

HAVE & HOLD



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Have and Hold
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Smashwords Edition

BEATRICE:

*No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet
me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and
say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to
heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver.*

Much Ado About Nothing - William Shakespeare, 1598

Addiction is a primary, chronic disease of brain reward, motivation, memory and related circuitry. Dysfunction in these circuits leads to characteristic biological, psychological, social and spiritual manifestations. This is reflected in an individual pathologically pursuing reward and/or relief by substance use and other behaviours.

Neuroscience of Internet Pornography Addiction, 2015

Part 1 - Fetish Husband

Moments Alone

A quick glance from the window into the street. A twitch of the curtains to set them straight, and then a retreat into his own special world. Heart beating fast, a nervous step across the bedroom and Simon was flipping open the laptop and logging in.

It was always like this, a furtive excitement, a helpless obsession that had to be fulfilled no matter what the risk... Of course, the risk of discovery was low, but the consequences were endless. As the screen came to life, Simon waited impatiently before the browser was open. The window into his furtive world, the entrance into a few solitary moments of gratification. Hastily he stripped every shred of his clothing, kicking his shoes under the bed, trousers and T shirt in a crumpled heap. The muffled sound of a car door slamming in the street outside caused him to jump and peep once more from the slit between the closed curtains to witness the neighbours unpacking bags of groceries from the trunk of their car.

He watched a moment, as if to be sure that their banal activities were the cause of his panic and then breathed a sigh of relief.

There was no way that Edith would be back hours early from the visit to her mother, but the possibility had shaken him. Back to the screen, the fatal log-in, the checkerboard pattern of the various snippets of film, Simon's cock already standing straight, awaiting attention.

First things first!

A delicate pair of knickers. Satin and lace, carefully chosen and given to Edith nearly a year ago in anticipation of his little fetish. He stepped into them and pulled them high, feeling the lace scratch at the inside of his thighs, the cool material enclosing his hanging balls, his erection standing from the waistband. His head was in a whirl as he glanced at the screen of the laptop perched on the bed and decided that today was going to be a singular day.

A risky day...

The bathrobe on the back of the door was the façade that could be grabbed at a moment's notice. Slung on to cover the shame in a trice should the front door open and Edith call to him from the hallway... Once the stockings were on, there could be no quick disguise, it would take valuable seconds.

Almost without volition, his hand reached for the diaphanous stockings and pulled them through his palms.

Soft and lacy.

The seams a wrinkled line that crinkled them as he sat by the motionless screen and gathered the soft nylon and pulled them on.

Now, Simon's breathing was hard, a rasping effort as he carefully rolled the delicate wisps up his legs and enjoyed the feeling of enclosure.

Carefully, carefully...

Two thoughts enraptured him.

The first was the recollection of Edith.

The second the feeling of smoothness over hairy legs.

Just a week ago, she had worn them for him, a rare occasion that had brought tears to his eyes. Unwashed, still bearing the hint of her skin as a perfume that rose to his nostrils as he arranged the double borders on his thighs. If only she had worn the shoes...

The ones that he had given her just a month ago.

"Too slack," she had said.

But then there was a good reason that the high heeled stilettos had not fitted. Good that she had not realised why! They fitted him, not her... Tight and gripping his foot as he slipped them onto his feet. Toes narrowed in the rounded uppers, heels lifted high, Simon stood and wobbled to admire the effect in the mirror. His eyes did not see the rough masculine hair that curled under the nylon, the poor fit of the knickers that were too slack for his narrow hips, the clash of black stilettos with the white of the stockings.

What he saw was only what he wanted to see.

A transformation of man into a slut, a creation that was uniquely his own. A sexual dream that caused heart to thump and hands to shake as they lowered to take the rampant cock and massage it ever so gently. Tempting, so tempting to go another step, but the exhilaration of risk and emotion overcame his ability to hold back. Hands massaged, the laptop with its offer of canned dreams lay open and unseen, it was just hands and the small moan that slipped from pursed lips.

Further and further; each time a more intimate and precarious experience.

There was no longer much need for the film clip, no longer any requirement for anything but the roiling thoughts in his head. Long strokes and short ones. Control was so difficult when it was all so real, when the fantasy in his head drove his hands, when he was so close to climax.

The dream had no storyline, no plot or outline, it was just a vague knowledge that he was a slut that needed to be punished, humiliated for what he was. A paradox,

punishing himself for the actions that he could not help himself from acting out.

A gasp, a clenching of thighs, a thrust of hips and his hands moved to catch the outcome.

It had all been so real, but now panic took over as reality replaced his vague imagined dream. Two steps in those painful stilettos and he kicked them off. Three more to the en-suite bathroom to clean up and it was over. The stockings folded once more in the drawer, the knickers carefully placed at the bottom of the stack whence they had come, and the shoes parked in the rack next to the others as if they had never been moved.

Laptop lid flicked closed with the film still open. Frozen at the kneeling maid that was the basis of his personal fantasy.

Jeans once more on and curtains opened.

Down there in the street, his neighbours had returned for the last of the shopping and were struggling with a torn supermarket bag. Had it all been so quick?

Just a few minutes that had been longed and hoped for three days since the last time? Five minutes of pure gratification already fading fast as Simon turned to eye the room carefully and make sure that all was just as it had been when he had arrived.

The laptop in his hand, Simon shook his head and resumed his ordinary life.

A Moment Of Dialog

"I really just love this place. Intimate and the coffee is the best!"

"I knew that you'd like it," said Edith's mother with a dismissive wave of the hand. "What's more, the gateau is to die for..."

"Slow death by chocolate," laughed Edith. "If we come here too often, I'll have to go on a diet!"

Vivian smiled and paused her spoon over the soft cake that awaited the first bite.

"It's worth it, baby. Eat today and diet tomorrow..."

The spoon lifted and Edith watched her mother slip the chocolate cake between her red lips and relish the warm rich taste with an expression that was almost mock relish.

"Really, I can't eat this," laughed Edith. "I told you not to order me a slice. It'll be salad for a week now."

"Nonsense, dear. I'm paying, so eat it all up and enjoy every bite."

Edith shrugged.

"You are treating me like a little girl, Mamma," she said, taking the first bite. "Next it will be 'eat your greens or you won't grow up big and strong'!"

"Well, if a mother cannot treat her daughter to a simple slice of cake, what is the world coming to?"

Edith did not answer. The chocolate melted, the delicate sponge dissolved, and she felt a sense of comfort as she cast aside her concern for her diet.

"Live for now, baby, that's what I've learned in the last years... be what you want to be!"

Edith nodded.

Ever since her divorce, Edith's mother had been singing the same song.

"Do what you want to do, make the most of it, enjoy every moment..."

Though Edith so agreed with the principle of that hedonistic philosophy her mother espoused, there never seemed time to make it happen for herself. Always there was real life standing between that tempting ideal and the everyday experience of making a living. Bills to be paid, hours to be worked, meetings to go to and compromises to be made.

“I’ll let you in on a little secret, dear,” said Vivian with a sly smile. “If you are ready to hear it!”

With the chocolate cake melting in her mouth, Edith nodded again to prompt her mother to add more of her clichéd teachings as she always did.

“I am looking for a new lover...”

Edith nearly choked on the cake and her expression of shock prompted her mother to laugh at her surprise.

“That’s right,” she said. “Jerry is history; I’m finished with him...”

“But, you said...”

“I know, I know. He was the one and all that, but that was last week and now is now.”

Not that she had ever met any of her mother’s boyfriends, but Jerry had lasted a year and Edith had really thought that he would last forever. It looked as though the cougar that was her mother was on the prowl again. Just like in the first few years after the divorce!

“I needed more than he could give, he’s just an idle so-and-so,” smiled Vivian with a smirk. “Men are such an unsatisfying lot when it comes down to it! What started as a silly little argument became really quite testing and he failed to keep me amused!”

“Mamma, you just have no give and take! There has to be compromise, how else can it work?”

“Ooh, listen to *who* is preaching now!” said Vivian after polishing off the cake and self-consciously touching the corners of her mouth to ensure that no chocolate had been missed. “I know what I want, that’s the real problem...”

“Well, so do I,” said the daughter. “But, that doesn’t mean that I can’t find the middle ground with Simon. You, on the other hand, you want it all...”

“And I want it now!” broke in Edith’s mother with a short chuckle. “That’s what I mean by living for the moment, dear. I’ve always said that Simon was far too self-sufficient for you, you need someone who will care for you properly.”

“He does, Mamma! Well, mostly anyway. That’s what I mean about compromise and flexibility. I have to give a little to get what I want from the marriage.”

“You get that? So, why are you *always* so defensive, baby? I really just want you to have the best that you can, and Simon is *not* it!”

Edith shrugged.

“There you go again, Mamma. He’s a good husband... I have no complaints. No risk of him having an affair, tidy and loving, what more could I ask for?”

Vivian pulled an expression that indicated disbelief in her daughter’s assertions.

“OK then, let’s explore,” she said. “How can you be sure that your idle husband, Simon is not having an affair? *You* earn all the money and I want to know what he does all day on his own! When the cat’s away, the mice will play...”

“I just know, Mamma. That’s all, I just know...”

“So, you’re checking up on him? That’s a good sign! A wife has to know all those little secrets.”

Edith sighed theatrically.

From the very start it had been clear that her mother did not like the man that she had married, now she was starting to sound like a broken record. Not that any of her mother’s complaints bothered her much. It just seemed Vivian was looking for reasons to nudge her daughter to suspicion.

“No, I’m *not* checking up on him, I just happen to know that Simon is not playing around,” she asserted and then mentally kicked herself for saying too much. “I am sure, that’s all...”

Vivian tapped her finger on the table.

“So, how do you *know*?” she asked slyly. “If you’re not keeping tabs on him?”

“Just because my father was sleeping around, does not mean that all men are the same,” said Edith. “Don’t assume that what happened to you has to happen to everyone!”

“That hurt!” said Edith’s mother with a simulated look of wounded pride. “Uncalled for!”

“Well, it’s true,” said Edith. “Simon is not one to cheat...”

“And you *know* this?”

It was bottled up, waiting to get out, the personal secret that she had held for so long. Edith just could not help herself!

“I do know it, Mamma. There’s no way that Simon is having an affair... I don’t want to talk about it!”

There!

It almost slipped out, but she had been at the brink. All it required was the key to turn in the lock and the door would be open and she would be a laughing- stock and her mother would never let her forget it...

“So, tell Mamma! It’s good to talk!”

“No it isn’t,” started Edith, but the urge to spill her secret was too much, she had to tell! “You will just laugh at me!”

“It helps to speak someone and who better than me? What’s the problem?”

Edith sat back and played with the chocolaty spoon on the empty plate before she could reply. Her mother waited patiently with a serious expression and the daughter felt cornered and unable to escape the revelation.

"It started a couple of years ago," said Edith. "Maybe more, but it was a couple of years ago that I noticed it."

Vivian did not press her daughter but leaned forward a little to add a touch of confidentiality, to encourage Edith to talk. Clearly there was something on her daughter's mind and she had no intention of spoiling the revelation and letting it escape her.

"He is wearing my clothes! When I'm not there of course!" said Edith with a blush.

Vivian bit back an urge to chuckle and managed to keep a straight face.

"No wonder that you believe that he can't be having an affair..."

"You agree with me?"

"How can I agree when you haven't told me everything that you know?"

"I have!"

"So *how* do you know that he's a cross-dresser? What gave it away?"

"There are traces... you know, hairs in my stockings, the shoes that I've never worn have creases. Other signs ... you know! His Internet browsing. He bought a pair of stilettos a size too big for me... All that and more..."

"I see," said Vivian allowing a small smirk to cross her features for a moment before getting back to a look of concern. "So, what have you done about it?"

"Left it well alone," answered Edith. "If it's what he needs, then..."

"Well, it just goes to prove what I knew all along," said Vivian.

"What's that?"

"That your attitude of live-and-let-live does not work. Simon is spending all his energy on a fetish and you just shrug your shoulders! It's like he has another lover in his head!"

"That's not true," retorted Edith. "It's a harmless little fetish, Mamma, that's all it is! He'll grow out of it, I know he will! Anyway, I really just don't know how to deal with it. Play along, ignore or put a stop to it."

"Why on earth would you want Simon to grow out of it?" said Vivian in a disdainful tone. "It's the ticket to contentment, knowing what a hubby's little secret is!"

"And how's *that* the case?" answered Edith blushing as she retorted.

"Do I have to spell it out for you, baby?" answered her mother. "Suddenly I approve of that husband of yours! That's the start, because it means that you have the one thing that every woman wants! That I want, if the truth be told."

“Which is?”

“A means of control!”

“Mamma, don’t go messing in my marriage!”

“No, you just refuse to see it, that’s all. Why not just play along with it, as you suggested?”

“Mamma, it would feel ridiculous. Why on earth would I want to encourage him cross-dressing?”

Vivian laughed and tapped a finger on the table.

“Because it would be a compromise, that’s why. You can trade his little fetish for what you want. Just think of all the things that you want to do in the bedroom and he won’t play along!”

Edith blushed, but perhaps there was something in what her mother said?

“Go on,” said Edith.

“You get Simon in a corner and trade off...”

Edith imagined stalking her husband around the bedroom and started to giggle.

“Help him dress up and he will do whatever you want,” said Vivian with a smirk. “Especially since he will be so embarrassed all dressed up.”

“But, what if he doesn’t?”

“You need to be forceful about it,” said Vivian. “tell him how he has deceived you and get in a temper and he will be like putty in your hands. Threaten him that you will tell me...”

“Oh my God,” said Edith with a shocked expression. “Simon would be terrified if he thought that *you* knew.”

“See, it’s so easy when you think about it! There are so many possibilities, all you need to do is to move to the next level.”

“I’ll think about it...”

“Well, be quick or I will do it for you!”

“No you won’t, Mamma. I’ll do it and see what happens...”

“Good, just make sure that you do!”

Discovery

Stress!

Stress at work, stress with her mother's interfering ways. Now she would never hear the end of it. Edith poured herself another glass of wine and found that Simon was watching and raising an eyebrow at her finishing the bottle all on her own.

"Problems at work?" he asked.

"Endless," she said as she pulled a face. "The new regulations, the results, the bottom line and then there's the fact that it looks like we are about to be bought out..."

"Drinking all that wine will not help your temper..."

The lecturing tone rubbed Edith raw. All she wanted was to come home from work and relax, have a glass or three of wine and forget her cares and here he was, preaching at her like a priest.

Or a husband! Couldn't he understand that she needed some space?

"Sorry," he added quickly when he saw the irritated emotions play over her pretty face. "If you want a drink and don't want to talk about it then perhaps, we should just watch a film instead?"

"Instead?" she added.

"It's Friday night!"

"I don't feel like it," she said as she tried to avoid the Friday night bedroom visit. Her mother's words echoed in her head as they had all week.

"Fine," he answered, but there was a definite look of disappointment.

"It's not fine," said Edith as she lifted the glass high and drained it. "I'm stressed, that's all. No reason not to have a little fun..."

Could she do it? It was now or never.

Simon did not know what to say, so he stood and started to clear the table.

"When you're done, we'll go upstairs..." she said. "Fucking is good for the soul!"

He blushed and Edith discovered a small secret pleasure in the argument that had come from nowhere.

"Clear it all up, darling and come upstairs..."

Simon nodded and patiently scraped the plates into the bin before opening the dishwasher as Edith stood and placed her glass on the table.

“Give me five,” she said and stalked from the room as if the bedroom was the last place that she wanted to be.

“Five or ten,” he mumbled to her back as the kitchen door slammed.

For the last month it had been like this! One argument after the other! A complete lack of sex that would have left Simon high and dry if it had not been for his secret little moments alone. Now it looked as though the corner had been turned and he discovered himself hoping that the wait had been worth it. Time to get ready meant that she would dress for it and the thought was pure excitement. Wearing what he had worn, dressing for him and wearing those high heels. Demanding and impatient, just the way that he liked it!

Simon glanced at the clock and took his time filling the machine and tidying up. No point in going upstairs too early! It would spoil the effect, though of course he could not wait too long. Now, that would really piss her off!

He closed the dishwasher, ran a cloth over the surfaces and table and then gathered two fresh glasses and a chilled bottle from the fridge. Edith loved it when he thought of everything... Balancing a tray in his hands, he mounted the stairs, feeling an erection the like of which, he had not experienced for months. A need, a throbbing craving that could scarcely contain itself. The bedroom door opened and Edith stood there waiting at the top of the stairs. Stockings barely over her knees, the delicate panties stretched tight over her pussy, bare breasted and looking down with a look of impatience that almost caused him to stumble.

“You want me drunk?” she said looking at the glasses and bottle on the tray in his hands.

“I just thought,” he murmured...

“I’m waiting!”

Now he could see the shoes that she was wearing, and his cock stiffened to the point of bursting. Not a pair that he had ever seen before! Criss cross lacing, pointed steel heels. Dare he mention them? The look on her face was so humourless that he choked back his comment of praise and she turned back to the bedroom.

He dared not!

When Simon entered the bedroom, his wife was sitting cross-legged on the edge of the bed, her hand resting on a pile of clothes by her side. His gaze caught the nylon and lace and he looked into her face questioningly.

“Like?” she asked with a small smile.

Simon nodded and made to place the tray on the bedside cabinet.

Edith wagged a finger at him and chuckled.

“First a little heart-to-heart,” she said as she forced a smile. The moment had arrived.

His erection faltered.

“About?”

“Sex!”

“Oh! What about it?”

“First, get undressed...”

He looked at the tray and then enquiringly at her.

“Balance it on one hand,” she laughed. “Then I’ll have another glass!”

Simon balance the tray on outstretched fingers and used the other hand to unbutton his shirt. It seemed to him that Edith was enjoying the little show and he did his best to manage. Slipping the shirt from one shoulder and then swapping hands and off the other. Somehow the whole scene was becoming exhilarating and Simon slipped his belt before allowing his pants to drop to the floor. The most difficult were the boxers that resisted his efforts and he almost dropped the tray. During the little show that his wife was enforcing, she watched with a small smile before extending her hand to take the full glass that he managed to pour.

“Well done,” she smiled. “You can have yours when I have said my piece!”

Naked and with his cock standing pointing hard, he stood patiently while she sipped her wine and savoured the moment.

“We need to get things straight,” she said. “Something that I need to know.”

“Sorry?”

Her free hand fluttered down to the small pile of dessous by her side and then she looked up at his blushing face.

“This,” she replied. “I want to know what the meaning of this is!”

“I don’t understand,” he replied in confusion, but his face was blushing and his erection fading as she smiled up at him.

“Oh dear, do you *really* want me to explain?”

“If you mean...”

“All I want is an explanation, Simon. That’s all, and I think that I deserve one, don’t you?”

“It’s nothing!”

“Oh, but it *is* something, Simon! We really should not have any secrets between us. That would be so wrong.”

“I won’t do it again,” he mumbled and started to place the tray down.

“No, you don’t! Stand up straight and tell me all about what happens when I am away...”

“Please!”

“I’ll decide,” she said.

“Please don’t do this!”

“Do what?”

“Make me! You know... confess!” he stuttered. “I’m not a child.”

“Darling, while I am paying all the bills, I have the *right* to be awkward!”

There it was again, even though it was true. Edith called the shots, she always did...

Edith stood up and took the tray from his shaking hands. The flush of pink was almost to his chest, embarrassment, humiliation and shame in a single pink blush as Simon’s mouth moved silently, mouthing words that he could not say.

“Well, if you won’t tell me, then you’ll show me!”

His mouth opened, but it was dry and no words came.

“I’ll give you five,” she smirked. “Or perhaps ten!”

Edith left him standing and he heard her going down the stairs. Each step the click of a heel on the hard wood of each stair. He dared to turn to watch, but the door was half closed.

What to do?

His eyes turned back to the small pile of clothes on the coverlet. The stockings, the knickers and the half-hidden shoes parked under the bed. The moment that he had dreaded, the moment that he had worked so hard to avoid.

How had she known?

What was she going to do?

Laugh aloud at him, humiliate him?

Now he could hear her move into the kitchen and knew that he had to face up to the reality of the situation. He stooped and picked up the knickers. Smooth satin, rough lace in red and gold. The stockings, no longer hidden in the drawer. White and patterned, the black shoes that he had bought for her... And him!

Dare he?

And if he didn’t?

A tear was caught in the corner of his eye and he wiped it away with the back of his hand. How had she known? How long had she known? Just the last month? Since the first day? Humiliation and self-pity...

He dressed. There seemed no escape.

What else could he do but face up to his demons and pray that she would not laugh. Pray that she would not make a fool of him and the inner compulsion that drove him. He stood, facing the mirror and a realisation swept his mind as it had never done before. The hair on his legs, dark scratches under the white of the perfect stockings. The red knickers, clashing with the white of the lacy stockings looking appalling with his flaccid cock and balls pulling the satin. The black shoes, ill-fitting and awkward next to the white of the lace.

No allure, the dream was gone, and he simply looked foolish!

Now he could see it, now that there was no pulse pushing his cock between the waistband and his belly. A transvestite that could never pass as female, a poor fool consumed by the impossible, a man in a woman's clothes looking for all the world like a badly-dressed hooker! A travesty.

The fantasy was revealed as just that: a fantasy!

In the kitchen, Edith stood leaning on the table. Almost breathless with the effort of confronting her husband. But, there was a thrill as well, the thrill of seeing him almost beg her, the thrill of the domination as he was shamed and humiliated. She moved her feet in her new shoes and felt in command.

Five minutes was all she would give him, she decided. Then she wondered what would happen if he refused to play the game? Was she strong enough to force him? Edith put the worry to one side. If he did not, then she would simply ban him from his games, if he did, then she would see how far it would all go.

The five minutes was up and she headed for the bedroom with her heart in her mouth. It was important that she did not laugh at Simon, she had to take it seriously...

Simon pushed his thumbs into the waistband of the knickers and started to push, just as Edith walked into the bedroom.

"Nice," she said as she took in the husband revealed in all his glory.

"I can't do this," he mumbled and started to slip the knickers to his thighs.

"Why not?"

Simon stopped, frozen and Edith strolled around him. After a single lap her hand came out and pressed a finger under his chin.

"I like it," she said. "It makes you so delicious!"

"You mean that?"

"I said it, didn't I," said Edith, "Do you think that I would say that I liked it if I didn't?"

"I thought..."

"Don't think, Simon. "Just get on the bed and lie face up!"

Awkwardly, he pulled the knickers up again and crawled onto the bed. There he lay, blushing furiously and cupping his hands over his erection. Edith had a humourless look on her face and her tone was hard.

“Since you are trying to be a woman, then I will have to take that into account...”

She mounted the bed and moved to kneel over her husband, forcing him to look up at her as she frowned down at him.

“We can start with a little teasing first,” she said and then let’s see what my cross-dressing hubby can do for me.”

She brushed away his hands and parted the lips of her pussy. A small touch and Edith realised that she was wet like never before. She would drown him, even though he hated it, make him hers...”

He looked up at her and recognised what was about to happen. There was nothing that he could do to prevent her as she shuffled forward. If he gave just a hint of unwillingness, they could never do this again.

He knew that instinctively.

Now or never.

Good Advice

"I told you so!"

"Mamma, don't be so condescending!" said Edith with a pout. "I really shouldn't be telling you all this."

"But, you will, dear. You will, because I was right..."

"OK, you were right, but that doesn't mean that you have to know all of the details!"

"So, tell me!"

"Simon looked a sight, no doubt about it. We made love and that's it!"

Vivian raised an eyebrow and smirked.

"I'll bet it was good for you..."

Edith nodded and shuffled in her seat. It had been good, and strange beyond belief! Being fucked by a man in stockings and heels had turned her on like never before. Her husband had been so awkward at first, but for the first time in years she had climaxed hard and it had been great! She almost shuddered to recall the way that she had forced herself on his face and the impulse to have him kiss her ass that she had resisted! That would come later!

But, then she had mounted him.

Kneeled over him and enclosed him, taken him in and felt his excitement, his surrender to her.

"It was..." said Edith to her mother.

"And?"

"And what?"

"Again? Are you going to do it again?"

Edith knew that she would, but that would give her mother just too much satisfaction.

"Perhaps," she said, noncommittally.

"Take him shopping," said Vivian. "Pick some bits and pieces up for him and show him that you love it!"

"I'm not sure..."

"Too embarrassed?"

"It would be strange and anyway..."

"Well let me do it, then!"

"Mamma, you really can't mean that?"

"I have the time and exceptionally good taste!"

"It would humiliate Simon so much! I mean, this is bedroom stuff and he would be mortified that you know about his little fetish!"

"That's the idea, baby," laughed Vivian. "Please let me help you get him on the right track, baby!"

Her mother smiled.

"Dress him up all the time and he will be yours!"

"You are loving this all a bit too much, Mamma," said Edith. "There is no way..."

Vivian shrugged.

"I just want to help!"

"Just because you are bored and have no boyfriend to tie around your finger at the moment does not mean that Simon is fair game," said Edith. "I'm not sure if I want to make this a full-time thing."

"If you don't try, then it will become boring!"

"This is not *your* game, Mamma. I'll promise to keep you up-to-date, but only if you leave well alone!"

"Then send him out on his own to buy some clothes, then," said Vivian. "See how he manages!"

"Perhaps."

"No, promise me! Don't let this slip through your fingers, you know that it will do you good. There's nothing like a bit of kink to get a hot-blooded woman gratified."

"You are goading me for your own amusement," said Edith.

"Not at all," came the reply. "I was right the first time, now trust me and follow up on the advantage that you have gained! You need to think of your own pleasure, it will make him a much better husband... More loving..."

"I would be far too embarrassed to go along shopping with him."

"Then, let me! I will take him to that shop where Carol works and get him fully kitted out!"

"He would die of embarrassment and shame," said Edith. "Anyway, I haven't told Carol yet and I'm not sure if I want to. She would never let me live it down!"

"Oh, come on, Edith!" said Vivian. "Tell her, she's your best friend after all. I'll bet that she would love to help."

“If I do this, then that’s it,” said Edith with an embarrassed giggle.

“Tell me when, and I will take Simon on a shopping trip that he will never forget!”

“Why do I allow you to talk me into these things?” asked Edith.

“Because you know that it’ll be fun, that’s why. Because you are secretly thrilled by the control and because you know that I am right!”

The Makeover

The assistant smirked, but managed to turn it into a cheery, "A perfect choice," as she turned away and straightened the display. Carol smiled to herself as she realised that Simon recognised her. Now he was blushing and trying to get away.

"For Edith?" she asked him. "Don't worry, I won't spoil the secret!"

Simon held the stockings in his hand and nodded, but Vivian chuckled and shook her head, but said nothing.

Vivian was all made up and dressed in furs and designer heels and Simon was in jeans and a leather jacket.

"I need a pair of heels as well," said the older woman.

"Size seven for Edith?" asked Carol. "Or are they for you?"

The assistant looked down at the tiny feet of the woman who had made the request.

"Since all of this is for Simon, an eight or nine would be better!"

Simon shuddered and Carol made a small depreciatory move with her hand.

"Loads of the men that come here are buying for themselves," said Carol. "You'd be surprised."

"Size seven and stiletto heels, possibly platforms..."

"Of course, Ma'am," said Carol with a smirk. "Please follow me..."

Carol was laughing at him, but now that he was here, he had to go through with the charade.

They passed the other shoppers and found themselves in the shoe department. Boots and shoes, sandals and slip-ons, on all the blocks on the tables.

"We are looking for something sexy," announced Vivian. "Heels a mile high and matching the stockings..."

The assistant led them deep into the department and waved her hand at the displays of shoes.

"Perhaps from the designer selections?" she asked.

"Perfect, we will have a browse... I'll call if I need you."

A feeling of relief as the young woman moved away, even though she stopped to observe from a distance. Vivian ignored her and started picking through the shoes on

offer. Simon watched her and the blush started again. An hour, they had spent an hour in the shop so far and he was humiliated beyond words.

Edith!

She had told her mother about him and he was so mortified. Not just that, but Vivian had turned up unannounced and blackmailed him into coming into the centre of town to the shop that she had chosen for his humiliation. Worse, it seemed that Carol was in on the joke and that made it even worse. In his hands were several pairs of stockings, a basque and several metres of pink ribbon. His hands shook as he watched his mother-in-law browse the shoes with comments that heightened his shame.

"These are soooo high," she cooed as she held them up for his inspection. "They match the rest of the get-up so well, you will look so cute and girly! I can't wait to see!"

Simon almost collapsed at her words!

Did she really want to see him dressed in all of this?"

Vivian turned to him and placed the shoes on the floor.

"Pass me the stockings and let's see if they fit."

He looked down at the heels and a curious emotion filled him. Was this not what he had longed for? To be dressed and perfect? How was it that the moment when he got what he so deeply wanted was so terrible?

The shoes were bright pink like the stockings in their cellophane packets, like the basque draping from its hanger in his hand. Curved heels, high platforms, ankle straps with little bells attached all around. He had dreamed of this moment, but now that it was here, he could not deliver!

"You would not want me to have to tell my daughter that you got all difficult, would you?" she said in a stern tone as she took the packets in his hands and made a gesture down at the shoes. "I will make sure that *everybody* knows what a pervert you are if you don't do as you are told! Edith may be soft on you, but, rest assured, I won't be!"

Simon felt a knot in his stomach and took off his loafers as slowly as he could.

In the corner of his eye he could see the smirking friend of his wife watching and gloating over his embarrassment. It took a minute for him to be standing in his socks, but the delay did not seem to bother Vivian, who was revelling in his shame. He slipped his foot into the shoe and it slid in deep.

"They fit," he announced as she slipped his foot free and bent to put his shoes back on.

"Not until you walk in them, boy," said Vivian in a steely tone. "Put them on properly and show me..."

He looked at her stern expression and then cast a glance at the pottering assistant at the edge of his field of view. It seemed that she had moved closer and he tried to argue.

"They fit," he said again. "Please don't do this..."

"I told you to put them on," said Vivian with a triumphant leer. "Do you want me to call the assistant over to help you?"

Simon shook his head.

"Then do as I say!"

He slipped his foot into the shoe and bent to add the ankle strap. His foot was pressed deep into the shoe and the bells tinkled as he pulled the buckle tight. The second was so much harder. He tottered as he stooped and almost fell and it was Vivian who did the strap up after sighing and kneeling to close the buckle.

"A good fit," said the assistant.

Simon nearly fell over when her voice came from by his side and he turned his head to see the broad smile on her face.

"They match everything so well," laughed Carol. "Perhaps you could try them all on in one of our changing rooms?"

Vivian smiled.

"Intimate apparel?"

"If *you* are buying, then there's no problem!" said the young woman. "I run the department, so you can return them if Edith thinks that they are unsuitable for him!"

"She will love them," said Vivian.

"This way please..."

Simon was glad that the changing booths were not at the other end of the shop as he followed the fur-clad Vivian and her smirking accomplice. They entered the entrance to reveal a set of narrow doors that were arranged in a circle.

"This one is fine," said the assistant.

"Thanks so much for your help," said Vivian.

"If you need further assistance..."

"That would be so kind!"

Simon found himself in the small room and the assistant followed them in and closed the door.

"OK, what are we going to try on?"

Vivian made a small movement of the hand. A casual wave, the meaning was clear. Simon reluctantly took off his T shirt. The young assistant lounged with her back to the

door, a smirk on her face. The two women in the changing booth with him were close, so close. The perfume, the aroma of femininity overwhelming.

Overpowering his desire to resist.

"He will look so pretty," she chuckled. "But, not with all that hair..."

Vivian inspected Simon and pulled at some of the hairs on his chest.

"You are right, dear, and then there are the hairy legs..."

"Perhaps Ma'am would like to book him into the salon?"

Carol was at the point of bursting out in tears of laughter at the look on her friend's husband's face. Yesterday she had booked an appointment for him and primed the girls who worked there. But, it all *had* to look as though it was decided now.

Vivian raised an eyebrow and then picked up the T shirt again.

"You are so right, dear! Salon first, try-out after!"

"Please," moaned Simon.

"Don't be silly, darling," said Vivian. "You have to look *perfect* for my daughter!"

The young woman propped against the door started to laugh.

"Ooh, let me check..."

She pulled a small phone from her pocket and pressed a couple of buttons.

"Hi, Carol from dessous here. Any spots going for a waxing?"

The sound of a woman's voice at the other end came and the assistant smiled.

"You're in luck, Ma'am. They can do it now..."

Vivian turned to Simon and passed him the shirt.

"Here put this on and take the shoes off. We'll leave them here with Carol and you can spend an hour getting yourself presentable."

Relieved, Simon slipped off the stilettos and put his loafers back on. He had dodged the bullet. Once he was alone with Vivian he would refuse to follow her plan and head straight for the door!

"It's on the sixth floor," said Carol. "I'll show you the way..."

"Thank you so much, my son-in-law really needs a lesson in manners! Say thank you to Carol!"

Simon muttered under his breath and Vivian put a finger under his chin.

"Be a good little boy and thank the kind lady," she said sternly. "Give her your card and she'll book the sale and salon for you..."

"Thanks," said the blushing man as he passed his mother-in-law his precious credit card. How could he have thought that she would pay for this?

“Properly! Do you want me to have to tell my daughter that you could not even be polite?” said Vivian as she passed the card to Carol.

“Thank you,” he said.

“Miss!”

His face blushing bright red, Simon’s voice quavered.

“Thank you, Miss.”

“There, that wasn’t so difficult was it? Now then, there’s something that you have forgotten...”

“I have?”

“My dear boy. How can the lovely Carol charge your card if you don’t give her the PIN?”

“But, it’s Edith’s card,” he said lamely. “I mean it’s mine but it’s her account!”

Vivian stopped and put her hands on her hips.

“Really? I shop here all the time, boy! So does Edith. They can be trusted...”

“I thought that you were paying,” said Simon trying another tack, even though Carol had his credit card in her hand.

