

Maid Service at the Phipps Estate

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By Chris Bellows

“Remember Eve, You are in charge of caring for him. Other than that, your duties are none. He will submit to you, completely... more on that. He is to care for the household and me. And for reasons which will become apparent to you, my husband Maximilian Von Webring is never to be referenced in the masculine. This is the last time you will hear his birth name. He... she... is now the household maid. ‘Maxine’... ‘she’... ‘her’... it is important that she be psychologically immersed in the feminine.”

“Yes, ma’am,” comes a polite reply.

What a treasure I have found. Evelyn Remarque... Eve... is a Haitian immigrant with nursing skills. Just turning age 21, she has obtained a visa to study more nursing and become licensed in the United States. Thus in simply being able to provide room and board my offer of employment has been found to be attractive. And then when I initially described her duties, the sly smile convinced me I have hired well. I increased her proposed compensation on the spot.

When not serving meals, cleaning the mansion, doing laundry and most importantly grooming and assuring my pleasure, Maxine will be in bondage. And as I learned in visiting the clinic where I completed his... her... neutering, keeping a girly boy in tight restraints requires attention... time which I care not to expend.

So, with many millions at hand, the vast Phipps trust funds, I engaged Eve. She speaks with the clipped accent of the former French colony... some words accented in French... others in Creole. Her starched white uniform highlights a complexion very dark and very pretty in refreshing youthfulness. She is slim but sinewy, her strength I am sure developed in having to perform much manual labor in her impoverished home country. And in being so slight compared to the larger and rapidly plumping form of my girly boy husband, it will be amusing to see Maxine have to submit to her.

And I am now to ascertain her aptitude for other aspects of Maxine’s ‘care’.

“The cane, are you familiar with it Eve... as an instrument of discipline?”

Her face turns glum. This could be a problem. I had not chanced mentioning corporal punishment during her initial interview, before the decision to hire.

“Oh, please no Miss Phipps, I’ll be good.”

I smile with the reaction of dread.

“No Eve, you will never ever be caned.”

“My father, he used it... when he said I was bad... and I was not,” the words tearful.

“Well, I’ll want you to cane Maxine. You’ll need to establish your authority over her. Mine comes by way of his warped need to please me and need for feminine guidance, now that he’s been... well... you’ll see. For you, it will come from fear. I’ll want him trembling in your presence Eve. Can you do that?”

The smile returns, she nods.

“I will keep my father in mind... and my brothers. They also would take the switch to me.”

“Good. Think of it as vengeance, Eve. Think of those with a penis as Maxine pleads for mercy.”

The smile broadens.

“As discussed in the interview, Maxine is to be naked at all times... completely. You’ll need to keep your clothing secure so she is not tempted to dress. If she does need covering, I have a uniform for her if there are guests.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Maxine will require a daily injection. A sedative that keeps her serene plus some hormones that keep her appearance and her thoughts quite feminine. You will supervise her bathing and inspect her grooming. She’s been trained to apply cosmetics... to look pretty. But in terms of internal cleansing, there are reasons that a daily high colonic will be required and some... let’s term it anal stimulation.”

Oh, have I got the right girl! Not only is there no objection, but the pearl white teeth of a bubbling smile tell me she is one of us.

“Any and all toilet visits will need your permission and she should be well supervised. There are... ah... well... some trinkets she wears for me which need not to be soiled. You’ll see.

“Let me show you your room. Maxine will be delivered shortly.”

I lead up the stairs. Symbolic of her stature within the household, I have refurnished a large bedroom, no limited servants quarters for she second in command. Down the hall, the room is distant from my master bedroom. I don’t want to be kept awake if Nurse Eve needs to noisily discipline my maid husband.

We enter. Eve beams in happiness, I am sure nothing akin to her modest home in Haiti. I let her peer about visually taking in the opulence then lead her to a massive windowless closet.

“Maxine will sleep here... and be kept here... when not being used.”

I strain in pull open the door. A heavy expenditure but a good investment of the Phipps millions, it is of solid steel, inches thick, with a locking system resembling that of a bank vault. When

closing it makes a thud of convincing finality, and the rattle and clicking of the locking mechanism is delightfully symbolic... bringing joy to the woman in charge... panic and dread to the imprisoned inhabitant. Thoughts of turning out the lights... immersing the occupant in total darkness... bring goose bumps... such cruelty... such arousing cruelty. Within the chamber is large enough for a bed... and not much more. The thin mattress is centered, the many ineluctable Segufix cuffs and straps lying in wait. I hear Eve take a gasp of breath in surprise... pleasant surprise?

“You’re familiar with such restraints?”

“A little Miss Phipps. But will learn more.”

“Easily done. Just keep the magnetic unlocking gadget well away from any hands that you may choose to free,” taking the device and demonstrating how quickly and easily the cuffs and straps can be released. “And otherwise there are three words to describe good bondage... tight, tight and tighter.”

Eve represses a giggle. I suspect a sizable year end bonus will be coming her way.

“Yes, Eve, I suppose the bondage combined with the formidable door are a little overdone... no one ever escapes the Segufix restraint system. But it’s an emotional/psychological thing. Maxine must feel owned... totally under feminine control even when alone and at rest. Capitulating, serving, adulating the power of women must occupy her mind... completely... at all times.”

My own words bring giddiness. In installing the door, I had it tested, assuring that not a glint of light shines through the cracks. And the Segufix system speaks for itself. Immobility and darkness... such will bring constant thoughts of succumbing... those that I desire.

“I’ll want her hooded,” pointing to a hood of black latex hanging on the wall. “It will be tight, but it stretches. The large opening is obviously for the mouth and nose. She’ll be using her tongue quite a bit, Eve. And you may wish to consider a shorter skirt... or perhaps one which can easily be raised. Maxine has been orally trained... extensively orally trained... and her efforts won’t be exclusive to me... if you get my drift.”

Eve nods enthusiastically. I must wonder, in being raised in a male dominant society like Haiti, if she’s ever had her cunny licked... and licked... and licked.

I feel twinges just thinking about it.

“And here you will... ah... care for her.”

Out of the sleeping area I stroll to a room I know will impress. I had an adjoining bedroom refurbished at a considerable cost, its separate exit to the hall walled over. It can only be entered and exited through Eve’s bedroom, making the three rooms into a separate enclave accessed only through the door to her bedroom. I thought the aura of captivity would enhance Maxine’s sense of capitulation. And furthering that, I have replicated the medical room at the clinic... where the unyielding yet talented Dr. Gehorchen turns boys to girls.

Cabinets filled with whatever needs to be done to augment and drive home Maxine's transformation, centered is the feared gynecological chair where husband Maximilian Van Webring surrendered to a woman his remaining testicle.

A shame he was not conscious for the coup de grace, in terms of his transformation. But I am told the procedure was videotaped. Good to keep in mind if there is any reversion to masculinity and some psychological duress needs to be applied.

In a corner there is a make up table, its use apparent... tubes, bottles, combs brushes lying in wait to prettify my emasculated husband.

There is a short whipping bench... more cuffs... where tummy down on a padded surface... supplicating on all fours... Maxine will endure her daily injection, enema, and I am sure frequent canings.

Plumbing fixtures allow for bathing. Just having a section of the floor tiled and drained costed thousands.

So good to be rich.

Eve looks at me, mouth opening in more shocked surprise.

"Yes Eve, just strap her into the chair at your whim and do whatever. When not serving me, she'll be all yours. Or the whipping bench. I suggest caning her also on a whim. The unknown will engender trepidation... and augment your perceived authority."

I cannot help thinking how much I am going to enjoy watching the girl's apparent ingrained wickedness grow and blossom like a pretty flower.

I step to a rack on the right wall. Prominently displayed are a set of canes and assorted instruments of correction. I select a thin nasty length of rattan, swishing through the air to make the ominously threatening sound of caning. When I hand it to Eve, it is good to see that the memories of paternal punishment begin to fade... Eve's look of concern slowly transforming to one of empowerment in realizing which end of the cane she will be feeling.

When I hand it to her, the look further turns to one of confidence and control as she not only swishes, but strikes the top of the padded whipping bench with a vigorous swing of her arm and flick of her wrist.

I cannot help noticing the hand. Though of age, it is slight, petite, its slimness that of a child. I suspect prostate milkings will be thorough at the Phipps mansion... and entertaining to observe.

And that reminds me.

"Cameras, Eve," pointing high to where the wall meets the ceiling. "For a woman like me, watching Maxine's comeuppance can... well... bring a degree of amusement. Only I will watch... and an occasional guest. So don't feel inhibited."

She nods. I am heartened she has no problem having Maxine put a show on for me.

I hear a vehicle, the low rumbling of a truck engine. With the estate's many acres, the long drive commencing well away from the main road, I know it is a delivery. And I know what is to be delivered.

"Come Eve. Maxine's big day. Finally out of the clinic after many, many months of transformation and conditioning."

We exit the rooms, into the hall. Eve following, I turn and enlighten.

"Think of this as unwrapping a gift, Eve," alerting the young nurse as to the clinic's exacting bondage.

Moving to the front door, a truck of good size pulls under the porte-cochere. I stand at the top steps, arms akimbo assuming the role of chatelaine, Nurse Eve standing to my side. From the truck exit two burly workers.

"From the clinic," the driver and older of the two announces.

"Please bring the shipment into the house," acknowledging.

Though secluded, I don't want Maxine outdoors. Certainly not because of neighbors... none for over half a mile... but because the freedom I promised him will be quite limited. Liberated of the burdens of the role of masculinity which he could never fulfil, his new freedom... to serve and please women of authority... will be manifested within the confines of the vast Phipps mansion. It will be rare for her to again feel the sun's rays.

The rear doors of the truck swing open. A tail gate folds down. The men push a wooden crate onto the hydraulic platform. I note they are careful, well aware of the contents of deliveries from Dr. Gehorchen and the staff. Jumping to the pavement, the older presses a button and the platform lowers to knee height. The crate is cubical, some three plus feet high, wide and long, surprisingly short considering the contents. Then they each grab an end and seem to effortlessly lift... again carefully.

I turn and lead to the mansion entrance, pushing open the double doors. Eve and the men follow into the nineteenth century foyer. It is of size, one envisioning a bevy of butlers and servants greeting dozens of guests for a formal dinner or other soiree.

I point, the men lower the box. At the top, in seeing the locking device which Dr. Gehorchen explained, I remove the cell phone from my pocket.

"We'll need to return the box, ma'am. If you have the code we will open it and ah... release... ah... empty it for you."

I swipe the phone. It alights. I go to my messages. Dr. Gehorchen has sent the code.

“1258,” I offer, the driver nodding and fidgeting with the gizmo at the top.

I hear a click and the man unfolds the top of the six sided cubical. He reaches within to retract a small package, handing it to me. I know it to be a month or more supply of that to be injected into Maxine’s cute little fanny, the calming chlórdiazepoxide combined with estrogen and prolactin.

“These deliveries used to be more fun... for the younger guys,” the man becoming pedantic in addressing his assistant. “Before the coded locking system some of the boys would stop along the way open the box and get a little action... if you know what I mean,” glancing my way to ascertain any disapproval.

I simply shrug, hinting that to sully any of Maxine’s now supple openings is of little concern.

Top folded away, the man next works the sides, laying each to the carpet to expose in profile the doubled over form of a naked, feminized Maximilian Von Webring.

“With some of the guys... a blow job is a blow job... even if it’s from some pansy guy in make up and bangs. But no more, every delivery is now secured.”

As the man moves to the rear panel, I visually inspect.

Maxine is nude of course, and well tethered, despite being confined and immobile. Knees to her chest, thigh bands just above the knee connect to a short strap leading from right thigh, about the back of her neck to her left thigh. Very constricting, she is held in the decubitus position, wrists cuffed together above her upturned buttocks.

With the size and shape of the box, no one would suspect it contained a human form... naked, and well tethered.

“Now watch how I lower the last panels,” the drive again lecturing. “You may have to do this on some delivery.”

With that he reaches within, presses something and I hear the hiss of air.

“Inflatable penis gag,” the man explains. “For sure no more blow jobs,” added with a snicker.

With that he very slowly lowers the panel over Maxine’s head, hinged in being connected to the bottom panel. As his hands carefully guide, I note a sizable dildo slowly exits Maxine’s mouth. In being attached to the wooden panel, essentially Maxine’s head, mouth and throat have been made one with the box.

“See, got to be careful. No gagging.”

Maxine, in obedient silence, licks her lips, the long interval of impaled mouth and throat coming

to an end. Should I be surprised when the man next moves to the remaining upright panel and releases a second valve... more air hissing?

Yes, just as with Maxine's mouth and throat a second inflatable dildo has filled her anal cavity for the hour or more journey from the clinic.

"And no more of this either," the driver crudely ramming his closed fist from his waist up inwards a gesture of sodomy.

