remove not only my uniform but the unbearable corset and handed a peach colored exercise outfit. Putting it on I found it fit very snug and was very tightly elasticized at the waist, neck, wrists and ankles.

I felt I was sealed into it when I finally got it on and it was really very heavy. I was appalled at the shoes. White sneakers with at least three-inch platform soles!

As soon as I was in it I felt myself getting warmer and warmer and I was just standing there.

Seeing my discomfort Teddie smiled his evil smile and said, "It's rubber lined to help promote shedding all that baby fat on you." I was then turned over to Clyde who strong-armed me down the street to a fitness center. Only three blocks away, but by the time I got there sweat was pouring down me.

There I was introduced to an athletic girl name Becky Cook, who was to be my personal fitness trainer. "That's 'Ma'am" to you girl," Clyde whispered in my ear.

Not addressing me she said, "Teddie told me of the part, ah, he's to play and that I need to work on his figure, in particular his waist, is that right?"

"Yes, as much as you can. In trying to get her as girlish and feminine as possible Ms. Montrose wants her totally immersed in her role, so address 'her' as 'Babette' her stage name."

"Well, Babette shall we get started. First lets get some weights on you," she dictated, strapping really heavy weights to my wrists, ankles and even around my waist.

By the time Clyde came to get me an hour-and-a-half later I was in such pain I could barely move. I wasn't so much exercised as tortured! I was put on one exercise machine after another and in-between I did leg lifts, sit ups, crunches and had a medicine ball dropped on my stomach over and over. So many times I begged her to stop.

"Maybe you're not a real man after all," she declared scornfully. "Even a sissy can do more than that. Now get those sissy legs up and do twenty more. Or do you want me to call Clyde and have him help you?"

'No p-please, I-I'll do them," I groaned miserably, sweat pouring off me by the gallon.

When Clyde arrived she sternly instructed, "Tonight you'll do 40 leg lifts, 40 sit ups, 40 crunches and 100 toe touches."

Teddie

Once Clyde had her back, barely able to put one foot in front of the other I allowed her to get dressed as

she'd come I said, "Is that all you've got to wear? Everything's too big, you look like a disaster."

"Nothing fits because of the corset, Sir," he replied, and I could tell he hated calling

me "Sir." Too bad, I just loved brow beating her, shouting in her face, I screamed, "You forgot to curtsy. I don't care what you're dressed in you curtsy, got that girl?"

Taking out a tape measure I measured him in half a dozen places. "I suppose you'd prefer to wear jeans?" I asked.

"Oh yes Sir," he said, obviously relieved.

"Wait here, I'm sure there's something in the back that I can get on you," I ordered,

already thinking of the perfect outfit for her. I hunted around in my wardrobe until, smiling to myself, I thought I'd picked out the perfect outfit for Babette. I couldn't help giggling as I handed them to her and told her to change.

Moments later I heard her pleadingly holler out, "Oh please Sir, I can't wear these, they're too tight!" So I sent Clyde in to help her out. I couldn't help giggling as Clyde pushed her out minutes later. True to my word she was wearing jeans. However they were so tight they looked painted on her. There were zippers at the ankles, and instead of a fly there were two side zippers. I just loved how her ass really stuck out, and the tight, sleeveless, pink top with the plunging neckline and in sequins "CUTIE PIE" on the front. Then there were the pink, wedgies with two-inch platform soles and the pink hoop earrings.

"P-Please Sir, I-I can't go out like this," she begged.

“Of course you can, it’s soooo you. Have a good walk back, if you make it back, that is,” I laughed.

Babette

When I saw myself in the mirror I truly wanted to cry. I’d always prided myself on how rugged and masculine I dressed. Now, there was no mistaking me for a fairy. Not in molded on jeans with my ass sticking out, a sleeveless, pink top with “CUTIE PIE” in sequins emblazoned on the front, and platform wedgies on my feet. “P-Please I can’t go out like this. I look like a ...”

“A screaming fairy? Yes, but just think, every gay guy in town is going to

drool over you. And if you’re lucky you’ll get a few pinches from real men. Just don’t walk too near an alley. Poor thing you might get dragged into it and a real man might have their way with you,” he laughed.

“Now tonight, besides your exercises, you’ll practice 100 curtsies in front of a mirror, remember to curtsy to Vicki and practice your lines for her,” he instructed.

Absolutely terrified Clyde pushed me out the door with a, “good luck honey, you’re going to need it.”

God, I really didn’t think I’d make it back in one piece. I was pointed at, laughed at, propositioned by both straights and gays, and, yes, even women

couldn’t help pointing and laughing.

When Vicki got home I was standing in front of a mirror in my maid’s uniform practicing my curtsies.

“Teddie called me. Aren’t you supposed to curtsy to me?” she asked coldly.

Wretchedly I curtsied and said, "Yes, I-I just..."

"And aren't you to address me as 'Mistress'?" she demanded to know.

Crumbling I curtsied and said, "Yes Mistress, I f-forgot."

"Don't forget again Babette," she emphasized, "or do you want me to make a call to Teddie and tell him you'll being difficult?"

"I-I w-won't forget M-Mistress," I curtsied. God how I hated debasing myself in front of my girlfriend, but what could I do. One call to Teddie and I knew without a doubt he'd turn me over to Clyde!

After the meager dinner, which left me still starving, Vicki sat leisurely with a glass of wine amusedly watching me walking back and forth with a book on my head, then sitting, fluffing out my skirts and crossing my ankles.

When I finished I just collapsed in a chair. But not for long.

"Teddie said you have exercises to do and a special exercise outfit to do them in. So get to it!" she ordered.

The exercises I honest to god didn't think I could do. I already ached and hurt all over. As I struggled just to lift my legs off the floor she said, "that's hardly a leg lift Babette. Get those fucking legs up in the air. No, higher! I swear I'm ten seconds from calling Teddie."

I literally crawled into bed, and all to soon it was morning. And barely able to move I struggled into the hated sissy outfit I was expected to show up in, forgetting that Vicki hadn't seen me in it.

“Oh my, you have to wear that to Teddie’s? Where on earth did you get it?”

“Teddie got it for me,” I said miserably.

“When I talked to Teddie he said you were to curtsy regardless of what you were dressed in, and don’t forget, ‘Mistress,’ she nearly screamed at me.

“Poor Babette, I can’t believe you actually made it back in one piece in that,” she commented in mock sympathy, then added, “I think you ought to ask him when he thinks you can start wearing your skirts and heels back and forth. A few more day in that and I think you’d be begging him to let you wear skirts and heels.”

The thought was appalling. No way was I ever going to ask to wear skirts and heels in public! At least at the time that’s what I thought.

I don’t know how I ever made it through that first week, then a second and a third. But it was the second week that was my undoing. That truly turned me into a terrified, cowardly wimp and I have no one to blame but myself.

Every day it got harder and harder to get through it. The more progress I made the more that twit Teddie demanded of me. I was totally exhausted by the time I got home, and yet had hours of practice and exercises to do.

So I started to cheat. Telling Vicki, when she got back, that I’d already finished practicing or my exercises and stealing food when I was supposed to be on a diet. When I arrived one morning Teddie said, “You haven’t made very good progress this week. Not like the previous week. I don’t think you’re putting in the

practice, or doing your exercises, that you're supposed to at home.

Well, I lied. I swore up and down that I was.

"You're lying. I can tell you are. So, I think I'll leave it up to Clyde to get the truth out of you," he said, and before I could utter another word the monster had yanked me over a bar stool and after bending me over it tied my ankles and wrists to it.

"Oh g-god, please no, I swear I haven't been cheating," I begged, as I saw him pick up a brutal looking paddle, then felt him pulling down my panties.

"Eooow!!" I screamed and continued doing so as he viciously spanked my ass, god, I don't know how many times. I pleaded and begged him to stop but he completely ignored me. Finally I couldn't take it anymore. "Oh, eow, I-I admit it, I-I've been cheating, but I-I'll never do it again."

But that wasn't enough. I had to detail exactly every instance of my cheating.

Each time Teddie said, "Five more."

I couldn't believe it when it finally stopped.

"Are you going to cheat again, girl?"

"No, never, honest to god," I sobbed and whimpered, so relieved that it was over. But it wasn't. "Vicki tells me that you've been especially nasty to her all week. So this is for Vicki. Clyde give her another twenty more," he ordered.

"Tonight you'll apologize to her, on your knees, and then you're going to kiss her feet," he declared.

"K-Kiss her. Yeow, y-yes I will, I will!"

“And when Clyde lets you up you’re going to apologize to me for being a bad girl and promise you’ll be a good, obedient girl from now on. On your knees, and you’ll kiss my feet,” he demanded.

I wondered just how low I’d sunk as a man as I knelt, apologized and kissed his feet.

“Now go over to Clyde, apologize, kneel and kiss his feet,” he smirked, obviously thoroughly enjoying the humiliation he was heaping on me.



“Now Clyde, show her what she’s going to get if I even think you’re cheating,” he ordered. As I knelt there he unzipped his pants and pulled out the most enormous cock I’d ever seen. I nearly passed out when he said, “Just think girl, it’s not even hard yet. Next time you cheat you may choke to death sucking on this.”

Walking home I ignored all the giggles and laughter. I’d just been spanked so hard it hurt just putting the jeans on. On my knees I’d degraded myself, kneeling, kissing a gay man’s feet, then kissed his boyfriend’s feet while thanking him for punishing me. Now I was about to degrade myself further on my knees in front of Vicki.

When she came in I sunk to my knees in front of her.

“What’s this?” she asked.