“Why on earth would I be paying for *your* treat?” asked Vivian looking amazed. “Carol, what do you think?”

“If it’s all for him, then he should pay,” smirked Carol. “He is a bit of a cheeky brat!”

“There now, Simon. See what an impression that you’re making on Carol! The number please!”

Simon muttered it under his breath and his mother-in-law made him repeat it with a ‘Miss’ at the end.

“Good, that’s settled then,” said Edith with a smile. “You can be so difficult sometimes!”

“Now off we go and get you nice and ready for your wife!”

Carol led her clients to the elevator and up to the sixth floor. The scent of wax and perfume filled Simon’s nostrils as he was passed to three young women who seemed delighted to have this man in their salon.

“Forty-five minutes,” said one to Carol.

“I really can’t thank you enough,” replied Vivian with a broad smile. “Just make sure that the *only* hair left is on his head!”

The three women guided Simon to a small booth where a white sheet was drawn over a bench. The door closed and he was trapped. In moments they had him undressed and the warm, cloying perfume of the wax permeated the room.

“It’s quite the fashion, especially for men now!” said the brunette as she positioned him on the bench. “Nice and *smooth*, it is really sexy. My boyfriend has it done every week... and I just love doing it!”

Simon suddenly realised that perhaps there was no need to feel any shame at the treatment if they did not know why it was being done. He had never considered that men came to a salon like this and relaxed as he lay naked on the bench.

“All in one go,” said the brunette. “Is this the first time?”

He nodded and she started to apply the warm wet strips to his legs and torso, managing to suppress the inevitable erection as hands moved intimately over him. The smell was almost overpowering as they worked to cover him up and the fact that he was hidden helped his shame to die down.

“It’s old fashioned, but it’s the best way...”

“What is?”

“Hot wax rather than the cold wax treatment,” said one of the girls. “Just needs ten minutes to cool and then brace yourself!”

It seemed to take ages before they had covered him in the paper strips and then he was alone with a stern admonishment not to move or it would ruin the position of the strips. Simon lay and could feel his heart thumping. Why, oh why had he allowed this to happen?

Just as he was managing to relax they came back and the pain began.

Never had Simon imagined that a waxing could be such agony.

Edith had never mentioned a hint of the intense pain this it involved after her weekly session! Perhaps it was because this was the first time?

Each strip was torn from him in a second of intense torment. Each one thick with the hair that had been ripped from his skin. By far the worst were the two on his balls, but there was worse to come. Smooth as a baby, they turned him over and began on his back. Each strip carefully positioned, each one signalling its moment of agony to come. The three strips that cleft his ass, almost caused him to struggle, but he managed to lie still as they finished the preparation.

Nothing could have readied him for the intense anguish of those three strips and he yelled in surprise and shock as each was torn from his skin.

“Don’t be such a silly baby!” commented one of the three women as he yelled the third time. “Remember that the first one is the worst. After this it’s easy...”

Simon felt raw and sensitive. Every rasp of cloth as he dressed, every contact made him start. He looked at the clock. Just thirty minutes had passed since he had entered. Perhaps he could slip away and escape Vivian and Carol?

Hastily he pulled on his clothes and fled from the room, hoping against hope that his mother-in-law was not waiting for him...

Vivian was not there... It was Carol that waited for him in the entrance to the salon and Simon breathed a sigh of relief as he realised that he could escape without meeting the woman that was hell-bent on humiliating him.

"All paid for," said Carol as she handed him a bag that contained all the clothes that Vivian had picked for him.

He took the bag...

"Thank you, Miss," he said and headed for the elevator door with Carol just behind.

The doors slid open.

Simon felt a moment of release that the fur-clad Vivian was not in the cabin and then a voice behind him brought him up short.

"I'll take it from here..."

It was Edith!

A Life Of Kink

"You are braver than I thought that you were," laughed Edith as they came to where her car was parked. "I'd never have thought that you could possibly go through with something like this!"

Simon hung his head.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

She opened the door of her limo and slid into the driver's seat. Simon opened the passenger door and slid in beside her.

"Mother says that you were a good little boy and followed her advice."

It had been more than advice, he thought. More like blackmail!

"I can't wait to see what you bought," she continued as she started the car. "It will be fun to have another night with my girly hubby, though God knows what Carol thinks of it all?"

"Did you tell her?"

Edith turned to look at her husband and smiled.

"It's not a great secret is it?" she asked. "I'm sure that she'll keep it secret, though I didn't ask her to."

"I hope so," he said fervently.

"Simon! It's not as though you have a job and had to worry about dressing up," said Edith. "It's just a little game between us and now it's in the open, you can indulge yourself and so can I."

She relished the way that he cowered in the seat and could not help piling on a little pressure.

"You spent a fortune," she said sternly.

"I'm sorry..."

"And so you should be... You maxed out the credit card with all of that stuff... You were already close to the limit. What the fuck were you thinking?"

Her hand pulled the receipt from her purse and she looked at the tally.

"Let me look into the bag..."

Simon moved the bag away from her, and an annoyed expression crossed her face.

"I bought it, it's mine," she said. "Pass it over to me!"

“Please Edith, I don’t know what came over me...” he whined piteously.

“Well, I suppose that I’ll see it in all its glory later,” she said, relenting from pushing too hard.

She started the car and they progressed to the entrance of the car park. The bag still clutched in Simon’s hands and he sat silent and watched his wife as she negotiated their way into the heavy traffic.

“How did you find me?” he asked at last.

Edith laughed.

“I have an account there! They saw your name on the card and called me when it didn’t go through. I have to keep tabs on you! I knew that Mamma was going to take you shopping, but she was in more of a hurry than I thought that she would be.”

Simon held on tight as his wife pulled an overtaking manoeuvre. The car swept past a blocking delivery lorry and sharply back into lane. They sat in silence, Simon clutching the bag and Edith driving.

“So, tell me, why did you go along with it?”

He mumbled under his breath and Edith smiled and looked over to see him rigidly staring at the traffic.

“Because she forced me!”

“I doubt that,” said Edith. “I think it is because you have an urge that you cannot control.”

Simon looked at the bag clutched in his lap and swallowed.

“Well, I put it all on my account, babes,” she said. “The whole thousand pounds of it... next time I won’t pay unless you clear it with me first! I know that I make loads of money but keep yourself under control please!”

Simon bit his lip and thought of Edith’s mother and the way that she had humiliated him with that bitch of an assistant. His wife’s best friend... Did Edith know what had happened? Was she just playing a game? He decided that it was a stone better left unturned and made his promise.

“I won’t do it again...”

“I know that you won’t dear! If you do, I’ll cut the limit on your card and your allowance! Anyway, one thing is for sure...”

“What’s that?”

Edith chuckled and said, “I won’t let the money go to waste!”

Simon nodded as the car sped away from the lights and Edith smiled. The idea of having him all dressed up full-time as her mother had suggested was starting to appeal to her.

“Can I ask something?”

“Anything?”

He paused for a moment as he sought the words to frame his question before he spoke.

“Does it upset you?”

“What? The money... of course not! Just be careful, that’s all. It’s not a bottomless pot.”

“No, I meant two nights ago.”

“Sex?”

All he could do was hum an assent.

“Kind of fun, really. Your little kink, I loved every moment of it!”

“I just thought...”

She giggled and took her hand from the wheel to pat his knee.

“I’ve known for ages, Simon. Really, you don’t have many secrets from me. I just left it alone because I thought that you’d be embarrassed and anyway, it changes nothing.”

“Do you mean that?”

“Well, just a little I suppose,” she said. “Both Mamma and Carol said that it’s normal, so I was relieved that I told them.”

“I wish that you hadn’t!”

“Did you really think that I would be cross with you?” asked Edith.

“I suppose so, I mean a cross-dressing hubby...”

“It’ll be our secret,” she replied. “Perhaps a little kink in the bedroom is what we need? Sort of putting a little spice back. Maybe more...”

“More?”

“Let’s see what happens,” she giggled.

A feeling of relief came over Simon and then receded when he thought of Vivian, his wife’s mother. Clearly his ‘little kink’ was no longer a secret as far as *she* was concerned! They had never got on all that well, Vivian had always been dismissive of him since the first day that they had met.

“I’m sorry,” he said, clutching the bag hard and feeling the hardness of the heels of the stilettos within. “I just can’t help myself!”

“Why should you?”

There was simply no answer he could give.

The car pulled up outside the house and husband and wife entered the house. Edith shed her long coat and dropped her handbag by the door before turning to Simon and raising an eyebrow.

"It's not my birthday, darling, so there's no need to wait to give me my present!"

"Can't it wait?"

A look of irritation crossed her face.

"You know how impatient I am," she said as she held out her hand.

He passed the bag to her hand and hung his head while she peered inside. First of all, she pulled a shoe out and inspected it.

"For me? They are a size too big... I thought that there would be something for me!"

Now Simon was blushing furiously. He could feel the impending erection as the pink shoe was presented to him.

"What else have we here for all that money?" she asked rhetorically. "Stockings and a nice corset! All in pink, and what's this?"

The long stretch of lacy ribbon coiled from the bag as she pulled it out, length by length. Her eyebrows raised in question.

"Your kink is getting expensive," she laughed. "So? What did you get for the rest of the money?"

"Er, it's complicated, Edith," he mumbled.

She nodded and dropped everything back into the bag and handed it back to him.

"So, if this is *my* present, you'd better go upstairs and show me how it looks!"

"Now?"

"Of course, now! Get up those stairs, I'll give you five minutes."

The erection swelled and Simon took a step for the bottom of the stairs.

"Make sure the seams are straight," laughed Edith. "I want you presentable. If we do this, then we do it properly."

Halfway up the stairs, Simon looked back at her. Hands on hips she smiled up at him, the tight skirt pressed on her thighs to the knees, a picture of stern disapproval, and he turned and hurried up the stairs.

Simon undressed.

How strange!

Smooth skin that itched, goose bumps where hair had been torn from sensitive places. An irritation between the cheeks off his ass, a few small spots of blood where chest hairs had been wrenched from his skin. His hands moved over the surface of his hairless body and he shivered in a mixture of delight and shock. The forty minutes

spent waxing had recreated him, stripped him of his masculinity and left him soft and feminine.

The stockings slid over the smooth flesh like silk. No rasping, no struggle to roll them on. The knickers pulled over the soft skin of his groin. Now that the mass of pubic hair was gone, somehow, they looked right, they fitted.

He inspected the basque and thought that the laces were faux. A mere decoration on the hard elastic fabric. Tiny hidden hooks that could only be engaged when he pulled in his stomach.

One by one he pushed the hooks into the eyelets before he discovered that the laces indeed pulled the whole thing tight. He tied them off and found it difficult to breathe as his waist was pulled in tight and the whole thing gripped him like a cocoon. The shoes were last, difficult to slip into and his weight forced his toes deep into them as his feet slid down the arches of the instep.

Suddenly he was standing six inches taller than normal and tottering on the platforms and heels. Pushed forward and wobbling at the ankles. Even bending down to do them up was difficult and he sat on the edge of the bed to close the buckles. As he fumbled with them, the tiny bells sounded as he worked.

There was a metal golden fastening where each of the straps ended, but no obvious use for them as they were too narrow for the straps and the steel wires embedded in the leather would not allow them to be threaded, so he left them and tried to stand.

It took two attempts!

He wobbled and took a step and had to place a hand on the bed to steady himself. One look in the mirror transfixed Simon and he posed as he realised that all his attempts before had been just that. Attempts! The corset gripped his waist and forced it into a curve that somewhat accentuated his hips, the stockings needed attention!

He caught the straps that dangled from the corset and stretched them to meet the tops of the silky stockings. One two three... each one more difficult than the last. Six on each leg, bright pink filigree stripes that held the stockings firmly in place and allowed him to adjust the seams. Easily done on his smooth legs and he admired the shape of them as he worked his way up each leg, bending down precariously and sliding the nylon with the palms of his hand.

It was done!

He was so perfect!

As much as he could be.

He took a step and looked at his watch. In just five minutes he had achieved so much! He slipped the watch from his wrist and placed it on the bedside table. The

masculine bracelet and steel not matching the outfit that he was wearing. Now he started to worry about the imminent arrival of Edith and what her reaction would be. The reality of it was overwhelming...

He took a few tentative steps.

It was much easier if he rolled his hips a little and placed his feet heel first. The narrow spikes wobbling at each step as he learned to walk again. The platforms narrowed a little from his feet. It made his feet seem smaller, but made walking far more difficult. He reached the wall and attempted to turn on his heel. Almost twisting his ankle before regaining balance and walking the few steps back again.

Each step a roll of the hips, the basque seeming to grip ever tighter until he was almost out of breath.

Should he sit?

Should he stand?

Simon decided that it would be better to sit on the bed and not tower over Edith when she arrived. He sat and crossed his legs. Nylon slithered over nylon and the feeling left him ecstatic. His cock swelled and he rearranged himself to hide it and stop it poking from the waistband of the lacy knickers.

That was how she found him.

Sitting primly on the bed, hands on either side waiting in trepidation of her arrival.

"Oh, my," she gasped as she took in the sight of her husband. "Whatever have you done to yourself?"

He looked up at her, wondering for a moment what she meant. After all, wasn't this what she had been expecting?

"Done to myself?"

"You're baby-smooth, Simon! You visited the salon for a waxing..."

She started to laugh.

"I'll bet that it was agony!"

"Murder."

"I think that I like it. A lot!"

Edith took a step and ran her fingertips over her husband's chest. Smooth pale skin, gone was every trace of that dreadful wiry hair that had covered him from ankles to neck. Ripped from him to leave silky skin that felt delicious.

Simon blushed.

"It's strange!" he said.

"I think that it's sexy," she answered and put a finger under his chin to lift his eyes to hers.

"I'm not sure that I can go through that again."

Simon managed a smile and the look in her eyes became stern.

"Once every couple of weeks will do it to keep it like that," she said. "But, next time you go to a salon that does not cost so much or learn to do it yourself!"

He shivered as he remembered the intense agony that had accompanied the waxing of his delicate balls and ass. Edith had a twisted smile on her face, the one that she always displayed when she got her way and her hand lifted to point at his thighs.

"All over?"

He nodded.

"Good, I'll arrange an appointment with someone who will come to the house to get it done if you like."

"Do I have to?"

"You *have* to! Now then, stand up and give me a twirl. I want to see the full effect."

Simon managed to stand at the first try. He stood, ankles apart while Edith inspected her husband. Her stiletto heeled foot tapped his.

"One foot should cross the other, darling."

He moved as she commanded, and a smile of approval crossed her face.

"That's so much better. Coy and feminine, darling, that's how you should look."

She moved around him and patted his naked ass. There was something so very satisfying about what she was creating. Something weak and helpless. Having this much control over the man that she had married was more fun than she could have ever imagined.

Fun?

No, there was an element in her emotion towards Simon that was becoming ever more demanding. Mamma had been right, dominating Simon was stimulating and invigorating. It had already led to great sex and would lead to better!

"I love the knickers, a thong like this shows your plump ass to good effect, and that waist..."

"It's really tight!"

"And just the way that it should be," she laughed. "Adds a little shape!"

Edith smiled up at him and nodded.

"There's something missing," she announced. "A few touches that need to be added before you are my little girl... You do want to be my little girl?" she laughed.

“Where’s that ribbon that you had?”

She rummaged in the fallen bag and pulled the ribbon from it.

“Too long, we’ll need to cut it...”

Simon blushed and hung his head.

“One moment, I have just the thing,” and she moved to her bedside cabinet and pulled the drawer open.

He watched her walk on her stilettos and felt envious of the way that she seemed to float on the four-inch heels that she wore. It made it all look so easy.

“Ah, here we are,” said Edith as she pulled a bag from the drawer. “Scissors and a few other bits and pieces...”

She cut a foot from the ribbon and closed in on him.

“It will look nice here,” she announced as she tapped the erection in his knickers.

He flushed and pulled them down, the ribbon in his hands.

“No, dear, around the balls, not that hard-on,” she said as she watched him add a bow to the knot. “I like it, a nice touch.”

Simon was clearly in a state of sheer excitement at his wife’s praise and he started to relax a little; it certainly seemed that she was taking the cross-dressing all on board with exceptional latitude.

He looked up, Edith was standing in front of him and in her hand was a lipstick that she waved in front of his eyes.

“A little colour, of course you need the makeup. How can you be my little girl if you don’t look like one?”

Her hand pushed his chest and Simon sat back on the bed while she rummaged in the bag.

“Red’s no good, darling. What I need is a delicate shade of pink and it’s not really my colour normally. I like strong colour, but what a sissy needs is pink. Ah, here it is, not quite right to match the outfit, but close enough!”

Her fingers rolled a pale red lipstick out of concealment and she bent to administer it. He could smell her perfume, a heady glow of musk that surrounded her. The concentration and the pursed lips as she carefully added the colour to his lips.

She stood back.

“That’s better, darling! I’ll teach you how to put on makeup, in fact you’ll need a special selection just for yourself. Pink blusher and foundation. A little nail polish would not go amiss either, but it can wait until you have grown your nails.”

“Grown my nails?”

“Simon, if you want to please me, you’ll follow my advice! I can’t go to bed with a *pretend* little girly, can I? You have all the time in the world while I am at work to learn to be perfect for me. It’s not as though you have anything else to do!”

Now at last she was moving in the right direction. It would be fun to dress him up all the time and make him live out his fantasy at her direction. Sort of like dressing a dolly...

“I’m not sure... that’s a good idea.”

Edith looked cross.

“We are going to roll two things into one, darling and have such fun doing it! I get a perfect little lesbian lover and you get to take your kinky pastime to the limit. I am so looking forward to where this is going! I never thought that sex would be this much fun.”

“But!”

“But nothing! It’s what is going to happen, don’t be so selfish and do as I want!”

Edith moved a step closer and placed her hand on his knee. She could feel the ascendancy that she held over Simon and the contact reinforced her dominance. The feeling was exquisite and the discovery that it was all so easy just an enticement to take it further. All he had to do was let it happen.

“Just think of all of the games that we can play,” she urged. “All day long...”

There was fire in her eyes, a need that he had not seen for years, the beginning of an obsession and Simon realised that he had awoken something deep inside of his wife that was between passion and lust. Her hands slipped up his thighs and parted them and she cooed when his erection was revealed.

“You like it too, darling, I can see that...”

Her fingers drifted higher and stroked him, causing a twitch of his thighs.

“I have to fuck you, baby,” she breathed and pushed him back to lie on the bed. “Mount that girly cock and come a million times after you have warmed me up.”

She stood over him and leaned a little to run the zipper that ran up the side of that tight skirt. Smoothly opening it to reveal the stocking tops and pale skin. Then she kneeled over him and slowly pulled down the waistband of his knickers to allow his cock to stand tall between his thighs.

“Not yet, girly, first you have to show me that you deserve it!”

The lipstick anointed lips opened and she shuffled over his face.

“I have so been looking forward to this,” she said in a husky tone. “Just a little kiss or two and then perhaps a fuck.”

Her fingers pulled her knickers to the side as she lowered to enjoy the touch of his lips. A tongue strummed and licked at the wetness and Edith sighed as she lowered to envelop him. Face pressed hard, Simon struggled to breathe as the perfume of her filled his mouth.

A sweet soapy taste, soft lips and the clitoris that begged to be licked.

She moved again and spoke, but he could not make out the words as she swayed over him and pressed hard against his lips.

Was this what she demanded now, in return for allowing him to dress up?

He could feel the climax build in her thighs. They quivered as the liquid enveloped him, filled his senses. Never had he felt her so excited before, never so eager to play. Somehow, Simon's dressing up had caused her to become forceful and demanding.

One climax, then a second... why had he ever resisted this position?

She lifted and stroked the wetness on his cheeks and then moved again, this time tipping her his forward. One cheek of her ass was presented to his lips as her hand closed through his hair and pulled his head up.

"One kiss..."

His lips pouted and he kissed the smooth skin gently.

"Very good, Simon, now let's see to that cock!"

She slid down his smooth body and her hands teased as she went. Poised once more over that cock she teased the beribboned balls with her fingers.

"It looks bigger now," she breathed as she slid over his hips and pulled her own knickers to the side against her thighs once more. "In it goes..."

Edith lowered herself and took him in. He thrust up a little as he slid into her depths, but she placed a hand on his chest.

"My fuck, girly..."

She rose and fell, lifted her ass and then lowered to take him in again.

"That's so fucking good, baby," she breathed. "You'll come when I decide..."

Simon moaned as her hands moved to his nipples and pinched at each stroke of his cock. Pulled at him, nails biting into the swollen skin, twisting and pulling. He was so close, but she slowed and came to rest enveloping his hard cock.

"When I say," she said. "Not until I have taken what I want..."

"I'm so close!"

"I know that you are, just wait until I say the word."

She lifted a couple of inches and her hand slid between her thighs. He could feel the nails scratch his cock as she touched herself and then built up a slow movement

that brought a gasp from her lips.

“Fuck,” she gasped. “Be a good girl and take it for me!”

Simon moaned and managed to restrain his thighs. Held himself rigid while his wife came with a small scream and a gasp that was followed by a frantic strumming at her clitoris. He felt his climax recede and then there she was again. Pinching his nipples, smoothly slipping up and down his shaft, pressing herself against him by leaning forward, her climax redoubled by her efforts.

“Not yet, babes, I have to come again!”

Her hand closed on his neck, gripped him tight while the other explored his body ruthlessly, scratching and pinching while she used his cock to bring her to another heady screaming orgasm. Her fingers fumbled at the buttons of her blouse, wrenching it open, causing a button to spring free and then she rolled her erect nipples hard and came again.

“Now you can come...”

But, the moment had passed, somehow he could not find the sensation as her cunt was swimming and soaked the root of his cock. Her ass pressed up hard, but it was not enough, and Simon felt his erection fade and he fell free of her hungry hole.

“What’s the matter?” she asked.

“Too long,” he moaned, I couldn’t...”

Edith was at rest, her hands resting on his scratched torso, her breathing heavy, a flush of orgasm from her breasts to her neck. A smile played over her face and she bent down to kiss his lips.

“Never mind, next time I’ll allow my girly hubby to come!”

She dismounted, pulling the zipper up high and closing the remaining buttons on her blouse. Looking down at the smooth feminised man that had brought so much pleasure.

“Perhaps you can give me a little show,” she said with a smile. “Show me how you come! Would you like to do that?”

He blushed and made a small moan.

Simon’s hands moved and grasped his cock. It swelled a little as he gripped it and an encouraging smile from his wife added hardness.

“That’s right, squirt for me, show me how much you love me watching you wank!”

His cock was hardening, the expression on her face also.

“Come on, show me...”

Finger and thumb encircled the root of his cock. Held the hardness that was there, and his other hand moved up and down the shaft ever faster.

“That’s right, darling, make it spurt that slime...”

It was like nothing that he had ever imagined. Wanking in front of his wife while she urged him on, doing what had been secret for so long, taking in the words that she said in a hard tone.

“My pretty little girl is coming,” she announced at the first clear droplet that dewed his cock. “I want to see every drop...”

Ever harder, but somehow he could not get to that peak that he was searching for. Ever faster, but even though he was so stiff, Simon could not make that final jump. He closed his eyes, shut her out, concentrated on that vague fantasy and then suddenly there was a jabbing pain in his thigh. He opened his eyes in surprise to see her stiletto perched on the stocking tops, the heel pressing hard into him, the annoyed look in the eyes that were locked to his.

“I *told* you to come for me! Don’t disappoint me!”

Was it the agony in his thigh, the hard words that she uttered or his frantic hands, but he passed that limit, fell off the cliff and his cock spurted at last while a twisted grin distorted her pretty face.

“Good girly,” she said and placed her foot once more on the floor. “When I tell you to come in future, make sure that you do!”

Edith’s husband was gasping for breath. The tight corset making every inhale an effort while his wife watched him come down from his climax. The emotion that had filled her before was stronger than ever. The need to command, the lust to dominate.

“I’m waiting!” she said, her voice still cold.

He gave a questioning look as her hand extended. He took it and she pulled him to his feet.

“I’ll have a coffee and a bite to eat,” she announced. “I’ll be in the kitchen.”

“I’ll get changed,” said Simon confused by her tone of command.

She looked at the come on his stockings, the lip cock with the soaked ribbon drooping from his balls, the fright in his eyes and decided that she was simply enjoying herself too much to stop.

“No, you won’t, Simon. Just straighten out that lipstick and be there!”

He was about to reply, but she got in first.

“You’ll just have to get used to it.”

Coming Soon

“Carol is so sweet!” said Edith. “the waxing was just what he needed...”

“I knew that you would love it!” said her mother with a sly smile. “I so enjoyed his pathetic attempts to escape when he realised that I knew all about his pathetic deviant wanks!”

“Oh my God, did you really blackmail him?,” asked Edith of her mother.

“Just a little!”

“No wonder that he gave in so easily, even to being waxed!”

“Carol and I worked it all out beforehand, dear. No need for you to worry, that sissy husband of yours was never going to escape it.”

“Mamma, you are an absolute bitch!”

“But, I was right wasn’t I?” said Edith’s mother. “Once a game like this starts it never ends. I’ll bet that you finally told him that he would have to be dressed for you all the time?”

Edith nodded.

“That’s my girl,” laughed Vivian. “But, I’ll bet that you had fun!”

“None of your business,” retorted Edith with a smile. “Let’s just say that I think that I have discovered something!”

“In Simon?”

“Don’t be silly, Mamma! I knew all about his little daytime wanking, what I mean is that I discovered that I adore making him suffer!”

“Of course you do.”

Edith laughed and leaned forward.

“Of course, the sex, but it’s fun out of the bedroom too!”

Vivian sipped her coffee and looked around her kitchen before turning back to her daughter.

“Am I allowed to ask?”

“Permission granted,” laughed Edith.

“Out of the bedroom?”

“Simon spent the evening prancing around in all that gear that you persuaded him to buy. When I say ‘persuaded’ what I mean is forced... sort of. He didn’t argue much.”

“And today?”

“When I get home, I am planning a little surprise for him!”

“Now, that sounds interesting.”

“I called Carol and she’s coming around to teach my husband how to put on his make-up!”

“You didn’t let the grass grow under your feet, did you?”

“Strike while the iron is hot, Mamma. You are teaching me that. But,” Edith paused for effect, “I don’t want you interfering, so I’ll do a deal with you...”

“There’s no way...”

“What I mean, is, you are not allowed to just turn up during the day for the next weeks. I have a little plan and I don’t want you to ruin it all!”

“I would never even consider it... What’s the plan?”

“You’ll see, Mamma, all in good time. I’ll keep you up to speed and that will have to be enough.”

“Now you’ve piqued my curiosity, darling.”

“Just stay away and then I’ll reveal all... all I can say is that something else occurred to me, but I have to check it out first.”

“I’ll do my best, but I can’t promise, you know what I’m like!”

Edith stood and looked at her watch.

“Time to be getting back,” she said. “Carol is arriving at seven and it’s six already.”

“I can’t persuade you to have me along for the ride can I?”

“No way, Mamma, no way!”

Vivian looked disappointed.

“Don’t worry, Mamma. I have another role for you in the wings.”

All Made Up

"I have a little surprise for you," said Edith to Simon. "Something that I promised!"

He felt a quiver of terror! Now, why should he feel that? He tried to remember if Edith had promised him something and realised that he had no idea what she was talking about.

"What is it?"

"Mmm, I'll tell you when you are ready, darling. Go upstairs and get dressed and wait in the bedroom for me."

She looked at her watch and nodded.

"You have twenty minutes, so make sure that everything is perfect, just the way that it was last time. Have a shower and shave as well, I want you so feminine that you're to die for."

He hesitated and then dared ask a question.

"Were you at Vivian's?" he asked.

"Just a coffee, dear."

"Did you tell her even more?"

"I told her to keep her nose out of my business," she said with a hard tone. "But we discussed you, I won't pretend that she isn't eager to know all the details. I won't let her play games with you like that again... If you behave yourself!"

Relief.

And then shame!

Doubtless, his wife knew every detail that trip to the store, every word spoken, and what happened after! He stumbled over the next question.

"Why do you tell her *everything*?"

"To amuse her," said Edith with a laugh. "She approves you know, you have moved up in her estimation!"

"That's not the point," said Simon. "How could you do that, Edith? I don't think that I can ever look her in the eyes again."

He paused a second.

"And your friend, Carol!"

“Don’t be silly, hubby. It’s what happens between us that matters, what others think is of no concern.”

“It’s embarrassing, that’s why. I mean, who is she going to tell? Have you thought of that?”

“Mamma will be discrete. If you stay on the right side of her! Now, time is pressing, go up and get ready for your surprise. I want you sitting on the bed like last time, already for my little revelation!”

“But, afterwards, I can undress?”

Now there was an angry look on his wife’s face. One that told him that she was about to fly into a temper.

“We’ll see,” she grated. “Just asking the question shows that you have no consideration for my wants! If I decide that you are going to be a girly all day and night, then that’s what I’ll have. Be careful and don’t annoy me!”

He scurried up the stairs and into the shower, tears in his eyes. This was not quite the fantasy that he had dreamed of. So private, a vague liking for stockings and shoes that had filled his hidden moments for the last few years. Now, that Edith and others were involved, it could not be put down and dismissed like before. No longer could he pack away the detritus of a wank and become his normal self.

He struggled with the basque.

How had it seemed so easy before?

He pulled in his stomach and pulled hard, only just making the hooks engage before he realised that the laces had been pulled tight and knotted, making the tube of elastic almost impossible to get on. At last it was done and he clipped the stocking tops to the draping clips and slipped on the heels. Once again, his erection was over the waistband of the knickers and he tucked it away.

Dressing made him so horny that he almost forgot that it was his wife who was deciding when it would happen. He considered putting on the lipstick again, but in the end sat nursing his erection, knowing that if he dared come there would be trouble.

His breath came in short gasps, the tight elastic tube almost rigid on his torso. Downstairs he heard movement and he glanced at the bedside clock.

Five minutes left.

Five minutes of anticipation.

The doorbell rang out. The chimes hanging on the air.

Simon started in surprise and then decided that perhaps Edith had ordered food in.

There were voices!

Edith's and some other woman. Simon strained to hear what was being said and was relieved to realise that it was not Vivian! That he had dreaded, despite the vague promises that his wife had given.

The door closed and the conversation stopped.

Now he could hear Edith's heels on the wood of the stairs. A rhythmic click that brought his heart into his dry mouth. A final few steps and then the door handle turned.

Simon gasped as he saw that Edith had brought another up with her to the bedroom.

"Here she is," said Edith to her friend as she stood aside to allow Carol to enter the bedroom.

Dressed still in the uniform of the department store and carrying a round case, Carol looked around the room and her eyes came to rest on the shivering man that stood on the edge of the bed.

"Carol is here to give you the first of the lessons that you need to be perfect for me..." said Edith.

"Lessons? Oh my God!"

"Don't be shy! Makeup first, that's today's lesson. Perhaps next week she'll return to teach you a little more!"

His thought in confusion, he clenched his thighs to hide his erection and dared not move for exposing himself.

"Please Edith, please..." he whined.

"Don't be such a silly little girl," said his wife in a stern tone. "Carol is not interested in your little fetishes, all she is here for is to show you how to apply make-up properly to make you perfect. All she is doing is what a good friend should do to help a husband be impeccable for her friend."

"I need a mirror," said Carol in a matter of fact tone. "Simon will need to see how it works..."

"We can pull a chair up to that one," said Edith, pointing at the full-length mirror on the wall. "There's loads of light, so it should be perfect."

Edith and Carol dragged the heavy Chesterfield bedroom chair in front of the mirror and Edith crooked a finger. It was clear that her husband had no intention of taking the place offered.

"Move it," ordered Edith. "Get your ass on this chair so that Carol can start."

The first time that the command had been direct, she realised. No cajoling or persuasion, just an order that had to be obeyed.

Awkwardly, he stood. There was no keeping his cock between his thighs and it sprang free, much to Carol and Edith's amusement. To the sound of their chuckles, Simon took to the chair and carefully concealed himself.

"There, that wasn't so bad was it," said Edith. "I'll leave you two alone and you can call me up when you are done. I would only be in the way!"

That was it.

He was alone with Carol.

She was still chuckling as she turned to open the case.

"Don't worry, I'll soon having you look like a little sissy," she said as she carefully arranged small glass pots and brushes around the chair. "What we are going for is a really feminine look that hides all those masculine lines. So, we'll start with a little foundation to even out the skin tone..."

Simon flinched at the first touch of her hand on his face and she stopped and moved her face close to his.

"I have to take photos at each stage to make sure that you get it right when you do it. Don't make my work harder and force me to put them all on my Facebook page!"

Simon sat rigid in the chair and felt his erection fade.

"There. That's better, now we start again..."

Her fingers touched his skin and moved his head a little before the other hand appeared in view with a sponge of dull matte makeup.

"It goes on easy as long as you shave properly," commented Carol as she took a business-like tone and smeared his face and neck with the foundation. "This colour is 'Bambi Pink' even though I don't think that there's much pink at all in it. That will come later... It covers a treat and then needs to be blended here and here."

She touched his neck and then stood back.

"Just a quick photo," she said and used her phone to take two or three pictures. "Now comes the surface..."

The next layer was a powder that was applied with a soft brush.

"Corn powder is best," said Carol. "I will supply exactly the right tone. Your wife says that she wants the same look always, so it should be really easy to learn for you!"

More photos and then more layers.

Each one, and there were five, applied with a different brush, adding colour and shadow to tone down the masculine face that Carol was working on.

"Base finished..."

She moved aside to allow Simon to see himself in the mirror.

More photos and then came a brush that was heavy with pink powder. Bright pink, baby pink, girly pink, as Carol explained as she applied it.

“Cheeks and eyes, all pink and pretty. My, we are really making progress.”

Photo after photo and then came what Carol called the accessories.

“Eyelashes long and luxurious,” she said as she applied the glue and then set to work. “The most difficult part to do yourself, but at least they last a while so you don’t need to apply them too often. There, that looks good.”