As he slowly lowers the rear panel, sure enough a connected dildo slips from Maxine's rectum, making an embarrassing plop as the bulbous tip comes into view.

"We'll have to release the straps. As I said, need the box back. But we can restrain him... ah... her... any way you want."

I just nod, smiling in seeing Maxine's balls... probably more delight comes as they ring when motion is restored, the thigh straps and wrist cuffs removed, legs finally straightening.

"Welcome, Maxine."

I see Eve staring as well. Maxine's testicles... my testicles... dangling from a shriveled pouch of pink flesh. Ironically they hang from where they should be on the normal male... but doing so encased in Lucite with tiny bells announcing his neutering.

It brings a subtle glee to a woman like me... knowing such no longer function, masculinity terminated at my behest... and checkbook.

"To your knees, Maxine. I think you need to thank the gentlemen for freeing you. Hands behind your head... just as you've been taught."

The last few weeks of Maxine's stint at the clinic has involved much time in the fellatio room, perfecting not only tongue and lip skills, but a demanded regimen for the feminized male.

Maxine knows to crawl from the open crate, the folded down panels fanned out lying flat on the carpet, on two of which the inflatable dildos stand like flag poles.

"May I suck your penis sir," the words so humble and polite, the voice seeming to be even softer and higher pitched than during my last visit.

The driver, of middle age, shakes his head.

"I don't do that any more, girly boy. The wife... she expects attention when I get home. But Ray here is single," the driver nodding to his cohort.

Maxine looks to me, so embarrassed. Yet her training... pounded and pounded into her head... dictates that for her utter subjugation is best... obedience... the need to please me as Master.

So I nod to this Ray worker, noting that he is already opening his zipper.

“Consider it to be a tip,” I flippantly suggest, looking to see Nurse Eve’s eyes aglow in rapt fascination.

Yes, I definitely have hired well.

Trucker Ray satiated, maid Maxine politely thanks him for the opportunity to please. The box is folded back up. The delivery men lift and leave. Maxine remains on her knees, awaiting her Master’s dictates, blushing in having to orally perform before a small audience.

“Many more to come, Maxine. A very good start to your duties here at the mansion. But I might add, I think I detected a little choking and the man was not overly sized,” my tone chiding.

“I’m sorry Miss Taylor, I will try harder.”

“You will... or be sent back to the clinic for a few weeks,” I warn, seeing the girly boy tremble under my authority. “This is Eve... to you Miss Eve... or Nurse Eve. She will see to your special care. And you will obey her. She is second in command,” finally introducing the glowingly smiling girl, again the pearl white teeth evidencing her enjoyment.

“Yes, Miss Taylor.”

“Greet her as trained.”

Maxine shuffles on her knees to position before the white uniformed major domo. My maid bends lower at the waist, hands remaining behind her head and kisses the feet of her young superior.

“Thank you for caring for me, Miss Eve.”

“I have not yet begun,” Eve’s voice suddenly becoming stern and commanding, falling so quickly into her role.

Maxine rights herself at the waist. Eve continues peering down assessing my prettified husband. Make up remains but is somewhat disheveled from being boxed. A coal black hand extends, smoothing over the straight locks of Maxine’s page boy. Then the arm lowers, fingers going to the right nipple.

“Your nipples, very puffy, Maxine. Do you like them looking like this?”

A finger ever so gently diddles, then moves to the left, caressing there as well. This brings the nubs to crinkle and stand, a curiously obedient response to a commanding woman’s touch. The blushing extends, goose bumps form. With the daily deluge of prolactin, the sensitivity of the glands is most pronounced.

“Very girlish,” Eve notes, so admirably stepping further into her role. “And yet you have balls... I think those are balls.”

I have not explicitly told Eve of Maxine’s forced physical transformation, taking a gamble that such would not put her off. It seems I have won my bet as she directs Maxine to rise, not at all disquieted by a girly boy bearing my trinkets.

Maxine obeys and the black hand goes to the pendants... the gonads Dr. Gehorchen so attentively ‘saved’. Fingers flick the right globe then the left, the small chiming bells hanging beneath turning my girl into a wind chime. Eve smiles, obviously repressing outright laughter.

“What happened here, Maxine? You have the testicles of a man... in plastic... and you’re made up like a girl.”

Oh the humiliation... so intense... Eve seeming to know such is key to the ongoing degradation of he who has failed me as a husband but she who will be reveling me with her servitude.

“I... I... well... there was an accident... or I... rather... well... I hurt myself... with a knife.”

“Castrated yourself... self mutilation... tsk tsk. Well you didn’t die, but easily could have. You bleed very much from the groin, Maxine. I’m sure you realize that now. You’re lucky to be alive... lucky to have an opportunity to serve... as a girl.”

Maxine glumly nods. The fingers rise to the penis, even smaller then when I last visited the clinic. Eve again diddles and flicks about the limp and useless strip of once male flesh.

“The hormones, working well?” Eve turning her attention to me. “Or has he... she... always been so limited here.”

“Both,” I reply with a snicker. “Small and getting smaller.”

Nurse Eve offers a pleasant laugh.

“Is that why you tried to make yourself into a girl, Maxine? Not able to function as a man?”

Maxine has no reply, tears seeming to form. Ah, such wonderful psychological duress. I will definitely observe her first caning. Eve seems eager to slake revenge on the male world, the transformation of Maximilian Von Webring enthuses.

“Bath time, little girl,” Eve taking Maxine by the hand.

My new hire is marvelous, noting that the stifling box has brought a need for ablutions. I will have no worries, I conclude. As she leads out of the foyer towards the stairs, I detain her, handing over the package.

“For her daily injection, Eve,” knowing Dr. Gehorchen has forwarded a month or more supply. “Hypodermic needles in the second cabinet to the left. First cabinet to the left there’s something I

want Maxine to wear for me when working about the house. Do choose a challenging size.”

The cabinet is stuffed with a collection of dildos, among other demeaning artifacts. Relieved of being anally impaled in the delivery box, I’d not want Maxine’s rectum to retract. Pamela Harrison will be perturbed if she has to work too hard to open her.

I lounge about in a flimsy bathrobe, feeling decadent in sipping a morning Mimosa. Having completed reading the paper I now work on the crossword puzzle, listening to Maxine’s balls chime as she cleans the house. A curious way of assuring her efforts, for no ringing means motion has stopped. No motion, no labor. No labor and I call to Eve to have her caned.

After a two days, Maxine knows to keep herself busy, instantly reporting to me when a task is completed.

And sure enough, as I try to conjure a clue, 23 down, seven letter for communication, beginning with the letter ‘M’, the bells rhythmically tingle to suggest Maxine approaches.

“The dining room is clean, Miss Taylor. May I make you another Mimosa?”

As my arm drops, crossword puzzle pushed aside, my robe flips open, partially exposing my breasts. Maxine stares covetously. The look formerly would be considered libidinous. But with testosterone decimated, endocrine system brimming with estrogen, instead it is a look of envy, Maxine’s male glands remaining flat, her perky nipples appearing to be two cherries rolling about on a board.

I do believe she’d like to have the well rounded, fleshy globes of a real woman.

“In a bit, Maxine. Come here.”

As I have trained her, in approaching quite proximate, hands go to the back of her page boy, feet parting. Maxine knows I like to toy with her altered bits... in a way celebrating my triumph. Indeed, as my hand reaches out, she presents herself, ceding to me. I toy with an emaciated penis, shriveled with many months of female injected hormones.

She smiles, the nerve endings remaining vibrant... but the sensation useless for any ultimate male pleasure. That is forever gone. Still, with traces of slick male essence oozing, there is evidence of distant joy. Perhaps more psychological than physical... abdicating her once proud maleness to a woman in charge brings arousal... but not the arousal of an intact male.

“Another Mimosa later, Maxine.”

“May have clothing... covering?” the pleading voice so piteous.

“No, Maxine. It is best that you be nude... always. I insist that you exhibit yourself... your transformation. But I may have you wear ribbons for me,” my fingers going to nipples seeming to

be begging for attention.

I flick. The puffy protrusions instantly harden, so nicely responsive to a controlling woman's touch. Maxine blushes, embarrassed in seeing my enjoyment.

"Pink or blue, Maxine. I'll have Nurse Eve tie up these cute little things in a nice bow."

With the thought, Maxine smiles like a little girl.

"Blue please, Miss Taylor," the obeisance of her concurrence notable.

I make a mental note to begin breast treatment. I think she would like to be suckled. Did I purchase a breast pump? So many items assembled to ensure Maxine's degradation.

"And how do you feel being anally opened? Bit of a thrill for that neglected prostate of yours."

"It's... it's... big, Miss Taylor."

"And will get bigger. I'm sure your Nurse Eve showed you the collection I've procured. You weren't fully opened at the clinic. I told Dr. Gehorchen that I wanted to do that. It's... well... a thing with a woman like me," my explanation vague as intended. "Now tidy up the foyer and the parlor."

My hand retreats from her penis. I hold up my fingers, Maxine obediently leans forth, mouth opening, licking away the traces of prostatic fluid. Then I give those little girl buttocks a firm swat, the pain heightened by the lasting welts of Eve's latest caning. She squeals. When she turns to prance to the foyer, bells chiming, seemingly gladdened by my attention, I spy the flanged end of the impaling anal insertion... long and bulbous. For some reason it makes me feel good, the submission of my prettified husband utmost and constant.

Back to the crossword, 23 down... seven letters beginning with the letter 'M'... ah... 'missive'. With that the puzzle seems to melt. Augmenting my self satisfaction in completing is the tolling of the bells donned by my subservient new maid. Such an empowering sound.

Maxine awakes early. Most people arise in the morning, she is released. Nurse Eve, slips off the tight latex hood and quickly uses the clever magnetic device, Segufix straps and cuffs slipping away like autumn leaves. Such harsh restraint... such quick and simple emancipation. I insist that Maxine kiss the hands that bind, in gratitude for assuring the sense of comfort which tight bondage has come to inure... a woman so consummately assuring each and every evening that thoughts of male pride, any sense of liberation, be furthest from her psyche.

Into the medical room, there follows a supervised toilet visit, squatting like the girl she has become. Eve now knows to first assure Maxine's penis is aligned then hold her dangling charms... my balls... out of the way as she urinates, penis untouched. Her little thing is then dabbed dry and Maxine moves to the make up table to quickly straighten her hair, briefly tidy up

her make up and with Eve's concurrence... effeminate appearance presentable... prances to the kitchen to make coffee then breakfast.

The clinic has taught her basis cooking skills... bacon and eggs and other typical breakfast fare are adequate. She serves Eve. Such an amusing contrast, the Teutonic naked servant serving a woman of color half a generation younger. Such wonderful comeuppance. Maxine turns pink, the blushing never to stop, particularly if Eve caned her the night before, the hands of the tormentress teasingly grazing over deliciously prominent welts.

I join later, sometimes sleeping in if I've had a date... hours of lovemaking requiring rest. And Maxine will dutifully wait for my appearance. She stands hands to the back of her head, feet parted, I am sure feeling her faux organs swinging about... and in silence as I partake, oft times regaling the young and impressionable Eve with the details of wine, dinner... perhaps a show... and of course with Maxine made to listen... a libidinous narrative of sex thereafter... right down to the positions of copulation and my lover's size, prowess and stamina... male attributes all long plundered from Maxine of course.

Eve has quickly jumped into my mandated protocols and regimen at the Phipps mansion... and that is to at all times maximize not only total feminine control, but to also assure Maxine's sense of capitulation. Thus humiliation is key... all tasks to be performed by Maxine in a manner which most highlights and emphasizes Maxine's lowly stature as a naked, neutered servant.

Those perky little girl nipples for instance. I have acquired suction cylinders, used for milking goats, and Eve revels in milking Maxine's little glands, suctioning the puffy nubs well into the clear plastic cones, horridly distending the male glands. This, over time, shapes the little girlish nipples to more prominence, jutting forth from the chest like daggers. After an hour or two, pretty blue ribbons are tied about the base... tightly... and the milking cylinders released. This entraps the circulation, and Maxine is then made to perform her household chores with her crimson nipples jutting forth... so much inviting a governing woman's touch.

So pretty... so girlish... so humiliating for her. But also so tantalizing, the daily doses of prolactin bringing to my maid a new erogenous zone, Maxine's sheepish smile evidencing the new found delight of the emasculated male.

After a week, Eve mentions that toilet paper should be added to the shopping list. With the Phipps millions, I can certainly afford more... can fill the basement with such an ordinarily required household item. But there are environmental considerations... at least that is the ruse I initiate.

"We need to be good shepherds of nature Eve. As I suggested, Maxine has been orally trained... and extensively so. With her mouth and tongue she can please both a man and a woman in a variety of ways. So the toilet paper, its use can be... let's say rare."