“Babette is very sorry she’s been so mean and nasty and disrespectful to you Mistress. T-Thank you for helping me, ah, learn my part,” I said, and I’m sure to her shock, I kissed her feet. Before she could react the phone rang. When she hung up she said, “That was Teddie. So, as we thought you’ve been cheating. He said that from now on you do everything in front of me. Oh yes, he said whenever I come home you’re to curtsy and kiss my feet. God, how far you’ve sunk. It’s hard to believe I once thought you were a man, yet alone my boyfriend,” she said scornfully.

Lauren

One Friday, three weeks later, I showed up unexpectedly. Totally ignoring her I asked Teddie, “I

thought I'd drop in and get a progress report on Babette. How is she doing?"

"In general I'd have to say I'm disappointed in what progress she's made so far. I really thought she'd be further along by now."

"Well, damn it, I've got her scheduled to be at Vanessa Caldwell's in two weeks. She absolutely has to be ready by then. What's she having problems with?" I demanded to know.

"First there's her figure. It isn't even what I'd call even slightly girlish. I was thinking of tightening her corset..."

"Is your corset fitting better now days, Babette?" I asked.

Stupidly she admitted it was. "Well then, take it one, no two inches. I want to see a dramatic improvement in her figure. Now, what else?"

"Oh, there's her walk. Some progress, but it's still like looking at a guy trying to walk like a girl in heels," he remarked.

"You absolutely must do something about that. It's one of the first things that will give her away. Put her in higher heels," I declared.

"Yes, I was thinking the same thing. But another problem is her steps are simply not dainty or mincing enough. So, I've decided to break her of that by using a pair of leg hobbles."

"Whatever you want to use, just do it," I instructed.

"Then there's her speech. One minute she sounds girlish, the next she sounds like a guy trying to talk like a girl," he said.

“Well you must do something about that. Besides her walk, the minute she opens her mouth will be a dead giveaway,” I stated.

“Oh, I think I’ve got something that will do the trick. But, if I only have two weeks the only thing that’s going to do it really is going to be total immersion,” he remarked.

“I agree. Do you think Babette is ready for it?” I asked.

“No, but with just two weeks she’ll have to be,” he stated, then added, “Oh yes, make-up. She’s getting better at it, but it really takes her forever and it’s never quite right, especially the shape of her mouth. So my suggestion when Clyde takes her for the beauty appointment is Perma-Glow.”

“Perma-Glow? Yes, that would do it. And as long as it’s going to really be total immersion from now on I think it’s time to do her boobs, don’t you?” I asked, innocently and with a wolfish grin he agreed.

The whispering to Teddie I said, “When they do her boobs tomorrow have them do her ass as well. She won’t be in pants anymore so I’m thinking have them enlarge it a good three inches. I think you’re doing great. By the time we’re finished with our cheating Mr. Macho Man all she’ll be good for is being the most brow-beaten, cowering, effeminate maid Vicki could want,” I declared. I’m sure she couldn’t understand why both of us were laughing so hard, but she’d soon find out.

Babette

I had no idea about most anything they said, totally ignoring me as if I weren’t even in the room. I did have

a dreaded fear of what “total immersion” might mean, what on earth was Perma-Glow, and worse what they meant by “doing my boobs.” But what I couldn’t get out of my mind was they were going to tighten my corset, and oh god, actually make me wear higher heels! I was just barely able to walk in the ones I was forced to wear.

I had a real sense of impending doom, a foreboding that this was going to be a very bad day. And it started with being forced to tighten my corset, not one, but two more inches. Oh god how I struggled! I was gasping for breath by the time I got it laced. I swear I felt like I was in a vice, I could breathe, but just barely.

Then I watched uncomprehending as he buckled two straps just above each knee, then clipped them together. Ordered to bend over he put a steel collar around my neck, and to his question of how it fit I stupidly answered, “It feels snug, Sir.”

“Just snug, well that will never do,” he proclaimed, as I could feel him tightening it.

“Oh please Sir, it’ too tight,” I protested, in a squealing, suddenly high-pitched voice.

“Good it’s meant to fit tight, and you’re still breathing,” he said heartlessly as I heard a click.

“I’ve locked it on in case you’re tempted to remove it. I don’t think you’ll forget how to speak from now on,” he proclaimed, then added cheerfully, “Now lets go, can’t be late for your beauty appointment, can we?”

As we pulled up to the salon he said, “Remember to tell Gladys you want Perma-Glow and your boobs done.”

When I told Gladys what I wanted she asked, “You’re sure you said you wanted Perma-Glow?”

“Yes, a-and to have my, er, boobs done,” I said blushing beet red.

“Well, that’s no problem. Why don’t you just put this on, and relax in the chair. Here’s something you can have to drink,” she said handing me a glass of wine. What I put on was a smock so brief it didn’t even cover my panties. Next thing I knew I fell dead asleep.

When I finally woke up I had no idea of how long I’d been in the chair. When I asked if she was finished she turned me to a mirror. My make-up didn’t look dramatically different, although my eyes were more made up, too made-up. I looked suddenly rather slutty. They’d obviously put on much longer eyelashes and curled them, and my cherry red lips looked way too big. I wondered how I could ever get them looking that way every day.

To my shock I was to find out that wasn’t going to be a problem.

“You won’t have to worry about putting on your make-up anymore,” she declared.

“I’m not sure I understand,” I said, puzzled.

“Well, you specifically said you wanted Perma-Glow, which is about the closest thing to permanent make-up you can get. It’s actually a dye, and doesn’t even start wearing off for about five or six months. Some lucky customers say they’ve gone a full year without needing a touch up,” she replied.

“W-What? It doesn’t come off for five or six months?” I tried to cry out in panic, but the collar stopped that. What came out was this high-pitched, girly voice.

“Think of all the time you’re going to save, and every day you’ll always look perfect, just like you do

now. However I really am disappointed you haven't said how you like your tits. They're the most realistic pair you can get. Even if someone looks real hard they'll never guess they aren't real. And just look at the nipples!" she exclaimed.

It was then I realized that they must have put falsies on me as the front of the smock was really straining against them. When I lifted it I just stared in horror in the mirror. What I saw were these huge, melon shaped boobs on my chest. "My god, what have they done?" I thought, watching them bounce and jiggle, and Jesus they were so heavy!

"We were lucky to find a pair that perfectly matches your skin tone. And Teddie said you really had your heart set on d-cup boobs. Don't worry about them coming off, the adhesive is really a bonding agent. When you're ready to have them removed just come back I have a special solvent that'll do the trick. I think they look gorgeous. You'll definitely have every tit man in the audience foaming at the mouth. Although, personally, I would have opted for a smaller size. They certainly are going to take some getting used to," she said.

I couldn't move! I just stared, looking at these huge tits on me, and the slutty make-up, neither of which I could remove for months! Did she actually say a year?

Finally I got up and in abject despair headed for the changing room. As I did I got the strangest sensation. My ass felt bigger and heavier and seemed to bounce and jiggle with each step. Weird, but I put it down to having sat in that chair for so long. My next shock came when I opened the parcel with the outfit Teddie instructed me to wear.

It was another maid's uniform for Christ's sake! I couldn't wear that out in public. Then I realized that with the huge tits staring me in the face I now had no choice. When I was dressed, except for shoes, I breathed a sigh of relief. The uniform was plain with a few frills here and there, although there was no hiding my giggling, bouncing tits. The uniform was gray with long, very tight sleeves with an all too tight collar. Thankfully the skirt and the two petticoats peeking out just covered my knees. Over it was a bibbed apron and on my head a maid's cap.

Expecting the worst I got it when I saw the shoes. Like the others these were lace-up oxfords, but the heels were an inch higher and positively treacherous looking. In my brutally laced corset I nearly collapsed before I finally got them on my feet and laced. When I stood up I nearly fell over with the full weight on my toes my feet and arches screamed in protest.

Before I went out to wait for Teddie I knew he'd check to see if the straps were on my legs, so in dismay I buckled them. Taking my first terrified steps I found that I really had to swing my ass just to get one foot in front of the other.

While I waited Gladys suggested I practice walking. I did as she suggested, but just standing was a challenge. When he finally arrived with an amused grin he asked how I like my new high heels.

"P-Please Sir, please I can barely even stand in these," I moaned, and was shocked speechless when he viciously slapped my face as hard as he could.

"I asked you a question Babette, and you didn't answer it, did you?" he demanded to know, slapping me, if possible, even harder.

"I'm not going to tolerate any more shit from you over the next two weeks girl. I don't have the time for it. From now on, you do precisely what I tell you or you get your face slapped. Or I turn you over to Clyde to blister your ass, or just maybe suck his cock. Do you understand me?" he yelled at me.

Withering like a coward I meekly said, "Y-Yes Sir."

When we got back he screamed, "Get out of your uniform, bend over and grab your ankles," he demanded.

When I did as he'd ordered I suddenly felt him pulling my ass cheeks wide apart. "Oh please Sir, w-what are you doing," I cried out as I felt something huge being inserted into my rear end.

"I'm not at all happy with how you swish that ass of yours. I want to see those cheeks pumping back and forth like a couple of well-oiled pistons. I'm sure the little helper I stuck up you will do the trick. I don't ever want to see that ever out of your ass, you got that?" he stated.

"Y-Yes Sir, y-you won't," I replied, utterly humiliated by what was now up my bottom. Could anything be more degrading, or remind me of how I'd sunk as a man?