He could see the flashes as he closed and opened his eyes and when she stepped aside, he saw a transformation that was truly amazing. Staring back at him from the mirror was a Dolly. A Barbie doll fluttering her long lashes, her cheeks rosy pink, every line softened, even the jaw made rounded.

“Perfect, just the lipstick to go on...”

With a flourish, she pulled a small bottle from her bag and set it on the armrest of the chair.

“Crimson liner and then the colour...”

A pencil drew a line around Simon’s lips which Carol then filled with the brush from the bottle. A final touch, a hint of liquid sparkle and she stood back and photographed the whole effect.

“It’s simple once you get the routine,” lectured Carol. “I have numbered every bottle and powder so that you just do them all in numerical order. Spare lashes are here,” she waved a hand at a small box, “It’s easy if you take your time...”

She stood and looked down at the girly that she had produced and tittered.

“Good enough to eat,” she laughed. “I think that it’s what your wife wants.”

Simon just sat staring at the bimbo that was fluttering her eyelashes at him from the mirror. Frightening and yet, arousing! Was this really where his little games had taken him?

“Let me see!”

Edith was back in the room. Standing at the door, admiring the slut that sat on the bedroom chair.

“Oh my God, Carol. That’s so fucking perfect. He really looks like a little slut!”

“Ready to dress up and use,” laughed Carol.

“Girly is already dressed,” agreed Edith. “I can’t wait...”

“Bring him back to the store and we can get some more for her wardrobe,” said Carol. “This is the most fun that I’ve had in ages.”

“A glass of wine is called for,” said Edith as she led her confederate out of the room.

Simon sat.

He could feel tears of humiliation in his eyes, and the bimbo in the mirror just looked so vulnerable. Ready to fuck!

Edith's sharp tone woke him from his self-pity.

"The wine won't pour itself, dear. Get a move on..."

The second direct command.

Comforting Love

The two women sat in the dining area of the kitchen chatting. A complete contrast. Carol in her tight jeans and white heels, Edith in her business suit in dark blue. They did not even turn to look at Simon when he entered but continued chatting as he poured the wine.

“Longer lashes and more pink,” said Edith to her companion. “It’s perfect, but not quite feminine enough for my taste in men!”

“Have you thought about her nails?”

Edith cast a glance over at Simon and shrugged.

“They have to grow out first.”

“Why wait? There are some beautiful nails in acrylic... There’s a great little nail-bar just around the corner...”

“Oh, why didn’t I think of that?”

“I could book her in, if you like. Sandra, the girl that runs it is a friend of mine does a great job.”

Carol laughed and looked over her shoulder.

“Naughty little girl has a stiffy! It doesn’t quite match the outfit...”

“But the little ribbon does,” said Carol. “A nice touch of your mother’s.”

“She knows what I like, it seems,” chuckled Edith.

The two women laughed, and Simon felt his erection recede. He adjusted himself and struggled to balance with the tray. It seemed that Edith was determined to pay him back for arguing an hour ago.

“That little stiffie looks ridiculous on him. A girl’s clitty should be modestly tucked away!”

“I have given it some thought,” said Edith, “but you agree right, it’s a bit of a problem for the look.”

“You’ll manage,” laughed Carol as she took the glass from the tray. “He needs something up-top as well.”

“Nice and smooth will do for now,” said Edith as she took her glass. “Now then, Dolly, stand there and pose for us!”

Her finger pointed at the floor where she wanted him and he made as if to put the tray down.

“No you don’t, dear! And stand straight.”

Simon moved one foot to cross the other and tried to find a position that was comfortable, but the grip of the corset caused him to try to bend a little.

“So, what’s next?” asked Carol.

“Oh, you come back to show my little girly hubby how to wax, it will save a packet. Then a few finishing touches and I can introduce the routine that I have in mind.”

“Routine?”

His heart sank as his wife smiled up at him.

“I’ll have another glass,” she said. “More for you?”

“Why not?”

The two glasses were refilled and then Edith turned back to answer the question.

“I have decided that I can’t have him sitting at home doing nothing all day. Such a waste, so my hubby is going to learn to live in his new world all of the time!”

“As a sort of maid?”

“That’s part of it,” said Edith with a chuckle. “But, there’s loads more in store!”

She looked up at her husband and pouted a kiss.

“Endless sex, of course. This helpless little slut will need every minute filled with things to do. I’m still working on the details of course.”

“Sounds fun,” said Carol. “If you need any help...”

“I’m sure that there’s loads that you could help with, but at the moment, this is my little hobby. Sort of a challenge! Perhaps, in a while!”

“Whenever,” chuckled Carol. “Anyway, I can’t sit here drinking wine all night and I can see that you two have loads to sort out...”

She winked at Simon and placed her empty glass on the proffered tray before standing. Edith stood too and the two women headed for the door. Simon just stood quivering, not daring to move.

“I’ll see you next week,” said Edith’s voice from the hallway.

“Looking forward to it...”

There were other words spoken, but Simon could not hear the meaning and was relieved when the door final slammed closed.

“Well done,” said Edith with a warm smile. “I am so proud of you, coming-out like this! Bit by bit we shall move you along and see where it leads...”

“Please can I move?” asked Simon as a cramp assailed his thighs.

“No, you look so decorative there that I would like you to stay just as you are for the moment. I have a few things to do for work and I really don’t want the distraction

of you moving around.”

“I’ll be in the bedroom.”

“You’ll do as you are told, girl!”

The words brought him up short. Edith stopped at the table and pulled her phone from her handbag.

“No, please don’t!” begged Simon. He moved his foot a little, but the cramps were getting worse.

The look that she gave him was enough and he tried to stay still.

“How can you get used to wearing heels if you don’t wear them all the time?” she asked. “You need to learn to walk properly in them as well, so I think that it’s settled. You will dress like this all the time for me,” she added.

The flash from her phone announced the photo and then she took another.

“Pose properly for me, girly,” she said. “Not slumped like a sack of potatoes!”

She waited a moment and took another photo.

“That’s better, girly. Now, I have work to do, so not another word.”

Edith disappeared from the room and Simon took the opportunity to move a little, crossing the other foot and wriggling in the tightness of the corset. Edith came back but made no comment. She opened her laptop on the table and sat with a glass as she started work.

All Simon could see was the second hand of the kitchen clock crawl around as she typed and then browsed the Internet. After half an hour, she reached for her purse and pulled a credit card from it.

“I think that I have found the perfect present for you,” she said to her husband. “A solution to at least one problem that you have...”

She tapped away at the keyboard and completed her order. At last she seemed finished and stood by the door.

“Now we can go up to the bedroom, dear. You can flutter your eyelashes and I can play a little game that I have in mind...”

She was gone.

He heard her steps on the stairs before he even started to move. His thighs ached, his calves were cramped, each step was agony until at last he had reached the stairs. At the top of the stairs, far above, his wife beckoned him with a finger.

“It’s what you are for,” she said. “Endless games! Come on, let’s have some fun.”

She opened the door wide and patted her husband on the ass as he passed her.

“You seem unhappy, darling!”

Again, the sight of his transformation in the mirror. It was what he dreamed of, what he had lusted for. Pretty in pink, a bimbo with a hungry cock... but behind him stood Edith, smiling and closing the door. Locking him in to the dream, clearly enjoying every moment.

"I don't know if I can do this any longer," he said.

"Why ever not? I would think that you would be so happy! I mean, how many women would even put up with having a cross-dressing slut as a husband? Isn't this exactly what you wanted?"

"It is... but Carol and your Mamma..."

Edith came up behind him and put her hands on his hips.

"You are so sexy," she cooed. "My pretty little lesbian lover!" then her voice changed from loving tones to a hard, matter-of-fact tone. "I am discovering that this is exactly what I want, it would be such a shame if you lost your nerve and was exposed for what you really are, what is really you!"

The blackmail had been started, but it seemed as if perhaps she was not serious. He could feel her hands run from his hips and cup the cheeks of his ass. Fingers pried, following the single strand of the thong that was buried there.

"I don't know if this is really what I am!" he whined. "It's all too much."

Once again, her tone changed. From demanding to cajoling.

"You do want to please me, don't you?"

"Of course I do, Edith," he said. "I love you so much."

"And I love you too, Simon! That's why I want what you want..."

Her clever hands burrowed between his thighs from the rear and stroked his balls. Slid deeper and took his cock by delving into the lacy knickers and stroking, teasing sliding the length of him.

"Oh God, Edith, that's so good."

"My, my, you really are a little slut," she whispered, "Look how hard you are... big girl!"

Every breath was laboured, his thighs parted, and her fingers stroked and pulled at him, causing him to gasp as fingers and palm closed to grip him hard.

"All you have to do is relax and enjoy the game, darling," she breathed. "Be my little house-husband and plaything... and make me a promise!"

"A promise?" he asked.

"If I am going to play with you all the time, then there can be no playing with yourself," she said. "You have to be ready at all times for our games. I don't think that's too much to ask?"

A sharp nail pressed against the tip of his cock and teased, spreading the drops of oily pre-cum and smoothing it over the taut smooth skin.

"I promise, but, it's all too much," he gasped.

"No, darling, it's just the start!

"I want to wrap you in lace, make you desperate to please, dress you and play with you and all I ask is that you fall into my arms... be my baby... So not playing with my little cocklet while you are alone. Do you understand?"

The fingers of one hand massaged his smooth cock slowly, drawing out the climax as Edith slowly slid a finger into the crack of his ass and stroked him with the pointed nail across his sensitive opening.

"Please, I promise that I won't..."

"That's good, because I'm going to trust you to follow the rules of our little game!"

Simon found himself floating in a sea of conflicting emotion. The humiliations forgotten, only this moment mattered, this moment of bliss that was stretched to breaking by the hands that had him in their grip.

"Promise me that you'll do as you are told, and it will go on forever..."

A whine of pleasure, a gasp of yearning, the pink girl in the mirror opening her lips in a pink sparkling pout as fingers and hands insisted on obedience to his wife's demands. His mind in a whirl of obsession and need, he gasped a promise.

"Please can I come?"

"That's better, darling. Beg for it and perhaps it will happen."

"I need it, please, please, please..."

"I know what you need, I will look after every detail for you," she said in a soft voice. "Make you come for me, teach you to be perfect..."

A tremble, a subtle clench of thighs, a jerk of cock from the root, a slight thrust and he spilled in a slow fountain of come. Balls stirred and tightened, pelvic thrusts that could not be held as Edith milked him, running her nails over the wet flesh, threatening and insisting him from behind. Tears gathered in his eyes, as the pink slut in the mirror surrendered to the endless pleasure that filled Simon's head.

"I love you," he gasped at last. "I really do!"

"I like to hear that, darling."

Her hand retreated just before he climaxed, and she smiled as his cock gave up its load. Dribbling and weeping come for her while his hips jerked as his eyes filled with tears.

The flaccid cock nestled into the wet lace and sodden satin, and Edith patted the smooth bare ass affectionately before moving to his hips to turn him to face her. In his

heels, he towered over Edith, tears streaming from under the long lashes, coursing streaks through the thick make-up to the corners of his pink lips.

“You can cry, darling, cry for me.”

“I can’t help it,” he blubbered. “I need it so much, but it is almost too much, but you left me high.”

“But not dry, Simon!” she laughed.

“It wasn’t fair,” he blubbered.

“Of course, it was,” she cooed. “It’s all just too much for my girly baby, Edith loves her little slut and just wants to help her be what she wants to be. Edith wants to make her hubby ready for more...”

His body was shaking, his breaths caught in his throat, the tears streamed as her lips closed against his and her probing tongue tasted the salty wetness. A discovery, a revelation, the helplessness of a man breaking in her arms as she gathered him in and kissed the lips that begged to be taken.

“You don’t have to worry about a thing, darling. I will look after you, help you to be what you are deep inside...”

Simon could not speak, the tender love that Edith was drowning him in gave an overwhelming emotion that could not be expressed in words. He held her tight to him, gripping her in a frenzied hug that came from deep inside his soul and knew that he longed to live this moment forever.

“There, there,” she murmured. “I know what you need.”

The humiliations were all forgotten, all there was, was to bathe in the milk of his wife’s benevolence and be what she wanted.

Unboxing Simon

Nine boxes, stacked high in Simon's hands, weighing almost nothing, to be carried to the bedroom. To be unpacked, to be arranged and carefully tidied in drawers and cupboards in the bedroom.

"Lay them out nicely on the bed and I'll be up to take a look in a moment," said Edith from the bottom of the stairs. "I don't have much time, I'm late already..."

Simon looked down at her and paused a moment. The stack of boxes in his hands at arms-length as he watched his wife put on her lipstick using the mirror hallway. He could guess what was in the boxes, after all they were all embossed in silver with the name of that department store.

"Be quick, darling," said Edith as she tidied the corners of her mouth and brushed her long hair back over her shoulders. "I have to rush..."

He continued up the stairs.

Edith walked into the bedroom, her car keys in her hand, the long leather coat already on.

"She picked them all herself," she said as he placed the stack of boxes on the bed.

Carol, of course, thought Simon, she meant Carol.

"I can't believe how fast they got here..."

He found that his heart was in his mouth, a pit in his stomach, a shaking of hands. The pink outfit was in the wash, the jeans and T shirt that he wore seemed almost rough and too crude to wear. What was in the boxes?

"OK, just a quick look and let's see what Mamma selected for you!"

"Vivian?"

"Of course, who else could I trust to pick something sexy for you?"

"I thought that it was Carol..."

Edith laughed.

"Don't be silly, Mamma offered to do some more shopping, how could I deny her the pleasure?"

"Oh..."

"Don't be such a stick-in-the-mud, Simon. You should be grateful that she took the time, I'm sure that she got exactly what you need! You can't spend your time looking like that!"

She ran her eyes from the pink stilettos to the baggy jeans and shirt and shook her head.

“Perhaps if the jeans were nice and tight it could work, but then again...”

“Do I have to?”

“Do you really want this argument?” she demanded. “You promised me.”

“Please, can’t we just keep it for the evenings and bedroom?” he whined. “Does it have to be all the time?”

“We went through this all last night,” said Edith in a tone that brooked no argument. “How can you possibly be perfect in the bedroom if you don’t practice all the time?”

“It’s just...”

“No arguments, now then, let’s see what she got for you.”

Simon looked down at the boxes as Edith flipped off the lid of the one at the top of the stack.

“Ooh, this looks interesting,” she said as she lifted the pastel green garment folded within.

Tissue paper fell from cloth as she lifted it to reveal a dress decorated with lines of lace at seams and hems. She held it up by the shoulders and shook the last of the tissue paper from it before turning to her husband to hold it up against him.

“Perfect day wear,” she announced. “Not too modest, practical and sexy...”

The hem of the dress came just below his thighs and she laid the dress to one side and pulled a further packet from the box.

“How sweet, darling, don’t you think so?”

Simon looked doubtfully at the candy-striped green and white stockings in their packet and nodded slightly.

“They match,” he said.

“Of course, they do, dear. I told her to get five dresses as daytime outfits so that you have plenty to wear while the others are in the wash. Come on, I’m in a hurry, so let’s just take a quick look what else my Mamma chose for you.”

The next boxes revealed similar dresses. Each in a different pastel colour, each exactly the same design, each with a matching pair of stockings to pair off with the dress.

“They’re all the same,” said Simon in a muted tone.

“That’s because it’s a sort of uniform, darling. Easy to decide what to wear and easy to mix and match. Look, the pink stockings can go with the lilac dress or the blue ones with the green so that you can easily pick a look for the day.”

“Every day?”

“We’ve been through this, Simon. Don’t start to argue against what we decided last night!”

“I’m not arguing...”

The look in her eyes stopped him up short.

“You are! Open the next box,” she said.

He opened the box to find a mass of tissue paper wrapping five pairs of shoes that matched each dress. Each pair, the same design. Towering heels, low platforms and ankle straps. Edith picked a sky-blue one from the box and held it up to inspect it.

“I love the little details,” she said as her fingertip tapped the tiny padlock that closed the ankle-strap. “Perfect! Now then, what else is there?”

The seventh box opened to reveal a tumble of white garments and it was only when Edith held one high that the long elastic girdle was revealed. Hanging from the bottom of the shapeless tube were the inevitable straps for the stockings, panels of sturdy elastic running from top to bottom.

“Good, nice and sensible and they will give you a bit of shape... No problems matching them to the uniform.”

It was Simon that opened the next box. He felt a curious mixture of anticipation and dread as he imagined Vivian gloating over all of the feminine wear that she was buying for her daughter’s husband. How she would have enjoyed selecting them all.

All black, a complete outfit carefully stacked between the tissue paper. Soaring heeled shoes, two pairs of stockings in wrappers and a loose bag that Edith picked up and tore open with a single motion.

“She told me that she’d picked something for special occasions,” she said as she pulled a strange item from the bag. Once again, a corset, but this time it hung so loose in Edith’s hands that it took a moment to unfold and make sense of the shape.

“Rubber?” asked Simon as he reached to touch the matte surface that hung from her hands.

“Mmm, kinky!” laughed Edith as she held it high. “So, this is the special present from Vivian? I think that she went a little overboard... I’m sure that she would love to see you in them!”

“Oh, please no!”

“We’ll see, dear. I think that she has earned the right... after all after all the hard work she did!”

Simon picked up one of the slim packets decorated by a photo of a pair of legs in black stockings and peeped inside. They too were rubber, soft and still chalky from the

factory. He laid it down and felt butterflies in his belly.

“Latex too?” asked Edith and he nodded.

“Nice and smooth,” said Edith.

They had reached the last box and Simon was dreading the reveal. He almost sighed in relief to see that inside was an ensemble almost exactly the same as the one that Vivian had forced him to choose a week ago. Five pairs of stockings in pink, several pairs of pink knickers decorated with tiny roses and bows in white, the stiff shape of a boned corset with its laces all in a tangle and a soft bag that obviously held a pair of shoes.

“Perfect, I’ll have to send her out shopping all the time for you,” laughed Edith as she viewed the tumble of unpacked boxes and dessous. “I really have to be off; I have a meeting in an hour... make sure that you tidy up, I’ll be back at seven.”

“So late?”

“Oh, I have a load of things to finish off and I was going to pop by Mamma’s. If you want, you can come along and thank her personally for all of the effort that she put into this...”

She waved her hand at the tumble of boxes and blew a kiss to her dazed husband.

“No thanks,” he said.

“As you like, darling, you can thank her another time. Now then, don’t forget to put on a little make-up and pick a dress to wear for me when I get back.”

He nodded and before he could answer, Edith was halfway down the stairs, hurrying to the car.

Home Alone

The drawers were full, the contents of the boxes carefully stacked and sorted, the dresses on hangers all lined up like a pastel rainbow. Shoes parked in a row and Simon sitting on the edge of the bed staring at the mirror in a reverie. Lost in thought as he sat naked on the bed, thoughts a confused whirl of excitement and terror. By his side were the numbered pots and sticks of make-up, draped from his fingers one of the latex stockings that caused a mixture of revulsion and lust.

His cock stood rigid from his groin, his thoughts swam in a storm of sex and trepidation.

He could not move, all he could see was the face that stared back at him from the mirror, the smooth nakedness of vulnerability and the one open drawer that overflowed with the girdles that were all part of his new uniform.

Simon glanced at the clock.

Already it was three, in four hours she would return and expected him to be ready for her...

The lips in the mirror pouted.

Pink and seemingly bloated because it was so difficult to get the liner right.

He would have to try again but could just not bring himself to the point of action. Instead his mind flitted over the events of the last week or two. The humiliating visit to that shop with Vivian, Edith's full embracing of the kink that had for so long been his private preserve and his own acquiescence in the whole affair.

Distressing, but he was aroused and could not help touching himself.

At last he moved.

Stood in bare feet and padded to the bedside cabinet where the laptop awaited. Simon could not help himself, his hands moved as if from their own volition and he flipped the lid and re-entered a world that was part of the past.

A cast of familiar characters, a checkerboard of film clips just a click away. A world seen through a window that allowed it to be shunned or embraced as he willed. Not at all like the world that he lived in now! That was inescapable for a single and solitary reason...

It was a solitary world.

One in which there were players and onlookers and nothing between. The pattern of the universe that he now inhabited had players and onlookers intertwined in ways that could not be separated. He was a player now, and escape required more than just flipping the cover of the laptop closed and flushing the tissues down the toilet! It required breaking relationships and interactions that could not merely be terminated with a flip of the hand.

Simon looked down.

The familiar chessboard of film clips, the flickering devilish adverts that showed moments that were exposed intimacy. The garish headlined banners that were portals to other sites, other infernos of sex and lust. He saw his hand reach out and touch the screen, beckoning the still photo to life and then suddenly springing to seize all of the space on the screen.

Muted sound, moans and ill-chosen words, cunts wide as cocks plunged deep, a man dressed as a maid who kneeled in the corner of the room while the woman who played his wife cooed over the unreal cock that plunged between her lips. A film that he had seen a thousand times; six minutes and ten seconds of a dream world that had seemed at arm's length but was now enveloping him in real life.

His hand moved to his cock.

It was still hard, the film still had its power over him!

A little black dress, long hair in bunches, kneeling in the corner obediently. The sissy that played the husband was in tears. The moans of the woman as she was satisfied by her lover, his vast cock opening her, impaling her with each thrust of his hips. Simon wondered how much was acting and how much was a part of the players.

Simon knew what came next and shuddered, unable to watch again what he had seen so many times before. That final humiliation, faux and ineptly acted, but still raw with pure stimulation. That fuck... cut off as the clip abruptly ended. Simon's cock faded, the hardness receding as he closed the laptop with a small cry as he realised that the fantasy no longer held any grip on his mind. Instead, all that he could see in his mind's eye was Edith and Vivian, Carol and the pouting slut that wept in the mirror.

Himself!

They were the reality of where he was, they were the players in the film that he now starred in. He could not bear the future that beckoned, even though he knew that he could not escape it or even seem to shape its form.

The laptop slid back into the darkness of the drawer with the weeping, kneeling maid frozen in her humiliation.

It was half past three.

A trip to the bathroom wiped the slut from his face, leaving just the long lashes that would be so difficult to replace. He ran his hand through his hair and then wiped away the last of the foundation.

There was plenty of time, she would not be back until seven.

Simon moved listlessly around the apartment before he found himself once more in the bedroom. There was no escape. How could there be an escape from this fantasy turned so dreadfully real.

Dreadful?

Or perfect?

He thought of the hands and fingers that had violated him from behind. The sheer elation of coming in her hands as the bimbo in the mirror pouted and gave mindless assent to a wife's abuse. The feeling of the stockings and shoes, the rasp of lace. The moment that he came, the surrender to the finger that probed from behind. The loving words that she had whispered as she milked him and the shudders of euphoria as he climaxed at her command.

He felt a touch below.

His cock stood once again. Proud and strong, desperate and needy, perpendicular and pressing against the chest of drawers and he gripped it almost frantically. Thoughts of the facile clips that had formerly filled his mind were gone to be replaced by Edith's words and actions.

He closed his eyes and swept hand the length of his hardness.

Gasped, as he imagined her commanding him to come, almost cried out as come pulsed into his hand as he came in a confused daze. He steadied himself on the chest of drawers, the sticky wetness in his hand, his cock still pulsing with his self-abuse.

His obsession was hardening, as was his cock!

A new pattern imposing itself on the old.

Simon was moving along.

More Advice

"There's no need to thank me," said Vivian smugly. "I knew immediately what you needed me to do and I am so glad to be able to help you out."

"Well, I'll thank you anyway! I was wrong and you were right. But, don't get all smug on me, I want to do this my way."

"You mean the uniform?"

"Yep, black and white would have been so banal, Mamma," said Edith. "I just love the bright colours, it will make his world so much more feminine."

"Well, that was the idea, dear," said Vivian. "As soon as I saw the summer collection, I knew that it was perfect. Feminine and practical. I can't wait to see the effect..."

"I told you before, Mamma, it will take a little more time before I can move him along far enough for you to see him in all his glory. First, I have to build a routine and make it stick, then perhaps you can pop by and view my little maid."

"I have to admit that I can't imagine what he gets up to all on his own during the day, dear," said Vivian with a smirk. "It's so tempting to pop in and surprise him."

"Don't even think of it until I say," replied Edith. "I need him to feel totally comfortable and so I can't push too hard."

Vivian sighed.

"I really think that you need my help," said Vivian as she persisted her line of reasoning. "If there was a mature woman to baby-sit him all the time and make sure that he behaves it would help..."

Edith laughed.

"That moment will come, Mamma. For now, it is a balancing act and I am determined that nothing will tip the scales."

"OK, you know best dear, but I have always thought that..."

"I know what you think about Simon, you don't have to tell me."

"All I was going to say was that I thought that he is a lazy, pampered good-for-nothing leech while you earn a fortune and pay his way! Now we have proved that he is not even man enough to deserve you!"

"OK, OK, now you said it! Enough! Let me make it quite clear. He's my husband and he belongs to me. I decide how to make him what I want. Don't you think that I was

frustrated by his idleness and lack of initiative? Of course, I was and I agree that I took far too long to make something useful of him. But, now that's changed and I have to say that I am enjoying every moment of turning him around."

"It's certainly perked you up," laughed Vivian. "It's as though you have finally pulled yourself out of that hole."

"It was work too," said Edith with a sigh. "The takeover and all of the rest was taking its toll. Now that I am on the board at last, I can relax a little and pamper myself. Now that I can afford it, perhaps that house in the country is a possibility, I'll be glad to get out of the city."

"Have you told him?"

"What, that I now earn double what I did six months ago? Or about a new house? In both cases, of course not!"

"So, what's the plan?"

"There you go again, Mamma, trying to open doors that you shouldn't. I have no real plan. The idea is to go where the fancy takes me and enjoy the ride. I know that you think that he will make a perfect maid, I could see that when we opened the boxes this morning."

Vivian shrugged and the ghost of a smile crossed her lips.

"You see right through me," she said ironically.

"I'll keep it in mind, but I will just have to see where each step takes me before I take the next. I have all of the time in the world."

"Tell me when I can be part of it..."

"You already are," riposted Vivian's daughter with a chuckle. "You wouldn't believe how very scared he is that you will suddenly appear. I'll keep that moment in hand and keep you updated, I might need an ace up my sleeve and you are it."

"Well, at least keep me updated. I just loved the pictures that you sent me and I would so appreciate a few more..."

"You really need to find a man," laughed Edith. "You need something to distract you..."

"It's difficult! I want it all! A real hunk of a man that can take me and satisfy me and at the same time I yearn to emulate my daughter and find a compliant one that will pamper me and make my life a bed of roses!"

"A paradox that only has one solution," laughed Edith. "Get one of each, and while you're about it get a few more in between!"

"Now, now, Edith! Do you think that I haven't thought about it? I would be soon exhausted from all of the attention. I don't think that I have either the time or energy

to keep two men in order, never mind a whole harem of hunks and others.”

Edith shrugged.

“I wasn’t being serious, Mamma. I wouldn’t dare to offer you advice...”

“Is that a telling-off?”

“A little! Just keep your distance until I decide that the moment is right, that’s all!”

“Yes Ma’am!”

Maid Up

"I'm home..."

Edith's voice rang out to no reply.

She glanced up at the stairs to see that the bedroom door was closed and wandered into the kitchen wondering where Simon had got to. Clearly there was much to do, so many small things that she had to get straight. For starters, she really had to insist that he was there to greet her at the door after a hard day's work. Take her coat and hang it, straighten the shoes that she kicked off...

The thought made her smile and she decided that it could easily be arranged.

Ah, there he was!

Bending down by the washing machine, showing the tops of the blue candy-ringed stockings under his hem as he bent to fill the drum. She stood for a moment and took in the scene, realising that another touch was required. Never mind, at least he was moving in the right direction!

"Darling!" she announced from the door.

Simon jumped in shock and turned to find Edith watching him.

"I was just filling the machine..." he said limply.

Edith raised an eyebrow and stepped into the room.

"You had all day to do the chores," she scolded. "What's more, you look a sight!"

No doubt about it, the maid had failed to apply her make-up correctly. The lines on the neck, the lipstick that was far to spare and wandered over the linings that were uneven around the lips. Worst of all, too much pink. If that was possible! Like a cheap porcelain dolly, almost clownish circles on the cheeks.

"It's so difficult and it took me three goes to even get it like this," he wailed. "I tried and tried!"

Time for a little praise, decided Edith.

"Don't worry, you'll get there in the end! The dress is perfect..."

She moved over to inspect him and walked around her nervous husband. Her hand pulled the hem down slightly at the front.

"It's a little too short, we'll have to see about that, can't have you hanging out on display all the time can we?" she commented. "The girdle does great things for your

hips and waist, perhaps it needs to be just a little tighter to make full advantage of this..."

Her hand patted his ass affectionately.

"I love the shoes, here allow me."

Edith stooped and pressed the tiny padlocks closed and took the key to display it in front of his face.

"I'll have all the keys, darling. You'll only lose them! Every morning, before I go to work, we will decide which shoes you wear and I will look after the key for you."

"But, then I can't take them off," he said.

"Why would you possibly want to?" she asked.

"Sometimes... I might need to go out."

"Whatever for?"

He looked down at the floor.

"For the chores and so on?"

"Don't worry your silly head about it," she said. "Anyway, with the state of your makeup, you are not really presentable!"

"I do really try," he whined.

"Trying is not enough, darling. It's all about attitude! I want you perfect and you should want that too. You have all the time in the world to get ready for me, use it and practice."

He made a small sound of acknowledgement in his throat and looked back up at her smiling face.

"You need to apply a little more effort, darling!" she continued. "Try a little harder for me. I want you to practice, practice, practice. Heels, clothes and comportment... all of them need to be just right."

"You are at work all the time..." he started.

"You will be at work too, dear," she broke in. "Keeping order, learning to be perfect for my return and then waiting by the door for me to get home."

"All day?"

"Yes, all day, but I'll get to that in a moment, Simon."

Edith pressed her lips to a thin line and continued her inspection.

"I don't want to see this," she said as she pointed to the cock that peeped below the hem. "Make sure that you always have your knickers on and everything out of sight."

He shuffled his feet and placed one foot in front of the other.

“Better!” she said with a small chuckle.

She blew a kiss up to him.

“For now, I give you a five out of ten for your effort, even though I am perhaps being just a little generous.”

Now she was once more in front of her husband. He towered over her in his heels, but it was quite clear who was in control. It seemed that he dared not speak and she took advantage of his silence.

“So, what has been decided?” she asked.

“The keys, the knickers and I have to clean the house.”

“Very good, but you forgot something...”

He racked his brains and looked worried, but Edith provided the answer.

“Greet me each evening at the door...”

“How do I know when you’ll arrive?”

Another thought came to Edith, but she decided that this was the wrong moment to lecture her husband on how he addressed her. That would come... perhaps when his name changed and she had not worked that detail out yet. There was such a thing as pushing too hard when she was still feeling her way forward!

“You don’t, but no earlier than five.”

“I’ll be there...”

“Fine, it will really make me happy,” she said. “I’ll so look forward to you all prim and proper waiting for my arrival. Now then, aren’t you going to ask me about my day, then we can go through what you achieved all day long?”

“Vivian?” he asked.

“Mamma is fine and sends her regards. Ooh, that reminds me, she asked me if she could come around and see the lovely clothes that she kindly bought for you.”

“Please, please, no,” came Simon’s quavering reply.

“That’s what I told her, darling. But, I really have to thank her properly and so do you, at some point anyway.”

A tear gathered at the corner of Simon’s eye.

“Don’t worry, dear. The last thing that you need is a baby sitter when you are doing so well. For now a little pose will do!”

The phone was already in her hand and flashed as she held it high.

“There you go,” said Edith with a chuckle. “She’ll just love it...”

Her fingers touched the screen and there was a chime as the photo was dispatched. She turned the phone around to show Simon the picture and he groaned

as he saw it. The shocked parted lips, the pink circles on cheeks, the candy stockings and locked-on shoes. All bad, but not the worst!

Edith saw the look on his face and smiled indulgently.

“She deserves to see what she bought you actually worn,” she said. “Mamma thinks that she always said that you would look better in a skirt, so you should really be grateful that she is so supportive.”

“I’m worried about who she will show the photo too,” said Simon in a subdued tone.

“I’m sure that she’ll be discrete and not put your name on the photo when it goes on Facebook,” said Edith. “I told her quite firmly that it would embarrass you and was not a good idea.”

Simon looked at the photo and shuddered. Then he made a small yelping sound. Peeping from the hem of his dress was the drooping tip of his cock, a tiny splodge of purple on the background of the stripes on his stockings.

“Please send her a different one,” he begged.

“Why?”

He pointed at the photo, at the tip of his cock peeping out.

“There you go, Simon. Now she cannot post it, it’s far too rude... Maybe she’ll paste a little heart over your clitty, so there’s nothing to worry about at all!”

“Finish up filling the washing machine, then I’ll have a nice mug of coffee and we can discuss what happens tonight!”

That thought had Simon in a spin.

Exposure

Waiting.

Edith did not seem interested in the maid standing in the corner where she had positioned him with a pointed finger after he had served the coffee but sat and watched the news on the television and relaxed after kicking off her shoes. Enviously, Simon looked at the discarded shoes and wished that he could do the same. Even though he had only put them on three hours before, the new shoes pinched and cramped his feet and he occasionally had to shuffle to keep the agony at bay.

Had Edith deliberately bought a size too small just to torture him?

She slipped on her shoes and disappeared upstairs, but Simon dared not move. Perhaps she would slip off her heels and check that he was still where she had put him! He heard a door open upstairs, the click of her heels on the wooden floors and then her measured steps on the stairs.

Without comment, she took her place again on the sofa and watched her favourite soap opera, but there was smile on her face. Simon could not decide if it was a genuine smile of pleasure or an elated smile of cunning.

For over an hour, Simon's wife sat comfortably, before she finally looked up and seemed to make a decision.