Eve smiles bashfully. Such youthful modesty. I must modify her thoughts and alleviate her concerns. I take her in my arms, offering a matronly hug as I advise.

"You know very well, holding Maxine's plasticized testicles... my testicles... that she is more

female than male. And that her need for subservience... abject degradation... is boundless. So in showing her your charms there should be no need for... no thoughts of... shyness. And in offering her a taste of your essence... excretions or whatever opening you care to have cleansed... it will so much enhance her sense of servitude... assure that her self esteem is obliterated.”

Eve’s smile broadens, her arms reaching behind me, returning my embrace, for her a symbolic gesture of gratitude. But for there comes more, more than a sense of fondness. I may consider having her, my secret to be shared.

“I could learn to enjoy that, Miss Phipps.”

“Oh you will, Eve. You’re in charge. She’ll do anything and everything for you. Freely use the cane if you feel more convincing is required. And as I suggested... shorter skirts... looser skirts... no skirts. Your choice... we’re all girls here.”

I can feel her breasts... firm, not large... but certainly not small. And I must wonder, should I begin telling her of my more libertine dates? Not even husband Max... now Maxine... is aware that the infidelities which prompted his silly divorce pleading have been quite bisexual.

The thought reminds me...

“Eve, do increase the size of Maxine’s anal insertion. It’s uncomfortable for her I know, but ultimately it’s for her protection. As a nurse you’re aware that a rectum too tight can lead to injury.”

“Pamela Harrison is... ah... visiting, Maxine. A light lunch, I’ll want you serving us. Begin with a nicely chilled Chardonnay... we’ll be lounging on the sun porch.”

Yes, lounging... and with the glass enclosure yielding to the beaming sunshine Maxine will feel so wonderfully exposed in her nakedness, chiming balls and ribboned nipples... relentlessly sucked a little longer every day.

“Please no, Miss Taylor. I don’t want her to see me like this.”

Resistance! My first reaction is to summon Eve and have my groveling husband caned. But for the moment I temper my cruelty understanding that the drastic change in his... her... relationship with the masterful attorney is a difficult mountain to climb.

I beckon her to approach where I sit reading a racy book... erotica with a female dominant theme of course. As she steps forth I sit upright, parting my knees, directing her nakedness to stand facing me between my legs.

“She knows you’re no longer a man, Maxine... that your balls have become mine and I graciously let you wear them for me. She visited in the clinic remember?”

As I speak, the fingers of my right hand flick right nipple then left, watching the pink flesh crinkle in response to a commanding woman's touch always bringing subtle glee. My left hand reaches about to tenderly smooth over buttocks continuing to amass more and more subcutaneous fat... the hormones, high fat diet and denied exercise slowly transforming the body to augment a psyche coming to accept feminization.

"Yes, but I was not like this... serving... being a maid. Can I least wear something?" the plea so pitifully expressed.

Yes, months ago, rising executive Maximilian Von Webring was calling the shots in his relationship with the otherwise domineering lawyer. And now ostensibly she works for the vast Phipps trust funds... and for me... though as Maxine is soon to find out, the true relationship is not only rather involved but goes back many years. Pamela cleverly never divulged such when, by happenstance, my unwitting husband sought her counsel in the quashed divorced suit.

I give his humble request some thought. With the intent of always maximizing his humiliation and exposure, perhaps an opportunity arises.

"Ok, make sure there's wine being chilled. Plan on making a tray of finger sandwiches. But first go to Eve. Tell her I want you in full make up and that she will find heels and a frilly maid's cap in my bedroom closet."

Maxine looks befuddled.

"But Miss Taylor, I meant... you know... covering."

"That's covering enough. You will show your little balls... you will show your useless little penis... and you're so proud of these developing breasts... you'll certainly want to exhibit these," thumb and forefinger pinching the right nipple at the ribboned base then drawing forth to the hypersensitive tip in a milking motion.

She has udders, I think but do not say, my touch transmitting enough of the desired humiliation. And her girlish squeal denotes that the prolactin... testosterone depleted... is nicely bringing delight to once useless male glands.

The giggling subsides and Maxine's look of concern returns, prompted by my left hand jostling the exposed flange of her large anal insertion.

"But what about that, Miss Taylor. Does Miss Harrison need to see... need to know... that you're... ah..."

"Opening you for anal penetration?" my blunt words completing her thought.

On this point I will concede, but for reasons other than Maxine's prospective embarrassment.

"Have Eve remove it... for Pamela's visit. But I'm not sure you will appreciate my leniency, Maxine."

Before another plea or question comes, I grasp Maxine at her hips, turn her and smack hillocks smooth and soft.

“Enough! Get ready... maid’s cap, heels, wine, sandwiches. And be a good girl. Full etiquette, as trained, curtsying at every opportunity. You’d not want to have a caning in front of Miss Harrison would you?”

I watch as Pamela Harrison takes the long driveway of the Phipps estate at some ridiculously high rate of speed. I assume in finally getting her Corvette out onto the open road the adrenal rushes. In pulling under the porte-cochere, she announces her arrival by disengaging the clutch and pressing the accelerator pedal to end her quick ride with a throaty roar of the engine.

Stepping from the car, she has doffed her staid attorney’s dark blue pants suit... sometimes gray. Instead she is garbed in shiny black patent leather slacks and a white blouse that strains in covering enormous breasts. Knee high leather boots crunch the dust of the pavement. When she leans to the passenger side the tight slacks show the shapely curves of a well muscled bottom. She extracts what appears to be a satchel for legal docs. But there are no legal docs, the thought bringing a smile as I wave from the steps.

“Maxine! Here... now. You are to greet my guests... not I,” my voice pleasant yet firm as I turn my head and I command through the open doors.

Behind me I hear tiny bells and the unsteady tap of high heeled shoes. Poor Maxine has not only gone bare foot since her transformation at the clinic, but to suddenly be placed in heels brings challenge.

My maid finally presents herself just as Pamela ascends the ancient stone steps. As I move to the side it appears the former man of the house, gifted public relations executive Maximilian Von Webring, is standing center stage, peering down at her audience, blushing. She dons a frilly maid’s cap, black with white lace and some lavender trimming. Such prettily matches the shade of her lipstick and eye coloring. It appears that she is presenting herself in a child’s beauty pageant.

“Manners,” I remind under my breath.

With that, as trained ad infinitum at the clinic, Maxine draws her right foot back, slightly crossing behind the left. Her left knee gracefully buckles. She dips, bows her head, hands going out to the sides as if to fan the hem of a dress she wears not.

“Good afternoon, Miss Pamela,” practically choking on the humble words of greeting.

Maxine knows to stay so posed until acknowledged. And the imperious Pamela Harrison, Esq. slowly takes the final step to stand before her, silently assessing, knowing that her proud one time client is emotionally tormented in so having to present herself.

“Cute, Taylor. Very cute. It’s amazing what missing testicles and a little training can achieve for a man,” her words calmly uttered but somewhat sneered.

“Oh, they’re not missing, Pammie. Maxine, show Miss Pamela your jewels.”

Is my maid becoming lachrymal? I hope tears will not smudge her make up.

Maxine straightens her legs, but remains with head down as her hands are drawn inward.

“Show!” again my voice firm but tempered.

In her complete nakedness, it is a simple manner for the hands to go to the pubes, each palming a pendant and lifting to present the plasticized organs I so expensively rescued from self emasculation. She so meekly exhibits, a sphere of Lucite in each hand, little bells ringing as such freely drape below. Encapsulated within are the gray globes which once defined her masculinity.

Attorney and friend Pamela knows of the alteration, is aware of the jewelry, but has not before seen Maid Maxine in full make up, baby blue ribbons flaunting girlish protruding nipples, and unconstrainedly walking about, chiming trinkets announcing for all that in my servitude is a castrated male. I know the sight brings a thrill but her demeanor is that of a sentencing judge.

“And she’s not a man... not any longer, Pammie. She’s my maid.”

I detect a sniffle of shame and my guest finally smiles at Maxine’s downfall and sense of loss.

“Well Maxine, I have something that I think will cheer up a little serving girl,” Pamela offers as if speaking to a child. “You’ve been lacking attention... male attention in obviously in being neutered like a dog. But now you’ll learn to appreciate female attention,” holding up her satchel.

“Yes, Miss Pamela,” Maxine politely agrees

She knows not what Pamela has brought but I do. And in envisioning the contents there come twinges, my own needs beckoning.

“The sun porch, Maxine. Two glasses of Chardonnay... and have the sandwiches ready.”

Maxine turns and prances away, heels tapping. Ah, the sound of her trinkets... so comforting.

“I know you want to take her, Pammie... the man hating bitch that you are.”

I speak bluntly, chastising my old friend. The words seem confrontational but Pammie snickers and nods.

“Does he know... she know?”

I shake my head.

“No, not yet. Amazing that he selected you as his divorce attorney. He still thinks the soiled cocktail glasses and rumpled bed sheets are from male lovers. He wanted to free me so I could be with another man. So noble... so naive.”

With that I put down my wine glass and stand to move behind Pammie’s chair. She sips, turning her head to look up at me, fully aware of my intentions.

“We’re all girls here Pammie. And we no longer have to meet while Max is at work. No more clandestine rendezvous... at least not here at the house.”

She smiles and nods. Then, my old friend remains motionless as I unbutton her blouse, sliding the flimsy white cotton down her shoulders.

“It can get a little warm here in the sun porch,” courteously justifying my actions.

The words are not needed. In silence, attorney Pamela Harrison completes the deed, slipping her arms out of the sleeves as I unbuckle her brasserie. Mammary glands massive, the restraining garb contracts like a taut rubber band, springing onto her lap. She lightly laughs, grasping both blouse and bra and flinging across the sun filled solarium to a settee.

Bare from the waist upwards, I lean, my arms enveloping a woman of both great strength and affection. I cup each breast, the meatus spilling over my open palm. Such size, such warm and welcoming flesh. I kiss the back of her neck, short blonde hair combed back in a manly duck tail.

“I’d like her nurse to ah... observe... if not also use him... her,” whispering in her ear. “Name’s Eve. Cute little thing from Haiti.”

“She’s one of us?”

“Hmmm. If not she will be. Has no problem keeping Maxine in tight bondage... caning her bare buttocks from time to time. She’s young... and innocent... but impressionable,” my thumb and forefingers closing to gently squeeze nipples the size of half dollars.

I feel the heat, sense the glands so nicely firming with my touch. I want her... always want her. Husband Maximilian was never aware of my preferences... but as Maxine now will be. The pressure and influence of high society have made it necessary to keep my sexual preferences obscure... swinging from both sides of the plate as they say. And my bull dyke friend Pamela also needs to veil her outright disdain for things male... the tenants of her profession demanding temperance in sexual matters.

But not here... not in the seclusion of the Phipps estate. And now with husband Maxine thoroughly under my thumb, us girls have an open playground.

I lean further and hug Pammie from behind, one hand slipping to the pubes area of the tight patent leather slacks. I smile, slipping my fingers through a clever slit, the folds cloaking the fact

that there is no zipper. I imagine the insatiable counselor toying with her pleasure button at every traffic stop. And naughty girl... I detect no undergarments. I smile more in sensing moisture.

“I hope it is my affection which is making your cunnie wet as a floor mop, Pammie.”

She chuckles, reaching for her satchel. As stated I know there are no legal documents. There have been too many visits to the Phipps estate during which the satchel has been ceremoniously opened to reveal a woman’s best friend... for a woman of open preferences.

She unzips, turning upside down. Falling to her lap is a double dildo, ironically in blue... the shade closely matching the cloth strips of Maxine’s tight nipple bondage.

“You’ve selected modestly,” knowing of the huge collection of attorney Pamela Harrison.

“You said she’s still being opened. Thought I’d begin easy. But if you’d like, have your maid bring some Tabasco sauce along with some lube.”

“You wouldn’t,” I suggest with a laugh.

“I would. If I’m going to fuck a client... former client... then I want to make it memorable... make an impression,” her explanation comical but boldly stated in earnest. “It’ll make her little bells ring with zeal. And do not worry, kitten. I have condoms. No hot sauce for you.”

Her words bring my own moisture to flow, my bull dyke lover known to be sweet and gentle with a sister of Sappho. Yet her reputation in the gay male community is that of a rapist. She so much adores sodomizing those with a penis.

I find myself in a dilemma... couple with my vigorous lover first, then be entertained by a bent over and spread maid? Or have Maxine first yield to her... in sort of a warm up.

We have the whole afternoon.

I shrug, kind of making a decision. It will be sandwiches while Maxine is opened by a woman, Pammie and I to later embrace in the privacy of my bedroom. I arise, stepping to the open door which joins the dining room and the adjacent kitchen.

“Maxine bring more wine, the sandwiches and some Tabasco sauce.”

In calling out to the kitchen I hear in my mind her cries for mercy. Such a pleasant afternoon we will have.