Then he laid the law down. "Every day, for the next two weeks, every time you make a mistake you get a demerit. If you argue or question anything I tell you, you get five. When I tell you to do something and you hesitate even a second to do so, you get ten. At the end of the day I'll total them up. If, heaven help you, they're more than the previous day I have a special punishment for you. Don't worry, if won't be Clyde.

I'll use him as a last resort. This, I think, will actually be worse." He promised.

I had no idea what it could be, but didn't think anything could be worse than being turned over to Clyde. I stood there puzzled as he laid several two by fours on the floor on it's edge.

Ordered to stand at one end he first put the stiffest collar on me. It came all the way up to my chin and prevented me from looking down.

"You have a bad habit of looking down to see where you're walking, which the collar will break you of. Now you're going to walk down the board. To avoid stumbling, tripping or falling you'll have to put one foot precisely in front of the other. I want to see that ass of yours twitching and swishing. Arms bent, wrists limp, palms up. When you reach the end you'll pivot on your toes, curtsy and return. I'll follow behind you with this and correct you as needed," he said, and I nearly fainted when I saw him holding a wicked looking cane.

"Ten times up and back without a mistake," he ordered. Oh my god, the heels were terrorizing enough, but now I had a two-inch board to walk down while twitching my ass, wrist limp, palms up. I was scared to death of tripping or worse falling. I tried as hard as I could, but there were so many things to remember. But I couldn't help but gradually get better with him correcting me with the cane, which he didn't hesitate to use for even the slightest mistake.

I don't know how I ever finished, but I finally did. "You can rest, on your knees," he said, and gratefully fell to them.

Redressed in the plainer uniform I managed to mince and hobble my way back to the apartment and per Teddie's instructions changed back into the all too revealing uniform. Just as Vicki came in.

"There's something different about you," she remarked.

"Jesus, you've got tits, I mean real ones! And they're huge, even bigger than mine. This must be what Lauren meant by total immersion. Well, tell me about it."

And breaking down completely, between my sobbing, I did.

"Perma-Glow make-up. Christ, how could you let them make you up with that?" she said scornfully. "Now you're stuck for months, All you need is a pussy," she declared disgustedly. Then seeing me hang my head she said, "don't tell me. Lift your skirts up."

I begged her with my eyes not to make me, but all she said was, "Get them up." As coldly as I'd ever heard her speak. When I held them up she yanked down my panties.

"Oh for god's sake, I don't believe it. How long have you had this?" she demanded to know.

"T-Teddie put it on about two weeks ago."

"Well, how do you get it off?"

"I-I don't know. It, It's kind of glued on," I sobbed.

"You're telling me you have permanent make-up, glued on tits and a pussy you can't get off. How could you let them do this to you? Any man I know would never had let this happen. Don't you have any spine at all? Well?" she asked, her voice riddled with contempt.

"It-It just happened, I-I didn't know..." I stammered weakly.

"You didn't know Teddie was going to put a pussy on you?"

"Well, yes, sort of."

"Jesus, pull your panties up, no wait, let's see just how real your pussy is," she declared, and to my shock she started fondling it.

"Oh god, please, I'm begging you, don't," I pleaded, trying to pull my panties up.

"Keep the up and shut up," she ordered harshly, as she continued her fondling.

Every humiliation I'd endured, so far, was nothing compared to this. If ever there was an ultimate humiliation this had to be it. But it wasn't, what happened next was.

Stunned I felt myself getting excited. I couldn't help the moan that escaped me.

"Well, well, a pussy with a hard-on. Never heard of such a thing on a man. But then again you're not much of a man anymore, are you?" she spit out.

"N-No M-Mistress Vicki," I whimpered, hanging my head.

"I don't think you ever were much of a man. A real man would never have allowed himself to be pussied," she said in utter scorn, withdrawing her teasing hand, causing me to gasp in dismay. I hated myself for my reaction.

From then on it was obvious Vicki had lost all respect for me. That night as I practiced walking and curtsying she came out looking absolutely ravishing.

"I'm going out with the girls, hopefully I'll find a real man with a real cock instead of a, well, I don't know what you are, with a pussy. Now you be a good girl while I'm gone. Gee, maybe if you're not too tired you could play with your pussy and think about me getting reamed out by a really huge cock" she said with such a look of disgust that all I wanted to do was crawl in a hole and die.

The next two weeks, as Teddie had promised, were sheer hell. Each morning when I got up I didn't think I'd last through another day. Each morning as I laced my corset agonizingly tight, bent over and laced my feet into towering high heels that terrified me, and most humiliating of all, bending over, spreading my cheeks and inserting what Teddie gloatingly referred to as my "little helper" up my ass. Every day I was convinced this was the day I was going to tell the little fairy off. But every morning as I walked in to his studio I dutifully curtsied and said, "Good morning Teddie Sir, Babette is here for her lessons." And every morning I swore I wasn't going to kneel and kiss his feet, but one look at Clyde, who obviously was waiting for any excuse to drag me into the backroom, and I folded, getting down on my hands and knees and kissing his boots.

I hated myself. I wasn't a wimp. No, what I was, was a cowering, browbeaten pathetic sissy. Too afraid to offer even the meekest protest.

I had been, by the end of two weeks, spanked, caned, paddled and had my face slapped into the most ultra feminine, girlish, sluttish maid I think there'd ever been. I couldn't even remember how I once walked or talked. But all this was nothing compared to

the special punishment Teddie had promised me on the day I seemed to do everything wrong.

“Alright, I’ve had it with you,” he declared, “Now you’re going to be taught a lesson that I truly doubt you’ll ever forget,” he said.

I panicked, fearing he was about to call Clyde over to beat my ass, or worse drag me into the backroom. Instead I was ordered to strip down to my corset. Which he proceeded to tighten even further. I was left gasping, struggling just to breath. Then he put a blindfold on me and ordered me bend over. When I did I was so grateful to feel him remove the thing up my ass. To my shock I felt him forcing one even bigger up me. Then, whatever he was doing, was causing it to grow even bigger!

When I was ordered to sit I felt the thing ram itself up my ass as I sat on a chair.

I was too scared to utter a sound, even as I felt him working on my nails and then my toes. I had no earthy idea what he was doing when he

ordered me to stand and put the most horrendously tight panties on me. Then I was dressed in an unbelievably tight top and in a skirt so short and tight it didn’t fell like it even covered my panties let alone my ass.

“Now, shoes of course,” I heard him say and felt the oddest fitting shoes being strapped on me.

“Don’t forget her hair,” I heard Clyde laugh, although I didn’t know why.

After he’d played with my hair I found out why when he whipped the blindfold off and twirled me around to a full-length mirror.

“This is how you’re going to walk back to your apartment. It’s your punishment for obviously not giving it your best today. Like it, sweetie?” he chuckled.

“Oh god, p-please no,” I cried when I saw myself. Staring back at me was the sluttiest looking hooker, and it was me! I wore a white satin, scooped top so tight it left nothing to the imagination. The neckline came almost to my nipples, and because I wasn’t wear-



ing a bra my tits giggled and bounced up and down crazily even if I barely moved. The skirt was red, patent leather and so tight it felt absolutely molded to my ass. Thankfully it just covered my panties. On my legs were sheer, seamed, stockings and on my legs thigh high, black, patent leather boots with staggering five inch heels and painfully pointed toes. The only people who wore these boots were hookers.

Teddie only smirked, and Clyde simply laughed himself silly as I debased myself over and over begging him not to make me go outside.

“Oh, you’re not only going to walk back to your apartment looking like a whore in need of a good fuck, but you’re going to stop in at Murphy’s, where all your buddies hang out, and stand at the bar. Now turn around, bend over, touch your toes and look in the mirror,” I was ordered, and when I did I really think my heart stopped.

For you could see almost all of the black, lace panties. But that wasn’t the worst. For across it, in silver sequins, it said, “Pinch Me” and below that it said, “Here.”

“You’re going to stand at the bar and bend over until you’ve been pinched by your best friends at least five times, then you can leave. Oh yes, Clyde will be behind you and counting. He’ll eventually come to your rescue if one of your buddies tries dragging you into the alley. Now, out you go Babette,” he said, pushing me out the door. And into the worst nightmare one could imagine.

The wolf whistles I got from males and the nasty looks and disgusted remarks from women made me want to crawl in a hole and disappear. Yet I knew the worst was to come. I’m sure Teddie picked it out

knowing it's where all my buddies hung out. I prayed none of them would be there, but no such luck. I never dreaded anything so much as walking into that bar. Tits bouncing and giggling uncontrollably, nipples sticking out in front, my ass twitching lewdly with the help of the thing stuck up my ass. Strutting as best I could in platform "fuck me" heels.

The bartender gave me one disdainful look and said, "Aren't you in the wrong place, honey? Shouldn't you be a few blocks down on the corner?"

"P-Please, I-I just came in for a drink," I pleaded, praying he wasn't going to throw me out. Thankfully he didn't, but when the drink came I knew I couldn't delay it any longer, and bent down to pretend to adjust the laces on a boot. I didn't get a pinch until the second time. When it came I simply wanted to die, what else would a re-blooded hetero male want to do dressed as a whore getting his ass pinched?

When I forced myself to continue bending over the pinches came fast and furious. And before I could flee as fast as one can in platform heels the number of pinches, accompanied by jeering laughter and lewd proposals, far exceeded five.

"Alright bimbo, you can swish yourself home," Clyde said, then added, "You really outdid yourself in there, weren't you just loving getting your ass by all your best buddies? Oh yes, Teddie said to stay as you are until Vicki sees you."

I couldn't imagine her reaction seeing me like this, I moaned. I could just picture her coming scorn. And when it came it was truly unbearable.