"Perhaps we should pop upstairs and see what is under that pretty uniform?" she smirked. "Can you guess what I have in mind?"

He shook his head, but the skirt of his dress lifted at the suggestion.

"It's been ages since I sucked that little cock off, darling..."

Now the hem was so high that she could see the hanging balls.

"Mmm, I'll bet that my little maid would just love that?"

He blushed and nodded and did his best to stand straight and position his feet crossed-over as she seemed to like. Her smile confirmed the idea.

"In a moment, darling!"

She flicked at the remote and watched another episode for an hour before turning off the television and slipping on her stilettos. Her hands brushed down the length of her narrow skirt as she stood and crooked a finger.

"This is for being such a good girl," she said as she beckoned him. "I love you standing to attention, it makes me hot for it..."

Each step was painful in his heels, but he tried his best to move his hips at each step as he had learned and followed her up the stairs. His erection was so hard, so desperate that each touch of the skirt brought him to further anticipation. Edith entered the bedroom and held the door open to usher him into the room.

"Let's just check that everything is in order," she said as she leaned down and opened the second drawer. "Then we'll see what my maid needs to keep her in line!"

Neatly stacked were all of the knickers that Vivian had bought. Carefully smoothed and presented as if ready for inspection.

"Very good," she said and blew him a kiss.

"The uniforms are in the wardrobe," said Simon proudly.

Edith nodded and opened the doors wide to see the dresses all in a neat row on wooden hangers. Obviously he had ironed them and they hung like a pastel rainbow ready for use.

"Excellent, I think that this calls for your little reward tonight! I can't wait to taste that cock of yours, dear."

Simon was so excited by the anticipation that he was almost at the point of climax. It was so rare that his wife had been prepared to suck his cock that the very thought of it caused him to moan quietly. Lipstick around the root of him, the tongue massaging as he came...

Edith smiled and licked her lips, slipping her forefinger between them and mimicking what was on promise.

"Are you getting all excited, dear?" she asked.

"Oh God, yes," he stuttered.

"That's good, because I want you so hard that you fill my throat to bursting and pump all that delicious come into me when you climax!"

Simon fluttered his eyelashes and watched the finger that slipped between her lips again in simulation of the coming event. The anticipation was almost too much.

She turned to the chest of drawers again and indicated the closed top drawer.

"In here?"

"Corsets and stockings..."

Her hands reached out for the two knobs slowly and it was then that Simon suddenly saw his ruin inevitably play itself out. A glob of come hung from one of the knobs, caught in the middle of a glutinous drip that had frozen from the moment of his earlier climax.

How had he not seen the sticky wetness, how had he not noticed it?

In almost slow motion he saw her touch, recoil from contact, open her mouth in shock and revulsion. A rushing in his ears masked her outraged voice as she cursed and looked at her outstretched fingers.

A single strand of come between both finger-nails.

“What is this?”

Now he could hear the outrage in her voice as she inspected her hand.

She turned and stepped close, her hand grabbing his shrinking cock and balls in a fierce clutch as she asked the question that he knew was coming.

“How dare you have a wank while I am away? Milk it dry when I am the one to decide when it spurts?”

“I’m so sorry, Edith, I could not help myself, please, please forgive me!”

Her hand pulled free and she wiped it on his dress before she spoke again, the anger and disdain open to see on her face.

“Maybe my mother was right after all, you do need a babysitter to make sure that you behave yourself,” she said in a hiss. “How dare you, when I am trying so hard to give you exactly what you want...”

“Please, Edith, I was thinking of you while I did it...”

“Is that pathetic excuse supposed to make me forgive you?”

“No, it’s the truth, I swear it...”

“The truth? You are lying and I know it! Do you really want me to check up on you?”

“I swear!”

“If you are lying, then there’ll be hell to pay,” she retorted.

As she spoke, she moved to the bedside cabinet and Simon took a step as if to stop her.

“Stay where you are, slut,” she screamed. “I am going to see if you are a sissy-liar or just an eager slut!”

He had never seen her in such a rage, so totally focussed on anger as she wrenched open the drawer and tossed his laptop on the bed.

“Open it you bitch!” she screamed at him so shrilly that he could not help but obey.

Slowly he lifted the lid of the laptop and ran his finger over the reader. For a moment, the screen showed a flicker and then the wide-open last film that he had discarded that afternoon.

“Now repeat that lie to my face...”

Now her voice was hard and uncompromising. Each word spoken with scorn as she turned to lock her eyes with his.

"It's true, Edith, I swear that it's true. The film was not what brought me off..."

Her tone was icy.

"A babysitter is the only way... Mamma will make sure that you behave yourself!"

"I promise that I'll never do it again," he begged. "Please, it's true, all I could think of was you and then I came so hard..."

"Another invention to add to the rest of your lies, bitch! Here I am, promising you the best sex that you'll ever have, what you want more than anything in the world, what I hate to do for you and all you can do is add one untruth on top of the other!"

"Please, anything but Vivian," he begged. "I'm so sorry, please!"

"You haven't apologized for lying yet," she grated.

"I'm sorry I lied..."

"And I know that this will never happen again? How? You cannot be trusted all on your own all day, playing with that pathetic cock and wasting all your energy on self-abuse."

"I promise it, I really do, from the depths of my heart!"

Simon's voice was almost desperate.

"Not good enough," she replied. "How can I get the best of you if you are wanking off every day and not saving it for me? Tell me? How the fuck is that supposed to work?"

His face crumpled so much that Edith almost felt a pang of regret at the trick that she had played on him. How could he possibly guess that she had been looking for just such a sign when she had checked the bedroom out earlier whilst he had been standing to attention?

It had been bound to happen and had turned out perfect.

"I haven't heard an answer yet," she said softly as she started to enjoy the little scene more than she could have guessed. The shame on his face at being caught out, the hunched shoulders and the tears in his eyes. They gave Edith a feeling of sheer domination over him that she never could have imagined.

Edith had thought that it would be weeks before this moment, now that it was here, it was a pleasure to see her bitch cry and beg for mercy. All that remained was for them to move towards the solution that she had decided upon.

The ultimate solution to put him in the palm of her hand.

"I don't know," he wailed. "Please don't give me to your mother!"

“I wouldn’t be giving you to her,” said Edith slowly. “She would just be here when I am at work to look after you and make sure that the chores are done properly and that you don’t spend your time wanking all over the furniture!”

“I’ll do anything!”

“You will do everything that I tell you to, Simon. Everything! No, what needs to be done, I will do myself, that’s for sure. What needs to be done is something like that!”

Her finger pointed at the screen of the laptop where that film clip was frozen in a picture of the feminised maid kneeling with wide open legs in the corner. Simon hoped against hope as her finger moved towards the screen to force the clip to run. In just a few seconds, the camera would pan across the room and show the couple fucking on the bed...

The tip of her nail pointed at the still life where the hem of the maid’s dress lifted to reveal the little cock and balls enclosed in a plastic device that prevented casual arousal.

“If you won’t have my Mamma here to watch over you, then this is the only solution!” she said, trying hard not to giggle as she managed to keep her face straight.

Edith could not restrain herself from heaping more punishment on her husband. There was a warmness, a wetness between her thighs, a delicious feeling of triumph and utter control, because at this moment she could do anything to him. The only thing that slowed her was the realisation that she had to build each part of his servitude to her pleasure or it would all slip through her fingers if he dug in his heels.

Her finger moved as if to start the film.

“Yes, yes, if that means that she will not be here to watch over me...” he stuttered and she almost missed his words in the excitement of his surrender.

The finger pulled back an inch reluctantly and Simon felt a surge of relief, it must have shown in his expression.

“Where can I get one?” she asked.

Simon hung his head.

“Never mind, I can’t have you choosing any way. I’ll speak to Carol and my mother, they’ll have some ideas!”

Tears streamed down Simon’s cheeks, coursed the makeup, flowered onto the dress as they fell and Simon’s whole body shook as he gave himself up to a coughing fit of remorse.

“Go to the spare room, bitch. I can’t bear to see you blubber like a little girl after telling me all those lies! Tomorrow, you will do your chores properly, get them done before I am home! I expect to see the whole house spic and span and you properly presented for inspection by the door as I arrive.”

“Edith!”

“That’s all you have to say after lying and wanking over porn? My name is the best that you can manage?”

“Please,” he wailed, but he dared not look her in the eye.

“From now on, the bedroom is totally out of bounds for you. You are moving into the spare room while I decide what happens next! If you think that I can be moved by those crocodile tears of yours, then you have another thing coming.”

She opened the door wide and stood as he passed by with head hanging.

“I will have order here and that’s a fact...”

She watched him retreat into the spare room and the door close behind him.

It was only then that the giggle that she had suppressed finally emerged and her fingers slipped between her thighs to relieve the craving that almost made her gasp in elation as the first climax flooded her senses.

Passion Play

He really had done his best!

Each day, the chore of putting on his make-up was easier, each day practice made perfect!

They had hardly exchanged a word in the last week, how could they if she did nothing but command and he had no idea what he could say to ease her displeasure? But, it seemed that the last few days had calmed her ire and Simon decided that perhaps today would be the day when he could make amends.

Somehow!

He heard her step in the street before the handle turned. The grate of heels on concrete, the slow cadence of metal tips on cement. It opened and there she was! In a dark green suit, narrow skirt that hugged hips, flaring jacket that hinted at her perfect breasts.

He stood as she had commanded.

Doing his best to please her.

Prim and proper.

One foot crossing the other, uniform pressed and perfect, knickers on and head hung in deference. Servile and coy, feminine as far as he could manage. She closed the door and passed her long leather coat without a word and he hung it on the hanger by the door.

In one hand, her handbag, in the other a small bag that hung by her thigh.

"Inspection!" she said in a stern tone.

Simon stood still while she moved around him and commented.

"It's getting better, Simon," she said.

A good sign! The first time that she had actually used his name since that terrible evening.

"Seven out of ten! The new lashes are good, the dress is pressed properly, unlike yesterday. Seams not perfect and you still are too eager with the blusher. I think that you need a tighter waist, so make sure that all of the buckles are pulled as tight as possible tomorrow."

Her foot twitched against his platforms.

“That’s right, just so. I really don’t want to have to put crosses on the hallway floor to show here the heels must go to make your posture perfect and your legs shapely!”

Edith placed her handbag on the table by the hanging coat and reached under his hem.

“Good, no stiffness,” she said as she probed a little. “My little girl only gets a stiff little clitty when I decide! I hope that you haven’t been playing with yourself today?”

There was no possible answer, so he stayed silent and shook his head. His hips moved slightly at her touch, but she ignored the movement.

“No lies?”

He shook his head ever so slightly.

“Well, I have something for you, Simon,” she said as she displayed the small bag in her hand. “This will make sure that hubby stays chaste for me without having my Mamma keeping tabs on you!”

She walked to the kitchen door and then beckoned him to follow with a crooked finger.

“Unpack it,” she said as she dropped the bag on the table and then moved to sit on one of the chairs by the table. “This was the only alternative to Vivian having to keep an eye on you...”

Simon tipped the bag’s contents onto the table. A small box and another packet. Her hand reached out and took the little paper bag and tipped it out. A tiny padlock fell to the table with a metallic clatter.

“Can you guess?” she asked.

He nodded and stared at the small box.

“If my mother is not going to check up on you, then this will,” she said as she lifted the box and slowly opened it. “The manufacturer guarantees that this little device will stop erections until removed.”

She pulled forth a contorted metal device and held it up for him to see.

“Mamma found one for me on the Internet,” she announced. “Not like the cheap plastic rubbish in that film of yours, this one is designed to be worn all the time. Surgical steel...”

It seemed so small, almost brutally small, Simon gulped.

Her finger entered into the barred and curved form to the cap that closed the device at the tip.

“What do you say?”

He blinked back a tear and said, “Thank you!”

“That’s right, it’s your fantasy come true in spades,” she giggled. “Just like those films that you were wanking over, this will make you so horny for when I want to use you. No more wanking from now on!”

Her fingers played with the chastity device and opened the clasp at the rear to experiment and see how it worked. The ring at the back closed like a handcuff with small teeth that clicked as they slipped into the locking mechanism.

“Hem up!”

He fumbled and lifted the hem of his dress.

“Get rid of that erection,” she said with a laugh. “There’s no way it’ll fit like that!”

His hand closed on his hard cock and he was about to start when he realised that this was not at all what she meant.

“Not like that! Do you think that I want to watch you slime all over the place when this is exactly the antidote to your little games? Get some fucking ice from the freezer and sort it out now!”

In a daze, he pulled the ice tray from the freezer and emptied it into his hand. Already the erection was fading, and he yelped as the icy cold bit his balls and made him start.

“Five minutes like that, bitch. How could you possibly think that I wanted to see you wank to get into a device designed to prevent just that? Fuck me, but you really can be such a stupid slut!”

Her fingers tapped the table in an irritated drum-beat as he held his hands tight over himself. The cold was so agonising until at last all feeling was purged and water dripped from between his fingers.

“Now put it on... nice and tight, I want the maximum security,” she said. “To make sure that there’ll be no playing with yourself.”

Balls and cock now looked almost withered, shrunken by the cold, he fumbled at the metal device and eased himself into it carefully. His balls were drawn high and he had a problem getting the clasp at the back to close.

“Do you really want me to have to do this?” she asked sarcastically. “It’s supposed to be tight enough to be totally secure.”

“No, I’m nearly there,” he muttered as the clasp finally managed to interlock with the ring that closed into it.

“Let me see.”

He moved his hands, keeping it closed.

“There are still three notches to go,” she announced as Edith inspected the ring that still had a way to go. “Tighten it fully, I want to see it properly on and with no

possibility of escape.”

Her hand reached out and he flinched before managing to press the collar around his balls tightly closed.

She passed the tiny padlock, taking the keys from them and holding them in finger and thumb.

Simon slipped in the lock with a slight twist and closed it with a click. When he looked up, she had a small piece of paper in her hand. Clearly the instructions that came with the cage.

“It says here that it can stay on permanently,” she announced. “Though it suggests that you have to sit to pee! Also, there’s all of these... Mamma spent extra to get this model when she kindly bought it for you because it promises complete chastity...”

She dipped once more into the box and pulled a small piece of metal and displayed what seemed to be a small curved tube.

“It screws into the front, right into that wanking clitty of yours,” she said. “For the moment, we’ll give it a miss. First you need to get used to it, then we can add the final touches later if I think that we need to! Then there’s these as well...”

Her hand tipped the box and what seemed to be screws dropped and scattered on the surface of the table.

“For naughty maids there are studs to add to make the whole experience just a little more salutary! Their words, not mine! Mamma has certainly thought of everything. Make sure that I don’t have to use all the refinements of this excellent device. In fact I’ll make a promise, if you like!”

She looked into his eyes.

“A promise?”

“If any of these need adding to make you understand what it is that you are not permitted to do, then I’ll get Mamma to tighten each screw! Do you understand what I am saying?”

“Yes, Edith!”

Simon’s fingers supported the heavy metal device between his thighs and she slapped his hand away with an irritated sigh.

“Don’t touch, you’ll get used to the feeling. In fact I think that it will keep your mind in focus and ready for the times when I decide that you are allowed to be released and relieved...”

“Yes, Edith.”

The time had come for another small addition to his education.

"I told you not to use my name! How dare you? From now on, 'Miss' will do just fine! Now then, we have something else that needs to be sorted out before you are forgiven. Then life can get back to normal."

"What... Miss?"

"Follow me."

She stood and walked from the kitchen and headed up the stairs. Simon followed. At every step he could feel the water from the ice on his thighs and the heaviness of the steel enclosure that encased him.

She opened the bedroom door and ushered him inside.

"Get it out!"

Simon raised the hem of his skirt to display the bright metal cage and she laughed at him.

"Carol and Mamma have been asking for a few more photos," she said.

The phone was already in her hand and she giggled as she documented her husband's progress.

"Mamma will be so glad that it fits so well," she said as she sent the photos with a touch at the screen. "She will be disappointed that I didn't use all of the features, but then that's because I understand that from now on you will be a good little girl. Now, we have something else to sort out before we move forward!"

Now that his balls were warming, now that he could really feel what gripped him between his thighs, Simon could appreciate the grasp that the metal had on him. Wedged in tight with no room to expand, the cap on the tip encasing the sensitive end of his cock, the ring clasped around his slackening balls that still bit hard into the delicate folds of skin.

Her finger pointed at the bedside cabinet and he paused in shock.

"You are going to show me the whole of that vile film that you wanked over! Then I am going to show you how you can make amends for being such a slut with your own hands!"

"All of it, Miss?"

"All of it..."

"Please don't, Edi... Miss! I promise that I'll never watch it again! Please!"

"I want to see what you want, darling," she said; the use of affection ironically spoken with a chuckle. "It is what you want, isn't it? Your perverted fantasy-world that you wanked over for the years of our marriage..."

Her eyes locked with his and he nodded.

"Let's see what we can do, then..."

The still image of a kneeling maid appeared on the screen and Simon moved so slowly as he refreshed the page to get the film to begin at the beginning. Edith waited patiently without a word. The tip of his finger hovered and then touched the triangle in the centre of the black rectangle on the screen.

Credits.

A simple black with white lettering that gave way to a garish swirling flurry of stars and the film had begun.

“Sound,” commanded Edith, but as she spoke, a voice could be heard from the women that stood over her cowering maid.

Surreptitiously, Edith watched her husband. His eyes were glued to the screen, the long lashes wide, the mouth slightly open. What was going through his head? Was he glad that he was exposed? Was this really what he wanted? She felt a sense of irritation; it would be such a shame if he really wanted to live out the film that excited him so. Much better that it was a mere fantasy...

Far better if the prospect terrified him.

Her eyes turned back to the screen where the scenes played out.

Not for the first time. For either of the watchers. He had seen it dozens of times, this was just the third for Edith, but there was still something shocking about the scenes that were being played out. The scenes that had fed the last week of their lives. The woman that stood over the kneeling feminised man, the crop that dangled from her hand, the halting words that showed that it was all ad-libbing.

A wig!

She needed a wig for her maid! How had she missed that detail? Never mind, that would come as would other touches that would ensure that he belonged to her. For now, just another step in the right direction was needed.

Now the woman was answering the door. Funny how it all played out so fast to get to the action. The scene had been set, now all that remained was for it to be played out to the end.

“She seems as though she knows what she’s doing,” said Edith with a grin. “Nice to see that she has him so well under control.”

Simon looked at his wife’s face and then back to the screen. The look of intent lust on her face had not boded well at all. He dreaded the rest of the short piece playing out in front of her eyes. What would she make of the man that was about to join the story?

The door opened and there stood a tall casually-dressed man who smiled and exchanged a few words and a long passionate kiss with the woman with the crop. It seemed that the legends were so wrong, porn actors kissing...

“Ooh, he’s a bit tasty,” said Edith with a warmth that made her husband blanch. “What happens next?”

Edith held up her hand to stop Simon answering and watched the next little scene with relish. This was the bit where she surprised her male friend with the revealing of the little slut who was apparently her husband. The man looked suitably shocked, but a few small kisses and a deft touch to his jeans soon sorted out the introductions.

All so simple, all so easily accepted...

In order to prove to her lover that her husband was suitably obedient, the next shot showed her proving her superiority by using the crop on her husband with an almost casual display. The blows were soft and gentle, the bare ass scarcely even showing the stripes as the wife gave her husband a faux thrashing that left her lover duly agape with shock.

“I can see that she’s fully in control,” giggled Edith.

Now the maid was ordered to sit in the corner, legs open, displaying the cheap plastic chastity tube that could not possibly be fully effective. Not like the prison that she had him locked in! Never mind, thought Edith, when she was in control the thrashing would be administered properly and there would be no escape for the husband who was watching the film by her side.

This was the point that Edith had ensured that the film was paused at. The maid looking forlorn and exposed, that little cock locked safely away. Now came the good bit... where she could really have a little fun!

The action held as the maid pretended to weep in her corner before the camera angle skewed to the right to reveal what was happening on the other side of the room. The wife and her lover were fucking, his cock sliding through her pussy in glorious close up. In and out, the flesh filling the screen at each stroke. Her moans and words loud and repetitive, her faked orgasm a sight to behold.

Wet naked cunt lips stretched around a shaft that was almost unreal in size. Deeply hanging balls that slapped as she lifted her legs high and he gripped her ankles to fuck like a machine. The porn-wife screamed in ecstasy, the lover pumping like a machine.

“Simon!”

The word was both an admonishment and feigned shock.

“She’s fucking her hunk lover in front of that little slut husband,” she said. “I just can’t believe that you have been wanking over this! Really? Is this what is going on in that head of yours?”

“It’s just a fantasy,” whined Simon, “Miss,” he added a moment later.

“Your fantasy,” said Edith. “Do you want to make it real?”

There was no possible answer which boded well!

The clip had ended suddenly, leaving the wife and her lover on the bed and the feminised slut-of-a-husband waiting for the next scene. Edith gestured at the screen, "I want to know what happens next," she said.

"I don't know," whined her husband, that's all there is, Miss."

"You're in luck, I think," laughed Edith. "I can guess..."

Simon hung his head and made as if to close the laptop.

"One moment, dear! Go back to the start again."

He reloaded the page and the credits rolled.

"FD Slaves," read Edith from the screen. "That's the company, now wait for it..."

The screen was filled by the stars again and Edith reached to stop it where the words, 'Sissy Slave Maid III' filled the screen. She turned to Simon and he felt her hand slide from behind up his thighs to fondle the hard metal cage that enclosed him so tightly.

"A little job for you. Find it, in fact pay for it and get me a high-resolution copy by tomorrow evening," she said. "Then I'll tell you what happens next..."

"Oh God, Edit... Miss," he stuttered. "Please don't make me do this for you..."

"I'm not doing it for me, babes," she chuckled. "I'm doing it for you! Every night you are going to watch this film from start to finish when you go to your room! That way maybe you will realise what a liar and sissy husband you are, and reflect on how things are going to be from now on!"

"Please Miss, really, it was only a fantasy to wank over, that's all it was!"

"Your fantasy," she hissed. "All yours! This was all in your head and now you've put it in mine, suffer the consequences girl, suffer the consequences!"

He stared at her and made a small sound between a moan and a whine as if that could change her mind, but she realised that she was relishing every moment of his shame. This was the moment that she had dreamed of. The moment after which he would be broken to her will, the moment that she had her husband in the palm of her hand.

From now on, the slide he was on would become a plummeting fall.

"Go to your room, I've seen quite enough!"

As soon as the door closed behind her husband, Edith gasped and fumbled at her skirt. Her knickers were sodden, her pussy swollen and sensitive, her fingers eager as she swam in a storm of lust.

One touch.

That was all it took for the climax to overwhelm her.

One touch.

Endless Tuition

He sat in the little plush armchair next to his bed and stared at the screen that he had been compelled to fix to the wall. Hated it, loathed it and loved it. A beautiful hi-resolution screen that was only destined to ever show a single piece of film. Not just once, but all the time. Edith had decided not to allow her husband to control the showing of the film.

Clearly, she could not trust him to watch it when required!

It ran all day, all night, over and over, again and again.

The light of it lit his room with ghostly movement and filled every sleeping hour with the soundtrack that now sounded through his dreams. When she consigned him to his room, it was exactly the punishment that she had explained on the first night.

“This will remind you that lying to me has a price for you,” she had hissed as she sat in the armchair and started to watch the film end to end. “In a month or two, if you manage to keep your presentation average over seven, perhaps I will switch it off or find another one that is suitable! Or, even better, you will find it for me.”

Never had he seen the whole hour length that followed the stolen clip they had seen online. In glorious hi definition, the film showed every detail, every degradation, every moment of explicit fucking and punishments in detail so sharp that nothing could be overlooked.

From the ten minutes of explosively loud fucking that left the wife dripping with the cum of her lover to the delicious scenes of the maid using her tongue to gently lick her clean of every slick glutinous drop while she looked down and smiled at his humiliation. From the second caning and the slow frigging scene where she satisfied herself with a monstrous vibrator before making the maid spill his slime in a dribble from his restraint as he was fucked.

One scene after the other, a little bondage here, latex and rubber there, gagged closed and then open; a thrashing and domestic chores and then the lover finally being persuaded to allow the maid to service him in a climax of abject submission before the slave was caged and left to reflect on a lifetime of abuse from the cage at the end of her bed.

Edith did not say a word, except to occasionally praise the lover’s giant cock and admire his physique.

When it was over for that first time, she stood and held the tiny key before Simon's eyes and smiled.

"Now it is time for you to understand the rules that you will follow. Pay attention carefully, because you will never see a copy of them. It is your duty to remember them all and make sure that you abide by them without fail."

"I have to remember them all, Miss?"

"Of course you do, hubby. It's quite simple because at the moment there are only four rules, though I may add a few more if they are needed..."

His mouth opened as if to speak and then closed again as he thought better of the idea.

"Ready?"

He nodded and Edith smiled and pulled a small scrap of paper from her bra, unfolded it and read it through.

"First one, then. A tidy house is a happy house," she declaimed. "You are solely responsible for making sure that this is kept to. Soon we will be moving to a new place that I have found in the country. Of course it is rather bigger than this one, but the same rule will apply. So, tell me the first rule?"

"A tidy house is a happy house," he muttered before remembering to add 'Miss' at the end, perhaps a second too late.

"Good. Here is the second rule for you to live by. Ready?"

He nodded and watched her face. In the background the film, was starting again, but all he could hear was his wife's voice.

"Seduction follows instruction! Let me explain... I want you sexy and seductive at every moment. You are here for me and don't forget it, your obedience makes me horny, so be a good little slut and tempt me to play! What is the rule?"

"Seduction is your instruction," said her husband in a muted tone.

"Nearly, seduction follows instruction is the rule."

"Now we move to the third rule and this one is really important. This one goes; respect and correct. Do you understand the meaning of it?"

He shook his head slowly and Edith looked into his eyes and explained speaking slowly.

"If you fail to show obedience and respect for me and whoever I introduce you to, you will be corrected. Punishments are not given lightly, I'm not like her..."

Edith pointed at the screen where the film had reached the point of the caning of the hapless maid.

“But, when I punish you it is because I love you, but you failed to be obedient and respectful. It’s for your own good. If I have to discipline you can be sure that it is because I need to show you what you did wrong and learn the lesson.”

She paused a few seconds and added, “Don’t make me buy a cane, Simon!”

“Correct and respect, Miss,” he said, his voice quavering.

“There you go. I made them all rhyme to make them easy for you. Now that’s the most important rule of all, so make sure that it is always uppermost on your mind. Now the last one, so rule number four. Silence is compliance! I think that the meaning is quite clear...”

“Miss?”

A look of irritation crossed her features.

“I am making this so easy for you, Simon! Tell me what it means.”

“Please Miss. Does it mean that I can only speak when you permit it?”

“There you go, nearly right, but it’s not just about me. It goes for anyone that I allow you to meet. So, do you think that there are any exceptions?”

“No Miss...”

Edith laughed and shook her head.

“You must thank anyone for asking you to serve, nice and politely of course. The opportunity to be of service is a gift, so you have to thank the giver. So... give me an example.”

“Thank you, Miss, for teaching me the rules!”

Edith clapped her hands in joy and started to laugh.

“You have learned it so well that there might be a little reward for you. Well done! Can you guess what the reward is?”

There was hopeful look in his eyes and Edith shook her head.

“I know what you are thinking, but for the moment the chastity cage stays on! I can’t have you thinking that you can escape so easily! No, I think that there is another special reward for a girly that is so clever for her wife. Tomorrow, you can choose which colour dress you can wear, I’ll even let you decide which shoes are your favourites to match. What do you think of that?”

“Thank you, Miss.”

She clapped her hands again and chuckled.

“Oh, I really do think that you are so clever.”

He blushed and she stroked his cheek with a brush of her hand.

“Tomorrow at six you will get yourself ready to say goodbye to me as I go to work. I want you pretty and seductive as we just discussed. Eager to please and prepared for a long day of chores. Then in the evening we will see if you have remembered the four important rules that we learned today.”

His lips moved, but Edith placed a finger on her lips and left the room.

At last, Simon was alone. Alone apart from the flickering film that played on the screen and the words that the actors spoke. He heard the key turn in the lock as she ensured that she could be undisturbed and then curled up on the bed and cried himself to sleep.

The sound of a maid being punished and used for his owner's pleasure and amusement becoming part of his dreams.

Feminine Touches

In the pastel pink, matching shoes and stockings, he waited for the key to turn. The choice had been no choice at all. It had to be pink because it was the dress that she had worn the day before. The locked-on stilettos not allowing the suffering maid to take them off without the key, and the key was in Edith's possession.

Steps by the door.

There was no clock in the room, no way of telling what time it was but for the light that filtered through the curtains. The maid hastily made herself ready, paints and powders, blushers and lipstick before she straightened the creases in her dress as well as she could.

The handle turned and there was Simon's wife, ready to go to work.

Clearly Edith had been shopping and the terrified maid wondered how much she had paid for the low-cut blouse and slit pencil skirt that she wore under her long leather coat.

"I've already had a coffee, so all you have to do is help me on with my new shoes," said Edith as she looked at the creases in the uniform.

She could comment or not, and then realised the problem.

Never mind, she thought, my mistakes are her punishments...

"That's the same one as yesterday," she said. "Make sure you are presentable when I get back and assess your appearance. Already I am not happy with you!"

Silence is compliance was the rule and the maid stayed still.

"Today I want you to make a start on cleaning all of the floors, curtains and carpets," said Edith in a matter of fact way. "A room a day, so start in the kitchen. Make sure that you are done and ready for inspection by three," she added.

The maid made an almost imperceptible nod that seemed to be permitted.

"Tonight, there will be a test on the rules at seven, and after that I think that I might just allow you into the bedroom. I'll have to see what my mood is, I am still really annoyed about what you got up to a week ago... Don't start thinking that I have forgotten."

"Thank you Miss."

Edith nodded acknowledgement and then held out her hand to her victim.

Simon took the tiny keys for the locks on her shoes and thanked Edith again. He followed her down the stairs where he helped her ease on the new shoes that caused the husband to draw in a breath.

High heels, as Edith always wore. Open toed to show her curved toe-nails to advantage. A pillar box red that matched the seams on her stockings.

"I just had to buy them," said Edith as the shoes were slipped on to her feet. "They are to die for and match the skirt perfectly."

The slit in the skirt was closed by thin gold chains that allowed her stocking tops to be seen, but kept the skirt pressed tight against her thighs. The silky blouse buttoned to just above the high waistband of the skirt and it was clear that Edith had decided not to wear a bra.

"Don't forget. Ready by three," said the wife as she swept from the house with a click of heels.

The door closed and Simon stood lost in terrible agony. His cock, reacting to the perfume and clothes of his so-fuckable wife caused him to gasp as the steel of the chastity cage objected to any swelling inside it.

At last he was able to walk and he started on his chores.

The kitchen floor was easy to clean and he did that straight away. After that a clothes-wash and setting the dish-washer. Nothing had been said by Edith about what he was and, was not allowed to eat, so he briefly stooped for a bite before starting on the living room.

It was two by the time that the maid was done with her chores and she gratefully took off her shoes and had a long shower. Sitting was the only possibility on the toilet and then Simon carefully shaved and started on her face.

The lashes were difficult, but there was a trick to not getting too much glue on them before applying them. Next came the face. Each day it had been the same and each day had been a little better. Each pot by number. Easy on the pink blusher and it was done.

The time was half past two as Simon chose an outfit and gave it a quick kiss of the iron to get the last creases out. The girdle was always a fight, but now that he was not eating so much it seemed a little easier than that first time.

Shoes and stockings, dress and a last few checks and the maid stood by the door just before three. Carefully with one foot crossed, hands behind back and calming down to await Edith's arrival.

It was three exactly.

Ten after four the steps arrived outside. The key turned and Carol stepped into the house. She looked Simon up and down started to chuckle.

“My, my, Edith has done such a good job... Did you do your own make-up?”

“Yes Miss!”

“I’m glad that you are keeping to the four rules, darling. I am here to make sure that your nails and hair are perfect. Then we shall wax you again and a few other small touches to get you ready by six for your wife’s arrival.”

She admired the sissy-man standing before her and tittered.

“Just us girls together for a few hours!”

She chuckled again and led the terrified man into the kitchen.

“We’ll start on the nails,” said Carol with a grin. “Your wife wants them long and curved, so I chose some that I think will be perfect for you.”

She pulled out a chair and patted it.

“Sit here and stretch your hands out flat,” she said and moved to the other side of the table.

The acrylic nails were two inches long. French style, with a curve that would be like claws. Each nail had to be prepared by endless filing and then at last the acrylic pink claw could be glued into position.

“Be careful when you do the housework,” said Carol as she worked. “Edith will not be happy if you break them, but to be honest, I really don’t know how she can expect you do anything but fuck with these nails on!”

Simon looked at the hand that was done and wondered how he could do anything, but it seemed that setting impossibilities was Edith’s goal.

“OK, darling, keep your hands flat while the glue dries, I have to start on your hair.”

She bustled about and moved around behind Simon. He heard the sound of a plug going into a socket and her steps behind him.

“Don’t move an inch, darling, here we go...”

The sudden burr of the cutters filled his ears. Simon jumped in shock, but Carol’s hand on the top of his head held him in place.

“Stay still...”

The first cut ran from his neck to crown. A broad stripe of stubble that was cropped at the second sweep.

“It all comes off, babes! Hair, eyebrows and everything. I have a little selection of wigs for you to wear and Edith will decide the look when she gets home. I told you to stay still!”

He had twitched as her clippers nicked his ear.

“That’s better, darling, here we go...”

It took just a minute to leave his head just a short stubble and Carol started with a razor to make it perfect.

“That’s better, growing your own would take ages and this way your wife gets to choose a new-you every day...”

The commentary continued as eyebrows were removed and eyelashes plucked. Simon sat in a funk of fear as she moved around him and touched up his make-up.