Steamy... the way I like it. We’re both sweaty, not dripping, though I’m our cunnies are, but clammy. Though we both came to many orgasms, Pammie utilizing her double dildo to bring three or more mind blowing simultaneous climaxes, we lie in serene embrace, gently tribbing, my right thigh tenderly pressing a hot mons slowly cooling. Pammie’s thigh doing the same to

mine.

I tongue right nipple then left, the breasts enormous, fun for a woman of my persuasion to suckle. I taste the saltiness. It soothes, knowing such has exuded for my benefit.

“He squeals... like a girl,” Pammie muses.

“She... Pammie... always use the feminine when Maxine is in your presence please. Psychologically important,” my admonishment gentle. “And the Tabasco sauce, wherever to you come up with these ideas?”

“Tremendously painful... yet harmless. He’ll... she’ll... be ready for another good fucking as soon as tomorrow.”

I laugh.

“Well at least the dildo was small... relatively small. And you kept your slacks on... getting a little shy?” I taunt.

I always want Pammie naked of course... just as we now are... feeling her smooth warmth from mouth to toes. But when Maxine served the sandwiches and Pammie brusquely pushed her over the arm of a settee, she merely slipped her end of the Feeldoe through the slit of her patent leather slacks, applied the Tabasco to the male end, and gruffly fucked my poor little maid.

Pammie is a woman of size, shoulders broad, arms thick. With Maxine’s daily injections, the mild sedative chlordiazepoxide and the deluge of female hormones, there was no physical resistance to be mustered. Maxine had to bend and take it.

And I must wonder, in listening to her little bells chime with every powerful thrust, if Maxine’s sense of degradation equaled my sense of feminine empowerment.

“Let her lust after me, Taylor. I like the idea of her completely naked and vulnerable, made to spread her cheeks for a woman, yet denied the privilege of ogling my pussy. In time I’ll have him... her... clean me up. But for now she will have to fantasize over what she most covets. You enjoy the emotional torment... well... there you have it.”

I must nod in agreement.

“And you, Taylor. Though she’s your husband, I trust the exposure is one sided,” Pammie lectures.

“I keep it limited, a little flash when he helps me dress and apply make up. It keeps her enthused. Though physically castrated, her mind... well... needs tempering. It’s a process... a long process. With Eve, she’s completely immersed in feminine authority... at all times. Eve is the taskmaster, I’m the big sister Maxine runs to after a lengthy caning or some other punishment, dabbing away her tears. It’s already to the point that at day’s end she longs for the tight bondage and dark isolation I demand... her servitude is that severe and exacting.”

“Good. I noticed the fear when your girl Eve came to collect him. Maxine was trembling, and it was not entirely in being taken anally.”

“As she should... as I want her to. For a simple 21 year old from an underdeveloped country, my Nurse Eve has proved to be resilient, an absolute termagant. Did you notice the lack of toilet paper, Pammie,” knowing the recent household protocol will excite.

“No.”

“Well there’s plenty of it. Just not so readily available. So Eve has been toilet training her. Right now it just involves an oral clean up. But we’ll move on from there. Maxine will never thirst. It’s not so much that Maxine is so malleable and trainable... it’s that she wants to be trained... to serve... to please.”

“Yes, I noticed Eve’s skirt. I assume Maxine has easy access for... ah... clean up duty.”

I laugh, having procured what I term less stodgy nurse’s attire for my major domo.

“Yes, Pammie, you’re not the only girl who shuns panties.”

Well satiated, such a glow... such a variety of orgasms... vaginal... clitoral... I roll to my back in repose, hopefully not disappointing my concupiscent lover.

“Lots of research, Pammie. You know I was never going to have some vulgar divorce announcement appear in the society pages. Brilliant of you to scale up the contest into a battle he... she... could not win. The Phipps’ trusts are iron clad. But going after my income and property opened up a counter argument... that Maximilian Von Webring supports me, ha, ha, ha. Well in a way he... she... still does. Supports my need for governance... to be in charge... and to be cruel in so doing.”

“And your other needs? You go both ways, Taylor... an occasional craving for a warm dick with balls attached. Can’t fault a girl for that... if it’s under her auspices. Was Max really that bad? His penis is... well... it’s like he no longer has one. I must assume it has not always been like that.”

“Less than average size. Now shriveled to the size of an anchovy with all the hormones. But I liked the way he looked... when I married him. And he was somewhat adequate, but never to fully satisfy. He never realized it, but I took a couple of studs even on our honeymoon. Good penetration, Pammie. Don’t have explain that to you. But nothing a society girl could bring back home. I’d need a translator... if I was somehow allowed into the tennis club with one of them.”

“You are a scamp, Taylor. What language did they speak?”

I shrug, my smile sheepish.

“We used an international sign language. A crisp hundred dollar bill tucked under the top of my string bikini while getting a cocktail at the hotel pool bar. A token amount here, but a small fortune in the islands.”

Pammie laughs. She knows of my own indiscretions... and the intensity of my needs.

“And here at the estate?”

“The plumber, the carpenter, the lawn guy. That one requires two crisp hundred dollar bills. Plus I have to find someone who actually cuts grass.”

We laugh boisterously.

“Taylor, you’re gorgeous, refined, well educated. You can have any man. Why the games... why the subterfuge?”

“First, because I can. It’s like having something like athletic talent. If you’ve got it, use it. Second, it’s zipless, as some woman author described in her book concerning casual, no commitment sex. Third, I use ‘em and I toss ‘em. What feminist would argue with that?”

“Toss ‘em except for Max... Maxine.”

“He was going to toss me, remember Pammie. That’s not how I play the game. No man dumps me... not ever,” my voice becoming firm.

“He... she... is now more woman than man, Taylor. I have a higher testosterone level than she does.”

“And you put it to such lustful use,” my hand going to palm a mons still exuding heat, fingers slipping into a nest brimming with essence. “Yes, trim away those little nuggets and all kinds of transformation is possible, beyond the physical. I’m not only going to have her sodomized.... real cock... but to suck cock as well, Pammie... lots and lots of cock.”

Pammie snorts, the notion bringing wicked thoughts.

“Why?”

“Because she hates it... and because she adulates me and wants so much to please me, I have the power to make her do everything that she hates.”

“I’ll take her to that gay club... where I’ve worn out both some rectums and dildos, ha, ha, ha. Lots of sissy boys there... but also lots of gay studs looking for nice tight sphincters to ream. Do you still love him... her?”

“In a different way. More importantly he still loves me... idolizes me. As I said, I’m now the big sister she looks up to, protecting him from the nasty Nurse Eve,” snickering with the irony.

No date tonight. Instead I lie in bed doing some reading, but then get bored. A woman like me, self centered, needs more lively entertainment. So I click the remote, no intention of watching

some sophomoric television program. I'm going to check on my little maid and the wicked, delightfully young and exuberant Nurse Eve.

Over the past weeks, she has outdone herself in terms of my demanded protocol, that her treatment and exacting care of Maxine be such that my maid comes to tremble in her presence. Many canings, many welts.

Recently, I politely suggested that those soft and rounded little girl buttocks which the clinic spent months developing by way of hormones and diet, may at times be more impelling to view and therefore more humiliating for her if such were allowed to become more feminine and attractive... i.e. sans the hideous stripes of bamboo.

So as I click the remote to bring to the high definition screen the medical room where Maxine ends each day, I am heartened to see that she is not strapped tummy down to the short whipping bench and that the slim, black and unrelenting hand of our Nurse Eve bears not a length of rattan.

Instead, Maxine is restrained... wrists, arms, waist, thighs, ankles... somewhat sitting back in the gynecological chair, legs widely parted in the stirrups, my belled testicles dangling freely, little penis flopping about. I note that despite the many straps and tethers, she fidgets uncontrollably... no doubt in fear and concern. And unlike in the Segufix system, her head is free to thrash about.

I am compelled to listen in on this, clicking the volume button.

There comes the accented voice of my Haitian major domo...

"Just lie back and try to relax, Maxine. For class I need to practice a nursing procedure. And I really think, in terms of your need for yielding to a woman in charge, you'll come to like this... in a way... a warped way."

My medical room well equipped and at considerable cost, I have asked myself if there is any limit to what can be done to assure my husband/maid's distress. For Eve sets up a stanchion to Maxine's left and hooks in place a sizable clear plastic bag of liquid, presumably saline. Next, from a cabinet comes a catheter, its diameter appearing to be a fire hose in comparison with Maxine's little peepee. The clever tube is known as a three way... saline in, urine out, air pumped to inflate the tip.

"It's termed a bladder irrigation, Maxine. You're going to feel nice and full here... in your tummy," the hand that canes gently pressing the bare lower belly. "And we'll get your bladder flushed out... nice and clean... eventually. But first..." ominously holding up the catheter.

With its size disproportionate to the once male appendage shriveled to that of a child, Maxine deliciously squirms, head rolling about in disbelief.

"No, please Miss Eve, I'll be good."

"I know you will, Maxine. And I know you want to do this for me. It's for one of my classes. I need to practice both catheterization and irrigation. Are the straps tight enough? No moving

about,” Eve forewarns.

Her question is superfluous. Nothing moves, other than Maxine’s mouth, head and plasticized balls.

She lubes, then the left hand palms the little penis. With the right hand holding the catheter near the tip, I feel the twinges of feminine power, the scene so exhilarating.

She aligns. The hand presses. The tube glides inward. Maxine yelps, and I must laugh when there comes a particularly spasmodic lurch, the tip evidently encountering the prostate gland, no doubt enlarged in disuse.

“Oh my Maxine, that’s not good being so sensitive there. And I can feel your little gland fighting me. That’s also not good.”

Eve cruelly withdraws, then resumes, then withdraws, each gentle thrust bringing yelps of discomfort. Then finally the hand slowly presses inward. I smile, telling myself the pain and unease is tolerable. But then I realize it has to be, Maxine has no choice but to endure the taunting hand of his nurse.

There finally comes a more plaintive cry, the tip reaching its goal, passing into the bladder. Some urine splatters to the tiled floor as a well practiced Eve injects air into the tiny Foley valve, the inserted tip swelling to make it irremovable. She thereafter pinches closed the tube’s exit, no more sloppiness. Then the hand moves to soothingly graze the right cheek of my distressed maid.

“Oh, Maxine. So discomfited... and I have not really begun...” noting the blushing in addition to the anguish.

Eve proves to be alacritous for a young nurse still in training. For within moments the saline bag is connected to the open entrance of the catheter. And such a charming smile as the saline is released. Yet such wickedness in controlling the flow with her thumb and index finger, more or less personalizing the slow pressurizing flow.

“For good little girls we go very, very slowly, Maxine,” apparently squeezing the discharge to a dribble. “Or for bad girls, we can bring a surge,” completely releasing the tube and stifling a giggle as Maxine yelps even louder and blubbers like a child.

“I’ll be good, Miss Eve, I’ll be good.”

“Of course you will,” Eve’s thumb and forefinger returning. “And remember the other aspect of my control, Maxine. At some point all this will need to be released. When you won’t know.”

The free left hand begins rubbing a distended lower belly. The video camera reveals a very telling look... rarely seen in a girl so young... one of superiority, feminine empowerment. She so much enjoys!

“I’m full, Miss Eve. I’m going to explode. Please stop. Please release this stuff. I need to go

potty!”

“And you will... when I decide. And maybe there is something you will do for me... to help me decide.”

“Yes, Miss Eve, oh yes.”

Maxine succumbs to feminine caprice so easily without his balls and with the lack of testosterone. And I am intrigued, whatever could it be that she will do to earn release from a bladder irrigation which is seemingly unending?

It's Friday morning. Maxine serves me breakfast. Eve, having partaken earlier, bids adieu. She'll be tending class as she also does on Tuesday.

It's a perfect time for a sisterly talk... mother daughter?... as Maxine steps about the kitchen in the nude, testicle bells ringing. No shoes, no cap, I amuse myself in suggesting she can be informally attired while serving me.

It is evident that she remains distraught from last night's ordeal, forced to endure a long, slow bladder irrigation under the guise of Eve's training and education.

So when she approaches to refill my coffee cup, I extend my hand, smoothing my fingers over a gloriously smooth rump, noting that there are no ridges from a caning. I also feel the flanged end of her anal insertion, the efforts to open her never to end.

“So you see why I have you impaled like this, Maxine? It makes it easier for you to be used here... and you do want to be used?”

Attorney Pamela Harrison utilized a moderate sized double dildo on her visit of days ago. And still she found Maxine to be somewhat tight, though the resistance could have been to the blazing hot Tabasco sauce setting her little sphincter on fire.

“Yes, Ma'am,” my little maid reluctantly agrees, stepping back to obediently await the next directive.