“Jesus Christ, what in god’s name are you doing dressed like that? You look like a whore, and a cheap one at that.”

“P-Please, don’t laugh. Teddie made me. T-To punish me for not trying m-my hardest today,” I confessed.

“You let a gay guy, half your strength, punish you by dressing you as a whore and making you walk home, is that it?” she asked.

“Y-Yes....” Was all I could get out, hanging my head, too humiliated to look her in the face. Which was when the phone rang, and from the conversation I knew it was Teddie.

“Yes, she’s here. Well, if she deserved to be punished I couldn’t think of a worse punishment. Oh god, you’re not serious? You made her go into Murphy’s and stay until she got her ass pinched how many times. Clyde lost count?” she said laughing hysterically.

When she got off the phone the look of utter contempt made me wither to about one foot tall.

“Did all your buddies see you?” she asked coldly.

“Y-Yes, they were all there.”

“And how many of your best buddies pinched your ass?”

“I-I don’t know. All of them, I think. I-I was bending over.”

“What disgusts me is you didn’t even put up a fight like any real man would. You just let him dress you like a whore and push you out the door, didn’t you?”

‘Y-Yes...’ I admitted, absolutely crushed by the icy scorn in hr voice. How could I tell her I was scared to death of Teddie and terrified of Clyde and what he

wanted to do to me. I couldn't admit that, it would only make it worse.

As Teddie promised, it did teach me a lesson. Every day, regardless of how exhausted I was, I forced myself to try as hard as I could to act as feminine, girlish or slutty as he demanded, and hating myself every minute for it. Vicki, obviously, had lost all respect for me, as I had as well.

But finally the two weeks were up and I was presented to Lauren for inspection clad only in panties, corset, nylons and heels. I wasn't even allowed a bra. They both walked around me commenting, and pinching here and there, as if I were a prize horse.

Lauren

"As you expected, having her tits done was the right thing to do. I'm sure the audience will enjoy how they wildly bounce and giggle all over the place. Especially if you don't have her wear a bra. However, I'm still not happy with her figure. You say even in her corset her waist only measures twenty-two inches. Keep working on it, I'm sure it can be improved on before performance start," I said, loving the pained expression on Babette's face.

"Yes, it would be really outstanding if we can get it to twenty inches, or below. Just imagine how much more her tits and ass are going to stick out then," Teddie remarked, however what he said next, I could see, truly shocked him.

"I am, however, quite pleased with her ass. It's now a full forty-two inches. I think you should write into the script several instances when she has to bend over

with her ass facing the audience. Don't you think it would be a great crowd pleaser," he grinned.

"Oh my, I think that's an absolutely wonderful idea. I'll write in at least half a dozen instances where she has to bend over," I said, enthusiastically.

It will be positively scandalous.

"Well, if you think that would be such a crowd pleaser. Why don't you write in several scenes where she bends way over but facing the audience? I could lower the neckline so it looks like her tits are about to pop out any second," he chuckled, just daring Babette to say something.

Babette

Forty-two inches? How could my ass have grown six inches! It had to be the corset, I couldn't think of anything else it could be.

"Oh god, I love it! At least three or four times. I see you seem to have gotten some of that fat off her and she lost most of those unsightly muscles. Her legs are beginning to look very sexy," she commented.

"Yes, I think the last time I weighed her she was down to 122 pounds, although I'm shooting for another seven or eight pounds to get off her. And I agree her legs are looking very sexy, but don't you think they'd look even sexier in even higher heel?" he asked.

Had I heard him right? Did he say I weighed 122 pounds. I used to weigh 148! No wonder I always felt so weak and exhausted, and seemed to have lost a lot of strength. I'd had to really strain just to lift and move one of his chairs yesterday. And now he wants me lose another seven or eight pounds! Then, coming out of my disbelief and misery I was plunged right back into it when I heard her say, "Yes, I totally agree. Higher heels

would make her legs look a lot sexier. When I take her over to Vanessa Caldwell's I'll advise her that I want her trained in even high heels than what you have her in."

When the humiliating inspection was finally over I was allowed to get dressed. I knew, as I got in her car, that I was being taken somewhere.

She didn't seem interested in talking, yet I timidly asked where we were going.

"To a friend of mine. Everyone admires her for how perfectly polished and well trained her maids and servants are. I thought, while we're still finalizing the script, that I'd leave you with her for a while as part of my philosophy of becoming totally immersed in your role. On appearance alone you could fool the audience. And you certainly act girlish and slutty enough thanks to Teddie. But realistically to pull off your role you have to think and act like a maid, and have the proper servants mentality and demeanor which you don't as yet have, wouldn't you agree?" she asked.

Well, it sounded logical enough. So, I agreed with her which, looking back, I never, never should have. But, at the time, I was so utterly relieved to be out from under Teddie and his brute of a boyfriend, that I truly believed nothing could be worse.

As we pulled in to a huge estate Lauren said, "Vanessa doesn't have any idea who you really are. I've simply told her that I'm bringing an actress who's to play the part of a maid in an upcoming play and I need to give her some idea of a maid's life, routine and what's expected of her. I've asked her, in the short time you'll be here, if she can ingrain what's she refers to as a 'servant's mentality' to help you understand your part."

Which, stupidly, I was fine with. The last thing I wanted was anyone else knowing I was really a guy.

Vanessa Caldwell was an elegant, older lady, expensively dressed and dripping in diamonds. I was introduced as Babette Dupre, my stage name, she explained.

“Well, I don’t personally over-see the house servants. I leave that up to my housekeeper, Gretchen Reeves. I’ll just turn Babette over to her,” she said, then turning to me sent warning chills up my spine by adding, “I must warn you Gretchen is quite severe, not at all tolerant of sloppy work, or what she calls an ‘uppity attitude’ in any of my servants. You’d best be on your toes, do precisely what she tells you to do, and never, ever talk back to her. Now, how long can you leave her?”

“Oh, I’d say at least a month, possibly a bit longer,” I heard her say.

“Oh my, just a month? Gretchen usually takes about three months before she’s got a new servant thoroughly trained and broken in,” she said.

“Well, if necessary, I could leave her a bit longer. Let’s leave it up to your housekeeper,” she advised.

Which was when the housekeeper came into the room. And just looking at her made my knees turn to jelly. She was huge, and I don’t mean fat, at least a foot taller than me, and had to outweigh me by a good forty, or more, pounds. She was severely dressed and looked mean as hell.

“This is the girl I was telling you about, Gretchen,” the woman said.

“How long do I have with her?” she asked, looking at me with an expression that made me cringe.

“About a month, perhaps longer. My friend will leave that up to you.”

“That doesn’t give me much time to get her broken in and whipped into shape, but I’ll do what I can.”
God, she scared me!

“Oh yes, my friend thinks her legs would look more attractive in a higher heel, and if you can get her waist down a few more inches she thinks it would help her figure.”

“Very well. Come with me girl,” she said, taking my arm in a vice-like grip and half dragged me out of the room. I looked back with a pleading, panicked look which Lauren returned, I swear, with a gloating smile.

I was propelled into what she called the servant’s quarter and taken into what I was told was to be my room. It was sparsely furnished, a small window too high to see out of, a bed that didn’t look at all inviting, a vanity table, and a closet full of uniforms. That was it. As I was glumly surveying the room an attractive young girl came in. She looked about eighteen and was dressed almost the same as the housekeeper.

“This is my niece who I’m training to eventually take over for me. She will be in charge of much of your training and you’ll give her the same level of obedience that you’ll give me. Is that clear, girl?” she thundered.

“Y-Yes Ma’am,” I replied, only to have my face slapped, harder than Teddie ever had.

“You’ll address me as ‘Housekeeper.’ My niece as ‘Ms. Miranda.’”

“B-but I didn’t know,” I protested.

“Ah yes, but now you do, and I doubt if you’ll forget. Now, how educated are you?” she asked.

"I went to college, and I have a degree," I said with some pride.

"Oh my, how unfortunate. You see Miranda," she said, addressing the girl, "The best servants are the uneducated ones. Thankful for a secure, albeit lowly position. The educated ones falsely think of themselves as an equal to others, which they're not. Also did you note the pride in her voice. That we'll have to completely stamp out. She'll undoubtedly be assigned chores she will think demeaning and below her. Which you simply can't tolerate. So I have some tasks to especially humble her and put her in her place. You girl, when I say, 'chair' you'll bend over, raise your skirts above your waist, pull your panties down, and grab hold of your ankles. Legs rigid, I don't want to see a knee bend even slightly. Don't, for an instant, let go of the chair or dare to raise your head," she ordered with such severity I do so as fast as I could.

What she said next absolutely terrified me. In the most unattached voice she said, "When you eventually take over and have the responsibility of over-seeing a staff of servants the first thing you do with a new one is to give them a thorough caning."

"Why would I do that Aunt Gretchen? I mean naturally when a servant deserves it they should be immediately disciplined, as you've taught. But the girl hasn't done anything wrong, has she?" the girl asked.

"Oh no, but the first thing you want to do with a new girl is to purposefully instill a healthy degree of fear in them. So that they're more afraid of being disciplined than what you're ordering them to do. I'll give her six, then you give her six. Listen to me girl, after each whack you'll count and say, 'the servant girl is sorry she was bad.' When I say, 'panties up, skirts

down' you stand, curtsy, and say, 'Thank you for disciplining me. I deserved it.'

And before I could gather my wits I heard a slash and then my behind shuttered in pain.

"You didn't count and say you're sorry. I guess we'll just have to start over," I heard her say.