“No brows, just a thin line is so very fashionable. Arched high, it will make your face look rounder as well, so all to the good. There it’s done!”

He looked up at her smiling face and she shrugged.

“Now a wig to get you started. Stand up!”

He stood up and Carol inspected him carefully.

“When Edith comes home, she will orgasm as soon as she sees you, darling! Ten out of ten, I would say. Ok here it is...”

The wig was bright pink, strands of nylon hair that nearly reached shoulders. Carol moved it around and it shimmered in the light from the windows. Finally, she seemed satisfied and reached high to put it on. A little adjustment, a pull here and a pull there.

“Perfect, my dear,” she said.

“Thank you, Miss,” said Simon.

“A pleasure to do and a pleasure to see,” she replied. “Now then, I think I will have a nice glass of wine as a reward. I’ll be in the lounge.”

Simon could feel a throbbing in his head, a desperate need to escape. Carol lounged on the sofa, her feet high on the glass-topped table, at ease and smiling up at him while he brought the tray in. The long-curved nails clicked on the tray and bottle as the wine was poured and made it difficult to manage.

“Thanks, dear,” said Carol as she took the proffered glass. “Just stand there for when I need a refill...”

Her finger pointed at a spot just within her reach and the maid shuffled into place and stood correctly. It was so much easier now, somehow the pressure on his toes, the narrow platform soles and soaring heels had become easier to balance in, and the thigh-cramps did not happen.

She sipped at her wine and set it on the tray that was held conveniently.

“It’s amazing really,” she said with a giggle. “Just a few weeks and already a perfectly tempting bimbo!”

Her hand lifted lazily and lifted the hem of the dress. The stocking-tops were already exposed and it had only to be lifted a couple of inches to reveal the metal between his thighs.

“Mmm, what a pretty little clitty,” she said as she inspected the chastity device. “I wonder...”

The capped top was held by the bars that curved to the base of the constricted cock and she could see that it was swelling. The flesh of the cock was already in broad ridges, pressing against the device from the inside and she stroked them with her nails.

“Is that good?” she asked.

The maid groaned and made a whimpering sound in answer.

“I do believe that you are getting all excited,” she chuckled. “Does it hurt?”

Simon nodded and tried hard to separate his mind from the teasing, but when the fingers moved and stroked his smooth groin and then burrowed underneath to squeeze his smooth balls, she elicited another whimper of distress. Her hand retreated and allowed the panties to cover him again and she took the glass and had another sip of wine.

“It’s a shame that your wife wants to keep you all to herself,” she said. “I would just love to play a little with her sissy...”

The glass was empty and returned to the tray and Carol looked up at the pink bimbo standing by her side.

“I have some more make-up for you to use,” she said conversationally. “Gorgeous eyeliner and some lipstick that will plump up those lips a little. It’s time to wax you again, I think...” her hand returned to his groin and stroked. “A little stubble starting, so I’d better get on with it so that by the time Edith is here you are ready.”

With a sigh, Carol stood and crooked a finger to beckon the maid to follow her. Between finger and thumb she held the key to Simon’s stilettos and she displayed it for a moment before picking up her bag and heading upstairs to his room.

As he arrived, she was pulling a cloth over the bed and unpacking rolls of waxing strips.

“I switched off the entertainment,” said Carol with a smile. “Too distracting.”

She pocketed the remote for the screen and burrowed through her bag.

“Cold wax, this time. Less messy and easier when out of the salon...”

It took a few minutes to undress and prepare the sissy face down on the bed. One by one she unrolled the strips and covered his body from head to foot, smoothing them on, pressing them into the crack of his ass.

“You need a bleaching as well,” she commented as she began to pull the strips away with sharp tugs. “Better to get it done in the salon the first time...”

It took ten painful minutes before she flipped him over and began on the front.

“This will have to wait until Edith allows you a breather,” she said as she worked her way from shoulders to groin. As she spoke she teased his caged cock and then parted his legs to allow her to apply the strips to balls and the inside of thighs.

“A little cream to soothe the rashes and then it’ll be time to get dressed again.”

Soothing and cool on his skin. Simon flinched at the first touch, but soon relaxed as her hands smoothed over his skin and quieted the fierce itching. The moment of gentle contact was a calming interlude as Carol worked from feet to his naked scalp and then flipped him to do the back.

“This will make you as soft as a baby if you apply it every day,” she said with a chuckle. “So much more sensitive and feminine. That tan is fading and your skin’s becoming a lovely pale ivory shade. Now you just lie there for ten minutes and I’ll be back to dress you.”

Simon was almost in a doze. The cream relaxed him with a scent of aloe and all he could hear after her footsteps had receded was a bird twittering by the window of his room. His eyes closed and he relaxed, and it seemed just moments before the click of Carol’s heels echoed once more in the room.

“Perfect!” she said as she ran her fingers from the nape of his neck to his ass. “Ready to be primped and preened for your wife’s arrival.”

The pampering continued as the make-up was applied.

First a cleanser and then the thick foundation.

“I think that black will contrast with the peachy pink that I have selected for your lips,” she said. Her lips pressed in concentration as Carol held his head just so and applied the liner to the edges of his lips. “Now the eyebrows and then the lipstick.”

Patiently, she built up the contouring and colour with a soft brush expertly wielded.

“Mmm,” she said. “On goes the lipstick. Now it will sting a moment, but then it will feel nice and warm.”

He felt his lips swell as she applied the glossy lipstick with a brush. By the time that she added a little glitter it was a hot tinge that caused his lips to pout. She stood back to admire her handiwork and then turned to the chest of drawers.

“Girdle first, dear.”

The girdle clenched him so tight that he could hardly breathe and then she pulled the cinch-straps as tight as they would go to swell his hips and narrow his waist.

“You need to go on a diet.” she announced when the girdle was on. “I’ll speak to your wife about it! Reduced calories and more fat will build up those hips and ass. A little exercise of course to make sure the puppy-fat goes on in the right places.”

She slapped his behind playfully and then selected the pink candy-striped stockings.

“Put these on and I’ll get the matching dress.”

The long nails made rolling the stockings onto his legs difficult and she had to help him with the seams.

“You’ll have to learn to do this all on your own,” said Carol with a laugh. “Those nails will make everything difficult from now on.”

The dress slipped on with a whisper and then he stepped into the shoes and she locked them to his feet. The last touch was the wig and Carol stepped back.

“Perfect, I think. Perhaps nine out of ten. You still have problems with the heels. Better get used to them because there’s more to come!”

Simon looked down at his feet. The toes were scarcely bent with the immensely high heels and he wondered how his wife could put him in even higher heels. At that moment, the screen in the room came back to life and Carol increased the volume. His eyes went to the familiar action on the screen and suddenly he was back in his wife’s world.

“Right then,” said Carol, “In a little while Edith will be back, and you need to be ready to greet her and impress her with your femininity.”

Carol seemed almost a friend, he decided. She teased a little, but was so matter of fact that he could relax and know that she would look after him. She helped him position just right by the door and then smoothed his dress with the palms of her hands with just the slightest hint of contact between his legs.

“Good, now you are ready for your Mistress.”

Dealing With Edith

Eight out of ten.

Not standing straight, hands should be better positioned, a smile, but not happy enough to satisfy the returning wife. It seemed that the hubby could not be perfect enough for Edith, or perhaps her day at the office had been trying?

He was required to serve them in the lounge and listened to the idle chatter about clothes and accessories as he stood waiting upon them. Every now and again, Edith turned her eyes to his and smiled, but he could not tell if it was encouragement or amusement.

She sat there, sexy as hell, all tight slit-skirt and low-cut blouse. He could just make out the curves of those perfect globes that were revealed by the parting of her black blouse and the tops of her stockings and one of the garters that clipped them in place. Just a month or two ago, she had been the prim, stern suited office goddess, now it seemed that she was displaying her charms for all to see.

The chatter of the two women turned to other channels and Simon listened with increasing uneasiness.

"Most of them are just so unattractive," Edith was saying in answer to Carol's question about the men in her office. "The ones on the board, anyway. But, some of the managers are just hunks! Shame most of them are married!"

"It's always the same," said Carol. "Either gay or married, it's a real problem! I had a fling with one of the masseuses, but he fancied himself so much that I ended up spending all my time in shops deciding what clothes were currently in fashion."

"Well, anyway, I'm married," said Edith with a laugh. "OK to look, but don't touch!"

"I don't think that your sissy husband would mind..."

Edith smiled and looked up at Simon.

"I'm not so sure that's the case."

Carol pulled a frown and sipped at her glass.

"Why don't you ask him?"

There was a pregnant pause and Edith nodded. Her hand moved to her neck where a slim chain was adorned by a tiny key. For a moment she fondled it and then stroked it back into place.

“Simon?” she asked. “What do you think? Am I entitled to a little fun while you are in chastity?”

Her voice was sweet and entreating, but the smile on her face was a wicked grin.

“You do want to make me happy, don’t you?”

“Yes, Miss,” he gulped.

“Yes to making me happy or yes to finding a lover?” she asked.

“Please, Miss, I want to make you happy...”

Edith smiled and fondled the key.

“Perhaps we can reach an arrangement?” she said. “Once a month I allow you to have the key if you don’t get all envious of me having a little fun?”

His eyes followed the key as she stroked it and the familiar, agonising grip of the steel on his cock took its toll.

“Once a month? Miss,” he whined.

“Perhaps less often, perhaps more,” she grinned. “It would put me to more than a little trouble and I won’t always have time to service you properly.”

“Perhaps your Mother could help,” said Carol, piling on the pressure. “A supervised wank once a month and then your husband can wax properly...”

“A perfect idea, Carol! What do you say to that?”

Simon whined and opened his bee-stung lips as if to speak, paused and then said, “Please, could it be you, Miss?”

“That would depend on how I felt at the time,” said Edith seriously. “It would be a lot of effort, but perhaps I could occasionally reward you... I can’t spend all my free time pampering you!”

He shuffled on his feet and bowed his head.

“Thank you, Miss,” he lisped.

“There, that’s all settled!” said Carol with a chuckle. “Perhaps, if hubby is obedient in a month, you could generously take the time to milk him?”

“A perfect scheme,” said Edith. “let’s say that he scores an eight or better every day, then he can have the key?”

“I think that the bar should be higher, a nine would be the right level...”

Edith pursed her lips.

“Do you think that you can manage that?” she asked her sissy.

Simon’s eyes filled with tears. Even with Carol’s help he had only scored an eight. A nine was impossible, he had never even once scored a nine!

“I try so hard, Miss,” he wailed.

“I know that you do, dear,” said Edith, her voice compassionate and caring. “You have convinced me, an eight or better every day each month and proper attention to the rules.”

Simon had the feeling that somehow he had been tricked. Had he really consented to Edith looking for a lover? His eyes were filled with tears and his knees shook as he listened to the two women continuing their conversation.

“Now that that is settled,” said Carol, “tell me, have any of them made a pass at you?”

“One or two,” said Edith. “All unsuitable, really. I really have to get back to the mind-set that I am free and single again and that will take a while.”

“I can see that you’ve made a start,” said Carol. “Where did you get that outfit?”

The two women chatted on and the conversation slipped back to clothes and shoes, while it started to dawn on Simon that a new phase of their marriage was about to begin.

Part 2 - Cuckold Slut

Reflections

What had changed?

The question rattled around in Simon's head and, he found that he could not answer it.

Nothing had changed!

At least on the surface.

The same routine, the same need to satisfy Edith, the same commands and routines. It all seemed the same. He woke as the sun rose and applied his make-up and dressed himself. Attended as his wife left the house in her increasingly provocative outfits. Hems rising and heels ever more incendiary. The maid worked at the chores that were set daily and then greeted Mistress as she returned...

Mistress!

That was the change!

Not mistress as in a lover, a confidant, a paramour. Mistress with a capital! Mistress that demanded and whose whims were to be satisfied without complaint. Mistress that ruled every facet of her husband's life. Every moment filled to her satisfaction, every second concentrated on her needs. Then, back to that bare room where the sounds of his obsessions frayed the edges of his consciousness. Where the flickering screen delivered the same sordid tale again and again in a loop that never ended.

Mistress!

A word with such a weight of meaning that Simon could never hope to plumb the depths of it. Sexual and domestic, dress and comportment, power even over his thoughts. Bound in steel, relegated to the edges of her consciousness. The only words from her were commands, the only attention admonishment and demands. Simon's lips moved in exact synchronisation with the film. No sound, but the meaningless mouthing of a crass script that ran forever.

Mistress!

Now he had used the word! Dared it to test her reaction. Instead of the 'Miss' required by the rules, he had presumed, and it had passed the test.

Without even an acknowledgement, without a comment or even a little praise, the maid had dared and won.

Almost astounded by his boldness at defining their relationship in the single word. The new word that defined the change that had suddenly become reality.

As he drifted to sleep, the sound of the soundtrack of his life rattling in his brain, he felt a lump in his throat. A choking feeling that was the fear of tomorrow. Tomorrow was the day when Edith expected her husband to play the perfect maid. The day that he would be presented formally and finally outed for what he was!

Two months since that new phase had begun, sixty days that had seen his marks climb to an eight. On average, but not enough for the target that he longed for.

An evening to remember!

Coming Out

The knock on the door heralded the first guest.

Simon stepped forward under his wife's critical eye and opened it to reveal Carol standing on the doorstep. In her hand a gift, wrapped in bright pink paper, tied with a bow proffered with a smile.

"This is for you," she said as she passed the long thin package to the feminised maid. "I hope that you like it!"

"Thank you, Miss," said the maid with a small curtsy.

'Miss', for all women but his wife, she was now firmly his Mistress.

"I can see that Edith's lessons in comportment have improved your manners," she added.

Edith stepped forward and hugged her friend and they kissed briefly before they wandered to the lounge.

"I got the one that you asked for," said Carol before they disappeared into the lounge. "I have another little gift just for you..."

Simon looked at the wrapped gift in his hands and shivered. His fingers probed the wrapping paper and felt the braided crop that he had been gifted. He placed it by the door and took up position to greet the next guest. He had no idea who had been invited, but he prayed that Vivian would not arrive next!

Ten minutes he stood and then came a knock at the door.

It was a couple that he had never seen before. Both in their thirties, both dressed smartly in matching suits. Each one holding a small envelope which they passed to the maid with a small smile.

"We have heard so much about you," said the woman with a smirk. "Edith can be proud and so can you. It's a pleasure to see you at last and here is a small gift that I hope will make you perfect for your wife. She talks about you all the time in the office."

The man looked Simon up and down and started to laugh.

"The reality is so much more than I expected," he stuttered over his laughter.

"Henry and Gloria, I'm so glad that you could make it," said Edith as she emerged from the lounge. "Come through and join the party!"

"I love the house," said Gloria. "Do you really need more space than this?"

"I may well keep it, but the country life beckons," answered Edith. "I hope that she thanked you properly?"

"Not a word," said Henry.

"Really!"

Edith gave a hard look at Simon and he stuttered a greeting.

"Thank you, Miss, Sir," he managed.

"Your manners are slipping," scolded Edith. "From now, I want you kneeling as each guest arrives and make sure that you greet and thank them as personal friends of your wife!"

The two envelopes almost fell to the floor, Simon was shaking so much. It was all he could do to thank Edith for being so kind and lower to his knees to wait for the arrival of the next guest.

"Well in hand," said Edith. "I must apologise for my maid's lack of manners. Now then, let me fill you each a glass and we can leave her to reflect on her punishment!"

Simon's eyes filled as he watched Edith lead her guests into the lounge. Clearly they were work colleagues and he felt ashamed that he had made such a terrible mistake. His eyes fell on the envelopes addressed to him on the table lying by Carol's gift and wondered what could be inside.

Five minutes passed and another knock at the door signalled an arrival.

Simon watched the door open just as Edith strolled into the hallway behind him. He looked up and, to his dismay, there stood his mother-in-law. Her fur coat hung almost to the floor, her hair primped high and she looked down at the kneeling sissy that greeted her and then up to her daughter with an expectant grin.

Simon greeted her in a quivering voice, but Vivian ignored him and simply moved one foot an inch forward. It took a moment, but there was no other possible reaction. He slid to his hands and gently kissed the proffered shoe and moved to look up.

"I do believe that the little slut is looking up my skirt," said Vivian in a stern tone.

A sweat broke out on Simon's forehead and a terrible fear swept through him. He could scarcely breathe and his wife's words simply sent his funk into orbit.

"How dare you?"

"Such a pervert," added Vivian. "It's hard to even call it a man!"

"I know," said Edith with a sigh. "I have tried so hard to teach her good manners, but maybe the task is just beyond me..."

Vivian stepped past the prostrate maid and gave her daughter a kiss.

"Perhaps I could assist?"

"I think that that's a good idea. I'm sure that you would get her trained and polished in short order."

"We can discuss it in detail later," said Vivian. "Meanwhile, I have a small gift for him, something that will amuse you both."

She passed a large heavy wrapped package to her daughter who placed it by the other gifts.

"Thank you, Mistress," said Simon.

"I have a bottle of your favourite open, so come on in and meet my other guests," said Edith.

The maid kneeled and waited and it was just a minute later that the door opened and a man stood looking down at Simon. A wry smile played on his face as the pink slut greeted him.

Once again, Edith was sliding from the lounge.

"Oh Donald, I am so glad that you could make it."

He looked down at Simon and started to laugh.

"Fuck me, Edith! I would not have believed it if I had not seen... What a pathetic specimen, is this really your hubby? I know that you said, but..."

"Darling!" she said, and Simon heard a tone in her voice that made his heart sink to the bottom of his toes. A tone of affection that could not be mistaken, a tone that held promise in her every word. "Didn't you bring a present?"

"Only what you asked me for," he grinned as he reached into his pocket. "Now I can see what it is for, I was starting to worry!"

She laughed delightedly as he moved his hands from behind his back to display a box that filled his hands.

"Thank you so much... I think that that deserves a little kiss!"

Edith and Donald moved to a clinch and he kissed her passionately for a minute.

"I hope that you are going to introduce me to this hunk," came Vivian's voice as she joined them in the hallway.

Edith broke from his lips, her tongue flickering a moment as it retreated and made a small curtsy.

"Donald, this is my Mother, Vivian. I'm sure that you'll get along just famously. Vivian; this is Donald. My dreamboat lover..."

Simon looked up at the three of them, but they ignored him as Edith led them into the lounge to leave the desolate Simon with tears in his eyes.

"Good enough to eat!" said Vivian.

“Mamma, really!” replied Edith with a chuckle. “Mine, all mine!”

They started for the lounge.

“You had better run along to serve my guests,” announced Edith over her shoulder. “We are all here now and your coming-out party can begin properly. Bring the gifts and you can make a little presentation!”

Seven in the lounge. Edith and Donald holding hands, Vivian sipping at her Cognac, Henry and Gloria laughing at some bon-mot from Carol, and Simon with his hands full of the gifts that they had all brought.

“Thank you all for coming, I’m sure that my husband is gratified that so many could attend this little party held in his honour,” said Edith as an opening announcement. She waved a hand at Simon and then continued, “I married Simon ten years ago, just a short few months ago, I discovered that he was addicted to porn and have been rehabilitating him ever since...”

There was laughter and a small round of applause that Edith acknowledged with a grin.

“Simon has a long way to go, obviously, but this little party marks the moment that he becomes something other than a mere husband. It is the moment that he will learn that the last few months are just the very beginning of a new life that will be shaped to attending to my every need!”

“Sounds exciting,” said Henry under his breath.

“For us both,” answered Edith. “Just a few weeks ago, Simon agreed that I could amuse myself with other partners and I would like to take this opportunity to introduce Donald to you all.”

A few sighs and claps died down before Edith continued.

“Donald has everything that a desperate wife could want,” she said with a laugh. “Everything! I know because in this last week we spent the time fucking like rabbits!”

There was general laughter and Simon felt his knees give as he sank to a kneeling position. Edith glanced at her husband’s faux-pas and continued.

“So,” she said in a loud tone, “It is time at last to reveal how I have decided that my sissy husband’s education is to progress and develop. I asked you all to bring a little present for him, we will get to them in a moment. What has to happen first is the rebirth of Simon in his re-confirmed role as my husband and feminised maid.”

Simon could not take his eyes from Edith. The warm looks that she gave her lover. The relish with which she humiliated and shamed him, the way that she revelled in announcing his future with no regard for his feelings.

Mistress!

Edith turned to the kneeling maid and patted the bright pink hair almost affectionately.

“First of all, I think you all know just how generously I allow my husband to pursue his fantasy as a chaste feminised maid. Since I give so much, I think that it is only right that he gives something back and so, I have decided that from now on, Simon will become Cindi in recognition of her new role that she is desperate to fulfil.”

Edith turned to Cindi and lifted her face up to her own.

“Thank you, Mistress,” muttered Cindi as he looked into Edith’s eyes.

“I will open the presents for you, and you will show proper thanks for each one!” continued Edith. “I happen to know what is in this one,” she laughed as she took the long thin package from Carol and deftly unwrapped it.

The crop was two feet of braided leather over a core of rigid glass fibre.

Flexible in a wife’s hands, a comfortable handle and a loop for her wrist.

“After Cindi’s poor manners this evening, I think that this will come in useful,” she laughed. “I have refrained from using corporal punishment so far to train my maid, but the time has come where poor performance must be met by immediate and ruthless punishment for her own good.”

Edith tapped Cindi on the head and then pressed it against his lips. He opened his mouth and she left it there, clenched in his teeth, between the glittering swollen lips.

“What have we here?” said Edith.

In her hands was the box from Donald, and she unwrapped it excitedly and opened the box. What she withdrew was a slim, pointed rubber form that ended in a tube that ran to a bulb that hung almost to the floor.

“Aha, I think that Donald knows what my slut needs,” she said.

Her hands squeezed the bulb and the rubber shape swelled a little with a hiss.

She raised an eyebrow and placed it before the kneeling Cindi.

“Every night, I think...” said Edith.

The next gifts were the two envelopes from Henry and Gloria.

“My friends happen to share some of my interests,” she said.

Her hands opened the first envelope and inspected the card within.

“What is it?” asked Donald impatiently.

“Well, well, well,” laughed Edith delightedly. “Cindi is going to be so excited to get my name tattooed on her milky skin...” She opened the other envelope and laughed and held the card up. “And her own new name can go right next to it...”

“Sissy Cindi, property of Mistress Edith, and then there’s enough on the gift card for a nice logo and a return address as well,” said Gloria with a smile. “I was sort of thinking of that block-lettering that they always put on crates, but choose something else if you like.”

“Sounds great,” said Edith with a nod to Cindi, “what do you say?”

“Thank you, Miss, for the perfect present...”

“Now then, let’s see what a loving mother-in-law has for my little hubby,” said Edith as she picked up the wrapped present from her mother. “Feels heavy and solid,” she commented.

The paper was stripped to reveal a shoe box.

“Ooh, I’m loving this,” said Edith as she peeked into the box. With a triumph and grin she pulled a single shoe from the box and showed all of her guests. “Oh my God,” said Donald as he reached for the shoe and turned it in his hand. “Fucking high or what?”

Cindi looked at the shoe and shivered inside.

An en-point toe and all heel, this was as high a heel as possible. A steel band at the ankle was closed with a lock. Edith took it back from her lover’s hand and peeped inside.

“Size seven,” she said, “a size too small...”

“Darling, this is for punishments and those moments when your maid should just stand and relish the grip of the steel lining,” said Vivian. “For those intimate moments as well, we can’t have you chasing the maid around your new house...”

“Thank you so much, Mamma,” said Edith. “Now it’s time for my maid to make a little presentation and then I can announce the present that I have decided that would be appropriate for her. Stand up, Cindi.”

She tried so hard to be graceful as she stood, but her heart was not in it and she had to take Donald’s proffered hand before she could stand. At last she was up and she looked to her wife for some hint of what was expected.

“Show them how sexy you are,” said Edith patiently.

Cindi was confused. Here she was amongst all these important people in Edith’s life and she had not a clue what was expected of her. In the end, she curtsied to the gathering as well as she could with knees shaking and the steel cage that gripped her struggling erection and then lifted the hem of her skirt.

“Really, Cindi,” said Edith in disgust. “Is that the best that you can do? I really expected better, obviously there is much for you to learn! You are such an embarrassment to me!”

Cindi blushed furiously as Edith took the newly given crop in her hand and tapped it in her palm.

“Three strokes of the cane, who would like to do the honours?”

Gloria claimed the crop and tapped it in her hand.

“Legs apart and hold your ankles,” she said with relish.

“Watch this,” said Henry, “Gloria is such a talent with the crop...”

Cindi whined and tried to bend to grip her ankles, but the tightness of the corset had her in trouble and so Gloria moved behind her and kicked at her heels.

“Wider, slut...”

With her feet a yard apart, at last Cindi could touch her ankles and she felt the hem of her dress being lifted to allow free access.

“I just love that ass...”

It was Vivian. Her voice a little breathless as she followed the arc of the crop as it swept down and landed to leave a perfect red stripe on the tender skin. Never had Cindi felt anything like it, a raw agony that caused her thighs to tremble as a fire took her ass. She yelped and whined.

“Silence please,” said Gloria. “This is a great crop, Carol, well chosen.”

The second blow ran almost perfectly parallel to the first. A blazing welt that bore the pattern of the twisted leather of the braiding. The punished maid screamed thinly and her tears dripped to the carpet.

Gloria was determined to take her time. She swept her blonde hair over her shoulders and took a stance as wide as her pencil skirt would allow. A small swish in the air caused Cindi to twitch and cry out, much to the enjoyment of the watching guests.

A pause, five seconds, ten seconds and then the sudden blur of leather and a cry from the maid before she fell to the carpet in a heap.

“No slave ever forgets Gloria’s kisses,” laughed Henry.

Gloria took a bow.

“Not much of an accomplishment, this slut has never tasted the whip before, but if you like I can train her to take twenty cuts of my personal cane without a single whimper,” she said.

There was a little polite applause and Cindi wept on the floor as the guests congratulated Gloria for her skill. Each welt was perfectly in line with the next. No broken skin and the pattern was flawless.

“So, what is my gift for the husband who loved to dress up in my knickers?” said Edith. “As you all know, I am moving in higher circles now and finally enough money to

realise an ambition that was not in reach before..."

Silence, they held their breath.

"Stand up, Cindi..."

With eyes wet from tears and breaths that came in gasps, Cindi was helped to her feet and stood bowed and broken before the wife that had become her Mistress.

"It is time for you to finally move to the next level, Cindi," said Edith and she approached her cowering husband. Her hands reached out and stroked a wet cheek before drifting down to the flat chest that lay above the clenching elastic of the corset.

"A nice little pair of girly breasts are my present to you. Sweet pointy pert titties with big nipples that can be ringed and teased! Firm flesh, sweet little slutty hooters that will make you to die for!"

Edith lifted a hand and stroked her husband's cheek.

For a moment an affectionate touch that seemed so full of sympathy for her victim. Then came the hard slap that was so sudden that several of the guests jumped in surprise and Cindi was gasping to scream.

"You will thank me for this present, bitch," said Edith in a vicious tone.

"Please Mistress, I am so happy that you are willing to feminise me..."

The words ended in a wail of piteous snivelling and Edith gave the face another sharp slap.

"I am tired of always being the one that has to ask for thanks, Cindi. Sick and tired of it... Go to your room now, you have shamed me in front of my guests, been an ungrateful bitch and worst of all, you show no appreciation of the time and effort that I have put into making your deviant fetish come true for you!"

Cindi tried to speak, but another succession of slaps quelled the words.

"Up. To. Your. Room. Bitch," said Edith between each slap. "Now!"

There was silence and disapproval in the room and it finally broke when the maid was gone.

"How dare she, the little skank?" said Vivian at last. "So unappreciative of the effort that you have gone to."

"Ungrateful sluts," laughed Gloria. "It's always the same, we try to train them, make them elegant, obedient and sensual for our enjoyment and they repay us by refusing to learn that they are just the shit on our stilettos..."

"You would thrash the bitch?" asked Carol of Gloria.

"She would shiver in terror at the sound of my voice," came the reply.

"Well, I may need to come back to you on that," laughed Edith. "let's have a drink or three while I show you a little secret."

She took the remote control for the television and pressed a couple of buttons.

The scene was Cindi weeping on her bed. Three fierce welts on her bare ass. The angle of the camera was pitched to see the screen of the monitor that displayed Cindi's education.

"I know that one," said Henry.

"It never stops, all night, every day," said Edith.

"How does it end?" asked Donald.

"That's something that we might just get around to, darling," cooed Edith. "If I decide that you are the man that I'm looking for."

"I'll do my best."

"That's encouraging... but probably not enough!"

After the Party

Cindi woke, for a moment she was confused.

Dried tears and make-up caked her pillow, grey smears in the flickering light of the screen that glowed above. She moaned and turned and then suddenly realised that someone was standing over her.

“Cindi!” came Edith’s voice from the shadow that stood by the bed.

“Mistress?”

The question was reflexive, and she heard a small chuckle from above before Edith spoke.

“They’re all gone, dear,” she said softly. “Get up!”

Cindi uncurled and put her feet on the floor.

“Playtime and we need to have a little discussion,” said Edith. “There are decisions to be made and now is the time! Come to my room when you are presentable...”

Now her heart was beating furiously, and she struggled to her feet as Edith left the room. Cindi’s movements were almost frantic, she switched on the light and a mirror showed her ruined make-up and dishevelled clothes. What was going on?

What did Mistress want?

Whatever it was, her face was a mess, her dress crumpled and tear-stained, clearly not satisfactory. Her glance turned to the box on the chest of drawers and the memories of the party flooded back in a jumble of panic. A tiny key lay on the box and Cindi took it in trembling fingers. Her nails were so long that it was difficult to use. She opened her thighs and slipped it into the hated lock on her restraint, but it would not turn!

Disappointed, she tried again, but the key would not turn, and she sighed and bent down to test it in the padlock on her ankles. The key turned with a click and the lock released. Cindi shivered as she lifted one of the heavy shoes and inspected it with increasing apprehension.

It was so heavy and rigid, the heels almost parallel to the vertical instep. On the outside polished pink patent leather, on the inside a lining of polished metal. Was this what Mistress wanted?

It took fifteen minutes to prepare, five of them just to get the shoes on her feet. Only when her weight was on her feet could she finally close the metal ankle bracelet

and click the locks closed. As she did so, she noticed the rings welded to the anklets and almost cried out as she took her first step.

Each tiny step was agony, balancing on the pointed toes and heels, her calves bulging with the effort. The only thing that she could do was to keep moving, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, rolling her hips and progressing to the door of Edith's bedroom.

"That took far too long," said Edith.

The sheets of the bed were crumpled and in disarray, Cindi's wife wearing just a silken robe that was loosely tied, her long legs almost curled beneath her.

"Are they difficult?" asked Edith with a sympathetic smile.

Cindi dared a nod. She longed to mount the bed and take her weight from the punishment shoes, but without a signal of permission, she had to stand and endure.

"You'll get used to them," announced Edith. "Viv has promised me four more pairs for around the house."

Cindi moaned under her breath and Mistress resettled herself on the bed.

"I wanted to take a moment to discuss a few things..."

"Mistress?"

"Wait until I've finished," said Edith. She paused a moment and smiled up at her husband. "As you already know, things are going to change a little around here!"

Cindi tried to stand still and concentrate on her words, but the shoes allowed no respite. Shifting her weight from foot to foot helped, but now she could feel a cramp in her thighs with the effort and struggled to balance. The sheets of the bed were stained and still damp and Cindi could guess what her wife had been doing while the maid slept.

"Stand still, Cindi!"

She did her best to obey and Edith smiled encouragingly.

"That's better, such a distraction. Now where was I? Oh yes, I things are going to change!

"Firstly, I have decided to reduce your chores! Even though I had hoped that you could manage, even I can see that it would be better if you spent your time perfecting yourself and being a pretty adornment than doing the washing! The trouble is... that leaves me only one possibility, to hire someone else to do the housework and that will not be easy! After all, whoever I choose has to keep an eye on you as well and keep you on top of your training as well as to make sure the place is spic and span."

The words were just starting to sink in and Cindi made a small sound from her throat.

"I can see that you appreciate the problem," said Edith. "I have asked my mother to find someone suitable and she already has a shortlist of possible candidates. Anyway, that's not for you to bother about! All you have to do is to concentrate on keeping me happy. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good, then it's settled," smiled Edith. "Now, we need to decide about your education..."

Edith was clearly enjoying every moment. She stretched out her legs and for the first time in weeks the husband was permitted to view his wife's pussy. A plump triangle of flesh, cleft by the swollen lips that glistened with her excitement. A hand slid down to massage herself and she moaned in sympathy with the touch.

"I need to be fucked!" she said with a groan. "Long and hard by a real man, a man that can give me the passion that I need. You have never really been enough, but I am grateful that you understand this and are willing to share..."

A finger dipped deep inside her flesh opening herself and allowing warm come to trickle and spread on the sheet beneath her. Cindi felt a new agony, a stiffness that was held in check by the steel between his thighs. All he could see was the questing finger that settled on a swollen clitoris and gently moved in circles.

"Let me see!"

Her other hand fluttered its fingers and Cindi scrambled to lift the hem of his dress.

"Of course, I can't suddenly just change my mind, you see that don't you? How would it look if I made a rule and then broke it myself? If you achieve the level of obedience and presentation that I require, there will be a reward. I would not want to be cruel."

Her hand touched the small key on the chain at her throat.

"Mistress," he whined. "Please!"

"No, respect for the rules is what is important here!"

The finger speeded a little and then slowed to prolong Edith's climax.

"So, what is the answer to this problem?" she asked. "I discussed it with Donald and he agrees that perhaps I am being just a little cruel by wanting to keep you in chastity for ever. Some of his ideas were interesting, but in the end I have to decide what is right for you."

"What we need is a solution to that little problem," said Edith, "which is why I suggested the present that he gave you."