I am well aware of the distant joy she now feels with prostate stimulation, the ecstasy of orgasm long denied. She is learning to vicariously feel such joy through others. Bringing forth the orgasm of a man or a woman... to please others... replaces her inability to be pleased.

So instructed Dr. Rosen at the clinic.

“You seem out of sorts this morning, Maxine. It can't be because of a caning. It's been days.”

She is unaware that I can monitor events in the medical room, the cameras somewhat veiled and her attention drawn otherwise with Eve's exacting care. So though I know the details of most of

last night's doings, I think it will be both amusing and informative to hear of Maxine's plight from Maxine.

She remains silent. I will need to use my authority... well ingrained.

"Tell me what happened, Maxine," my voice firm and threatening.

She begins, tearfully explaining that his... her... little penis was stuffed with a tube, her description unclinical. I nod, somewhat smiling as events of which I am aware are described. What I don't know is the ultimate resolution of her ordeal. For after about an hour or so, Eve very much enjoying her power, releasing a little fluid to the floor drain to bring relief... then adding more saline to bring distress, Maxine's many straps were released.

Remaining catheterized, Eve took the saline bag, number three, holding it high in one hand, tugging the catheter tube with the other. She used it as a leash... a very painful leash. Given a command, Maxine slowly and carefully arose from the chair and followed... exiting the room with amazingly scrupulous and careful steps. In departing, the cameras of course could not follow. And that ended the night's entertainment... for me. So I clicked off the television, rolled over and slept. It was late, Eve so many times draining then refilling in a long night of torment, Maxine's pleas so pitiful... with Eve insisting that in doing something for her, final relief would be granted.

So Maxine narrates, explaining that she was led to her closet bedroom. There Eve assured the tubing remained unraveled as Maxine laid on her thin mattress. A duplicate stanchion in wait, the saline bag was hooked up. Then the exit tube of the catheter was connected to a collection vessel. Hands free, Eve quickly returned Maxine to bondage, releasing the valve on the saline, assuring the exit tube was closed off.

'One more fill, Maxine,' Eve taunted as she slipped the latex hood over her page boy and aligned the opening for nose and mouth. As the head harness was being secured in place, Maxine begged anew, feeling once again the power of her nurse... bladder filling and filling.

'Well maybe then you can do something for me,' Eve suggested again.

'Whatever! Please Miss Eve, please. I'm going to burst.'

'You won't. I'm too good at this. But you'll do it, then. I have my own needs, Maxine. One of which is to thoroughly establish that I am in charge and you'll do for me whatever I want. I like having little white girly boys under my thumb.'

'Yes, Miss Eve... yes.'

Then my feminized husband offered speculation, the details easily imagined. He heard the rustle of clothing, felt the mattress slightly jostle. Then came warm smoothness grazing his restrained head, moist flesh greeting his mouth.

'We'll go together, Maxine. I'll release... then offer you release. The difference is your bladder

will drain to a receptacle... mine into your mouth and tummy. You've been tasting samples of me over the past few weeks, toilet paper not needed. Now you can feast... and feel the thrill of my power... and my mercy... in doing something as simple as flicking open this tiny valve.'

"So," I chide, Maxine faltering in not completing the evening's events.

I reach forth, fingers gathering up the incredibly elongated left nipple, reddened by the constricting blue ribbon tied about the base. First I toy, then I squeeze. When I begin to twist, bringing pain. Maxine resumes.

"I... ah... drank from her."

"She urinated in your mouth... and you took it in... all."

"Yes, Miss Taylor."

"Very humiliating... very demeaning... drinking from a woman... a young woman. And how was her taste?"

"It was... well... I've tasted her before."

"Did you enjoy it, subjugating yourself like that? Feeling her hand working the tube... feeling a woman's control so deep in your tummy?"

Tears form, the deluge of hormones bringing confusion. He... she... so much wants to admit it... that serving in such a degrading manner brings a warped thrill... supplanting that left behind when his little balls were excised.

With the sadness... her realization... I decide to let her stew in her thoughts.

"Begin your housework. I have a date tonight, so at 5:00 p.m. I'll need you to help me prepare. An accountant with a nice big dick... one that fully functions."

Maxine turns, I playfully slap her cheeks, ruminating on the mischievous Eve, lowering Maxine's self esteem one more step.

I sit before my make up table donning only a loose robe. Having freshly showered, my maid Maxine works, doing my hair after offering a very credible manicure. For the pedicure she knelt and I intentionally parted my knees, letting the folds open to flash the pink of a well trimmed mons. Now as I reach for things, I note her covetous glances, my breasts bringing allure. Naked as always, her little chiming bells ring, attracting attention to her male bits... my male bits.

She continues to adulate, how could she not? But such desire is now from a different perspective. She is envious of my femininity.

“I may bring Mike back...

after dinner, Maxine. He’s very virile... so I know he’ll want to fuck. They all want fuck your wife. And since you can’t do that... a girl has to more or less make herself available... to guys... well built and of size of course.”

Her face turns glum, I’m sure envisioning me and my accountant stud... otherwise known as Mike the Hammer... in some carnal embrace.

“I know what you’re thinking... what you’re imagining, Maxine. I’m always on top by the way, if that helps shape your fantasy. The guys like to watch my bobbies fling about as I ride,” bringing such delightful frustration to she made incapable of normal copulation.

I reach out to Maxine’s uncovered pubes, fingers finding the dangling pendants... plasticized testicles, ringing bells attached. I give such a little shake, smiling in hearing the sound of dainty dingling. But then comes surprise. My fingers detect a degree of tumescence! Despite having excised her balls and being daily deluged with hormones, my cherished form... offering flashes of my charms... brings arousal!

My index finger diddles the underside of the penis tip. I feel it twitch.

“Thank you Miss Taylor,” my humble maid believing I am being kind.

I am not. I am aghast! I play it cool.

“So you like being touched here, Maxine?”

“Yes, Ma’am, it feels good.”

“Do you... ah... touch yourself here?” continuing my ministrations, feeling even more slight firming.

Maxine becomes coy, her silence telling. I know she can’t jerk off, not in the masculine sense with fervent strokes resulting in an eruption of sperm. That is long gone, the masturbation nurse at the clinic making him... her... dribble into a specimen pouch to finally assure her impotence.

So what is going on?

Hair done, I withdraw my teasing fingers and stand, letting the robe fall to the chair, displaying my feminine charms in full. Maxine steps back and gapes. I smile. To her, I am a candy store, and my neutered husband will never again have any sweets.

“When your hear my car arrive from dinner, you will be at the front door. Full make up, hair groomed. You’re to curtsy. Tell Miss Eve I’ll want your little titties well suckled and tied with nice tight ribbons. And you are to wear an apron... blue to match your ribbons. I’ll not want to overly shock Mike. But remember the etiquette and protocol when greeting an alpha male, Maxine.”

Maxine begins to tremble with concern. As I dress, her look becomes one of disappointment, the source both in covering myself and being reminded of her training.

“And what is it you are to do and say? Repeat it for me.”

My charming little maid, curtsies. Then with head bowed comes the soft but ever so libidinous words.

“Good evening sir. May I suck your cock?”

I smile, such humiliation... such divine degradation.

“Very good, Maxine,” noting that my little hermaphrodite slightly chokes on the demeaning words. “But I think we need to be a little more formal since Mike has not before met you. Make it... ‘may I suck your penis, sir’.”

“May I suck your penis, sir?” Maxine repeats by rote.

“Very good.”

I finish dressing then check my cell phone, assuring I have a phone number for Dr. Gehorchen. I must better understand Maxine’s propensity to both harden and seek to attain pleasure, however slight, from a penis long made useless.

On the way into town, my BMW smoothly taking turns at a high rate of speed, I call Dr. Gehorchen on her cell phone, hopefully not disturbing. She answers on the first ring, her Teutonic accent bringing a notable firmness to her clipped greeting.

“Dr. Gehorchen, this is Taylor Phipps, owner of Maxine... the former Maximilian Von Webring.”

“Yes, the girly boy you put in lavender. I hope all is well?”

I respond lightly, no reason to bring alarm with my quandary. So we exchange small talk, and realizing she is a busy professional, come to my point more quickly than in otherwise polite conversation.

“His... her penis, Dr. Gehorchen. It tends to firm a little when she... well... idolizes me... dressing me after my shower. And when I questioned her further, learned that she toys with it... attaining some form of gratification.”

“Male gratification,” Dr. Gehorchen incensed, her response coming across with annoyance.

“Well, it’s not uncommon. The penis will shrink over time such that a partial erection will not even be noticeable... probably not even a full erection, though with the castrated male that becomes not only physically difficult, but mentally and emotionally something the altered psyche just won’t care to achieve.

“But you say she’s touching herself! That’s impermissible. That can counter all the psychological counseling... bring back vestiges of male behavior. She’s well supervised?”

“Oh yes. Strapped in tightly at night. I have a very strict nurse supervise her most of the day. But in tending to household chores, one cannot monitor at all times... laundry, cooking and cleaning.”

“I understand. She sneaks in some strokes here and there. You use your girly boy a little more actively than most. Others are both cuffed and caged when not used for... ah... oral servitude... or whatever. But why not bring her back to the clinic. There is an outpatient procedure I can perform... no charge. We tend to want satisfied clients at the clinic.”

Yes, I think but do not say... happy mothers who have wanted daughters... obedient daughters.

“Is it... ah... involved... the procedure?”

“Not for us... a little snip, some sutures. In a week your Maxine will be fine... and her fingers won’t be tempted to distraction... free to perform for you...”

Could not be more traumatic than an orchidectomy... self induced or done otherwise, I mull.

“If you’d like I can send the truck, Miss Phipps... box her up and have her delivered to us. But we’d need to charge for that.”

The thought of once again curling Maxine into a ball and placing her in dark, enclosed isolation bring again those twinges. And very daunting for her if she knew not where she was going and why. But I quickly decide otherwise. If the procedure is that quick and simple I’ll drive her to the clinic... though the notion of permitting her to be outside her little world of housekeeping at the Phipps Estate is somewhat vexing.

“What would be a good day and time, doctor?”

“Wednesday. 11:00 a.m. We recommend that the ultimate woman in charge observe the procedure and participate in assuring the girly boy is aware of the consequences for... ah... indiscretions.”

“Participate?”

“Dr. Rosen will explain while we’re prepping her.”

Dinner with an accountant, as always, is quiet. Something in learning to work with numbers which prompts the diminution of verbal skills.

Anyway, restaurant owner and good friend Yvette, knowing of my concupiscence, sits us at a table for two, side by side. Backs to the wall, we can observe all... patrons and staff. Yet more importantly know who is observing us... and when.

So as I finish my entre, Mike still working on his, my hand strays... to his lap... slipping under his napkin.

I want there to be no doubt as to my intentions, hand gently rubbing, assuring that Mike's attention will be drawn from ordering dessert. Coffee maybe... but no focus on much else except me... and my nimble fingers... for now.

Net worth in the eight figures... I can be bold... I can be blunt... I can be down right vulgar... and who's to comment... who's to object?

My evening goals are many... some simple, some... well... thought provoking. The simplest, getting my date's face away from the food... as succulent as is Yvette's fare. Then to my car... I always drive... it's a control thing. Then to get past a zipper which... as my fingers fumble about... seems to be welded closed.

I'll for sure get that python snake out of its hole for the drive home. For that I dampen my road prowess, taking the many curves slowly... bringing my date to a raging erection.

Then will come Maxine and her greeting. The accounting profession is staid... and I suppose by intent. Who would want to entrust their numbers and their livelihood to a long haired, pierced and tattooed rock star? So how do I explain him... her?... how do I bring comfort such that what I perceive to be one of the highlights of the evening will indeed transpire?

No success on the zipper. Still I feel my bull stud harden, his lips clenching to suppress a smile. I in turn must suppress mine. It is then that my prevenient friend Yvette steps to our table, no doubt noting my missing hand, fully aware of my hijinks.

"Espresso... an after dinner drink?... on me," professionally unctuous as is her trade. "And how is your husband Max... ah... Maxine, Taylor?"

Any other woman would be distraught, the mention of a husband and his name uttered while on a date. But for me, the timing is perfect.

Bless you Yvette.

"He's fine," my error deliberate. "Ah... she's fine. Back to the clinic on Wednesday, though. Just an outpatient thing on this visit. Needs a little behavior modification and I'm told there is a procedure that will help," my tone objective and forthright, as though speaking of having his hair cut.

"She'll... he'll... serve you well, I'm sure," Yvette delightfully continuing the gender obfuscation.

"Sambuca, Yvette... two," so much joy in ordering for the otherwise macho male.

She steps away, giving a signal to the waiter that drinks are on her. Meanwhile, the exchange finally brings Mike to push aside his food.

“You’re married?”

“Of course. You don’t think I do any cooking and cleaning do you?” my tone flippant.