Even when Clyde paddled me it didn't come close to how much this hurt. Then she handed the cane to the girl. Her's didn't hurt as bad, but she wasn't a bit tentative. I couldn't believe I was bent over, skirts up, panties down letting a girl five years younger than me beat me with a cane.

In disbelief I heard the housekeeper say, "That wasn't bad Miranda. I think you could be more forceful. In any case you can practice on her."

When ordered to stand I sobbingly apologized and admitted I deserved to be punished, even though I'd done nothing wrong.

The Housekeeper

"Are you scared of me girl?" she demanded to know.

"Y-yes housekeeper," I answered truthfully.

"Well, most assuredly you'll be a lot more scared of me, and my niece by the end of the week," I said.

"Now obviously Miranda the first thing that must be done with a servant is to get her obedience trained. Which is always a problem with the ones that think they're intelligent. You'll find them often hesitating when given an order, as if they're considering whether to obey you or not. This must be absolutely stamped

out of them. You have to remove any reason the girl has to think. You will do all her thinking for her. Her only thought will be to instantly obey whatever you've ordered her to do. Do you understand that, girl?" she bellowed at me.

"Y-Yes housekeeper," I quaked in my high heels.

"If you are ever caught thinking on your own doing even the smallest thing you haven't gotten permission to do, or hesitate even a fraction of a second to obey an order, Miranda will instantly punish you," I said, then turning to Miranda I added, "What I do with a new one every morning over, say, the next week, is to start them out with a good caning. Then throughout the day, two or three times, for no apparent reason, say 'ankles' or 'chair' and give her however many you feel like."

"Of course Aunt Gretchen, but why would I punish her for no reason?"

"It's simply to test her obedience, and I want to see her literally scared to death of you. Besides caning her will build up your confidence," I said.

Catching the girl's expression I sternly asked, "You think that's so unfair, don't you girl?"

"Oh yes, housekeeper," she sobbed.

"Excellent. It will remind you that you're nothing but the lowest of servant girls, that you'll do anything you're told without a moment's hesitation or thought," I declared.

"See that she's properly uniformed, then bring her back to me, and I'll detail what to do with her next. Oh yes, her Mistress said her figure needs improving, so get her in a smaller corset than she's now in and lace it as tight as you can. She also wants her in a higher heel," she instructed.

Miranda

When Aunt Gretchen left I said, "You shouldn't be offended, or take how Aunt Gretchen treats you personally. This is how she treats all new girls. And don't think because I'm being nice to you that I'll treat you any different. 'Ankles!" I suddenly barked.

"You see (slash) you hesitated. That (slash, slash) I will definitely stamp out of you. Now kiss my feet!" I suddenly ordered, and gave her two more quick ones when I saw her hesitate even slightly.

"In a moment I'm going to order you to lick my shoes. Am I going to see any hesitation out of you?" I demanded, knowing how degrading an order it was. But that's what Aunt Gretchen demanded of a new girl and I wasn't about to give this one any slack.

"N-No M-Ms. Miranda," she said, with defeat etched in her voice. Definitely a good sign.

"We'll see. Get down on all fours and lick!" I ordered.

As she did I said, "I can well imagine how horribly degrading what you're doing must be. Imagine licking the shoes of a nineteen year old. But I agree with Aunt Gretchen. You have much too much pride and you think you're way too intelligent for your own good. So, from now on whenever you enter my presence, or vice versa, you'll immediately get down on all fours and kiss my feet. Even if there are others in the room. And if I stick my shoe in your mouth you instantly start licking and you won't stop until I take my foot away, do you understand, girl?" I asked.

"Y-Yes Ms. Miranda," she answered, obviously crushed at the degrading thought.

Babette

When I was fully dressed I felt like I was being tortured from head to toe.

The top had a diamond cut-away and showed off my giggling boobs, yet the collar was so chokingly tight I could barely move my head, as were the sleeves down to the cuffs that were buttoned so tight it was hard to move my hands! The petticoated skirt fell just below the knees and felt like they weighed a ton. The new unbelievably smaller corset they laced on me so gripped me in a vice that I truly had difficulty breathing. When I pleaded that it was too tight, unmercifully all she said was, "You've still breathing, so it's not too tight."

On my feet were mid-calf, lace up boots with staggeringly high, six inch heels that I could barely stand let alone walk in. An apron was fitted around me, then a mop hat with chin ribbons tied into the tightest bow. And then short, white gloves, so tight I could barely move my fingers.

I wobbled, totally terrified after the girl who brought me once again into the feared housekeeper's presence.

"Stand with your arms behind you, hands palm to palm, bow your head and fix your eyes on the tips of your shoes. A lowly servant girl never raises her head in the presence of those above her. Not even when required to speak. Refer to yourself as, 'Trainee Servant Babette.'" Is that understood, she damn near screamed at me.

"Y-Yes housekeeper," I quaked, absolutely terrified.

“Well now, let’s take a look at this one. Attractive enough in a rather trashy way. Hair not bad, but look at these Miranda, a most ample set of tits on her, wouldn’t you say?”

“Oh god, aunt Gretchen, they’re huge, aren’t they? I’m jealous, I wish mine were half that size,” the girl replied.

“Might as well show them off,” she said, pulling the neckline down almost to my nipples.

“Yes, much better. Now lets take a look at her ass. Raise your skirts above your waist. Oh my, look at this ass on her Miranda. It will definitely need showing off when the Mistress has guests, along with her tits, especially if any of her guests are men. You know that she always likes the maids to appear as sexy, tasty little morsels to entertain the men. What does she call it, oh yes, ‘eye candy,’” she remarked, talking about me as if I weren’t even in the room. And what I heard made me positively cringe. I was to be dressed to show off my tits and ass as, ‘eye candy’ for her male guests.

Suddenly she screamed, “Ankles!” When I grabbed my ankles she gave me the cane, four times.

“I saw your left foot move. You’re to stand and not move so much as a toe. You don’t want to be a distraction, do you girl?” she demanded to know.

“N-No housekeeper,” I cried.

“You’re problem is you keep thinking of yourself as a person. You aren’t, you’re nothing but a servant, a non-person. In the presence of the Mistress and her guests just think of yourself as a statue. Something to be ignored until you’re needed,” she said, then addressing Miranda added, “As you train her you’re to immediately punish her for the slightest thing she does

wrong, forgets to do, or doesn't do absolutely perfect. Start her out with the standard eighteen-hour day, no breaks. Let's see how long she can be worked and what she' made of."

Oh god, I can't tell you how totally petrified I was. You wouldn't think an eighteen-year-old girl could be so severe. True to the housekeeper's word she didn't hesitate to paddle or cane me for the most meaningless mistake.

How could she be so mean, I wondered. But she really didn't think of it in those terms. She was simply employing her Aunt's tried and true methods of breaking in a new girl.

By the end of the week I had no pride left in me. I didn't think to hesitate to kiss her feet, or lick her shoes when ordered. I tried, pitifully hard, to do everything exactly as she ordered praying it would satisfy her. But even when I did she often, so unfairly, punished me anyway.

Nor was kissing and licking her shoes the only humbling, humiliating tasks I was ordered to perform. Given a toothbrush she ordered me to immaculately clean every toilet bowl in the house, of which there were nine, and given the impossible time of four hours to do it.

She made me get down on my hands and knees and not dare to get up until I'd scrubbed all the hallways. And to move the bucket I was only allowed to pick it up with my mouth! Another day I was taken outside and told to trim the long driveway using only a tiny pair of scissors. The following day she locked me in the Mistress' hot, stifling shoe closet and told I wasn't to come out until I'd polished all the shoes and boots in it. And there must have been at least 45 pair! I spent all

day in the closet then, of course, was punished for every scuffmark and speck of dust I'd missed.

I didn't think that first week I could possibly be abused, humiliated, worked to utter exhaustion or punished more than I had been, but, naturally, I was sadly all too wrong.

At the start of the second week the housekeeper said, "Unfortunately some of the staff is mistaking her for one of the trained maids. So, what she's to do is go around all day with her skirts pinned up I back above her waist. I often do this to point out who the untrained maids are. You've been working her eighteen hours a day?"

"Yes, but she either isn't finishing, or her work isn't perfect or I'm wondering if she isn't just lazy," the girl said, which I thought so meanly unfair.

"Well, work her nineteen hours for the rest of the week and see if that helps," she ordered mercilessly.

As I was taken to the laundry room all I could think was that I only had two more weeks and then the month would be up. I was so relieved when it finally came. All I could think about was getting the hell out of there.

But, on the day I thought I would be leaving all I could do was let out a strangled sob when the housekeeper said, "I told your employer that I'm still not happy with your progress so far. She told me there was no hurry, and to keep you for another month, or longer, if necessary."

So I became what she'd promised she'd turn me into. A lowly servant. A non-person. I felt like one, thought like one, and acted like one. I no longer had a

thought of my own. The young girl ruled me completely.

It didn't get any worse, actually nothing could. But it could, and did, get more humiliating. As witness the first time I was being allowed to serve at a party the Mistress was giving.

"I asked the Mistress and she said there'll be a lot of men there. So make sure the girl's assets are fully displayed for them," she instructed the girl.

When I saw in the mirror what I was to wear in front of all her male guests I couldn't help the tortured, disbelieving sob that escaped me.

For the black satin uniform I wore was strapless with a plunging neckline that forced my breast and made the danger very real that one, or both of them, would pop out at any moment. The skirt, and petticoats, were the shortest one I'd ever worn. They didn't hide the tops of my nylons and if I bent, even slightly, I knew I'd be showing off my frilly panties to every lecherous eye. And, of course, I had the murderously high heels on my feet that still terrified me.