A low moan came from her lips and she closed her eyes. The climax was accompanied by small shudders and another flow of come from her dripping cunt. Edith rested a moment and then opened her eyes again and reached down the side of the bed.

"No time like the present," she said as her hand brought up the anal plug that Donald had brought as a gift for his lover's sissy. "If this works, then we are abiding by the rules and giving you something to look forward to every now and again..."

A slim cone of rubber, a wide flange and the dangling tube and bulb.

"Touch your toes, Cindi and let's see if Donald's idea works..."

Cindi bent down and lost her balance at once. She fell to the carpet with chest on the bed and knees on the floor. Suddenly the weight was off her feet and a surge of relief flooded her mind. A sense of grateful respite as Edith stretched her legs, and stood by the bed with the diabolical present in her hand. She closed her robe and walked slowly to the ass that jutted high.

"Stay still," she ordered and the maid felt fingers lift the hem of her dress and then slide between the cheeks of her ass.

"Nice and smooth," said Edith as she explored, "but I think that you are too dry..."

There was a few second's pause and a chuckle from Edith.

"Needs must," she sniggered and Cindi felt slippery smoothness being massaged over his tender ass. "Donald is so generous!"

Cindi felt the tip of the plug press against him and clenched at the unnatural sensation.

"Relax, dear, this is going in... fucked, nice and slow."

The pressure increased and the maid struggled to relax. Suddenly it was in, slim and smooth, greased by the juices that flowed from the wife's soaking cunt. It entered and then the rim of the plug pressed his cheeks wide.

"Now let's see what happens," said Edith.

There was a slight hiss and the plug swelled slightly. Another and then another as her hand squeezed the bulb and expanded the intruder.

"Five is enough for now," she announced as the ass quivered and thighs clenched, giving the signal that she had reached a limit.

The kneeling maid jumped at contact.

Fingers exploring between thighs, stroking and then touching the stretched balls that were held like plums under the restraint.

"Is that good?"

Cindi moaned, it was heaven as the fingers probed and squeezed, gripping and then loosing, twisting a little and then massaging his cock though the bars of the cage.

“Donald was sure that it is possible,” she giggled as she ran a nail along the inside of the maid’s thigh. “Let’s test it, shall we?”

A wail from the maid as fingers stroked and teased. The plug that violated Cindi pressed deep and moved as Cindi struggled with the intensity of the feeling that welled inside.

“Is my little bitch about to come?” asked the wife sweetly.

“Yes, yes, please Mistress.”

“Nice and slow, dear. It has to last...”

The cock struggled to escape its steely prison. Swelled and pressed its tip against the thimble that covered it. The fingers stroked and teased, and an elated laugh from Edith burst as drops of precum leaked before a few pulses of thin come smeared her fingers.

Immediately, she pulled back her hand and watched the slow drip of the watery fluid from the tip of the restraint.

“What do you say?” she asked her panting bitch.

“Thank you Mistress,” came a gasping reply.

“Tsk, ts, Cindi. Credit where it’s due, please...”

“Thank you, master Donald for taking pity on me!”

“That’s right, slut, I’m sure that you’ll soon be able to thank him in person,” said Edith. “I’ll pass it on for you, for now.”

A hiss came from the plug and it shrank, taking the last feelings of pleasure from the kneeling maid.

“Once a month, I think,” said Edith as she slowly withdrew the intruder. “More would be an imposition. I can’t spend all my time trying to keep you happy, I have myself to think of as well!”

Cindi heard her bare feet on the carpet and then felt Mistress’ hands on her ankles.

“Perfect,” she said. “One moment...”

The maid could hear her wife moving around and then the sliding of a drawer. A rattle and a small exclamation as she found what she was searching for. As she bent and locked the short chain between the anklets of the shoes, Cindi wondered how she would ever be able to walk if her ankles were chained together.

“Let’s get you up,” said Edith.

She helped her husband to stand and looked critically at the shoes.

“I like the look, baby. I want you wearing them all the time,” she announced at last. “That means that, after tonight, no more stockings. “Anyway, a slut should have bare legs, stockings are for sexy girls, not for sluts like you.”

She mounted the bed again and cupped her breasts. The silky robe fell open to display her fingers and thumbs rolling on her swollen nipples.

“Oh God, Cindi, I never thought that it could be this perfect for us,” she moaned as her hands lowered and dipped into her wide open slit. “I get what I want and you get everything you ever dreamed of!”

One hand lifted and she sucked at the wet finger slowly as the other opened her cunt wide and pressed her fingers deep inside.

“It is what you wanted?” she asked.

“Yes Mistress,” said Cindi.

She came with a scream as she licked her lover’s come from her fingers.

Kitchen Coffee

"So, who are they?" asked Vivian of her daughter.

"Henry and Gloria? They work in accounts."

"She looks so sweet and then thrashed your hubby without blinking an eye."

Edith shrugged, "All the men in the office fancy her like crazy, if they knew what she was really like..."

"I really like that hunky boy of yours! Donald's a perfect catch."

"All he can see is the short skirts and that fact that I sit on the board. I'm not sure if he's a keeper though, we'll have to see. Though, to be honest he can really fuck..."

Vivian drummed her fingertips on the surface of the table.

"Have you made up your mind? About Cindi? I love the name, I thought that you would go for Simone, actually."

"It makes a proper break from the past, Mamma. I've told you, be patient!"

"How can I? It's all I think of..."

"All I need is a little baby-sitting when I'm at work. You know, to keep Cindi's mind concentrated and on her remaining chores when I'm at work. There's no hurry and I want to enjoy every moment."

"She seemed pretty docile at the party."

"Only because of all the guests, Mamma! There's still a long way to go and I am exploring all of the possibilities."

"Then, how about just once a week?" begged Edith's mother. "I so want to help..."

"No you don't," laughed Edith. "You just want to play with him!"

"Hrumph," said Vivian. "Don't be so mean! Now that I show a little interest you get all difficult. I promise that I'll restrain myself."

"Cindi's the one in restraint, Mamma," laughed Edith.

"I won't play..."

"That's what you say now..." started Edith, but a click of heels announced the arrival of the maid in the kitchen and she lowered her voice to prevent being overheard. "Let me show you..."

Cindi curtsied to the two women sitting at the table and then moved to start her kitchen chores. Clearly her long curved nails were causing a problem and she struggled

to even lift the plates from the party to load the dishwasher.

“Present yourself!” said Edith in a sharp tone. “Here now...”

Cindi moved to stand before his wife, casting a nervous glance at her wife. The steps were tiny as the short chain between her ankles rattled and Vivian looked down and smiled.

“I can see that the shoes fit,” she said. “But, your maid is not wearing her stockings!”

Edith shrugged.

“I want the shoes on her feet all the time,” she said conversationally. “I can’t possibly give her the keys, so now she will have to go bare legged.”

“A shame, really, it just makes her look like a whore and not a pretty little maid.”

“Mamma, I can’t spend my time worrying about locks and keys! For the moment, practicalities take first place. Once she is fully trained and can be trusted, then perhaps I can allow it.”

“Something to look forward to, Cindi,” said Vivian with a smirk.

Cindi avoided meeting Vivian’s look and moved weight from foot to foot.

“The other pairs are on order,” she said. “In a week...”

Edith looked Cindi up and down. Clearly, she had worked hard to make herself pretty and deserved a little acknowledgement.

“I give you an eight, today. I know that it’s not easy, but then what’s the point if all I do is indulge your little fantasy all the time?”

Cindi thanked her wife and managed to place one foot before the other. As she did so, the chain rattled and stretched taut.

“Did you enjoy the little party in your honour?” Edith asked the nervous maid.

“Yes, Mistress,” came the reply.

“And, what came after?”

Edith was smiling.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“I know that it’s very difficult for you,” continued Edith. “But, it’s all for the best! Silly not to have it all out in the open. I think that we need to have a little discussion about what we decided together after the party...”

Cindi brushed her pink hair from her eyes and cast a sidelong glance at his mother-in-law. Vivian had a smile on her face and seemed about to speak, but she took a look at her daughter and restrained herself.

“Mamma, when can I interview the women that you found for the housekeeper job?”

Vivian shrugged.

“Tomorrow is the first,” she said. “The second is the day after...”

“Just two?”

“You didn’t give me much time, dear,” said Vivian.

“Tell me about the two candidates?” asked Edith.

“One is an old friend of mine. I think that you remember Teresa? She was a bridesmaid when I married your father. Anyway, I met up with her... It’s not that she needs to work, it’s more that she wants to get out of the house more and thought that it would be an interesting way to pass the time.”

“Teresa? She must be nearly sixty by now. Are you sure that she can cope with all of this?” asked Edith as she nodded at Cindi. “I sort of remember her as a rather prim and proper aunty rather than the sort of woman who can keep my home life in order.”

Vivian laughed.

“Prim and proper?” she said with a giggle. “I suppose so, but then you only really knew her when you were small. No, Teresa would be ideal, you’ll see when you meet her.”

“So who is the other one?”

“Carol of course!” said Vivian. “it would suit her to the ground as long as you pay enough so that she can give up her job in the store. She would love the opportunity and she has the skills to perfect your husband.”

“I’m not sure if I want a friend as a house-keeper,” said Edith. “You are right that she would be perfect in some ways, but, I want to keep my husband concentrating on being there for me and she is rather attractive!”

“That just leaves one,” said Vivian with a shrug. “I can see what you mean. I have no intention of going to some pervy dating site to find someone! Anyway, better the devil that you know.”

“I’ll speak to Carol,” said Edith, “then I can meet up with Teresa. Perhaps, bring her here and we can see the reaction?”

“I haven’t said much to her yet,” said Edith’s mother, “so it might be a shock, but I just know that she would love to have the job of making Cindi perfect for you and, as she said, she needs something to distract her after the divorce.”

“Oh, I didn’t know.”

“Yep, after twenty years as well. Still, it means that the job will have her full attention and she had all those years as a teacher as well, so perhaps she will go for

it?”

“What time?”

“I’ll call her and arrange it for the evening when you get back from work. Say seven?”

“Seven is OK, but I have a date with Donald at nine, so she has to be punctual.”

“Going somewhere nice?”

“He wanted to take me to the movies,” said Edith with a laugh.

“And then?”

“Back here of course! A little romance, a little petting and then we’ll see!”

“Your love-life is really getting back into place,” said Vivian approvingly. “This husband of yours never indulged you properly.”

“Not after we got married, that’s for sure,” said Edith with a frown at Cindi. “He never really satisfied my needs... Wanking in the bathroom, thinking perverted thoughts and dressing in my frillies. An idle good-for-nothing who never gave me what I needed.”

“What you need? Well, at least he’s useful now,” laughed Vivian.

Housekeeper

She stood by the kitchen door at six and waited.

Cindi had discovered that she could rest her rounded ass on edge of the table where she had been told to wait and take the weight from her feet. As soon as she heard footsteps in the hallway she could move to stand as required. Her hands moved over her dress and smoothed it down. There was hope of an eight today if she managed to curtsy properly.

Something she had practiced all day in those awful ballet stilettos.

The housework was no longer her preserve. Edith had made that quite clear as she had left the house with Donald. They had kissed passionately in front of the maid and Cindi had watched as the tall man fondled her wife and then pressed her against the wall with a hand questing through the high slit on her skirt. She had fended him off with a laugh and whispered in his ear.

The maid had heard the words and felt a deep emotion of shame. She had failed as a husband, now she had to witness her wife's casual passion as a mere bystander.

"You can fuck me again tonight, darling," had been Edith's words and Donald had simply slapped her ass playfully and kissed her again.

"Make sure that you behave yourself," had been Edith's last words as the two lovers had left the house.

Standing by the table, Cindi felt a twinge between her thighs and wondered what Donald gave her that made Edith so happy. A feeling of romance and daring or was it simply that she needed to be pampered and adored by a man that could meet her needs? A real man...

The reason that she dared not consider was kept in reserve.

That Edith just wanted to humiliate her maid.

She remembered the stained sheets, the crumpled coverlet on the floor and the come that had dripped from her at every stroke of her fingers and Cindi's eyes filled with the humiliation. If only she had been there for her wife, if only she could have satisfied her.

The front door opened. Edith's footfall was instantly recognisable. Her voice from the hallway came through the half open door. Cindi could see that she had someone with her and stood away from the table and positioned her feet.

“Teresa, so pleased to see you again,” she said cheerily. “I was so sorry to hear that you got divorced.”

“It was bound to happen,” said the answering voice. “I caught him out, and now he is with her...”

“My mother explained what it is, that I need? Here pass your coat and I’ll hang it up...”

More footsteps moving on the marble floor and Cindi craned to catch a glimpse of the mysterious Teresa. She was sure that she remembered meeting her a year or more ago at some event or party, but there was only a vague memory of a large reserved woman who kept in the background.

“It’s all a little garbled,” laughed Teresa. “If I got it right, you want me as a housekeeper and some sort of guardian for your husband?”

“It’s more complicated than that,” said Edith’s voice. “But, basically right. What I need is someone who can fit into my busy life, do a little cooking, make sure that my maid is kept on the ball and keep the place ship-shape.”

“Viv said that you were buying a bigger house?”

“That’s right, Teresa. If it happens, and I still have to find a place, then I might need a live-in housekeeper...”

“That’s a tall order, Edith! I’m really just doing this to get a little structure in my life after the divorce. I would have to decide that when it happens.”

“I would not ask anything else,” said Edith.

“Then, let’s have a look around,” said Teresa’s voice from the hall.

“There’s not all that much really,” said Edith. “Just a few chores and the rest of your time is your own.”

“Sounds good, so what are you going to pay?”

“Well get to that in a moment, but first I would like you to meet my husband.”

The door swung open, Edith came into the kitchen and following her was a tall shapely woman who raised an eyebrow when she saw the pink dressed Cindi in the centre of the room.

“The maid?” she said and put a hand over her mouth.

“This is Cindi,” said Edith. “Maid and husband, actually!”

Teresa stood and was clearly dumbfounded by what she saw. From the ballet boots chained to ankles, the hem of the dress that scarcely covered upper thighs to the bright pink wig on the maid’s head.

“Not quite what I was expecting,” she said.

“My mother wanted it to be a surprise,” laughed Edith.

“Well, it’s certainly that!”

“Part of the job will be to keep my husband under strict control... Cindi has really just begun to understand what her role is, and it will take persistence and clever training to keep her in line. I really don’t want Mamma to have to babysit my sissy! It’s a bit of a problem, really.”

“I can see that she would have problems restraining herself,” laughed Teresa.

She walked around the kitchen and then moved to inspect Cindi.

“I can tell you know that there will be conditions attached!” she said.

“Of course, you would have full control at all times.”

“That’s good to hear, Edith!”

A hand extended and Cindi felt the tall woman lift the hem of his dress and inspect the knickers and restraint beneath. Fingers pulled the lacy pants aside and there was a grunt of approval as she inspected the steel cage that enclosed him.

“First of all, I would need the key to this!” she announced. “Complete control and the power to punish as needed... Discipline and respect are at the centre of all effective teaching.”

“That’s a given, Teresa. I have just started a strict regime of punishment and reward and you would decide how it is to be carried through.”

Teresa nodded.

“Secondly, I will have to control every facet of your husband’s life. From what she eats, what she wears, what she is permitted to say and when she is to be rewarded for good behaviour.”

Cindi could see the effect that Teresa’s words were having on her wife. There was a sparkle of elation in her eyes and a slight flush to her cheeks.

“All in order. I will only occasionally require Cindi’s services occasionally and the rest of the time she will be totally yours to dispose of.”

The hand dropped the hem.

“When do you want me to start?” asked Teresa.

Her presence was overpowering. Perfume and maturity, almost as tall as Cindi in her heels, the woman now had a thin smile on her face that boded ill for the maid.

“And the salary?”

“Anything you like,” said Teresa. “A chance like this won’t come again...”

“When can you start?”

“I already have,” laughed the new housekeeper and her hand lifted a delivered a sharp slap on Cindi’s cheek. “Tomorrow I shall be back at this time and we can discuss

the details. I will need to know the limits and we have to discuss a few bits and pieces that I will need to understand before I can decide how best to get this pathetic specimen making her deserving wife fully satisfied."

"My mother chose well..."

"Your mother is clever," said Teresa. "She knows that I hate all men, especially after the divorce, I just wish that I had thought of this years ago! My ex might have made the perfect maid for me, he was a bit of a perv, but the idea of making him serve just never occurred to me. No use crying over spilt milk, dear!"

"Tomorrow is the start then," said Edith.

The two women walked into the hallway and Cindi listened to them with a terror that made his fear of Vivian seem like a tender kiss.

Thanks," said Teresa's voice as she took her coat from Edith's hand. "There is something else that I would like to add as a condition."

"Name it," said Edith warmly.

"I may want to share this with a dear friend of mine," said Teresa whose voice betrayed a little embarrassment. "You would not have to pay her a salary as well and she is a great cook!"

"All that is required is a little discretion," said Edith, wondering where this was going.

"The truth is, that I haven't been really honest with either Vivian or yourself," said Teresa in a low tone. "Or anyone for that matter!"

"In what way?"

"I tell everyone that Harold ran off with some slut, but the fact is, that it was when he discovered my infidelity that he finally left!"

"I don't understand why this matters," said Edith.

"It was so hard, realising that I was more attracted to women than men, that's why! I have told no one in my partner and we spend all our time hiding from friends and family. This could be the perfect place for us to indulge ourselves and have a little fun."

"Teresa, there's no problem about it! I'll tell you what, I have another guest room that you can use whenever you like..."

There was a sigh from the older woman. She seemed about to reveal something else, but instead just shrugged her shoulders.

"I am sure that you will need me," she said slowly.

Edith sensed the power of the woman and waited, but no more was forthcoming.

“It makes the idea of living-in when you get the new house really attractive,” said Teresa at last. “A place where games can be played in private!”

Edith nodded and the older woman kissed her on the lips.

The sound of a kiss from the hall caused Cindi to shudder. A moment later, Edith came back with a triumphant look on her face.

Stepping close to her husband and smiling broadly, she said. “I think that this is going to be such fun for you!”

“I want to please you, Mistress,” mumbled Cindi.

Edith slapped the maid’s face sharply.

“I did not ask you to speak,” she hissed. “Neither did Teresa!”

Feel the Dream

It was all just a bad dream.

Something to wake from, and shiver a moment.

Husband and wife, spooning into each other in the vast bed. Her arm draped as she slept, over him, her face pressed into the nape of his neck. He would wake and feel her steady breathing, know that she loved him as he loved her. The warmth of the two close bodies in the bed buried under covers that had witnessed a night of passion.

* * * * *

It was all her darkest fantasy come true.

Something to wake from and revel in the glory of it.

Two lovers in the marriage bed. Him, exhausted from endless climax, her arm still holding the crop that had been used on her husband. She would wake and feel his taut muscular body pressed to her. A lover that could last, a lover that had strength, a lover who loved what she really was. The sweat mingled with drying ejaculate, the bed that had been the husband's rack.

* * * * *

It was not what sissy had hoped for.

A fate worse than any sissy could have imagined.

Alone in the bed, boots clasped to her feet, chains and locks. Alone and without hope, broken and solitary. The tastes on her lips and tongue, the soreness of the welts and bruises. She would wake and realise that the next day would bring more. More punishment, more humiliation and more intimate service to give. And, the soundtrack of her servitude played over and over above her crying face.

Cindi cried.

Interlude

"I have a little job for you," said Edith.

"Sounds interesting!"

"It's like this..."

Vivian leaned over the table and looked into the eyes of the daughter who was discovering herself fully at last. It was a month since the last proper move forward and Edith seemed at last eager to push on the road that she had chosen. A month of chastity and teasing, a month in which her cuckolded hubby dreaded every time that she and Donald had fucked, flinched in his bed at the sounds from the bedroom next door. Fearful that the husband would be required to join the lovers, terrified of what would happen next.

Wife knew that hubby knew, hubby knew that wife knew... and was scared, terrified of what might come next. Of who might come next...

Delicious, thought Vivian as she waited for her daughter to open the door to her. It had to be the next step, confront Cindi with her fears. She looked at her daughter and decided that the corner was being turned as she watched. Fascinating! Was this how she herself had progressed? This voyage of discovery.

With great forbearance Vivian had resisted the urge to press her daughter harder, but now the time was coming to lay the groundwork for the threat that had been made at the coming-out party. Something special was required and Edith required her mother to make sure that the scene was set.

"I have decided that you are going to be allowed to play a little..."

"Mmm, darling," said Vivian. "I knew that this was coming. I can't wait!"

"Well it is a little obvious, but the scene has to be set perfectly."

"More emotional blackmail?"

Edith put on an expression of mock surprise.

"As if! Mamma, I would never play with your emotions! You and Cindi are going to have a little chaste affair behind my back... Of course, I will make sure that Teresa is away for a few days to allow you to play!"

"Oh of course," said Vivian with a giggle. "You will be outraged?"

"Thoroughly! I will be so angry!"

"So, what's my part?"

“You will tease and break Cindi down for me. She has to want the little changes that I have planned, and you will persuade her to sign the papers in the clinic, be the mother that understands what she needs,” said Edith with a small smile. “Cindi needs to do it all for you.”

The small problem of the clinic doing the work...

“I take it that you don’t mind? Getting sissy to willingly have the work done?”

“Edith, I am already looking forward to it. You are so devious, darling. It’s a pleasure to take part in your amusing game. I’ll make sure that he does not read the contract or the list of changes and you can present them when you take hubby along to the clinic.”

“Good... Edith is going away next week, you have a part to learn and Cindi will be ready to pay a visit to the clinic at last.”

Vivian sat back in the chair and stretched out her legs in anticipation. This was the moment that she had been waiting for, it was time to liven it up! She wondered at the emotions that played on her daughter’s face. Eagerness and enthusiasm, certainly. But, there was something deeper that hinted at a cruelty and selfishness that did not bode well for the husband that was living his fantasy in ways that he had never anticipated. A month ago, Edith had seemed almost to have run out of steam, now it seemed that she was re-invigorated and ready to press poor little sissy another step down a path that possibly had no end.

Buying the outfits and clothes to enslave her daughter’s husband had been a thrill. Seeing the pictures of the husband’s demolition had been arousing. Now at last she was to have the chance to prove that she could prepare her detested son in law for the next stage.

“It goes like this...” said Edith.

A Brief Affair

All day alone! For the first time in over a month, Cindi had a few days to herself. Of course there was all the primping and preening that was required, but the lack of Teresa looming over him all the time gave the day a dreamy feeling. Four days alone, four days without the woman that oppressed Edith's sissy at every moment! She had gone to visit a sick friend and Cindi breathed a sigh of relief as she had left the house with Edith giving her a lift to the railway station.

Once they were gone, Cindi almost felt at a loss. She knew what she had to do, Edith had made it quite clear. A full waxing, a wardrobe tidy and then the exercises that would improve posture and carriage. That would all take just a few hours and then Cindi would have the rest of the day to herself until her wife returned at six or seven in the evening.

Glorious!

A longer than usual shower. Relaxing and relishing the perfect time to unwind. Cindi had even been given the keys to her ballet shoes and stood under the jet of hot water feeling her cares being washed away. Smooth after the waxing, she felt as if born anew. Delicate skin, sensitive and responsive, even the chastity cage seemed no hindrance any more now that erections had been banished by its iron grip.

She revelled in the warm towels as she dried herself and enjoyed every moment.

Padding to her bedroom, she started the long and arduous preparation that was required. Cleaning and then colouring her nails before starting on the beauty regime that would make her the husband that was an enticement for a dominant wife. It took two hours to complete the make-up and careful moisturisation routine. Building layer upon layer, delicately adding the pinks that rounded her face and then adding all those small details that feminised and made her so pretty.

The next stage was to eat a little from the meals that had been prepared by Teresa. She looked at the food on display in the fridge and knew that it was all accounted for. That meant that there was no choice, especially since each meal was labelled with a date and had to be finished. But... at least she could heat it properly and add a little salt and soy sauce to make the taste somewhat bearable. As usual, the meal was mostly fat and rather tasteless vegetables, but at least it was hot and had a taste!

Once the meal was done and the detritus cleared away, Cindi decided that it was time to dress.

Teresa had decided for each day, so today it would be black!

She took her time, something that made the whole experience enjoyable. Dusting on the talcum and enjoying the grip of the stockings and latex basque that smoothed her legs and waistline to show her to good advantage. She looked in the mirror and decided that the diet was having the effect that Edith desired. A plumper ass, smooth full thighs and a waist that was helped by the exercises that she did every day.

As she dressed, Cindi was in a fugue of delight. This dressing was what she had always wanted to do, had always hidden from her wife, what turned her on to a point of indescribable lust. The cock in its steel cage swelled just a little and she adjusted herself carefully. Another reason to be glad that she was not overseen by the housekeeper that always made sure that she was never allowed to touch herself. She stood before the mirror and stroked herself, wondering whether the risk was worth it.

How would Teresa know?

Cindi sighed. It was the fly in the ointment, it was just possible that Teresa would decide to be generous and milk her... then she would know what had happened and be angry and that was something that Cindi would suffer for. An excuse to punish that might just lead to the thing she most dreaded in the world...

Her hands pulled back and she groaned in frustration.

Last on were the dreaded shoes.

So tight with stockings on.

Heels like spikes, toes the only other contact. Walking in them almost impossible, only a shuffling rolling gait made it even possible to move. Of course, there was an upside! Dressed as a slut, nails as long as talons, shoes that did not allow much movement, careful makeup and dress perfect, there was no way to do any housework at all! Since Teresa had arrived, she had been positioned and placed to simply look pretty and brighten up the room she was in while Teresa did the housework.

A glance at the clock in the room.

The film that ran on the screen all the time filtered from her senses, she escaped and carefully descended the stairs. She passed the two small marks on the floor where her heels had to be in a few hours when Edith returned and moved into the lounge. It was so strange to be alone and suddenly she realised that this freedom was not really all that wonderful.

What was there to do?

Cindi looked longingly at the television, but Edith would know that she had idled her hours away. She considered a little music or a book, but there was a feeling that she dared not do anything that could bring her wife's wrath upon her head. She wandered around the house aimlessly before finally deciding that the best use of the

time alone would be do something that she was never allowed to do. Something that seemed rebellious, tempting and amazing, something that would leave no trace!

She sat down!

Cindi carefully lowered herself onto a sofa and delighted in taking the weight from her feet. Lollled carelessly sideways and lifted the heavy shoes to the footstool. The feeling was ecstasy, and she sat for an hour, enjoying her thoughts as she rested with not a care in the world.

It was three.

Cindi lounged, thinking about the next time that her Mistress would allow her to come and sighed as she remembered the last time it had been permitted. The tease of fingernails on her groin, the nipples teased and twisted, being filled in her rear until at last she dribbled come while Edith praised her for being such a good girl. That memory spread to fill her mind and she revelled in it, drawing out the dream until a sudden noise woke her from her reverie.

The front door, a key turning and the sound of the latch!

In a moment she was up and standing. Cindi's heart beat like a drum as she smoothed out her dress and glanced down to make sure that her stance was correct.

Footsteps in the hallway, the door to the lounge opening and the anticipation of Mistress' arrival. It was not Edith, but her mother... Cindi felt a terror that she had never felt before. In her long fur coat and stilettos, a crop trailing from her hand, she entered the lounge and stopped to inspect her daughter's husband with a small smile on her lips.

"Pretty sissy," said Vivian as she tapped the crop in her palm. "Edith asked me to look in on you as Teresa is away. To make sure that you are presentable and not merely idling away the hours."

"Ma'am," said Cindi, a tremble giving away her distress.

"Everything seems in order," said the older woman with a grin. "Stay put until I return after a small inspection..."

The fur coat opened slightly as she turned and Cindi saw that she was naked but for stockings and shoes. She watched as Vivian left and made a round of the house. Heard her footsteps on the stairs, then in the room above. The sense of imminence was deathly strong, and Cindi dreaded her return.

When Vivian returned she moved to inspect Cindi with extreme care.

Slowly lifting the hem of her dress, making sure that knickers and cage were in order before sliding the tip of the crop up a smooth thigh and tapping it upwards.

"Very good Cindi," said Vivian softly. "I am impressed, everything in order, all where it should be and you a pretty little slut at my bidding at last..."

“Ma’am, what do you need?”

“Oh my, you are well behaved, Cindi! I think that I will have a glass of red.”

Cindi moved with small steps to the wine cabinet and found a glass and bottle. Uncorking it was a problem, but it seemed that Vivian was in no hurry for her wine and simply sat and enjoyed the latex clothed sissy pouring at her whim.

“I chose that outfit for just such an occasion,” said Vivian with a small chuckle. “Sexy, kinky and just a little tempting. It looks perfect, except for one thing...”

Cindi passed the glass to her mother-in-law and made a small curtsy as she wondered what she had forgotten.

“The chain between your shoes is missing,” said Vivian as she raised her glass and sipped. “Also, where are the locks that should be at your ankles?”

“Ma’am,” lied Cindi. “I had not quite finished dressing...”

“I hope that you’re not lying to me,” said Vivian seriously. “You are telling the truth?”

“Ma’am!”

“I believe you!”

Cindi felt a sense of intense relief as a hand extended and passed her the two small locks and short length of chain that were missing.

“I found them in your room all ready to put on,” she said. “Now is the time...”

Cindi stooped and clicked locks and chain in place with a sense of relief.

“You are a good little girl, Cindi,” said Vivian as she set the crop to one side and allowed her fur coat to open wide.

Cindi could not help herself but take in the mature figure of her mother-in-law. Her large breasts with dark nipples, the smooth skin and carefully curated stripe of pubic hair that adorned the lips of her pussy. From Vivian there was a smile and she parted her stocking-clad legs to reveal herself to the panting man that she held in thrall.

“You like?”

“Ma’am, you are perfect,” breathed Cindi as she took in the vision in furs that was so tempting and yet out of reach.

“I am! Perfect and untouchable for a sissy husband of my daughter,” laughed Vivian. “You are not man enough to please me!”

“Ma’am?”

Vivian’s hand slipped to her thighs and she opened herself like a flower. Placed a finger on her swollen clitoris and gently spread the wetness that welled from within over her swollen lips.

“You do excite me,” said Vivian. “I have to admit it, you are such a perfect little slut...”

“I want to be,” said Cindi and then hastily added the “Ma’am,” to the end of the statement.

“That’s good!”

There was a husky inflection in her tone. An indrawn breath as Vivian slowly edged to a climax that the feminised sissy could only be permitted to watch. She groaned and breathed out, her thighs quivering as she enjoyed the tease. Now was the time, she thought. Time to start the real fun!

“You may touch yourself,” she breathed.

It was the last thing that the sissy son in law had expected and for a moment she hesitated while the vision in furs frigged herself at the sight of her. Dared she? Dared she break the rules for Vivian?

“Please, Ma’am?”

“I want to see you come as you watch me,” said Vivian with a small smile. “Show me that you still have some man inside that cock-cage of yours...”

Cindi moved his hand and dared to touch.

She could feel a swelling, slight but still a sign. She could feel an arousal that caught her breath and then the touch of her nails on herself was almost too much.

“Can you still come, Cindi, or has Edith taken that away from you?”

Cindi nodded and touched again. The long nails scratched her ass as she massaged her balls, fingertips rubbing the bars of the cage.

Vivian was almost beyond coming back from her orgasm and slowed to draw it into a long sensuous wriggle. The fur fell from her body as she moved to her nipples and then returned to her needy cunt.

“Come on, sissy, come on! Show me...”

First a drop of precum, then a slow dribble of come that wet Cindi’s fingers and seemed to bring Vivian to her own final climax.

“Oh, oh, the sissy bitch can still come for Mamma,” croaked Vivian. “Look at all that slime...”

Cindi pulled his hand from his cock with a start and desperately tried to catch the few drops of slime that strung from the tip of his restraint. It was almost desperate, but Vivian just laughed.

“Don’t worry, slut,” she said. “I promise that I won’t tell my daughter!”

Relief... in more ways than one.

“Thank you Ma’am!”

“Just pop along and clean yourself up, Cindi,” said Vivian as she closed off the alluring vision by pulling her furs tight. “If you don’t tell, we can do this all again tomorrow... perhaps I can get the key? If you ask nicely!”

Cindi’s feelings about Edith’s mother were going through a revolution. How could she have guessed that Vivian, of all people would allow her to play like this? Suddenly the mature woman who had permitted such an outrage was almost a friend, almost a lover!

“Please, Ma’am, I would be so happy!”

“I know that you would, Cindi,” said Vivian softly. “I enjoyed this little moment and will treasure it forever. I will do my best, who knows, perhaps you can even touch me next time?”

Cindi was in a rapture and almost wept with the emotion of gratefulness that welled from within. This was truly heaven, truly Vivian was a woman that she could serve forever. She stumbled from the room to head upstairs and clean up the mess that she had made. A little water on the latex stockings and a polish with a towel, she washed her hands and checked her makeup in the mirror.

By the time that she was once more downstairs, Vivian had gone.

But the waft of her perfume lingered in the room for hours.

* * * * *

When Edith and Donald arrived at eight, Cindi could only dream of what would happen tomorrow. In her room, she heard the sounds of them making love. The whispered words of love, the sigh as the long cock sought wet cunt, the slow fucking that passed through the walls, the sighs and moans of contentment. But, all Cindi could think of, was the woman that had showed the feminised sissy that she loved her.

The next day dawned and Edith and Donald headed out, holding hands.

Once again Cindi was on her own. Another full day without care, a day which would be better than the last!

The shower was brief, the work to dress in pink took a mere hour and the makeup took mere moments, even though the sissy’s hands were shaking. This time, chains and locks were applied, corset tightened to breaking and she hurried to the front door to greet the woman who had permitted her to come.

At two, the door opened and Cindi shuddered in delight to see his mother-in-law. She curtsied prettily and so low that she almost fell while the fur clad vision of mature beauty allowed her coat to open to reveal what the sissy lusted for.

“Into the lounge,” said Vivian and she displayed the magic key to her enslaved son in law. “I have to decide if I am going to allow you free of all that metal or not.”