“He... ah... doesn’t mind... that... ah... you?..”

“Fuck other guys? Of course not. He’s no longer capable of doing it... so he readily cedes the husbandly deed to those who can... those that I choose.”

I give one final squeeze with my teasing hand then abruptly withdraw, sending the message... ‘you’re joining or objecting?’.

More silence, Mike’s taciturnity finally broken by Sambuca, two glasses on the rocks.

“I’m sure even a prim accountant explores the internet from time to time, Mike. The pejorative for me is ‘hot wife’. And for Max... ah... Maxine,” intentionally letting it slip again, “he’s my cuck.”

Have I got him? Hate to waste a Friday night on some prude. Penis size aside, it does no good remaining in his pants.

“So you call him Maxine?”

It’s not the question. It’s the manner in which it is poised... not at all derogatory or judgmental but truly and pleasantly inquisitive... as if wanting to be let in on a very amusing yet risqué secret.

I have him!

So I explain... for the most part... some details concerning my nude girly boy husband excluded... other details... let’s say a little stretched. But overall, the guise is that Maximilian Von Webring... now Maxine... has gender identity issues. And that such are to be nurtured not confronted.

“He wants me to be happy... very much enjoys it when I’m pleased... by other... ah... men,” deciding that my predilection for bisexuality is a little too much to go into on one evening.

So it’s out. A bottle of wine... the Sambuca... bring the serenity of alcohol. Plus, I must believe that men who spend day in and day out in such solemn professions as accounting are given to frolicking from time to time. The question is how?.. and how much?

“Come. Let’s meet Maxine. I’ll have an Uber car bring you back here later... much later?” I teasingly inquire, my hand again slipping under the napkin to offer one more squeeze, the penis beneath firming even more.

Is envisioning Maxine bringing arousal?

Halfway back to the Phipps Estate, I pull over on a lonely stretch of road. Whereas I've been fingering Mike's crouch for most of the ride, it's time to go for pay dirt.

"This zipper seems to be locked," I quip, taking the car out of gear to lean and better endeavor.

Brazenly, I work with two hands, holding the top of his slacks just under the buckle with one hand, the other gripping the tab and tugging with fervor. Deed finally completed I am rewarded when a monstrous manhood springs forth.

"Naughty, naughty, Mikey," I tease, noting that he objects not. "I'm not sure Maxine can take all of this," again warming him to the evening's entertainment.

"Your husband... ah... likes sucking cock?"

"I don't know. It does not matter what he likes. He does what I tell him to do. If that means I want him to suck cock, then he sucks cock. And he's trained to do so politely... and gently."

I sense apprehension... but I also sense this need to frolic... as I have speculated amongst the somber men of serious professions. After all, they were all boys at one time.

"He's going to ask you, Mike. So don't be alarmed. I make him do that. I've had him trained to do that. But do save the ultimate for your friend Taylor," I humourously inject, framing the deed as business as usual at the Phipps Estate.

Leaving his erection to waggle about, any frustration in the incomplete hand job mitigated by alcohol and thoughts of getting his penis sucked, I withdraw my hand, lean upright, and slip the car back into gear.

Do I sense eagerness?

Having implanted thoughts to which there seem to be a degree of acceptance, now is the time to once again rev up the beemer and get home, maid Maxine I am sure waiting in anticipation

She'll be wearing the blue apron I have permitted, matching her nipple ribbons, and be grateful for the covering, however modest.

Yes, no complete nudity tonight. With hours spent coaxing accountant Mike into this tryst, I'd not want my bull stud to be put off by something as passe as a set of little encapsulated balls tingling for a woman's amusement.

To the pretentious estate entrance, the long drive to the mansion offers opportunity to announce my arrival, ala Pamela Harrison and her obnoxious Corvette. Difficult in a \$90,000 luxury car engineered for comfort and grace, but still I squeal the tires enough for Maxine to hear and prepare herself to properly greet my house guest. And sure enough, in pulling under the porte cochere, the entrance comes to life with illumination.

"Do you want me to zip you up Michael? It will be fun to see if husband Maxine still remembers

how a zipper works,” laughing lightly.

My quip comes as I reach to pop Mike’s semi hard penis back into its hole. He smiles and zips himself up. I am heartened that there comes no hesitation or sign of reluctance as I exit the car.

At the restaurant, I did explain that I have my husband serve me in a complete state of deshabelle, timing that disclosure as Mike gunned down a sizable swig of Sambuca. Well it is now that I will learn if he fully comprehended how a woman of my ilk most enjoys the servitude of the beta male.

So up the steps, I cannot express my glee when the heavy double doors open. There to greet us is my prettified husband Maxine, in full make up, blue tittie ribbons, maid’s cap, heels and the very tiny, flimsy blue apron bringing enough modesty to conceal those plasticized testicles.

Still, as Maxine does her curtsy, the little bells chime, not so much announcing her neutering to the unsuspecting Mike, but certainly making her mindful of her status... no longer a fully functioning male.

“Good evening sir,” head bowed, left knee dipping, right foot drawn back, hands pushed out to the sides to unfurl the hem of an imaginary skirt not worn.

Maxine knows to maintain the humble pose until acknowledged. And I decide to let her stew, demonstrating to my date... somewhat startled despite my forewarning... that I am in total control, Maxine’s obeisance absolute.

Or is it?

“And how are you to greet an alpha male, Maxine?” my voice calm but stern, looking directly at Mike to ascertain his reaction.

There comes a wonderful pause, the blushing of Maxine’s nakedness revealing the intensity of the humiliation. Mike stares in disbelief. But it is a pleasant disbelief... a child opening up an unexpected gift. So I wait. Finally, her throat clears, the ingrained query coming.

“May I suck your penis, sir?”

Again, eyes on Mike, I note the lips slowly upturn. A smile... but it is a devilish smile. I have him! Yet he’ll not be fellated here in the foyer. I intercede.

“Some port, Maxine. Bring it to the bedroom. You can suck Mr. Mike’s penis later.”

Maxine knows to right herself and glumly head to the kitchen, head remaining bowed. I immediately step into the silence to counter the stunning effect of the introduction.

“She’ll clean you up. She’s trained. Don’t think of it in terms of a homoerotic encounter, Mike. Maxine is... well... think of her as genderless... and quite skilled by the way,” taking my stud by the hand and leading to the stairway. “What happens at the Phipps Estate, stays at the Phipps

Estate, Mike.”

We lie naked in the glow of unbridled, seemingly endless copulation. I smile inwardly having learned accountant Mike has a bit of kinky streak. For during our fervent coupling... riding Mike both cowgirl and reverse cowgirl... my pretty maid Maxine remained in the bedroom, standing in the corner, face to the wall. There she listened to the sultry moans, sighs, grunts and groans but was commanded not to look, face pressed to the wall. And there came not a word of objection from my lover, accountant Mike!

And to think while fucking I've had men uncomfortable in having a dog in the room!

Such wondrous frustration for Maxine, listening as her wife reveled in the deep penetration I so much demand and enjoy.

And adding to my enlightenment involving Mike's sexual peccadilloes... I do believe in occasionally peering at Maxine's bare backside, the soft girlish globes brought to my bull stud an added degree of stimulation.

Very curious. I must put this to the test, push Mike's limits.

“Maxine, come. More port.”

My command stirs Mike. Lying exposed, that once rock hard ten inches remaining semi firm, crimson and dripping with the combined essences of our coupling, he's a little shy. But for no reason... and that I will show him.

My maid turns, appearing somewhat gleeful that her interval of contrasting boredom and smoldering ire has finally ended. Plus, she always enjoys adulating my nakedness. What better time for her to laud my charms then after a man... a real man... has feasted where she can no longer.

Maxine retrieves the bottle, little bells chiming as she approaches. My hand reaches for my glass, arm languorously extending. To tease, add to the internal seething, my free hand tenderly grasps my lover's well worn manhood, remaining hot from the friction, toying as Maxine pours. Such a look of quiet desperation, no longer able to fulfill her wife's carnal needs.

“She'll clean you, Mike,” I remind. “More fun than a shower... though that's readily available as well.”

My glass replenished, I point to Mike's.

“No more for me,” he declines, eyes roving to glare at Maxine's apron covered pubes and ribbon tied titties.

I note that he has not outright objected to an oral cleansing, his mind possibly in a typical male

quandary over homophobia. Or it could be the bells, continuing to peel with every slight motion.

“Maxine, turn, bend and spread for Mike,” again my words soft but firm.

My maid slowly obeys, knowing to avoid the cane, offering Mike a close up and very salacious view of cheeks so nicely effeminate.

“I usually keep her plugged... anally. But not tonight. I want her to be presentable for you,” further chipping away at Mike’s sexual inhibitions. “And available,” such a salacious hint.

I smile, letting the suggestive image percolate, quickly adding in not being overly brash....

“In general, she’s cleansed and well lubricated there every morning. It’s important for her mindset... that she’s been opened by a woman and prepared for use. It deflates the self esteem... the male pride thing,” I explain with noted insouciance.

Buttocks posed within inches of Mike’s inquisitive eyes, as the thighs part, the chiming bells hooked to the dangling encased testicles come into view, freely swinging about. My balls are not plainly exhibited, the angle veiling full exhibition.

I smile anew, waiting for Mike to ask. Ready to explain that my husband’s emasculation goes beyond coifed hair, make up and heels. Will such awareness bring revulsion? Can he take it... mentally?... emotionally?

Alas, he inquires not. But I am heartened when a hand reaches out and my bull stud first smooths his fingers over cheeks plumped by months of female hormones then playfully pinches.

“I’ll skip the shower... for now. But there is a little sloppiness which needs attention,” Mike’s words firmly uttered... and directed at maid Maxine.

With the thrill, I stifle a giggle. Progress!

“You heard the man, Maxine. And I could use a little attention as well.”

“You’ve been well trained, Maxine. Finally able to put all the time spent at the clinic to good use.”

Maid Maxine saunters to the kitchen table, coffee pot in hand. As she pours another morning cup I reach and whisk away the silly blue apron. I detect a bashful look of glee... suppressed... but the joy found in being completely naked before me is being ingrained.

Accountant Mike arose early and departed, the Uber car quite timely and proficient. I am sure both the light of morning and the sobriety of a new day brought a degree of sheepishness... having not only fucked another man’s wife while he/she was present but later having the cuckold cleanse his penis. True sexual urge or alcohol induced?

That question will be answered when another date is proposed.

I do believe there was envy in watching Maxine orally serve me. So accomplished, the clinic spent months perfecting Maxine's tongue work. She delved, savoring all, ridding my quim of much essence, Maxine's efforts adding to the evening's countless orgasms.

I suppose such highlights the limits of male sexuality, Mike erupting twice and requiring much respite in between. Well spent, he could only watch, holding my hand as Maxine brought me to climax after climax.

That brings my thoughts back to Maxine... silent Maxine. I must in turn elicit her thoughts. Attentive in her kitchen duties, I want to assure the process of eliminating self esteem and male pride continues.

"I know the clinic training involved fellatio, Maxine. Every boy undergoing transformation must learn. But unlike the girly boys there, Mike's penis was fully functioning, virile. You licked him until he got hard again. Did you enjoy that?"

"No Miss Taylor."

"It got so stiff for you... and you did not appreciate having a real man in your mouth? So big... so hot... so potent. Then why did you do it?"

"Because... well... you... ah... told me to."

"And you do everything I say."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why?" forcing him to confront his emotional needs... that of firm feminine guidance.

"Because... I... ah..."

My maid begins to emote. Last night was a little overwhelming. And there was not much rest... for her. I fell asleep lying naked with her head wedged between my thighs, her tongue and lips working away. Such a wonderfully sensual way to slumber, my hand holding that of well worn lover Mike as my cuckolded husband and sissy maid feasted on a cream pie.

"Because you love and adore me, Maxine," answering for her. "I treated you last night. Not only were you freed of your bondage but I let you adulate... all of me. You not only cherished my nakedness but I let you taste me... and my lover. Would you like to do that again?"

Maxine is befuddled, once again overwhelmed in contrasting thoughts. Finally permitted access to my charms... in full... but a second serving ... a real man offered first dibs.

I gesture... come hither. Maxine shyly steps to my side, knowing to place her hands to the back of her head, present herself to me, feet parted. She knows I like tweaking those long nipples,

playing with her little penis... and of course the plasticized balls... my balls. My index finger diddles the underside of a comically shriveled phallus.

“Would you prefer not to wear an apron, Maxine? Show my male guests that there is more to your transformation than coifed hair, plumped buttocks and make up?” shaking the pendants to bring delightful ringing.

“Please no, Miss Taylor.”

“Mike seemed intrigued when I explained how I am having you opened. He squeezed your buttocks. How did that feel? Did that excite you? A man’s touch?”

More silence as Maxine closes her eyes in shame, her reaction serving as a reply. It did!