Brought to the housekeeper for inspection she walked around me with a smile. "Yes, I do think she'll provide an excellent diversion for all the male guest with everything nicely hanging out, don't you think?" she asked the girl.

"I'd definitely agree, but don't you think it rather dangerous? I mean I don't see how her tits can't help but pop out in front of everyone," she remarked.

"Oh they usually do, but I'm sure everyone will find it most amusing and entertaining," she casually replied. My god, I thought, they actually expected that at some time my tits would pop out just so it would be

amusing to all the guests! Well, I swore, that wasn't going to happen.

Throughout the party I knew the reaction my outfit was getting from all the snide, dirty remarks I could hear, especially from all the men there. My ears and face burned with shame and the only saving grace was I was too well conditioned to ever think about looking up. I didn't want to anyway.

It was part way through the party when I was startled to hear that one of the women I was serving, besides the Mistress, was Lauren.

All I wanted to do was get down on my knees and beg her to take me out of here. I would have kissed her feet if I had to. But my desperate plea died in my cowardly throat. God only knew what the girl would do to me if I actually dared to speak to a guest in front of the Mistress.

I hoped that she'd recognize me and say something, anything. Perhaps she didn't know it was me. After all, with my head bowed all I could see of her was her sequined heels.

Then I heard her say something that so totally devastated me that all I wanted to do was to die on the spot.

"You remember my good friend, Victoria Jeffrys? I hope you don't mind but I invited her to come along if she could."

"Victoria? Oh yes, a wonderful woman. I'd love to see her again. Do you think she'll show up?"

"Well, I'm not sure. I know she had a date tonight with her latest boy-toy. Her fitness trainer. From what she said he gives her quite a workout in the bedroom as well. Said he had the biggest cock she'd ever seen,

hard as wood and he drilled her for hours," she laughed.

"Didn't she have some boyfriend? Whatever happened to him?"

"Oh, that would be Ryan. He took a part in a play, and she hasn't seen him in a couple of months. From what she said he was passing himself off as this macho, he-man, and he turned out to be anything but that, and apparently a real dud in bed," she remarked.

All I could do was sob silently in anguish and with my tray held high I minced over to the next group. But then it happened. I heard some guy loudly say, "Watch this," and then next thing I felt was my ass being pinched when I bent over to serve. Shocked I jumped, dropped my tray and when I bent over to pick it up both tits popped out. I was mortified beyond belief as I struggled to get them back in, all to the hysterical laughter of the guy who'd pinched me and the half dozen men he was with. I ran, crying, into the kitchen, followed immediately by the housekeeper who demanded an explanation. When I explained what happened all she heartlessly said was, "Showing yourself off like you are you can expect to have your ass pinched. All the maids get pinched. As far as your tits popping out it occasionally happens, just think of it as entertaining the Mistresses' guests. For two cents I'd make you go back and apologize to the man, but since this is your first time serving I'll let it go. But if a guest feels like pinching your ass you'll simply curtsy and smile, is that understood?"

"Y-Yes housekeeper," I quaked, not believing that getting my ass pinched was an acceptable part of serving at parties.

Later, as I cried in my room, thinking nothing could be worse than losing Vicki what occurred next certainly, in it's way, equaled that.

The girl was suddenly in my room, and without thinking I immediately shot to my feet, curtsied, then knelt and fearfully kissed her feet. As I knelt kissing her shoes I heard another pair of heels enter and knew with dread it was the housekeeper. I stayed kneeling until I heard her snap her fingers then instantly stood and curtsied. That's how well trained, or more conditioned, I was.

The Housekeeper

Trembling with fear, and expecting the worst, I could see she was shocked when I said, "The Mistress has informed me that she got several compliments on you from her guest. Especially from her male guests when your tits popped out, most entertaining she said. The Mistress has declared that you're to be given a reward for the compliments on you she received. Whenever the Mistress compliments me on one of the servant girls I give them a special reward for good behavior. Miranda has frequently observed but never actually administered this particular reward, so I'll talk you through it, Miranda."

"Miranda, you sit in that chair there. You girl, go and stand with your legs well spread on either side of her knees. No, further apart."

Naturally she did as ordered even though it was obvious she didn't know why. "Now bend your legs until your knees touch the arm rests. Now hold your skirts up above your waist, head up and shut your eyes and keep them shut," I ordered.

“Does she take her panties off?” Miranda asked.

“No, it’s best she leave them on, you don’t want her discharge dripping on the rug,” I said, noting the girl looking at me I’m sure wondering what on earth I was talking about. Not surprisingly she let out a startled gasp and jumped as Miranda started fondling and fingering her pussy. Immediately I hit her ass with the cane.

“You were told not to move a muscle or make a sound! If you do you know what you’ll get. Now when you feel you’re about to discharge you will instantly inform Miranda by saying, “Please Ms. Miranda, the ser-



vant girl's pussy is about to discharge.' You must have her permission before you're allowed to discharge. Miranda, the longer you withhold her discharge the more intense and rewarding it will be, so take your time," I instructed.

Babette

At first I was terrified. Sure that she would suddenly discover my true sex. But after several minutes, when she didn't, I began to relax, unfortunately, for I was greeted with another slash of the cane.

"Keep those skirts up, girl," she demanded.

I was in the most helpless position, so tensed and straining, yet I didn't dare move a muscle or utter a sound. All the while she "petted", as the housekeeper called it, my pussy. To my utter shame I felt myself getting more and more excited, and to my disbelief was about to explode when I suddenly remembered that I had to ask permission.

"P-Please Ms. Miranda, the servant girl's pussy is about to discharge," I said urgently, despising myself for being forced to make such an utterly degrading admission. Immediately, just as I was on the verge, she stopped. Oh god, please don't stop I begged. Thankfully to myself. I was forced to announce my imminent discharge I don't know how many times until I was desperately begging for it, silently.

Finally, after the fourth or fifth time she asked, "Do you think that's enough Aunt Gretchen?"

"Oh, I think that will do nicely for the first time. Although I kept one of the maids right on the verge for nearly an hour last week. I find you'll find it fascinat-

ing to see how 'on the verge' you can keep their pussies," she chuckled.

"Very well, you can discharge now girl," she ordered, and I did, violently, over and over, not moving a muscle or uttering a sound. When I was finally thoroughly spent I nearly collapsed.

"Oh my, this one is a real gusher. Look Miranda, her panties are soaked and she's leaking on the floor," she laughed, "after she's cleaned up the mess she's made put her to bed and let her sleep in an extra hour they always appreciate that."

Alone in my room I just suddenly started sobbing from the humiliation of it all. An eighteen-year-old girl had just masturbated me in the most controlled manner as a reward for providing everyone with the entertaining sight of my boobs falling out. It was just too degrading. Then I was truly wracked with despair, remembering that just minutes ago I had been desperately, in my mind, begging her to finish me off. I was consumed with contempt for myself.

As the weeks went by I simply lost all track of time. There were no days off, although grudgingly, as a reward, I'd be given a whole two hours of free time or be put to bed early. I often found myself even wondering what day it was.

Then suddenly the girl announced, "Your employer has arrived to fetch you girl. Pack all your uniforms and be downstairs in ten minutes."

You can't imagine the joy and relief I felt when I saw Lauren. But, to my surprise Francine, the lead actress was with her.

"So, you feel she's finally able to be returned? No problems?" she asked.

“No, not really. I think you’ll find her attitude quite changed. Unfortunately she’s much too educated, which she takes, or took, a lot of pride in. Of course we went to some lengths to completely eliminate that altogether. She now realizes that she’s nothing more than a lowly servant girl, don’t you?” the housekeeper demanded to know.

“Y-Yes housekeeper,” I said, head bowed, hating myself for the meek, cowardly, submissive servant I’d been turned into.

“My niece, Miranda, I feel did an excellent job of instilling a properly submissive servant’s mentality in her in the short time she had to get her trained, actually more conditioned. She spent much time making sure the girl was thoroughly obedience trained. She won’t hesitate to obey any order you give her, will you girl?”

“N-No housekeeper,” I whimpered.

“Miranda has her trained to perform all domestic chores as well as serving. She’s been trained to work quite hard almost all day. On average a good eighteen hours at a stretch,” she said, as if I were a plow horse.

“Now, I’ve written some notes down as to what you’re to expect from her. And I suggest you take this with you,” she commented, handing Lauren the feared cane.

“Oh my, do you think Francine will need it?” she asked. Francine, I thought, why would she need it?

“Absolutely. It’s really the only thing necessary to keep her in her place and from getting sloppy in her chores. Actually I would strongly recommend giving her a thorough caning as soon as you get her back. You need to establish your authority over her first thing so

she doesn't get 'uppity' on you," she said, as if taking the cane to me was a completely

normal thing to do.

Once in the car I wanted to ask them what was going on. But, even out of the clutches of the housekeeper and the girl I was too scared to.

As if reading my mind Lauren said, "I feel it's important for Francine and you to develop the same relationship you'll have with each other on stage. So during rehearsals, and when we take the show on the road to work out the kinks you'll be Francine's maid both on and off stage, understood girl?" she barked at me.

"Y-Yes Ma'am," I said, thrown into shock. I'd thought I'd be going back to Vicki. I had all these thoughts about how I could win her back and

re-establish my manhood. If there was anything left of it. Now, I not only wasn't going back to her, I was to be this Francine's maid on stage and off. The only consoling thought, that came with real relief, was that I was out of that sadistic house.

Francine lived in a fashionable hi-rise and in a stunningly luxurious penthouse.