Heart beating like a hammer, Cindi followed her and watched as she sat on the sofa.

“Wine, Ma’am?”

“Not today, don’t be so forward! I decide how this goes and now I am a little disappointed in you in being so selfish.”

Her hand displayed the key and then dropped it into a pocket.

“Perhaps it is too soon, dear,” she continued. “Maybe tomorrow...”

Cindi stood rooted to the spot. How had he made that terrible mistake and presumed her wishes in advance? She stood, hanging her head and prayed that the woman that dominated her would not take revenge in some terrible way.

“I think that it would be nice if you touched me,” said Vivian at last.

The furs fell open, revealing her breasts and she cupped them with both hands. They almost spilled over her long nails, the nipples hardening and creasing as she teased herself.

“Perhaps a little lipstick here and here,” she said coyly touching those tempting nipples with her thumbs.

Her hands slid from breast to between thighs and she blew a kiss to her captive lover.

“Gently, gently, dear,” she whispered. “Yesterday was for you, today is for me!”

Cindi took a small step as if testing.

“That’s right, bitch, suckle me a little and show me that you love me,” said Vivian with a warm smile. “Perhaps, if you are good little tease, I may just...”

For Cindi, it was almost too much! She edged forward and now stood between the open thighs, where hands played idly with the exposed cunt. Teasing and playing, dipping in as Vivian moaned in pleasure.

“Slowly, slowly, I will teach you to please me.”

Cindi dared and bowed. Moved his lips to brush a nipple. Felt her legs move to wrap around his, felt the tremors in her body as he dared a little more. Suckled her and brushed her nipple with teeth. Put her hands behind her back to keep them from temptation and carefully teased and kissed those wonderful nipples.

“Oh, that’s so good,” breathed Vivian. “Harder!”

There was nothing that she wanted more at that moment, but to please and tempt her to use that key. She lavished every ounce of his skill to gratify the woman that allowed her to serve.

Hand splayed, lips kissed and teased and Vivian came with that delicious slow cadence that marks a mature woman in control of herself and her lover. Moans and

groans, whispered words and breathless sighs.

She permitted a little more even after her climax and then Cindi felt her hands beneath her dress. Touching her thighs, moving panties to one side and then finally, heaven, touching her and pinching. Stroking and cupping. Pressing against her ass, touching her there as the sissy came with the taste of her mother-in-law between her lips.

The hand emerged, wet with the drizzle from that caged cock and Vivian wiped it on Cindi's dress.

"You are such a horny slut," said Vivian in Cindi's ear.

"Ma'am?"

Vivian did not close her furs, she smiled and touched herself erotically and played here and there on her smooth skin.

"Clean up, Cindi. Let's not let Edith catch us playing these little games..."

"I love you, Ma'am," said Cindi and then desperately regretted the words spoken.

"Thank you, baby," said Vivian with a smile. "That's so sweet!"

Cindi hurried upstairs, but by the time that she returned, the woman of her dreams was gone again. How could she manage when Teresa returned? When her life was back on rails?

She wept with the loss and knew that this was only a brief moment to savour.

It would be their little secret.

From Teresa.

The third day arrived and Cindi could scarcely contain herself. Tomorrow, Teresa would return and the dream would be over! She lavished such care on dress and face, prayed that she could please her wife's mother enough for the key to be used. Prayed that she would not make a mistake like the day before and promised that this would be the day.

The door opened and Vivian strolled into the house.

Gone were the furs, today she had decided to become feminine and perfect for her sissy lover. Pastel pinks and white. Lace and white leather gloves that were offered to Cindi to kiss with eager lips. White stilettos a mile high, laced in front, ribboned bows on every seam.

Cindi was entranced and then enraptured when she saw the tiny key in her lover's gloved hand.

"Today we will see if the sissy has enough to please her mother-in-law!" she said as she took Cindi's hand.

Vivian led Cindi into the lounge with a sense of accomplishment. This would be the climax of the little game that she was playing and she had enjoyed every moment of it with relish. She kissed Cindi on the cheek and sat her on the couch to follow and sit beside her.

"You look sensational today, Cindi," said Vivian with feeling. "Such a tempting vision of femininity..."

Cindi tried to look coy as his mother-in-law's hands parted her thighs. The soft leather of the gloves was such a turn on and every touch was heaven. How could it be so good? Her cock responded and then subsided as she was fondled and overpowered by the older woman. Breasts moved before her eyes, hands played with her, stroking and tempting as Vivian petted her pet with slow touches and stroking massages.

"Touch me, Cindi," said Vivian as she opened her thighs. "Show me that you can satisfy me before I reward you for the pleasure."

"Ma'am, please may I?"

"Touch me and make me come..."

Cindi's fingers moved and touched. Felt the flowing wetness of the woman who tempted her. Slid through and between those swollen lips, stroked the clitoris that stood proudly to be massaged.

Vivian groaned at each touch and slowed her slut before pressing those swollen pink lips to her exposed nipples and lying back to enjoy the ride.

Each touch was so feminine, so delicate, it was clear that her son in law was doing her best to provoke what she longed for.

The key turning in a lock that had not been opened for months.

Vivian groaned and pulled Cindi in as she climaxed for the first time. Encouraging more, slowing the fingers and lips to make her recovery before the second orgasm. How eager she was to please, how desperate to gratify!

"Just one more and then..."

Cindi desperately worked to please and reined back a little even though she was desperate to bring on that climax! She felt a hand between her thighs and uttered a cry that was muffled by the vast breasts that she kissed. Felt that surge and desperately tried to stem the inevitable.

The gloves squeezed balls, pulled and slid and Cindi could not resist as one hand slipped to her plump ass and started to push inside. She wailed as a finger entered and could no longer hold back. Suddenly it was over, she had come, wept a little slime from her cocklet and Vivian crooned in her ear.

"Never mind, darling, perhaps tomorrow?"

Cindi wept and shuddered between Vivian's breasts as she soothed her victim.

"I am so sorry, Cindi," she whispered.

All the slut could do was cry in reply.

Tomorrow, Teresa would be back, tomorrow there was no time...

There they lay, sprawled and entwined, but the hand that had brought the sissy to climax moved and teased. It moved slickly over balls and cage, caressing and provocative while the sissy sighed in pleasure, a choking weeping alternating with each contented sigh.

"May I ask something, Ma'am?" asked Cindi.

"What's that, dear?"

Cindi gathered the thoughts in her head and finally ventured to ask.

"Please, could you look after me, Ma'am... Please?"

Vivian chuckled and stroked the effeminate thing that lay beside her. How things had changed, and so easily!

"Of course, dear. I shall speak to my daughter..."

The sissy stiffened in Vivian's arms.

"Ma'am. Do you have to ask my Mistress?"

There was a pause and Cindi was frightened that somehow she had overstepped her bounds.

"Couldn't it be that you just pop around and give Teresa the day off? Ma'am?"

"Cindi, Cindi," laughed Vivian. "You are such a naughty little girl! I can't just come here when I like and play with you, Edith would be jealous if she had to give permission for us to have having an affair under her nose. Then there's Donald to consider too..."

The thought had never occurred to Cindi, that somehow Donald had a part in the decision. She tried to imagine what he would say, but could not imagine what Donald would decide was suitable for his lover's feminised husband.

"We could keep it a secret, Ma'am..."

Vivian smiled to herself and squeezed the stretched balls in her gloved hand a little.

"Now you're asking me to lie..."

"It wouldn't be lying if we didn't tell anyone, Ma'am," answered Cindi. "It's only lying if we don't tell the truth!"

"No, that's not the way to be honest, dear," said Vivian. "If we do this, then you have to ask your wife and Donald for permission. They are the ones that own you, and it would be dishonest to not ask..."

Cindi turned her head and looked up into Vivian's eyes. Her lips rested on a nipple and she kissed it gently and tears filled her eyes.

"She would be so angry!"

Inside, Vivian was laughing! The earnest look in the sissy's face, the desperation in her eyes, the hope. It was all too sweet for words and she watched Cindi try to find words to express her forlorn hope.

"Don't forget to call me 'Ma'am'," said Vivian with a thrill as she watched a tear break loose and trickle over the pink cheeks. "A little respect is called for."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," whined Cindi. "I love you so much! I would do anything to be yours... forever!"

She patted the pink wigged head gently.

"Anything?"

"Just to be with you and please you, Ma'am," whimpered Cindi. "Pleaaaaase!"

Vivian's voice took on a harder tone and she held the tiny key up before Cindi's eyes.

"Are you sure that you are not just saying that because I have this?"

"No, Ma'am. Really I'm not..."

Vivian sighed.

"I have to speak to my daughter and Donald about this," she announced in a firm voice as if making up her mind. "After all, you are her husband and belong to her and Donald! It would be so unfair to cheat on her..."

Cindi had so much to say, so many words and arguments that he dared not utter. Edith was having an affair... why couldn't she? Surely Vivian could see the fairness of that? Why did Donald have to decide on her future just when she had found true devotion? The hand that stroked her between soft thighs, the nipple between her lips, the tiny key that was held before her eyes; they all conspired to silence any argument. All she could hope to do was to stop her mother-in-law speaking to Edith and pray for stolen moments with the mature woman that was arousing these feelings.

"Please don't tell my wife, Ma'am."

"I don't know," said Vivian. "It seems so dishonest not to. Perhaps I should discuss it with Teresa and Carol. I'm sure that they could offer us a little good advice?"

It was a pit opening at Cindi's feet and she shook with silent weeping as Vivian pressed home her advantage.

"I know what you're thinking!" said Vivian.

Cindi fluttered her eyelashes to clear the tears and looked up at her mother-in-law.

“You are so confused, Cindi, you really just don’t understand what is right and what is wrong anymore! Can’t you see that if your wife cannot be satisfied by you, then she has the perfect right to find a little solace with Donald? That she needs so much more that you can give, she is a woman who needs a strong masculine man to fill her, a wife that indulges her effeminate husband’s deviant kinks even though it torments her. A beautiful adult woman that deserves to be satisfied and all you can think of is your own petty needs!”

“Ma’am, but...”

“Darling Cindi!” interrupted Vivian. “Don’t break in when I have something important to say! You are so very lucky to have a woman like my daughter as your wife. She cares for you, plays with you and panders to your needs.

“Doesn’t she deserve a little consideration when all she wants is a man that can satisfy her all her nights and days? I think that you are really being just a little selfish. Donald is a part of her life now, surely he has some say in your education and future?”

The hand withdrew and Vivian moved to separate the two lovers on the couch. She shook her hair and stood to look down at the bereft sissy weeping on the couch.

“You disappoint me, Cindi!” she said. “Perhaps you need to show a little more understanding of Edith’s needs and a little less self-interest? You say that you love me, but I think that all you really want is this key...”

Cindi looked up and saw the key dangling from her fingers on its golden chain. What could she do to persuade Vivian, now that the discussion had reached a point where she was angry at her sissy?

“I will have to think about this and decide...” said Vivian.

The feminised hubby moved from the couch. Now she was on hands and knees before her mother-in-law. Before her were the shapely legs in their candy stockings, the pink platform stilettos, so elegant and suggestive, the rows of little beribboned bows at the hem of her dress, the shadows that did not hide the smooth skin of her naked thighs.

Cindi bent and kissed her shoes.

Vivian waited while Cindi surrendered to her.

“Perhaps?”

The eyes looked up hopefully at the standing woman.

“Perhaps I will think about this for a day and come back tomorrow with an answer,” said Vivian at last. “You are trying so hard... but I can’t promise!”

“Please, Ma’am.”

“Tomorrow, I will be back and we shall see what I have decided,” said Vivian.

She moved back to leave the crawling slut looking up at her like a little puppy. An emotion of sheer authority filled her head, she could do so much with this pathetic sissy if her daughter would allow her to.

Now was the time...

"There is something that I want from you," said the mature woman to her crawling victim.

Cindi looked up to see the papers in the mother-in-law's hands and then the face that looked down at her. A soft smile, a beckoning finger.

"Edith has a little holiday planned for you, dear," she said. "I think that it will do you good to be just a little more feminine when you return. Then I might be interested to take you under my wing and ask my daughter if she can let you go!"

"What is it, Ma'am?"

"A special surprise for an obedient husband and son-in-law, that's what. All you have to do is sign and I will look after the rest."

"You'll tell her that you want me, Ma'am?"

"Cindi, Cindi! All I can do is to ask, but I'm sure that my daughter will let you go! After all, she will not want to upset me, will she?"

"No, Ma'am."

"That's settled then, stand up, just sign the papers and then I can make it all happen for you."

The sissy stood and Vivian offered paper and pen. As she did so, a hand lifted the hem of her skirt and fingers stroked the caged cock softly.

"Then I can release you and we can have some fun at last," whispered Vivian as she watched the pen move. "Tease that little cock and let you show me how grateful you are for freeing you..."

She took back the papers and continued to tease her daughter's victim.

"Perhaps tomorrow we'll have time to play, babes?"

"Oh please, Ma'am."

"Good girl, you try so hard, don't you?"

"Always, for my Mamma," said Cindi. "I love you so much, I will do anything to be with you!"

"I know, dear. I know!"

Cindi heard the door slam as Vivian left and prayed that she would really return the next day.

Waiting for Vivian

Today was the day!

Cindi stood and waited.

Just an hour after her wife had left for the office, Cindi was ready and waiting for Vivian to arrive. She stood in her ballet stilettos, the thin chain already locked in place, her corset so tight that it caused her to pant, her frilliest and prettiest knickers drawn tight between her thighs. At any time, her wife's mother could arrive, and Cindi was ready.

In her head, she had rehearsed her words. She would fall at Vivian's feet and beg her to have pity for Cindi. Kiss her feet and speak words that would melt the older woman's heart. Slave to her pleasure and prove her love... The daydream became more florid, more intense and Cindi shuffled a little as the steel under her knickers bit hard. Now, Vivian was declaring that they would run away, elope to some distant place where Cindi could be her only lover... The maid serving a mistress who finally understood her needs, the older woman that milked her faithful slave every day, teased and pleased.

Every day, every day...

An hour passed and then another.

Cindi dared not move from her post. Though standing still in the painful stilettos was agony, she proved her feelings by waiting for Vivian's steps on the path outside. Longed for the handle to turn. Refrained from touching herself, chaste and faithful to the ideal that she had built around the woman whom she had been so terrified of just a week ago. If only she had known! If only she had pushed Edith to use her mother instead of the strict and callous Teresa!

If only...

Time passed and Cindi still stood.

Now, a new imperative had come to replace the fantasies that had filled her mind with pleasure before. The concern that Teresa would return before Vivian arrived. The anxiety that Vivian had betrayed their affair to Edith and Donald. In her mind's eye she saw Edith angry and preparing some terrible revenge. Hope started to slip as the previous dream surrendered to the horrors of punishment. Cindi decided that, no matter what, she would forgive her mother-in-law and never reveal how she had seduced her daughter's husband. Cindi would do anything to preserve that hope...

Another hour.

Upstairs, just at the edge of hearing, the film played out in her room. Cindi knew the words by heart, knew how the maid knelt and obeyed, saw the humiliations that did not break her, but just made her ever more exciting to punish. Knew the final ending and transferred it to her own experience. She had seen clips of all three films in that time before. The first where the maid had been dressed, the second where she had been punished and now all of the third, where the lover entered the picture.

She wondered what the fourth would bring to the saga?

Unless Edith permitted it, she would never know.

Another hour.

Cramps assailed her, but still she stood to attention. This was the only chance, the only way from her predicament. In just half an hour, Teresa would arrive and the hope of escape would be gone forever. Then came the footsteps. The turning of the door handle and Cindi held her breath as the door opened to reveal if it was Teresa returning or at last Vivian honouring her promise to return.

Vivian took in the delicious maid in a glance and stepped into the hallway.

She closed the door and moved to inspect the hopeful sissy that was so eager to, at last, say the things that she longed to say. The words that she had planned through her sleepless night, the phrases that would cause the older woman to take her and make Cindi her perfect maid, her sissy slut, her pleasure-bitch her...

The list was endless.

Instead, Vivian smiled and stroked the pink cheeks of her victim.

"Darling Cindi, have you been waiting for me here all the time?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am."

"Never mind, I had to do a little shopping first and I just forgot the time," said Vivian wickedly. "I have decided what to do about us and I think that you will be happy with the outcome."

The husband heard the words and hope sprang in her breast. Would it all come true? Would Vivian take her and make Cindi her own?

"I have decided not to tell my daughter about how you wronged her. Not at the moment anyway. Instead, I am going to ask you to do something for me..."

"Anything, Ma'am," said Cindi.

The maid curtsied and was about to fall to all fours to kiss the shoes of the woman that offered such intense hope. She was arrested by a hand that moved to put a finger under her chin and lift her face to look into her mother-in-law's eyes.

“We don’t have time to play,” said Vivian with a reluctant tone. “Teresa will be back soon and that would not help our plan.”

“Plan Ma’am?” asked Cindi with such hope that Vivian chuckled.

“Yes, our plan,” lied Vivian. “All you have to do is let Edith take you to the clinic as we agreed, do as you are told! Then, when it is over, Edith said that I could have you all the time!”

“She already agreed? Ma’am.”

“She did, but she wasn’t happy about it, so I wouldn’t pester her if you want it to happen. Just be a good little girl and go along with it all. After that, you will be all mine and I will be all yours!”

Cindi looked into her eyes and all she saw was a sincere promise. She so wanted to thank her mother-in-law, but Vivian spoke first.

“My part in this arrangement of ours is so much more difficult than yours, because it goes against my nature to argue with my darling daughter. I really am not sure that it is right to force her hand, but in the end she agreed!” she said. “Your part is easy, all you have to do is to promise to be a good girl and be eager to obey my daughter in every detail. Do you understand?”

“Please, Ma’am,” said Cindi as she tried to utter the thoughts in her head, but Vivian broke in and smiled.

“Thank you so much, Cindi, you are such a darling! Remember, all you have to do is to be just a little enthusiastic and eager for Edith. It’s as simple as that. Then, in a month or two, my daughter will see that you would be far better educated in my hands. Once you have proved me right, it will be easy for you to stay under my care and be mine forever!”

It seemed that the plan was changing all the time, but Cindi could no longer argue.

Vivian would own her, and that was enough!

Emotions like tidal forces, hope and despair, moving on the shores of Cindi’s mind with each moment seeing one or the other in the ascendant.

Vivian would not tell Cindi’s wife that she loved her son in law, that was hope. The dream. The next two months in Edith’s care, that was desolation and anguish that was almost overpowering.

“Be a good little girl and Mummy will come for you when you are ready for her!”

Vivian’s words were accompanied by a small peck on the cheek that brought Cindi’s eyes to focus on the tiny key on the chain around Vivian’s neck. It nestled warm between those vast breasts. The small touch of fingertips under her dress, the scent of her musky fragrance, the almost glimpsed nipples that pushed at the silk of her dress, the heady and overwhelming knowledge that this woman needed Cindi.

Wanted to own her!

The contact was lost, the mother-in-law opened the door to the street and then she was gone. A last blown kiss, a last sly wink at the helpless son in law that stood paralysed in heels and frillies as the door closed and the visit was over.

There was still hope!

Return to Service

Cindi could not remember the last time that she was in the car. In fact, she could scarcely recall the last time that she had been outside the house. She sat quietly in the passenger seat of her wife's limousine and wondered at the luxurious car that still had that aroma of the showroom. Like her new car, Cindi was the perfect statement for a wife who had everything. A lover, a feminised husband and a new house in the country. A powerful position in her company, a salary well into six figures and a life of luxury.

It was nothing less than she deserved!

"Good girl," she said as the car swept the long curve and entered a long stretch that allowed her to unleash the power under her feet. "You will just love our new house. Loads of room and so secluded that we can play all the games that we like..."

Cindi felt herself sink into the seat and the change of position caused a terrible itch where her new breasts' removed stitches were now closed and finally healing. She resisted the impulse to support herself, even though the soft recovery bra that she wore seemed not firm enough to do so. She was tender and unused to the subtle rubbing at her swollen nipples and the weight of the ring in her little cock. It was just such a relief to finally have shed the restraint for the time in hospital, a respite that she felt that her mother-in-law was responsible for.

As the road sped by, she looked timidly at Edith who was concentrating on their ever-increasing speed. Cindi's wife eased up a little and gave a quick glance at her husband.

"Donald is away for a few days," she said. "It will be just me, Teresa and her friend for a few days. We will all be looking after you to make sure that you recover from the corrections that were needed to make you perfect! Though, I understand that you are fully ready now for my use. I am so glad that you wanted this for me."

Cindi held her breath and dared to ask the question uppermost on her mind.

"And your mother, Mistress?"

It seemed that Edith was not at all upset that her husband had ventured a question and she chuckled.

"Don't worry, Mamma is away in the Bahamas for a few weeks, so you don't have to worry that she will turn up."

Cindi stayed silent and felt a little disappointment. She had so hoped that her mother-in-law would be there to fulfil her promise! Cindi had done everything that had been asked of her. Never arguing, never showing that she disagreed with what had been done to her. Knowing that Vivian was by her side all the way, knowing that soon Cindi would be freed from the nightmare that her life had become.

“If I know Mamma, she is bedding one American hunk after the next...”

Cindi smiled to herself. She knew that there was no way that Vivian would be interested when she knew that Cindi was waiting for her night and day!

“Anyway, in a few days’ time, I have a little party planned. A housewarming and ‘welcome back’ party for my perfect hubby,” said Edith as the car slowed before a huge gate that slowly opened as she drew up. “You have been away for a month now, baby, so all of this will; be new to you.”

The car rolled silently along the drive and the house came into view.

Colonial style, portico and two wings that framed a drive shaded by a dozen mature trees. Cindi looked at the place and felt over-awed at the immensity of it all. Everything was changing around her faster than she could cope with. She had left their expensive, but smallish city apartment just a month ago and now here she was pulling up at her wife’s mansion in the country.

Edith slid from the car and moved walked around the car. She opened the door and her husband found herself standing on a gravelled area bordered by copious roses and lavender bushes.

“First of all, we need to get you all dolled up, dear,” she said. “The house is still a bit of a mess, but it’s nearly ready and it seemed better to bring you here where everything is ready for you to move in...”

Cindi found the kitten heels that she had on strange. Not at all uncomfortable, but her feet had become so accustomed to towering heels and the tight grip of punishment shoes that it was like walking on air. The same went for the light summer dress, the soft bra and the cotton panties. So light that they were almost not there at all. The nurses had crooned over their charge as they had helped her dress and Cindi had almost been bemused by the attention.

He followed Teresa. Her long leather coat swished with her every step, her heels crunched on the driveway and then clicked on the stone steps. She turned as her husband caught her up and smiled.

“We are all alone, dear,” she said with a smile and her husband felt her feeling of dread receding.

“I’ll show you the room that I have had designed for you, help you get ready and by that time Teresa and her friend will be back and you can show them what a good girly

you have been.”

As Edith approached the door, there was a click as it unlocked at her approach. She opened the door and a vast marble floored atrium was revealed. Cindi followed her wife into the house and saw that much of it was furnished. Here and there were piles of boxes and cloths thrown over other pieces of furniture, but the entrance was so grand that the sissy was spellbound.

“Here is your little spot,” said Edith with a chuckle as she pointed at the floor behind the door. “I had it specially marked for you...”

Cindi looked down to see that the marble had been inset with two small crosses in black stone that marked where her heels would go. A recessed steel ring and next to it, a small round hole lay between the two crosses and Cindi stared with a terror that was now returning. The door closed on its own and Cindi’s wife shrugged.

“Can’t have you wandering around all day, dear. Your duty as a husband is to adorn my house and be the perfect ornament for me to enjoy! No housework, no duties, no jobs for you do other than to show everyone how pretty you are! Perfect for us both.”

“Mistress?” stuttered Cindi.

“That’s right, you are going to do what you always did. Be idle and amuse me whenever I am here. Of course, I will only be here weekends, I have kept the old apartment to be close to work, but don’t worry your little head about it, Teresa and her friend will be here to look after your every need and make sure that you are ready for the times that I can spend here...”

Vivian turned and started for the sweep of the stairs.

“Come along now, I have to show you your room and then you can get ready...”

It was as if there was a chain to a collar on Cindi’s neck. She was drawn up the shallow stairs as if a compulsion allowed no escape. There was so much to take in and Edith was waiting at the balcony for her arrival.

The chain was reeled in and the sissy stepped each step and felt an increasing sense of dread at each stair.

“This way, Cindi, I’ll show you my bedroom first and we can get you dressed...”

A pair of impressive doors opened to a room that was almost as large as the whole apartment that they had. The walls were bare of decoration, but the furniture had already been installed. A vast bed lay in the centre of the room, it’s silken coverlet and pillows turned back to reveal cool linen sheets. A soft playground, a place where Cindi would never lie by her wife’s side. That enough was obvious!

“All your things are here,” said Edith, pointing to two boxes at the end of the bed. “get yourself dressed and I will be back in a few minutes.”

Alone in the vast room, Cindi opened the box to find that all of the uniforms and dessous that she knew so well had been neatly folded and arranged. In the second box were shoes and the special frillies that were for special occasions. She picked up a pair of the ballet stilettos and the weight of them seemed even more than she had expected.

She looked at herself in the full mirror that was framed, but not hung yet and knew that this was a defining moment in her life. There was a change in Edith, that was quite clear. Somehow, she was more confident, more certain and yet also gentler... There had been no mention of punishment, no sign of the crop that she and Donald occasionally used. She had been left alone and the permission to choose her own outfit was implicit.

Perhaps, Vivian had already spoken to Cindi's wife?

That must be it, thought Cindi with a small feeling of recapturing some optimism. She had promised no housework and a life of idleness, perhaps this was an oblique reference to Vivian?

Cindi carefully emptied the boxes and tried to decide what would please Edith. Something that would flatter her new figure, something that would melt a wife's heart. Turn her on? She decided that it was expected that the punishment shoes would be worn, the question was; what would match and tempt, show that Cindi was trying to belong?

A bag with makeup lay at the bottom of the box and Cindi started there.

With practiced hands she layered on the grounding for her usual look. Dusted her cheeks and eyelids with pink and fitted the longest lashes that she could find. Last on was the crimson lining followed by the lipstick and glitter that caused her lips to appear forever pouting. The mirror revealed her progress and at last Cindi was satisfied with the outcome. No doubt, with the little pointed breasts now under her dress, she was perfect.

The next decision was to decide what would please Cindi's wife.

It took a minute to decide, but at last she stripped and stood before the mirror. There were small faint scars under her breasts, but soon the pattern of tiny pin-pricks of the stiches would be gone and they would be perfect. It was amazing how the surgeon's knife had enlarged her nipples to now be a full quarter of the neat little cones of sensitive flesh. Some of the other changes that had been wrought were a little more subtle. Rounded hips, a curved ass and delicate thin arms. She admired herself and turned around to reveal the filigree lettering where her name and Edith's were engraved in black on her back. Cindi was not sure when it had been done, but then she had spent most of her time dazed in the clinic while she was fussed over and pampered.

She turned back to face the mirror and her hands dropped to her cock.

Soft and trifling, the ring that was embedded in the circumcised tip passing deep inside and then exiting just below the shrivelled tip. Her fingers lifted the little clitty and she inspected her balls. They seemed almost shrunken to nothing and just a slight bulge behind the loose cock, a wrinkled patch of skin. An itchy scar ran from front to back and she touched it and felt an arousal that drove her to rub a little and shiver with the feeling. It was incredibly sensitive, and she could not help but run a finger into the crack of her rounded ass and shiver in delight as she touched herself.

So tempting, but so chancy!

Edith could return at any moment.

Cindi started to dress. All in pink would soothe Edith! The corset needed to be let out a little, but it still pinched her waist in tight. Cindi felt it cup her small breasts and arranged herself, quivering as her hands touched the sensitive nipples that had started to gather in anticipation. She managed to tear her hands from further mischief and sat on the bed to roll on the stockings that she had chosen. Pink lace and delicate bows at the seams, they slid onto the smooth skin of her thighs and she started to work on the twelve clasps that would hold them up.

Knickers on top of stocking clasps!

The true mark of a slut.

Last were the shoes.

For a minute she tried to decide if she could get away with the platforms that Vivian had bought on that first day, but she knew that Edith would only be satisfied with the ballet stilettos. She had hinted as much as they had arrived and Cindi dared not risk her displeasure.

It was weeks since she had last worn them. Her feet had softened and pushing her toes deep into the patent leather was difficult. With a small sigh, she closed the clasps and laces and tried to stand. Her calves bulged, her thighs quivered, but it all came back and at last she stood before the mirror to gauge the effect.

No longer was she a mere cross-dressed husband, now Cindi was something else.

Something feminine and tempting, ready to be abused.

She stood and looked and a curious emotion filled her.

Six months ago, Cindi had been a man, had been a husband, had been ordinary. Now she was extraordinary, alluring and weak, inviting and irresistible, feminine and helpless. The short chains between her ankles rattled as she moved, every step rubbed her thighs against that sweet spot and every movement of her thin arms declared her vulnerable.

It was at the moment when the realisation of her complete vulnerability arrived that the wife opened the door and entered the room. Edith had changed too and suddenly Cindi realised the frightful trap that she had opened underneath her feet.

Until the moment that Cindi had changed, until she had closed the locks on her own chains, Cindi might have resisted the malicious wife. The change had become complete at that moment, now there was no chance of resistance. The clothes that Cindi's wife had chosen emphasised her dominance. The crop in her wife's hand spoke volumes and the triumph on her face told her husband all she needed to know.

"Stand straight!"

The tone was severe, strict, commanding. The soft tones were gone, the smile malevolent and hard.

"Let's see what you have remembered," said Edith as she strolled to the shaking dolly that was her husband. "Corset tighter, seams straight, shoes closed to the last notch and I want your nipples to show at all times!"

Cindi's knees almost gave as the crop tapped her ass.

"There are a few other refinements as well, but let's at least get the basics right, slut!"

"Mistress, please..."

The sound of the crop on Cindi's ass almost arrived before the sting of contact.

"Speak when spoken to," said Edith with a giggle. "Now just do as you're told and then we can take a look at your room."

The long nails hindered the adjustments required, but, with trembling hands, Cindi obeyed. Tightened the corset but pulling the web of laces at the side tight as they would go. Tightened the straps on her shoes and attempted to straighten stocking seams. Impatiently, Edith watched her husband frantically doing her bidding and tapped the crop in her hands.

"That's a little better, now follow me!"

Each step drove her toes deeper in the ballet stilettos each step constrained by the chain that seemed even shorter than before. Cindi tottered through the open door and Edith led the way along the balcony. She made just three steps and stood before a blank wall.

"This is where you enter your special place."

Her hand waved a small plastic tag over the wall and a door opened inwards. A door that was invisible until it was opened, a door that was padded on the inside. Edith waved the crop and Cindi hesitated.

“I don’t think that you understand,” said Edith patiently. “I will explain it just once! You do not speak, you do not hesitate, you do not show anything but enthusiasm for my commands. The same goes for everyone that you meet. You are mine, I think that this shows where you belong!”

Edith’s hand slapped the ripe ass and then touched the tattoo that declared her ownership.

“You are a pervert, a twisted little skank of a husband. From now on, you will discover that my patience has ended! If you are not obedient and follow every command with a willingness born of a need to impress me, you will be punished until you learn the lesson!”

Cindi stepped into the tiny room and looked in dismay at the two cages that almost filled the space. One had been installed over a narrow bed that filled it, the other could only possibly be occupied in a kneeling position with neck through the heavy collar that had been welded to the edge by the wall.

Edith stepped past the quivering sissy and opened the wall to reveal space for Cindi’s clothes. New costumes, new uniforms and racks of boots and shoes that were all still in their plastic wrappers. Next, she pointed at the screen on the ceiling over the cage.

“Your favourite film will play here when the install is completed,” said Edith before she put her hand on the cage designed for kneeling.

“This will be where you will occasionally spend your evenings at the weekend,” she continued. “The rest of the time you will be in either of two places, unless required. In your bed here or in the hallway awaiting my arrival.”

Edith smiled and turned to her husband.

“Right now, I want you in the hallway. Looking pretty and ready for Teresa to arrive. I can’t spend all my time instructing you when I have better things to do!”

Cindi was almost rooted to the spot. She looked at the cage and noted the rings and eyelets that would ensure that the occupant was immobilised. A piece of wood had been fixed to the wall where the face would be, and she wondered what devilry was intended. But Edith was already out of the room and Cindi had to follow.

Down the shallow steps, until she was positioned with her heels on the small crosses and a padlock attached to the sunken eyelet to keep her in place.

Edith inspected her and then produced a pair of cuffs from her waist.

“Can’t have you playing, can we?” she said as she pulled Cindi’s arms behind her back and snapped on the cuffs.

For a brief moment, Cindi tried to resist the pull on her wrists as Edith pulled them behind her, but her arms had no strength and it seemed that the wife had not even

noticed her husband's futile resistance.

Edith moved to the front and put a finger under her husband's chin.

"Teresa will be here in a few hours, until then you can reflect on what I have said," she said. "This is what I want, what I demand. From now, you will be the obedient girly slut that pleases me and I shall be the strict owner that guides your every thought."

With that, Edith slapped the face that was at the point of crying and stalked away, leaving the pink sissy to wait for the arrival of Teresa.

House-Warming

Two days of torment.

There was just a single hope now left in Cindi's mind. A single avenue to the future that offered anticipation. That Vivian would return and take her away from the hellhole that her wife had created. That his mother-in-law would lead Cindi from the house and install her as a personal maid, a lover in frillies for the mature woman that had promised to do just that.

As always, Teresa had attended to every moment of the last two days, the other woman, whose name Cindi had not even learned, occasionally joining her friend to enjoy the moments of humiliation and shame that were dispensed with a casual hand. Against the powerful mature women that ordered his life, Cindi had no chance to escape. Hobbled at all times, her body so feeble and arms so weak that she could not resist, she was parked in the hallway at most times. Twice she had been chained in Edith's bedroom as the noise of workmen in her own room next door sounded through the walls.