“You need a lover, Maxine. And I’m not a woman of greed. I shared you with Pamela Harrison,” reminding of her initial anal sodomy outside of clinic training. “Suppose I have a man take you. It’s been a while since you’ve felt a hard cock... yours no longer able to stiffen... at least not in a manner to do a woman any good.”

Ah, the irony... Maxine’s impotence leading to this latent desire to once again sense male virility... and she will... and in time she will come to covet it.

Eve enters, distracting from the conversation. When Maxine turns her head, noting her presence, I am heartened to see her begin to tremble. Eve’s aura of discipline, instant correction for the slightest transgression, brings fear. It is inspiring to think that though the slim young woman of color weighs not much more than 100 pounds, she can bring such a humbling reaction.

“Eve, Maxine had a long night. No housework today. I’ll give her this Sunday off. So bathe her, have her nipples suckled for an hour or more, plug her with a bigger insertion and bed her. Nice and tight for my girly boy. And of course don’t, forget her injection.”

With that I reach and pinch her cheek, knowing that the dark, silent and motionless isolation will bring thoughts. Reflections on how to serve me... to make me happy... to best present herself and to serve my lovers in any manner I desire. Maid Maxine will be eager to be free... and eager to serve.

“You’ll serve me breakfast tomorrow,” knowing that 24 hours in sensory deprivation will further addle the mind.

It’s Wednesday. Maxine serves breakfast. I remind of our appointment at the clinic. My maid remains silent, but her glum look is telling.

“Just a little procedure to help you, Maxine. There will be less distractions for you... more focus on serving me and making me happy.”

I'd like to think that notion cheers her. But the many weeks of training at the harsh facility... for boys who want to be girls... has etched into her a mind the dread of unending bondage and solitude. I keep her similarly bound of course. But there is a difference... at daybreak she is released to serve... to be in my presence. In the mind of Maxine, I am the revered royal master, my beneficence so much cherished. She not only wants to be under my command... she enjoys it. At the clinic, the many Segufix straps restrained her in complete immobility for day after day after day.

So sensing reluctance, I decide Eve will accompany us. There will be no shenanigans while in the presence of she who canes so efficiently, so promptly... and of course so thoroughly.

"Eve, you'll join us. Ensure my little girl is quiet and obedient."

"She'll need covering, Miss Phipps," Eve aware that Maxine has not stepped out of the house since being released from the clinic's confining delivery box.

"No. I want her stripped naked. Nothing. But bring a blanket to throw over her in case of an unexpected encounter."

I look to see goose bumps, little hillocks on the otherwise smooth hairless flesh of my maid. She blushes. Amusing how something as simple as forced exhibition can bring a demented thrill to my hormone laden serving girl.

The morning meal completed, I return to my bedroom, dress, then descend the stairs.

Eve, adorned in her white uniform, stands at the door, folded blanket under one arm, the hand of her free arm grasping Maxine's to lend emotional support. She is without a stitch... no cap, no apron to bring a scintilla modesty... not even heels. Only her pretty blue nipple ribbons bring covering... if such can be so described.

"Please, Miss Taylor, something to wear."

Such unnecessary concern. With Eve in her uniform, Maxine's nudity... ostensibly spurred by mental issues... is easily explained.

"No," rejecting the plea pleasantly but firmly.

Out the door, down the stone steps, my BMW awaits. I direct the duo... care giver and patient... to the back seat.

"Thighs parted, Maxine. Display yourself for me like a good girl," the degradation constant.

Engine started, down the long drive, when I stop to negotiate entering the main road, I turn to see Maxine fidgeting in apprehension, her level of concern not alleviated by the morning injection of chlordiazepoxide.

She knows not what is to happen to her... and I am not aware of the details as well. But she does

know she will once again greet the imposing Dr. Gehorchen... nude, vulnerable and completely under strict feminine supervision.

“Eve, play with his penis. It calms the male psyche... what’s left of it,” I direct.

I pause, letting more traffic pass, peering over my shoulder to see the slender black fingers begin to diddle, Eve not at all shy in handling the male appendage. The bells chime, bringing an added element of humiliation.

“It’s so tiny... so soft... so limp,” Eve proclaims with rare glee.

“See if you can make it hard for him... ah... her. I’ve read where erection is possible despite his castration... though rather useless.”

Proper ambiance established for the hour car ride, I accelerate, the BMW so gracefully merging into the fast paced traffic of the country road.

I smile inwardly, Maxine’s silence noted, letting Eve toy without a word of objection. When I stop at a traffic light, the rear view mirror reveals that the fingers of Eve’s free hand tenderly squeeze and tug my girly boy’s elongated nipples in milking motion as well... a new erogenous zone. Maxine’s concerns have somewhat been abrogated, Eve proclaiming...

“She’s hard... I think.”

The clinic is somewhat secluded on a well wooded tract... rather disappointing in moderating the intensity of exposure to she without clothing... and without balls... intact balls. So I park well away from the entrance, bringing the need to walk a good distance to the building entrance. Though easily traversed, such emotional challenge it will bring to my shy and dainty husband.

I exit first, opening the rear door. As Maxine steps from the back seat, I extend my hand. She of course grasps it in need. As Eve slips out of the car behind her, I surveil. The long ribbon tied nipples point like pencils... much gentle manipulation. And sure enough, Eve has managed the near impossible. Maxine’s little penis juts forth like someone pointing with their pinky finger.

So cute!

Eve knows to take Maxine’s free hand and as we cross the parking lot two things come to light. I can feel Maxine trembling... and I see that her little standing penis wavers not. The terror of the exposure and potential humiliation of being seen without a stitch of clothing, encapsulated testicles ringing, brings arousal. And I must wonder... would Maxine prefer to hasten the short journey... or walk more slowly, increasing the possibility of being shown off?

Dr. Rosen greets us in the reception area, I presume spotting our little parade in the parking lot.

“Welcome back, Miss Phipps.”

I introduce Eve. As an inspiring nurse, Dr. Rosen arranges a tour of the facility as a staff member takes my tumescent husband and leads her away.

“A little talk first... while Maxine is being prepped,” Dr. Rosen explains as I hear my husband’s high pitched pleas not to be left alone.

So sad.

“Come to my office. You’ll rejoin Maxine later while she’s being... ah... incised.”

Dr. Rosen leads, I follow. Into a well appointed office, she directs to a large comfortable chair and sits at her desk as I seat myself.

“Maxine was stiff. Barely noticeable... but erect all the same.”

I nod, smiling coyly.

“So you approve?” interpreting my look as acceptance.

“Only for the drive here. It calmed her. Otherwise, if she does achieve erection, it is not with my knowledge... and certainly not with my permission.”

“Good. Many weeks of counseling, much psychological input... that she is no longer a man... and not to emulate any masculine tendencies. It is paramount that not be reversed. Such could lead to obstinance... and lack of obedience. So it’s good that you’ve agreed to the procedure. I assure you, after today, erections will initially be something she’ll want to avoid... and in time something she’ll care less about showing off... unless you’ll want her showing off.

“How does Maxine serve you, Miss Phipps?”

I explain Maxine’s adoration for me... her servitude as maid... Eve’s strict tutelage... the nightly bondage... the assistance with my grooming... and finally that I am having her opened... and in introducing her to the savory cream pies, my intent is to have her become an abject and willing sexual servant... to all genders.

“Excellent,” Dr. Rosen proclaims with genuine enthusiasm, reaching to a drawer. “But in allowing her to view your charms... after your morning shower for instance... or while preparing you for bed... the visual input could be... well... a little more than what we would recommend a governing woman should allow.”

She places on the desk a mass of black fabric then begins to unfold. Oddly shaped, it appears to be head gear for a turn-of- the-century pilot, goggles without covering for the eyes.

“Basically this is a garment to encircle the head. It is used to greatly constrict vision.”

Dr. Rosen holds up before me. It indeed resembles a party mask, except about the openings for the eyes there are prominent blinders... similar to that worn by horses to prevent distraction.

“Worn while serving you, this will greatly constrict the peripheral vision, not only bringing focus to her chores... no straying glances... but assuring you will only be showing her what you want her to see... and when you want to her to see it. We’ve found that psychologically it very much adds an element of control. The need to constantly turn the head fosters a deeper sense of subjugation. Which I am sure by now you understand is de rigeur for establishing an aura of total feminine power.”

Her words bring to mind the antics of Saturday night when I commanded Maxine to face the wall in the corner of my bedroom, forcing her to listen as her wife reveled in the deep penetration of a well endowed bull stud.

Dr. Rosen pauses, the fingers of her free hand pushing the right blinder then the left to the nose section of the garment. Such adhere, patches of velcro making it possible to instantly bring total blindness to the bearer.

“Made sightless... should you so choose,” her smile so wickedly charming.

“Available in... ah... more... delicate colors?” the pitch black not at all stylish.

“Of course. I understand. Black is a little too... ah... gothic. We have many colors. I must assume you’d like blue.”

I nod, my inquisitive look seeming to seek an explanation, I am sure. She knows I seek a reply.

“I could not help noticing the nipple ribbons, Miss Phipps. The shade is easily matched. And I must comment... you certainly approach Maxine’s feminization with... ah... should I say unfettered glee.”

I chuckle. Perhaps one could interpret it as a snicker... even a sinister laugh. Yet it matters not. I am with a woman of like persuasion.

“And about the breasts, Miss Phipps... if those nicely stretched glands can be so termed. Have you considered having Maxine let down for you? It would certainly cultivate her needs... to please... to provide... to offer you her very essence. You’d be in a position to take from her at your whim... or subject her to a regular milking schedule.”

Wow! The noted psychiatrist has me! I had never considered imbuing such... forced lactation!

“Is that possible?” my query genuine despite the astonishment.

“Of course. I read in her file that the prolactin injections are continuing. You’ve apparently been stimulating her nipples. And that leaves a third step. After I explain today’s scheduled modification, let’s talk about the pituitary gland... and how with a little injection... and the continued suckling which you have begun... you will have your Maxine expressing for you like a dairy cow.”

Intrigued, I sit back in my chair, my arms rising, hands gesturing.

Tell me more.

Poor Maxine. Once again in the clinic medical room, she's well secured to the gynecological chair... legs, arms, wrists and ankles tightly strapped... thighs well parted. For the planned procedure her little pendants... my balls... have temporarily been removed. A calm, cool and confident Dr. Gehorchen stands nearby, arranging implements on a tray.

Eve, having toured the facility, observes, her look of fascination telling. There are other nurses present, I gather more for the entertainment factor than needed for the medical procedure.

"So your little girl has been playing with herself, tsk, tsk," the doctor's somber Teutonic accent adding a degree of drama... high dudgeon.

I nod, the notion of any former patient of the clinic placing his/her own pleasure over that of her master considered a serious breach... abrogating the many, many weeks of training.

"Formerly we would recommend a full penectomy... a rather draconian solution... but thorough and effective... nothing remaining with which to play," the doctor snickering. "And partial penectomies were a possibility. But the time and cost to assure orderly bladder relief thereafter was prohibitive... and not always completely effective... though some owners relished the idea of keeping their girly boys forever in diapers."

The doctor pauses, her gloved hand holding up an electrical device appearing to be an electric toothbrush.

"But now... with this... a laser scalpel... some very precise, quick and easy surgery can be performed on an outpatient basis. Dr. Rosen explained?"

I nod, having spent nearly an hour in her office. The concept of degloving... partial degloving... explained as a thoughtful solution to the problem.

"And you've declined any anesthesia... as recommended?"

"Of course. I agree with the Dr. Rosen. When a woman has her boy... ah... girl... altered, it is best to make the process both painful and memorable," going to great lengths to assure for Maxine's ears that my tone of voice is insouciant and uncaring.

Again, poor Maxine, squirming against her bonds in abject fright. I am not sure all the terms have registered, the chlordiazepoxide and deluge of hormones affecting her reasoning, but essentially the epidermis of the penis tip... the hypersensitive underside where the male attains some 80% of his sexual pleasure... is about to be removed... forever tempering any desire to play and stroke. And added to the duress which the quick removal will bring, until the remaining skin rejuvenates... regrows and stretches... erection, however slight will be painful... if not physically impossible to achieve.

My little naked maid stiffened for the last time, ironically walking through the clinic parking lot, his useless manhood akin to a condemned convict on the way to execution.

I feel those feminine twinges just thinking about it!

Dr. Gehorchen presses a button on the device, moving to position herself between the spread thighs. Her left hand goes to the penis... so tiny... so helpless... so well exposed... pinches the top of the tip and flips the cute appendage upwards. There comes a hum. The device hand nears. Then comes a howl, transforming to a girlish squeal as the doctor works with the exacting detail of a dentist.

Within moments it ends. The doctor returns to the tray, giving up the scalpel and retrieving what appears to be a small stapler.