Francine

"God, am I glad to get out of there. Hey, this place is really fantastic!" she said, as I shut the door.

"How dare you speak without permission," I screamed at her, then slapped her face as hard as I could, and kept slapping it. Lauren told me they'd turned him/her into a spineless doormat and I believed her as she just stood there and let me slap her face re-

peatedly not lifting one hand in protest. I couldn't believe this cowed, utterly feminized, slutty thing had once actually been a man.

"So, you're relieved to be out of there? You're my maid and you won't be treated any differently than you were at the place you just left. Or would you rather I send you back there for another month?" I threatened.

"Oh N-No, please..."

"That's no Mistress," I shouted, slapping her face again.

"The young girl gave me some tips on how to deal with you. She had you kissing her feet. Now you'll kiss mine. Well, do it!" I ordered and couldn't help smirking as she did.

"Now lick them," I demanded.

"My god, you were once a man I seem to distantly remember, weren't you?"

"Y-Yes Mistress," she cringed.

"Now look at you. Your tits and ass are bigger than mine. And I understand you even have a pussy. Stand up and show me your pussy *girl*," I ordered.

"Jesus, it looks absolutely real. I couldn't imagine a real man allowing himself to be pussied and be turned into the most pussy-whipped, effeminate little slut you let them turn you into, can you?" I asked.

"N-No Mistress," he sobbed.

"I also understand, from the girl, that this is how she rewarded you," I said, fingering her pussy.

"She tells me you really love having your pussy petted, so soaking your panties you even drip on the floor, well, do you?" I said with a contemptuous sneer.



"Y-Yes..." she couldn't help panting, until I suddenly stopped.

"Get the cane and present it to me. Apparently I will have to establish who's in charge here," I ordered.

"God, what on earth did Vicki ever see in you. Bend over that chair!" I ordered, and giving her naked ass a thorough caning I asked, "Do you understand who's in charge now girl, or do you want more?"

“O-Oh yes Mistress, y-you are,” she bawled.

“I’m going out. Here’s a list of chores I expect to be done and done perfectly by the time I get back, or you’ll have another session with the cane. If you happen to finish there’s a script of the play in your maid’s room. Your parts are underline. Oh yes, Lauren has added a couple new scenes that you’re in that we all think the audience will find hysterical.”

Babette

“The list she left was a long one, but no where near as impossible as what had been demanded of me. The problem was she didn’t say when she was coming back so I had to work as fast as I could. Thankfully I managed to finish before she got back. So I went to the maid’s room at the end of the hall that she’d said would be mine. Honestly it wasn’t any bigger than a large closet because that, in fact, it obviously what it had once been. There was hardly room for a bed, a wardrobe, where I put all my uniforms, a vanity with one armless, straight-backed wooden chair and that was it. The whole room was painted grey, had absolutely no décor, with one window too high to see out of.

On the wall was a list titled, “Maid’s Quarters Room Rules.” It was similar to one in my previous room and read:

1. Once you have been sent to your room the maid is not permitted to leave it without permission.
2. The door will remain open at all times
3. The maid will remain uniformed until given permission to change.
4. To avoid wrinkling your uniform the maid is not permitted to sit or lie on the bed.

5. Once a maid is put to bed she's not permitted to leave it for any reason.

So I sat on the only chair in the room and read my parts of the script. I was first appalled and then shocked at the added scenes. There were several in which I was dressing or undressing the actress. Which I thought wasn't so bad. But then all the color drained from me as I read Scene #37, which took place in her bedroom. It read: "While sitting, dressed in a fancy gown for a ball, Annette (Francines' stage name) is applying her make-up. When her lover enters, disguised as her maid, she puts "her" puts her down on all fours, under her skirts between her legs, where the maid appears to be performing oral sex. As the maid pretended to do so the girl's mother suddenly enters. In a panic she re-arranges her skirts to completely hide her lover while the mother and daughter discuss the upcoming ball.

Oh my god, it was outrageous. Obviously the audience would love it, while, of course, I couldn't think of anything more degrading.

But when I got to Scene #52 I nearly sobbed in anguish. The scene took place in the kitchen. It read: "While assisting the cook with the evening meal the maid accidentally drops the sauce pan that the cook spent hours preparing. She becomes furious, grabs the maid by the ear, yanks her over her knee, raises her skirts, pulls down her panties, picks up the sauce pan and spanks her with it."

I just read and re-read it. I couldn't believe that with every performance I was to be spanked with a saucepan. Thankfully, or so I thought, the only saving grace is that it would be just a pretend one for the audience.

As I memorized my lines I desperately wanted to go and lie down on the bed. It had been a very traumatic day and all I wanted to do was lie down. But, even though no one was home I didn't dare as I would surely wrinkle my skirts.

Finally I heard her come back, and heard her holler for me. She was in her bedroom and thing myself for doing it I never the less curtsied, knelt and kissed her shoes.



“Did you read over all your parts,” she asked.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Don’t you find your new scenes absolutely hysterical?” she asked, obviously testing me.

‘Y-Yes Mistress. T-They’re v-very funny,’ I was forced to say.

“There’s several scenes in which you dress and undress me, as I’m sure you’ve read. So to learn how to do that you’ll dress and undress me from now on. Well, get on with it,” she ordered, and while I did my best all she said was, “You’ll need to learn to do this much faster, I haven’t got all day. And why are my panties and bra still on? Take them off, carefully,” she ordered.

As I knelt, mere inches from her crotch I couldn’t help it, I got the stiffest erection. Well, that is I should correctly say my pussy did. What red-blooded male wouldn’t? But, or course, I wasn’t much of one any more. And all her magnificent breasts did was to excite me even more. It really was the cruelest form of torture, and I never felt more emasculated. She, obviously, had no idea of the tortured state she’d put me in. Just as obvious she didn’t see me at all as a male disguised as a maid. But only as her overly slutty, totally feminized maid.

Gratefully I was dismissed, and was told I could put myself to bed. The thing was my imprisoned cock just wouldn’t go down. If anything it got even stiffer as I lustfully formed an image of this stunningly gorgeous, naked woman I’d knelt in front of. I suddenly realized I was stroking myself and immediately stopped. Wretchedly humiliated that I’d actually been

jerking off my pussy. Crying myself to sleep I couldn't believe how low I'd sunk.

In the morning, when I entered her room, I was curtly told that from then on I was to enter each morning with coffee and her favorite pastry. Then was told to go back and prepare them while she bathed.

When I returned she was sitting at her vanity applying her make-up. "You know this reminds me of Scene #37 where you get between my legs and pretend to give me oral sex. We might as well practice that, don't you think?" she asked with a wicked grin.

"Yes Mistress," I said glumly.

"There's just one slight change. I think it needs to look more real. So when you kneel between my legs you won't pretend to give me oral sex. You will give me oral sex. That way the scene will look more real, don't you agree?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye, daring me to object.

"Y-Yes Mistress, I-I agree," I had to answer, what else could I say. So I knelt between her legs and performed something I'd never liked doing. In fact every time Vicki had almost pleadingly asked me 'to do her' I never did. As far as I was concerned macho men, as I once thought of myself, didn't do that. It didn't fit the image I had of myself.

Then, all of a sudden, whap, she hit me really hard with the heel of one of her shoes.

"You call that licking pussy?" she screamed at me. "Get that fucking tongue in there and get going, faster damn-it." Whack, whack, whack, she kept beating my ass with her high heels, squeezing the life and air out of me before suddenly pushing me away.

“Jesus Christ, that was the worst parody of pussy licking I’ve ever experienced. Pitiful, that’s what it was. Obviously we’re going to need a lot of practice. You’re going to become the best pussy licking maid a woman ever had, aren’t you girl?” she demanded to know.

Y-Yes Mistress,” I replied, virtually cowering, gasping in fright at what she said next.

“From now on whenever I say, ‘pussy, girl’ you get the cane, hand it to me, get between my legs, and lick as if your life depended on it. Or, at least, your big, fat, slutty ass,” she spit out.

And she was quite true to her word, painfully true. She had me smothered between her legs in the morning while she applied her make-up, in the afternoon kneeling painfully on the cement patio, at dinner while she had a leisurely supper I knelt under the table, my head in a vice-like grip.

When she came home I was to be kneeling at the door with her favorite drink and paper. I’d first kiss her feet, then as she relaxed in a chair I licked her shoes, then tongued and licked her sweaty feet, after which I put on what she called her “training shoes.” The most lethal looking spiked heeled pumps with steel tipped heels and sharply pointed toes, and, of course, then handed her the cane. Both of which she wasn’t the least bit hesitant to use if I slacked off even momentarily. I truly did lick as if my life depended on it and my poor, abused body depended on it.

However, despite the humiliation of becoming what she called her “pussy girl” it was nowhere near as bad as what I’d endured at the hands of the sadistic housekeeper and the girl. In fact she was having a hard time finding enough work to keep me busy as much as she wanted.

Stating that she was sure I could be made more useful within days she had me shaving her legs and underarms. Then she had me filing, buffing and painting her nails and toes. She was quite proud of her gorgeous, long blonde hair and I was taught how to comb it, carefully. Then I learned to massage her feet, then carefully trim her pussy, which was agony. Basically I was taught to care for her body from head to toe. I think I would actually have enjoyed it if my pussy didn't constantly become so uselessly excited.

Then there was the day that she rewarded me for giving what she deemed, "the best pussy licking I'd ever given her." I could well imagine as I'd been between her legs being vigorously spurred with her heels and encouraged with the liberal use of the cane for over an hour.