“Don’t use sutures any more,” she explains. “Surgical staples... which in a few days will dissolve. No need to return for a follow up visit.”

She returns to the wounded penis and click, click, click, it ends, the doctor stepping back, glowing in the self satisfaction of forever ending male normal pleasure.

“Feel nice and tight, Maxine? Feel like someone is squeezing your little peepee?” the doctor’s tone surprisingly mocking.

As my glum little maid nods, a nurse steps forth, dabbing away the tears.

“And now for a quick injection. I understand you want your girl to let down for you,” the doctor returning to the tray.

A special drug to moderate the function of the pituitary gland. Though Maxine has been deluged with prolactin for months, the injection will serve to slow the pituitary function, foster the production of natural prolactin and make her liver and other organs receptive to that which will encourage the development of lactate.

Maxine’s elongated nipples will no longer be useless. Instead becoming a source of great amusement... for me... and humiliation for her... just as deep within she desires.

Dr. Gehorchen nods. A nurse steps behind the gynecological chair, cradling Maxine’s head, then gently pressing forward. With no direction required from Dr. Gehorchen, I must wonder how many times... how many little girly boys... have had this injection. For in a well coordinated effort, the nurse’s hand pushes aside her hair, exposes the back of Maxine’s neck, and Dr. Gehorchen steps forth, instantly applying a swab of alcohol and jabbing a hypodermic needle into the base of her head.

Before Maxine can cry out with the stab of sharp pain, the nurse releases her head and Dr. Gehorchen retreats.

“We recommend an hour or more of suckling twice per day. Dr. Rosen spoke to you about our

the equipment we recommend?”

I nod.

“Good. Then keep us informed of his... ah... her production and flow rate. Sometimes a second injection is required.”

A nurse steps between Maxine’s spread thighs, baubles with attached little bells in hand. As she carefully returns my balls, avoiding the wounded penis to thread through the piercings in Maxine’s empty sac, the doctor’s hand reaches to Maxine’s chest. Gloved fingers gather then close over the left nipple to gently squeeze, then slowly draw to the tip in a milking motion. I am both amazed and gratified when, despite the trauma, the knowing touch spurs the smile of a happy little girl.

As Dr. Rosen explained, in time my little maid will develop new erogenous zones. Such appears to already be manifesting.

Also telling is the triumphant look on the face of an otherwise dour Dr. Gehorchen. Such self satisfying work!

I languish in bed, now taking my time to arise in the morning. With Maxine’s twice per day milkings, the household schedule has changed, two hours of suckling before breakfast is prepared, two hours before bed, significantly exceeding the one hour recommended.

I want my girl letting down for me!

So knowing coffee, bacon and eggs will come later, I reach for the television remote. No morning talk show for me. I am best entertained by clicking to the closed circuit cameras in the well equipped spare bedroom converted to preparation room for Maxine.

The television alights. There strapped tummy down to the short whipping bench kneels my little girly boy. Caning has been suspended... pain tends to inhibit the flow of lactate... one is reminded of contented cows. Instead my Nurse Eve works, untying the breast ribbons and happily smiling as she attaches clear plastic suction cones to the stretched male glands.

Newly acquired is a goat milking machine, recommended by Dr. Rosen in explaining the need for suckling. The considerable intervals of required constant attention exceeds the stamina in most people’s hands. Thus, with the procurement at reasonable cost, the machine will relentlessly suction the male breasts. And with the prolactin and modifying injection to the pituitary gland, Maxine will soon be letting down for me. At some point, hopefully upon demand... not strapped down and attached to a machine.

Such will come.

Cones in place, Eve, strolls to the machine and flips a switch. Though the sound is turned down,

mentally I can hear the rhythmical whoosh then swish... whoosh then swish... as air sucks then releases... sucks then releases.

Ah... for my naked maid the engulfing emotions such must entreat... being made to succumb to a machine. And sure enough, when I click to another camera to view... a close up of Maxine's prettified face... there comes onto the screen this look of nirvana... one of willing surrender... of not only being bested... but willing to be bested by a presiding woman.

While being suckled, Eve proceeds with morning ablutions. The penis, now healed, is aligned. With a command the bladder opens, emptying to a waiting basin. Then comes a complete body shave... probably no longer necessary with a castrate deluged with female hormones... but again such a sense of vulnerability as the razor is whisked about by a woman's hand. There follows an enema... a sponge bath.

Then I find it is prostate day, Eve tending to the vestige of maleness on a biweekly schedule.

Yes, enema expelled, all foulness hosed away to a convenient drain, a smiling Eve works to first lubricate her hands... gloves now cast aside in desiring to make the deed very personal... and for her, kinkily sensuous. She then plies abundant unguent to the gluteal cleft. Maxine squirms... in embarrassment?... in joy? I suspect the latter.

Such overwhelming input for Maxine... and such thrill in watching. For Eve begins to work the anus... one finger... two... three. In, out, in, out, she assures the forcibly stretched sphincter is made pliable, many weeks of enlarging anal insertions bringing suppleness.

Warmed, well opened, I am heartened when the slim fingers and petite hand press inward. The thumb is folded to the palm to minimize the size of the impaling hand, but still impressive is Maxine's acceptance.

I must turn up the sound at this point, hoping I can hear more than the hum, whoosh and swish of the goat milking machine.

I listen, learning of the emotional bond which is forming... has formed... care giver and my girly boy, my emasculated husband now having such special needs...

"You're so open here, Maxine. You're taking my entire hand," Eve exclaims with mocked surprise. "I think they call this being fisted. How does it feel to lie so meekly and have to take whatever I decide to push into you?" the Haitian accent so charming.

With the words I note the hand slowly presses in and out, in and out. Cleverly, Eve is impaling my girly boy in rhythm with the milking machine. And in augmenting the humiliation, barely heard are his/her testicle bells, my pendants flopping about between well spread thighs.

Nothing yet flows to the clear suction cones, but when I again switch cameras, my wry mind finding fascination with the slim black hand penetrating plumped white buttocks, I see a thin string of viscous fluid ooze to the tiling. Prostatic fluid... the denied male needs more than one manner of milking.

“Please stop, Miss Eve,” the soft high pitched voice of my cuckolded husband beseeches.

“But you need this, Maxine. As much as your nipples need milking, your little prostate needs attention as well. Good little girls don’t sloppily secrete.”

Such a treasure is Eve, fisting away without compunction. She has not so much stepped into her role, but is flourishing in it. And as I watch her slim boyish figure, the skirt of her nurse’s uniform now conveniently short and readily raised for both cunnilingus and other demanded relief, my own need for attention arises.

I find allure. The sinewy physique is curiously appealing, seeming to be a welcomed change from the muscled, well breasted forms of other lovers like Pamela Harrison. There is quirkiness in my attraction... my mind fantasizing making love to a boy.

I think I shall have her.

Maxine serves breakfast. It may be my imagination... probably the discoloration after some two hours on the goat milking machine... but her nipples seem to have lengthened a full inch with the pretty blue ribbons assuring the nubs remain crimson. Her testicle bells chime as she moves about... impaled with a stout anal plug and in complete nakedness of course... and she now wears the constricting head garment recommended by Dr. Rosen.

A lovely shade of matching blue, it detracts not from her page boy hair styling.

It indeed gives rise to frustration, Maxine having to constantly turn her head about to focus on every simple chore. And I amuse myself, reaching up as she pours a second cup of coffee to fold the left blinder over her eye, demonstrating to myself both the ease and quickness by which a woman’s hand can bring the helplessness of being without sight. This mandates further need for Maxine to slow her efforts and more carefully reach, pour and move about sighted in only one eye.

Eve stands near the kitchen door, a whippy length of rattan in her hand. She has found that an occasional correcting tap to the buttocks assures obeisance... and that Maxine is always aware of who is in charge... and who is to serve in obedient silence.

Her trembling is cloaked by motion... but she trembles all the same.

“Eve, join me. Maxine can make you something... toast, bacon and eggs, pancakes?”

Having the mindset of an employee... I have not before cared to bring familiarity. But it is time, Eve being one of us, to begin eroding the strict hierarchy at the Phipps Estate.

“Are you sure...”

“Sit, Eve,” interrupting, my voice friendly but firm. “I’d like to talk.”

She approaches. I take the cane from her, laying it in plain sight on the table, Maxine to know of its threat.

I signal, my struggling maid knowing to respond with silverware, cup and saucer. She pours another coffee with deliberation. When finished, I playfully reach up and fold in place the right blinder making her completely sightless.

“Step back and remain in place, Maxine. Don’t move about with that hot pot of coffee.”

Left foot then right carefully slide back, the nearly full pot encumbering any sudden motion. I smile as Eve looks on, seeming to glow in seeing a woman so aptly bring instant control to the beta male.

“Eve, let’s test Dr. Gehorchen’s little modification, shall we? Play with his... her... penis. You made her nice and firm in the car last week.”

Eve needs no second invitation, knowing that with the partial degloving the penile flesh remains very tight, the epidermis not yet full rejuvenating. Thus any manipulation... however gentle and slight... will bring pain. She therefore relishes the suggestion. Which brings me to the subject matter I wish to discuss. So as Maxine must remain motionless and endure the unwanted attention... the male normally reveling in such... I broach the subject.

“So your father and your brothers were given to punish you, Eve... so you told me.”

“Yes, Miss Phipps. They were... ah... harsh with me.”

“And boy friends... they were... ah... kind to you?”

With my quest I reach forth, placing my hand over the slim but so nicely empowering hand of she who fisted with such focused joy. Eve pauses in thought, apparently my question not to be easily answered.

“There have... well... no boy friends... my brothers... ah... did not...”

“No boys in your life... other than those who tormented you?” interrupting again.

Eve’s look turns to glumness followed by a shrug of c’est la vie.

“A boy can be useful to be with... but probably better... to own,” adding a little feminine dominant humor.

I lean, my left hand going to Eve’s head, drawing her face to me. She accepts my kiss... more than accepts my kiss. After our lips finally part, my hand lowers gently grazing over her uniform covered breasts.

“Why not take off your clothes, Eve? It’s just us girls here. And I want to see you.”

She smiles, coyly... a good sign. Better, she stands... she strips. She disrobes with ease and comfort. Of course she wears no undergarments, always ready to receive the attention of Maxine's tongue and lips, prepared to raise her skirt, straddle our maid's face and empty herself at a whim.

Uniform casually tossed aside, she poses for me, presenting her sublime lithe coal black form. Yes, boyish indeed, the breasts limited but perfect, slim but muscled thighs.

I push back my chair, opening my robe. She gazes, her smile turning sultry. I gesture, my arms opening. She knows to step forth straddle my thighs as if about to offer Maxine her elixir and sits.

I hug, we embrace, breasts to breasts. She leans, she kisses, such sweetness. My hands go to her buttocks, wonderfully firm and well shaped globes. Her arms go to the back of my neck, returning my hug with surprising vigor.

"You're commanding... with boys. A Pitt Bull. But you're such a huggable kitten with me."

She nods, pressing her mons against mine. I feel her moisture, she's dripping.

"I want you more... and I'll want you naked. I like naked young girls. And you're aware that Maxine cannot function. There will be no harassment at the Phipps Estate... sexual or otherwise... not from any males. And any decision to use the cane here will always be yours... never anyone else's."

"Thank you, Miss Phipps. I feel... well... safe here. But more than safe, I feel... fulfilled."

"Like to invite one of your brothers for a visit would you?" sensing the girl's lifelong quest for revenge finally manifesting.

She nods and smiles.

"But perhaps some time at the clinic first," Eve suggests, obviously enthralled with the institution's regimen.

I chuckle, gently pushing her nakedness from my lap, noting her look of disappointment.

"Shall we strap away Maxine for the day. Or perhaps you'd like to have her join us in my bedroom," the words instantly ending the disappointment.

"You should know that her toilet duties have expanded, Miss Phipps. I've been meaning to tell you that Maxine can now be made lick anywhere to avoid a caning."

Made to lick? Or so much wants to lick?

Yes, Maxine knows of the delights of analingus has learned that his/her pleasure is now only to be sensed vicariously. My poor husband!

Yes, without ego... without vanity... all dignity forcibly removed... he/she can now so readily free herself of all emotional restraints and fulfill her role... servitude unfettered by such silly notions as male pride.

I feel those twinges thinking about it.

“I’ll need to find that out for myself,” standing to remove the coffee pot from the blinded Maxine.

“He... ah... she seems not to object,” Eve’s impish smile suggesting her words understate. “Not any more.”

With that I reach and offer a rare squeeze to the reddened right nipple of my transformed husband. Despite the lengthy morning session on the goat milking machine, a jet of lactate is expressed. Though sore, Maxine smiles, my tender touch so domineering... and so welcomed.

My bedroom beckons... as does a leisurely matinee with Eve... her nakedness so compelling.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

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