"So I've decided your pussy deserves a reward, Babette. How long has it been since you've had your pussy petted," she wanted to know.

"I-I think a month ago, Mistress," I admitted, excited and humiliated at what I knew was to come.

As I stood there holding my skirts up and having my pussy fondled and petted I was overcome with shame at what was being done to me. Yet it was the only sex left to me, and pathetically I was so grateful for any relief. God, I hated myself.

Eventually rehearsals started. We left for them with me already dressed as the maid. At the first rehearsal I didn't know whether to be relieved or ashamed when Lauren simply introduced me as, "Babette, who obviously is the maid." Nobody questioned her thinking I was a girl masquerading as a guy masquerading as a maid. So, it was established, in more ways than one, that I was not only the maid in the play, but their maid.

I tended to Francine in her dressing room, mostly between her legs, serving her lunch, shaving her legs, and combing her hair. On the set she ordered me around fetching things for her, so all the actors started to as well.

Everyone thought my pretending to lick Francine's pussy was hysterical. What they didn't know was I was licking it for real. The cook spanking me with the metal saucepan brought another round of laughter from everyone, except me. As I lay across her knees, facing the audience Lauren sat there encouraging the cook to, "bang her harder so it's more believable. The audience really needs to hear that pan hitting her ass."

So the cook really started letting me have it. And then it happened. When she whacked me really hard I couldn't help jerking in real pain, and in doing so both boobs popped out. Well, everyone laughed their head off as I struggled to stick them back in. And as I did couldn't believe my ears when Lauren, at the coaxing of the rest of the cast, made my boobs falling out part of the scene.

After several weeks of rehearsals Lauren took the show on the road to test it out and work out any kinks. I was not only the maid in the show, plus Francine's maid, but, by then, the cast's maid as well. You can imagine how humiliating being ordered about by the men in the casts was. After a performance everyone changed for the cast party backstage. Everyone but me, of course. As I was the maid I attended the party as one. Serving drinks and the food.

Lauren

When I finally brought the show back to town it was time for Babette's final humiliation and Vicki's ultimate revenge. I called a cast meeting when I told everyone we were finally ready to hit the big time.

"I think all the kinks have been worked out all though there are a few changes that the executive producers feel need to be made to put finishing touches on the play," I said, trying as hard as I could not to giggle when I said, The biggest change they want, unfortunately for Babette, is they've decided to change the role of Francine's lover masquerading as her maid to that of a butler. Which they feel will be more believable. So Babette, I'm afraid that, while you were perfect in your role, I'll be replacing you. Thanks you for all your hard work."

When the meeting broke up I wasn't surprised to see Babette just standing there looking absolutely devastated, then she started crying. I loved it, it was the final revenge for a worthless, cheating macho man.

Before she could say anything Francine came in, put her arm around Babette, and in total mock sympathy said, "Oh, you poor thing, I'm sure this has come as quite a shock. I'll take you back to my place so you can pack up all your things."

"P-Pack all my, oh p-please, can't I stay with you?" she pleaded, music to my ears.

"I'm afraid not. The new actor playing the role of the butler will be moving in so we can get familiar with each other and our roles," she stated.

After seeming to think about it for a few moments she said, "I really do hate to appear heartless. Forcing you to move out the same day you've been fired and with no place to go. I do know of perhaps a temporary

solution that would at least put a roof over your head. It just so happens that a good friend of mine has been looking for a maid. She may be willing to try you out. I'm meeting her for lunch. I can introduce you if you're interested."

"Oh yes, please, I'd really be so grateful," she pleaded, as Francine and I did everything you could to stifle of laughter.

"I'm sure she'll ask a lot of questions about your qualifications. What I suggest is that you adopt the stage persona you've spent so much time perfecting. Namely you're eighteen years old, uneducated, never finished high school. The biggest obstacle to overcome is that she may be reluctant to hire someone with so little experience," Francine commented, desperately trying to keep a straight face.

"Oooh," she moaned, her heart obviously sinking.

"However I will assure her that in the short time you performed as my maid you did so competently, and that you were expertly trained by Vanessa Caldwell. Who, I believe, my friend knows."

"T-Thank you, I-I'll do my best to impress her," she pledged naively.

"I suggest that, for our meeting, you change into something a bit more conservative and demure," I suggested.

Babette

Which I did, and a short while later nervously entered a restaurant with her. You can't imagine my shock when her friend turned out to be, of all people, Vicki! I nearly passed out. However my hopes really rose. She would surely take me back, I'd get out of this mess, and all would be well. At last I would regain my manhood.

Well, I couldn't have been more wrong. She greeted Francine, and then looking at me critically, with absolutely no sign of recognition said, "Is this the girl you suggested as a maid?"

"Yes, her name is Babette Dupre."

"How old are you girl?" she asked.

"I-I'm eighteen, Ma'am," I replied, wondering if she actually didn't recognize me. Maybe she didn't. I know I'd changed a lot, but really, that much?

"The name sound vaguely familiar. I just can't remember how I know it. Eighteen seems awfully young, she can't have much experience. I really was looking for one with a lot more experience I'm afraid," she commented.

Coming to my rescue Francine said, "I can tell you that for the few months I had the girl she performed quite to my satisfaction. She's not only well trained as a domestic, but is experienced in beautician skills, serves well, and functioned equally well as my chambermaid. I might add that she's been thoroughly trained by Vanessa Caldwell's housekeeper."

"She's been trained by Vanessa? Now that impresses me, as I know just how demanding she is of her servants. So then you really know your place, don't you girl?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Y-Yes Ma'am," I said, hanging my head.

"I know she was very grateful for her training as a servant girl as, poor thing, she's not really educated, never having completed even high school, did you, Babette?"

"N-No Mistress," I was forced to say, although I hated doing so. It was so humiliating. After all I had a college degree and had even been working on a Masters.

"Well, of course if Vanessa's housekeeper trained her she obviously knows how to follow orders and do as she's told without needing to know why. I understand she's quite severe with a new girl," she remarked.

"True, she does take a no-nonsense approach and her methods are from the old school, all of which I can pass on to you. However there are other duties I've personally trained her to perform of a much more intimate nature that I'm sure you'll find quite indispensable," Francine said, and then whispered something I couldn't hear. I didn't want to know, but I feared I knew exactly what she was whispering.

I was sure I was right and looking at me with a chuckle and a cheshire cat grin on her face she remarked, "That's what you've trained her to do, and for that long? Oh my, I can hardly wait.

Then switching to a very stern tone she said, "Well, I'm willing to give the girl a try. Purely on a temporary basis. I will decide if it's to be permanent or not. Until I do I'll provide you with room and board only, no salary. If I decide not to keep you I'm sure I can convince Vanessa to take you back. Her housekeeper is always looking for new girls. Well girl?"

On my god. The most dreadful chill ran up my spine at the mere thought of being turned back over to her, to say nothing of her niece!

"I think if you really want the job you should tell her how grateful you'd be to be her servant girl, and how hard you'd work to please her," Francine whispered in my ear.

So I did. I literally begged my former girlfriend to be her maid like the simpering, failure of a man I'd become, promising to work hard to please her.

Finally she said, "Very well, purely on a trial basis I'll take her."

When we got back to the apartment I'd once shared as an equal, actually at the time the he-man, boss of the place, she led me to a utility closet.

"I don't have any other rooms I can spare. You can clean this out and this will be your servant's room," she declared, even though I knew there were two spare bedrooms, besides hers.

"Get that uniform off, I want to see exactly what you really look like. Panties too, I hear you've got a great ass," she sneered. I didn't want to, but what could I do?

And then my world just collapsed when I heard her suddenly bark, "Ankles!" By now I was so conditioned I didn't hesitate to instantly bend over, flip my skirts up, and grab my ankles.

"I'm really going to enjoy this, RYAN," she gloated.

Oh my god, she really did know it was me. I was shattered, humiliated beyond despair. Then, WHACK, WHACK, WHACK. She really let me have it with the paddle that Francine must have packed in a suitcase.

“Of course I knew it was you. How could I ever forget our effeminate, browbeaten, sissy, slut maid. Want to know what’s really funny? There was no real part in Lauren’s play until I saw there,” she said, throwing some glossy photos on the floor. I nearly passed out when I saw them. They were of me screwing my latest, or last, conquest, and worse, I was screwing her in Vicki’s bed.

“I confronted the girl. She laughed when I told her you were my boyfriend. ‘Yes right,’ she said, ‘you and half the actresses in the city.’ So Lauren wrote a part just for you. Oh yes, you have her to thank for those stupendous tits and that fat, wobbly ass. Now here’s the way it’s going to be girl. (WHACK, WHACK, WHACK) At the end of every month I will review your performance. If I find it lacking I’m simply going to ship you back to Vanessa Caldwell’s housekeeper and her niece, wouldn’t you like that?”

“Oh p-please, oh god, I’ll do anything, but please don’t send me back there,” I begged, absolutely terrified.

“Anything? You’ll be a good, little maid for me?”

“Y-Yes, I-I’ll be a good, little maid,” I screamed, as she continued beating on my poor, abused rear end.

“Going to be my pussy girl, are you? Oh yes, Francine told me what an incredible pussy licker you’ve become. Well?” she demanded to know.

“Y-Yes...”

“Yes what girl?” she gloated.

“I-I’ll be your p-pussy girl,” I cried.



“That’s what you are from now on. If anybody asks you’re to say, ‘I’m Babette, my Mistresses’ pussy girl.’ Got that pussy girl?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” I sobbed, and gloating, contemptuously she said, “I’m really going to enjoy this.”

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