When she was returned to her cage at night, she noticed that the piece of wood by the other cage had been replaced by a small hatchway, but in the flickering of the screen over her head, she could not make out the details. Her mind was filled with apprehension as the day of the housewarming party arrived and she was dressed and moved to the familiar position at the door.

Teresa and her friend worked tirelessly around the helpless sissy, occasionally casting a glance, but otherwise paying no attention as she suffered in the rigid position. The hard corset that now went from hips to pushing up her small breasts narrowed her waist and made her ache. The shoes that bit her feet hard and the sleeve that now enveloped the arms behind her back were a constant discomfort.

The day passed slowly as Edith's two housekeepers worked in the kitchen and then started to give the whole house a clean that was workmanlike and thorough. The shadows moved and at last the sound of a car pulling up outside announced Teresa's arrival.

Making an effort to dispel the cramps and aches, Cindi stood straight as her wife entered with Donald in tow. She did not even glance at her husband but disappeared whilst her lover approached and looked the helpless husband up and down.

"Nice titties," he said. "I thought that your darling wife would want more, but I have to admit that they are just right for the look."

His fingers stroked the nipples and pinched hard.

"God," he breathed in obvious excitement. "Having one eager slut to shaft and such a tempting bitch to play with is going to be just peachy!"

"I heard that, Donald!" came Edith's voice and he jumped in surprise. "Be careful or I'll have you in frillies before you can say 'fuck me'!"

"Well, it's true," he laughed. "You are so inventive in bed and out of it and this little pet is ripe for a proper ass-fucking... I am only saying what I think!"

"That's what I like about you, Donald," said Edith as she joined husband and lover.

"I love the titties," said Donald, "but where's the restraint?"

"It's not needed any more," laughed Edith. "No more little stiffies for hubby!"

Her hand stroked the hanging little cocklet and fondled underneath not follow the seam that ran over the slight bump behind.

"Cindi has been prepared to my needs, she no longer has any of her own to worry about!"

Donald nodded and took her in his arms. His hands slid to her ass and pulled her close and they kissed passionately.

"When will the others get here?" he asked.

"Mamma said that she'd be here by eight and Carol is due now."

The lovers walked from the stricken Cindi, their inconsequential chatter fading as they went to inspect the preparations. The husband stood and a single tear drizzled down her cheek to leave a salty taste at her bee-stung lips.

The door opened and Carol entered.

The red tube of her party frock clung tight to her ample curves and she stopped before the quivering sissy and inspected every detail.

"Edith told me what she was up to, and I just can't believe that you allowed her to do all this," she said. "You are such a weakling, Cindi, you just gave in and went along with her..."

"Please," whined Cindi and then bit his lip.

"I don't believe that you are allowed to speak, dear," she said as her hand stroked his drooping cock. "No more down here," she tittered. "A perfect husband at last..."

Her fingers tugged at the ring and she let go to fondle the pert breasts that temptingly rose from the top of the corset.

"Edith has such good taste," she said idly as she looked from sissy to the rest of the hallway. "Perhaps a little grandiose, but all in good taste. From husband to this gorgeous house, from her lover to her perfect dress sense. I have to admit that I envy her a little, but then she has worked hard for all of what she owns."

“Carol, so glad that you could make it,” came Edith’s voice from behind Cindi. “Come on through and have a little aperitive with us. The party is due to start as soon as Mamma gets here and a drink or two will lighten the atmosphere!”

“See you later,” smiled Carol and once more, Cindi was alone in the hall.

An hour later, Teresa arrived, all hustle and bustle.

Cindi had been praying for Vivian’s arrival, but he was led up to his room where Teresa and her nameless friend attended to preparing her for the party.

“Ablutions and then your party frock...” said Teresa. “Let’s be having you!”

For the first time since leaving the clinic, everything was done for Edith’s husband. The two women showered and prepared her, watched impatiently as she sat on the tiny toilet and then dusted her with talcum and produced the costume that Edith had chosen.

Pink latex stretched from toes to thighs and then from hips to just under her breasts. Ballet shoes that were locked over the stockings and a pink wig with a single plait that was pulled on before they started on makeup and the details. The final touch, a thin pink studded collar and leash and hands bound behind her back with a ribbon tied off in a bow. They inspected her critically and were at last satisfied after a few touches of lipstick and arranging her breasts properly on display.

“Ready for use,” said Teresa. “Not to my taste, but I have to admit that if I were ever going to touch a man, this would be it!”

Her friend chuckled and kissed her.

“She’s such a little dolly,” she said. “I would be tempted!”

“You’re all mine,” said Teresa with a frown.

“Of course I am, darling. I was just saying that I think that she’s cute!”

“I think that she’s ready for presentation,” said Teresa.

By the leash, they led Cindi down the stairs to the lounge. Vivian had arrived and was drinking a red wine and Cindi tried to catch her eye, but she turned to her daughter and made a comment that the husband could not catch.

“Can I introduce Cindi?” said Edith. “You all remember my pathetic husband, of course. She will be serving the drinks and is here to amuse...”

Cindi stood still as the gathering moved to surround her. Hands touched and fondled every part. Carol cooed as the corset was loosened so that Edith could show her husband’s tattoo and the masculine hand that parted the cheeks of her ass was clearly Donald’s. Teresa produced a tray with a strap that was circled around Cindi’s waist tightly and then two slender chains were stretched and clipped to her nipples.

She winced and almost cried out as they went on, but the addition of a decanter and glasses was far worse. She tried to hunch a little, but her wife's hand at her neck straightened her up.

"Don't embarrass me in front of my friends and Mamma," she hissed in Cindi's ear. "Just offer everyone a cognac and smile your appreciation of their allowing you to serve!"

The first to serve herself was Vivian. She took a glass to lighten the load and poured herself a small brandy before tweaking a breast where one of the clips was attached.

"I haven't forgotten," she whispered and then turned to join the others.

The sissy almost cried in joy as she watched Vivian joining Edith and Donald. Cindi tried to approach to overhear what was said, but Carol had decided to tease the maid and slid her hand between her thighs.

"I wonder if this little slut can still come?" she asked as Teresa joined her and poured herself a glass.

"She needs milking once a month," said Teresa. "That's Edith's orders."

"Ooh, I would love to see..."

"We have machine to do all that kind of work in her room, if you want to see it?"

"I would love to, but I'm sure that Teresa won't be able to resist giving us the guided tour."

"That is before we eat," said Teresa with a small smile. "A demonstration is planned as well, but she wouldn't say what form it would take."

"Do you hear that, sissy?" said Carol. "You are going to be so the centre of attention!"

Teresa laughed and left Cindi standing waiting for the next humiliation.

The doorbell rang out and Edith looked at her Mother, "That will be the last one," she said.

Vivian strolled out of the lounge and the guests could hear the sound of the door opening and a man's voice answering Edith's mother. There were a couple of questioning looks at Edith and she shrugged.

"Mamma has a new flame," she said, all the while keeping her eye on her husband. "Spent two weeks in the Bahamas with him. Probably the whole time in their room!"

She was gratified to see the startled look of shock on Cindi's face and started to giggle.

"I only saw David for the first time yesterday, he's quite a hunk..."

Edith re-entered the lounge with a tall black man in tow. He was smiling broadly and nodded a greeting as Vivian introduced him to each guest with a small comment.

“David owns a company that fit out yachts,” started Vivian, but he broke in with a chuckle.

“Own just half the company,” he corrected. “Viv can overstate it a little sometimes!”

“Yes, yes,” said Vivian as she continued. “Dave owns half the company... He took me to the Bahamas on a business trip and...”

“...I didn’t get much done,” finished the tall black lover with a wink.

There was a little laughter as Vivian led David to each guest in turn.

“Donald, my daughter’s boyfriend. This is Carol, known her since she was in school with Edith. You’ve met my daughter of course and this is Teresa, the woman who manages the house with a rod of iron,” she looked for Teresa’s lover and commented, “Sarah is in the kitchen, but I can assure that her skills are beyond compare, Teresa’s girlfriend.”

David seemed at ease with all of the other guests, kissed a few hands and it seemed that all were impressed by this vision of polite masculinity.

Cindi watched his progress and when the huge smartly suited man approached her, she cringed and stared wildly at Vivian as his mother-in-law made the introduction.

“This is my daughter’s hubby,” she smirked.

“Cute,” said David with a smile. “Has a bit of a crush on you, it seems!”

“Oh Cindi, don’t make it so obvious,” laughed Vivian. “You knew that it could never be! Just curtsy and be polite because you’ll love David when you get to know him better...”

Edith was by Cindi’s side, Vivian to the front with her boy-friend and Cindi dared not even trust herself to speak. She curtsied as far as the tray would allow and he blew her a little kiss.

“I’ll take what you’re offering,” he said with a broad grin as he reached for a glass from Cindi’s tray and poured a cognac. “I’m sure that we will be getting to know each other much better soon...”

His free hand reached out and stroked the small breasts and fondled the clipped nipples with gentle touches. He seemed taken by the sissy and Cindi looked down and suddenly wished that she had not. Tented by an enormous erection, the tight cut pants that David wore stretched as he reacted to the pink slut that stood in his shadow.

“Nice,” he said. “I had better not get your mother-in-law all jealous!”

“I think that jealousy is the last thing on my mind when this little bitch is around,” she said with a grin. “Cindi is just a plaything, that’s all!”

“I can see that we are going to get on so well,” said Edith as she looked down and raised an eyebrow at the erection in her mother’s boyfriend’s pants. “I think that you are exactly what Mamma has been looking for...”

Vivian placed her hand over her mouth as she laughed and the other guests seemed amused by the sally as David sipped his cognac and commented, “I know that I am!” There was a little more laughter and Edith stepped forward to take the floor.

“Now that all of the invited guests, my dear friends and family are here, I would like to make a small speech. Ladies and gentlemen,” announced Edith. “I would like you all to raise a glass to the new life that I am just beginning. You are all a part of it, all of you have made it possible and I just wanted to thank you all and tell you that you are welcome to share my little pleasures as and when you decide. Part of that is of course the special man in my life who has given up so much to become the husband that I need.”

She paused and then laughed.

“One thing that you cannot share, is of course Donald!”

There was a little clapping and a few comments before Edith completed her speech.

“My decorative little husband will never leave this house,” she announced. “Mamma and you all are invited to use her whenever you feel the urge, I would not have it any other way! You are all welcome! However...”

Cindi watched the elation on her wife’s face and shook in terror. The shock of the tall man that Vivian had invited transfixed him. The well-cut suit, the calm deep voice and the suave way that he held conversation with Edith and Donald sinking his hopes at every word.

“However, there will be a few rules to follow, I shall explain later, because it would be best if my hubby does not know all of the rules! Meanwhile, it is time to appreciate the party-girl without whom this could not have been possible. Raise your glasses for my little pink latex sweetie and then we can make a little tour of the house. After that, a bite to eat and then, for those that want to see what hubby can do, a couple of party games later!”

Edith led the way and started the promised tour of the house.

As the guests left the room, Cindi looked after them in longing. She dared not follow, but took a step anyway, and suddenly Teresa had taken her leash and was leading her to the centre of the room.

“This is where you belong, Cindi,” she said with a chuckle. “We don’t want to spoil the fun later by having you know what could be in store!”

The chain between her ankles was clipped to an eyelet concealed under a tiny trapdoor on the floor and Teresa slapped Cindi's ripe ass as she went to check on Sarah in the kitchen.

There were voices in the hallway as Edith led the small party upstairs and Cindi heard laughter and their comments as they progressed. Now they were all upstairs and Cindi was suddenly embarrassed that they would see her bedroom.

Bedroom?

Cell!

What else was it but a place where she could be kept until she was ready to be used?

The tray weighed her down and the clips were biting hard by the time Teresa returned to rescue the weeping sissy. She cried out as each one was opened, the removal being worse by far than the addition of the clips.

"Quiet," said Teresa as she slapped the sissy casually. "You will learn that silence is required all of the time. Now stand straight and let's see you charm them all as they return."

The guests filed back after the half-hour tour, making comments, praising the house that Edith was now nearly finished redecorating to her own tastes. Cindi curtsied as they returned, and Donald smirked as he took a place on the sofa.

"I have to hand it to Edith," he said with a smile. "She has thought of everything! I would never have thought of some of the refinements in this place."

Several guests looked over at Cindi as he spoke and chuckled as they matched his remarks to the helpless husband of his lover. Clearly, he took great pleasure in cuckolding Edith's husband and perhaps even greater pleasure ensuring that it hurt so much.

Teresa entered to announce the meal and they filed into the dining room.

Cindi was unlocked and moved to a new position on a small podium that had been fitted for her benefit. She placed her feet in the marked places and noted a deep narrow hole between them. Teresa, who was installing the husband in position cast Edith a questioning look and she nodded with a thin smile.

"We start with an aperitive and then follows the lobster bisque," announced Sarah from the door to the kitchen. "After that, a small Champagne ice to whet the appetite and then onto the highlight of the meal."

"I told you that Sarah was a fantastic chef," said Edith to Donald who sat next to her. "Teresa and Sarah will really make this house a place to enjoy every moment."

The guests chattered while in the background, unnoticed, Teresa moved around the rear of Cindi.

“This will have you standing nice and straight” said Teresa.

Cindi felt her hand between his thighs and then something cold following the touch of her fingers.

“Stay still girl,” she said as Cindi flinched. “In it goes...”

The sissy whimpered and received a slap on the ass.

“I said, stay still,” came Teresa’s irritated voice.

The intruder pushed deeper and Cindi tried to move to make the intruder more comfortable. The background chatter came to a stop and the attention of the guests was now clearly on the forlorn husband as Teresa stooped to ensure that Cindi was impaled correctly.

“It’s important that she learns to present correctly,” commented Edith. “This seemed the easiest way...”

Embedded with one end in the podium and one end now several inches extended into Cindi. The pole ensured that Edith’s husband was motionless.

“I think that the little slut likes it!” said Carol.

Edith laughed, “Of course she does! Posture and comportment are what it’s all about. I want my hubby to be ornamental and attractive. A few hours a day will soon have her at least satisfactory!”

Teresa stepped back and the podium began to rotate slowly.

“Sort of an installation,” joked David. “You have to give it a suitable name, Edith!”

“How about, ‘Sissy Fucked’,” said Vivian with a giggle.

“Oh, much too crude,” chuckled Donald. “What about Prissy Sissy?”

Vivian clapped her hands in delight as she added another suggestion: “Prick on a Stick?”

“Not much of a prick!” said Teresa with a satisfied smile as tears ran down Cindi’s cheeks. “Kitty with a Clitty,” was her suggestion.

There was general laughter as the guests all suggested names and they toasted Edith as the latex clad sissy rotated to reveal her rear. Now it was clear that the pole that penetrated her ass was rubber shaped as a long fat cock.

“Better get used to it,” said Edith more to her guests than the weeping husband who stood bolt upright to accommodate the penetration. “This is just the start of the training!”

She could feel the hard rubber slowly push into her as the podium rotated.

It pressed against some agreeable spot deep inside and a feeling of arousal began to assert itself.

The slight movement of the podium as it rotated, the humiliating laughter of those who sat sipping their soup, the quivering of her straining thighs all contributed and she whined softly as she felt a faint touch on her thigh.

There was no way that Cindi could see what was happening, but Teresa was the closest to her and not near enough to touch.

"Cindi," came the rebuke from the housekeeper. "What on earth do you think that you are doing?"

The attention of wife and guests was turned once more on the hapless husband. Edith was wearing a scowl of pure displeasure.

"Teresa, lower it a little, we can't have my hubby embarrassing us all..."

"I told you that she likes it," tittered Carol as her spoon poised by her lips. "What a naughty girl!"

Cindi felt the deeply embedded cock in her ass lower a few eighth's of an inch and the pleasant wave of arousal receded. Now the cock just pinned her in place as the meal resumed after the brief pause.

"It's the first time, it won't happen again," commented Edith as she watched her husband rotate slowly. "Still, it's a good sign..."

"Because?" asked Donald with a leer at the impaled slut.

"Because, I was just a little worried that the operation would rob her of all function! I need her responsive to stimulation..."

Vivian smiled at her daughter.

"You are so thoughtful, dear. It would have been such a shame if your dolly could not be motivated by stimulation as well as the crop!"

Edith shrugged.

"I try hard to be compassionate to her needs, Mamma, though to be honest, I'm not sure the effort is appreciated."

She stood from the table and strolled to stand by the podium. Slowly it rotated until her husband faced her. All of the guests watched with interest to see what would happen, but all Edith did was to move her foot to block the progress of the rotation at that point. Her hand stroked the small breasts. Moved to touch the tears on Cindi's cheeks and tasted them with the tip of her tongue before she ran a finger from nipple to drooping cock.

"Darling, I think that this was what you always wanted," she said softly.

In the silence, her quiet words were heard by all and none of the guests even breathed so that they could hear her speak to her husband.

“You have come so far for me already... All I need is for you to go the extra mile to please me, make me happy, show my friends that you love the little games that I play! Can you do this for me?”

Cindi looked into her eyes.

Amusement, pity, distaste, triumph and so much more.

“Please help me, Mistress,” begged Cindi piteously.

A smile spread on her face, her eyes looked into those of her desperate husband and her tongue licked her lips as she slowly shook her head in reply. Her lips moved and only Cindi could hear the words. Spoken in a soft breathless whisper, they summed up her excitement in the helplessness of Cindi’s plea.

“I will always help you. After all, I own you, darling...”

All of the emotions on her beautiful face flickered and died until only one passion remained in evidence. The distillation of them all, the naked controlling core that defined Cindi’s wife in a single word. The whole essence of Edith’s intense need to dominate, humiliate, punish and debase her helpless, feminised husband.

Lust!

Partings

Vivian and David were the last to leave.

They lingered in the hallway with the front door open wide as they exchanged a few last words.

"At last, you have everything just as it should be," said Edith's mother as she kissed her daughter's cheeks. "The house is stupendous, darling, I just love it!"

"It will take a few weeks to have it the way that it should be," said Edith in reply. "But, with Teresa and Sarah, I have found the perfect help to make everything perfect."

"I think that you've found a chef beyond compare," said David warmly. "The meal was perfect..."

"Don't forget the entertainment," broke in Vivian. "And the arrangements upstairs are ingenious!"

"Well, you and David are welcome to visit at any time," said Edith. "During the week you will have the place to yourselves, at least for the next few months. Work is taking up so much of my time that I will be using the old apartment a lot. Just make sure that Teresa knows when you will be here in advance and she will organise the rest..."

"That's so generous of you," said David as he kissed Edith's hand.

Edith laughed at the old-fashioned salutation and her mother leaned into him and looked up with a coy expression.

"Dave's just what I needed," she breathed. "Exactly what I was looking for!"

"Well, you have everything that you told me that you wanted," said Edith warmly. "Just make sure that you keep him in line!"

David chuckled.

"She does that," he said. "She has a visit here planned for next week before I fly out to Barcelona on business. I'm sure that that will keep me coming back!"

"Ooh, Mamma," said Edith. "Chain this one up, he's a keeper!"

"No fear, darling, he's all mine!"

David turned to Cindi and looked the sissy up and down. Standing straight with her feet on the crosses on the marble floor, the rod holding her rigid so that her small breasts jutted from her and her back was arched he smiled.

"Like mother, like daughter?" he joked. "I will have to be a good little boy!"

"I'm glad that you appreciate where we stand, David," laughed Vivian. "Just keep me satisfied!"

David reached and stroked the breasts gently, pinching the soft nipples and enjoying the fluttering of eyelashes that was the reaction to the teasing. He sighed and pinched a little harder to elicit a whimper from Edith's husband.

"I am so looking forward to visiting next week," he said. "You'll have to give us some idea of just what games we can play..."

Edith chuckled, "Just don't damage the slut," she replied. "Otherwise, whatever you get up to, it will do her good!"

Her eye's followed where her husband was looking and she could make out the bulge of a hard cock in David's pants. Clearly, he was entranced by the thought of her husband making sure that it was satisfied thoroughly.

David shrugged and unselfconsciously settled himself with his hand.

"David knows what I like," said Edith's mother.

He shrugged and kissed Vivian before saying, "I'll get the car started..." before nodding to Edith and heading through the door.

Once he was gone, Vivian pecked her daughter on the cheek and said her goodbyes.

"Tell Teresa we will be here Tuesday evening," she said. "For just a day..."

"You can spend longer," replied her daughter. "I don't come back until Friday."

"I will have to ration him a little," said Vivian slyly. "Maximise the hold that I have on that insatiable cock of his! I can't allow his attention to wander until I have him in the right place!"

"As you like," said Edith with a smile. "I am going to have the same problem with Donald!"

"Donald's OK, but he's not really a keeper," said Vivian. "Stay on the lookout for something more suitable!"

Edith laughed.

"Mamma, I only fuck him for Cindi here," she said. "That's not to say that he isn't satisfying, but I had to take what came my way. All I want is a little excitement!"

"Good, glad to hear it, Edith! Just have fun, that's all that matters."

Vivian turned to Cindi and stroked her cheek.

"Do you hear that, slut! My daughter is finally happy, and you are the reason!"

Cindi pouted and her eyelashes fluttered. It seemed to annoy Vivian, and she slapped the sulking face sharply with a quick movement before pinching one of the yielding nipples.

“When I come back next week, Cindi, you are going to show David such a good time that he will be desperate to come back for more, again and again! I expect to find you eager and keen to please.”

“I think that David’s waiting...” said Edith. “I’d better get hubby ready for use...”

“You haven’t used him yet?”

“Not like that. Donald is eager and I have deliberately kept him anticipating my permission. I think that tonight’s the night...”

“Well, I can see that I’m getting in the way,” said Vivian, “I’ll be off then...”

“We’ll meet up after next week and you can tell me all about your visit here!”

“There’ll be loads to tell...”

The Cage

The hallway was quiet, except for the small gasp as Cindi was freed of the posture pole as it slid from his ass. Teresa carefully wiped it and stood it in the small cabinet on the wall before attending to her charge.

There was something so helpless and enticing about the sissy that she focussed on that her breath came in gasps as she opened the padlock from the eyelet. Not that she wanted to use Edith's husband, that was never on the cards. No, it was having the defenceless sissy at her mercy that appealed. Keeping her in line, occasional canings and then comforting and wiping away the tears.

Almost as if caring for a child!

Sarah was the only love of her life, the woman that she mothered and satisfied, Teresa's needs more than catered for as they enjoyed making love. But, the sexual and sensual caring for Cindi kept the level of her and Sarah's arousal high as they enjoyed the man that had been reduced to feminised helplessness.

Not a man anymore, but what every man should be!

She slapped the tender ass to get the slut moving and watched as she stumbled at the first step. Three hours at the meal on the display podium, followed by another two in the hallway had made Cindi unsteady on her heels and toes, but in Teresa's mind that was no excuse.

"Slow down, bitch and roll those fat hips," she scolded.

Cindi stopped and then started again. Now her hips rolled a little as each leg moved stiffly. The gait was not right yet, even after all of the practice and Teresa promised herself that a few hours on the treadmill every day would help as well as keep her occupied during the day. It would build up her legs and thighs to be shapely and strong and if her arms were restrained most of the time, she would have a slender upper body that had no strength.

"Take a step and then immediately, on to the next..." commanded Teresa.

Cindi had been taking the broad steps one at a time. Stepping up with the right and then placing the left next to it before taking the next stair. Not an elegant look at all! Balance and strength would have to be built up and Teresa was glad that the sissy's husband was hers to train five days a week. She would make sure that Cindi was both ornamental and alluring.

"That's better, I want to see the legs at the full stretch of the chains."

All the better to see what lay between while she was not wearing her day dress. The whole idea of the training was not really feminisation as such, but to make every movement and step, every curtsy and pout, irresistible and awaken a desire to punish or pet. Teresa watched as the sissy made her way up and decided that a few small changes in costume were appropriate. A posture collar would be a useful addition to make sure that the head was held correctly, and a tighter corset would soon train that waist in to the required eighteen inches.

“Better,” she commented as she followed her charge up the staircase.

Another small problem had been niggling her and she gave it thought as she stood and watched the sissy’s progress. It was easy and satisfying to get the physical aspect perfect. All it required was diet, control and exercise. What was also needed was to get inside Cindi’s head and banish all thoughts of male resistance. A problem that required a little thought, she decided. What was required was to bend those thoughts until there was only a desire to gratify and serve. Fill that head with an endless need to keep her owner satisfied and gratified.

Cindi had reached the top and stopped.

Teresa followed and slapped the ripe ass with the palm of her hand.

“I did not tell you to stop, sissy,” she said. “Off to your cage...”

One step followed the other as the slut reluctantly headed for her door. Another sharp slap speeded the steps, but ruined the sexy gait and Teresa sighed as she realised what an endless job it would be to get Edith’s husband up to the required standard. She opened the hidden door with her tag and Cindi headed to the familiar caged bed to stand by the entrance with downcast eyes.

“Not there, Cindi! Tonight you are going into that one!”

Cindi looked at the upright cage and stepped towards it while Teresa opened the small low door to allow her to enter. With arms tied behind her back, Cindi had difficulty kneeling and it required Teresa to support her onto her knees before she could enter the cage. The soft smooth skin under her hands felt supple and caused Teresa to deliver another small slap as Cindi crouched behind the bars. Teresa opened the collar in the top of the cage by the wall and helped the slut to slide her pink haired head through before she closed it and then attended to the straps that would ensure complete immobility.

“Legs wide,” said Teresa as she opened the locks to release the ankle chain. “Don’t make it difficult for me or there will be three strokes...”

Cindi quickly spread her legs. Three strokes of the cane was no idle threat in the hands of Teresa!

“That’s better...”

Ankles were lifted locked to the corner of the cage at the top to leave Cindi resting on only her knees. Now came the straps that held her in position. Around thighs and the bars of the cage, waist and the top and finally her ribbon-bound hands were loosened and cuffed to her ankles in the mittens that would protect her manicure.

Teresa stood back and decided that the immobilisation was satisfactory before attending to the other details. The fucking machine was not required this time, but it was the plug was needed to prevent any accidents. Teresa's strong fingers rubbed a little jelly over the sweet bud of the exposed ass and pressed the plug home before expanding it with three squeezes of the rubber bulb. Then the little dangling cock was pulled into a tube and the ring embedded deep was padlocked into place. Residual erections had been noted and this would prevent them from distracting the sissy.

"All done," said Teresa to herself as she prepared the sissy for use.

This was the part that Teresa did not find so interesting! The thought of a man being permitted to use the slut was somehow wrong in her mind. Cocks and men in general should all be in tight little cages... However, it was what Edith wanted and she had to admit that the exercise would probably do Cindi a great deal of good! Previously, Teresa had inspected the arrangement to figure out just what Edith had in mind, so the fitting was almost routine.

A plastic form that fitted that face was already in her hand before she decided that the make-up needed work. Next time it would be easier to do it all in another order, but this time it would take too long to get Cindi out and touch up lips and cheeks! She moved into the tight space by the cage and wall and stooped to carefully dust over the tear tracks and touch up the lips. Cindi's eyelashes fluttered and Teresa scolded her when fresh tears appeared.

"No weeping and crying, slut," she said as she soaked the tears with a tissue. "Who wants to fuck a crying slut?"

She laughed as she realised that, probably, most of the men that would be using Cindi would probably disagree with that comment and finished touching up the cheeks and lips.

"Now, when I say, open wide and make sure that the lipstick is not all ruined," said Teresa with a sigh. "Ready?"

There was no way that Cindi could nod, but her lips opened, and Teresa carefully added the form to the face. Over chin, with a small tube at the lips that slipped easily in, then the top was pressed to forehead to leave most of that pretty face clear. She clipped the mask into position and then tightened the strap that circled the back of Cindi's head, careful that the wig concealed its presence. All that was required now was the box that would enclose and the clips that attached it to the wall.

Teresa stood back and shrugged.

Now, when the mirror in the Edith's bedroom was removed and the small door slid open, Cindi's face would appear, ready to use. She walked around to the bedroom to make sure that it was all in order. Slid the mirror to one side and noted the two small hatches. The one that was just a foot from the floor could have Edith's husband's head sliding through facing upwards, but the sliding floor of the cage had not been fitted yet.

Teresa opened it and peered into the darkness of the cage on the other side of the wall. Deep inside, she could just make out the pink latex clad knees and a loose chain hanging free. The button that had been fitted, but not connected would slide the sissy from the darkness to where the armchair that had been ordered would be placed.

Open the seat and voilà and take your pleasure in comfort!

On Monday the chair would be delivered, and the rest of the paraphernalia fitted. Teresa had already decided that it would be a little treat for Sarah, such a nice surprise for an evening of pure pleasure! Teresa closed the hatch and opened the one at waist height. Cindi's face was revealed in an expression of surprise, the clear plastic form holding those lips wide, the eyes blinking at the light. Teresa pushed a finger into the hole of the mouth and felt the soft rigid tube that would guide Donald's cock into the wetness within.

"Don't drool so, Cindi. Keep it for the cock that will fuck you," said Teresa as she closed the hatch and slid the mirror back into place.

"All done," she said to herself as she walked around the bedroom to ensure that everything was just so.

Rose petals scattered on the coverlet, a full bottle of champagne in the tiny fridge by the bed and a few toys discretely tucked away in the cabinets. It was all ready for the lovers' amusement and pleasure.

A romantic night of passion...

Cuckold

Midnight arrived and Edith could see that Donald was desperate!

She enjoyed the little farce of sitting and drinking, a little preparatory necking that seemed to almost cause him distress. Donald was so eager to have the special fucking that she had promised him! Next time, her husband would attend to them in bed, she decided. Learning to add a little spice as Donald's cock pressed into her and he was required to lap at her clitoris and see the drilled cunt as it was stretched by a real man!

This time was really for Cindi!

A lesson in cuckoldry that would make her suffer.

At last, Edith broke from the man that had his hands down her bra and crooked a finger.

"Time to see your long awaited treat," she pouted.

Donald sprang from the sofa and Edith felt a moment of irritation. Her Mamma was right, Donald was crass and just too eager. For a moment she felt a pang of envy, David was more what she needed. Cultivated, suave and under control. That was the sort of lover that she needed and not the vulgar man that she was using to destroy her sissy hubby!

Never mind, she thought. Once I have found the man I need, Donald will be disposed of.

He was halfway up the stairs as Edith started at the bottom step, but he managed to restrain himself and wait for her to catch up as he realised his mistake. Edith held out her hands and took his in hers.

"Important," she said.

"What?"

Once again the irritation. It was vital to set the scene, could the oaf not realise that simple thing?

"Do I have to spell it out, Donald?" she said, trying to keep her irritation in check. "We are lovers..."

"Of course we are," he broke in.

"We are lovers, we fuck and fuck, show poor little Cindi what she is missing and then at the end, and only at the end, you can use my slut. Do you understand?"

Donald nodded and his hands dropped from hers to between his thighs.

“You know that I’m no good at these clever games,” he said. “I’ll do my best...”

“I can’t ask for more,” sighed Edith. “Just take your time. You did take the little blue pill, didn’t you?”

“Oh shit,” said Donald and he produced the pill from the pocket of his jeans. “I forgot...”

“Well take it now, dear,” she said crossly.

Donald downed the pill and swallowed.

“Now we have to wait,” said Edith. “You are a fucking idiot, do you know that?”

Donald smiled broadly.

“I don’t really need it when I’m with you, baby,” he said.

“You will after an hour, Donald,” she commented. “Now get yourself in the mood and then follow my lead...”

He was silent as she opened the door to the bedroom. He looked around and noted all of Teresa’s touches and then shrugged his shoulders.

“I can see...”

Edith sighed and tried hard not to get angry. This was the moment that would start her husband’s new life and already it was becoming a farce!

“Out of the bedroom, now!” she ordered. “Wait on the balcony and I’ll come for you. Make sure that you come in fully dressed!”

He shrugged and did as she ordered to hear the door close behind him. The bitch was unfathomable, he decided. Hot as a cinder, cold as an ice-cube all at the same time. Meanwhile, he was as horny as hell and eager to fuck that slut of a husband...

Edith composed herself and set the scene in her head. It was so important that every scene was just right. The correct blend of love and humiliation, gratification and sheer misery for Cindi. A life of cuckoldry and service were about to begin and, in particular, this had to be done right!

This would be the moment that would echo in Cindi’s little head. The cameras recording it would provide the film that would be run in his cage all day and night, adding a piquant misery to his every waking hour.

Edith straightened her stocking seams, resettled her blouse and breathed deep.

The mirror slid smoothly to reveal the two hatches and Edith felt a special heat between her thighs as she considered the lower one. This would be for those private intimate moments when she was alone with her loving husband. She got a thrill as she could almost feel him pressing his tongue into her ass while she climaxed time and time again.

Monday?

Now she almost regretted giving permission for Teresa and her lover to test it when it was all first prepared. She should be the first to teach Cindi what she was for when a woman commanded intimate service!

Her hand opened the second hatch and she smiled as she looked down at the face of her husband. The bitch was so ready for this! In a way, it was right that she cuckolded him with the crass and foolish Donald! Just that fat cock mattered to her, the attached man was not important!

"Hello Cindi," she said softly. "Tonight you are going to learn what it is really like to be my bitch!"

The look in the wide eyes was one of sheer anguish and Edith laughed and poked her finger into the open mouth.

"When he has fucked me, then I think that Donald is going to show you what your mouth is for from now on. Push that long cock into your lips until he has filled you throat, ram hard and take your mouth and then spill his load down your neck!"

She withdrew her finger and then squatted in front of the immobilised face.

"Can you see this?"

Her hands pulled her skirt slowly up her thighs to reveal the gaping maw of her cunt. It dripped with her excitement, wetting her fingers as she opened herself for his scrutiny.

"It needs a real man to fill it, not some pervert sissy slut who dresses in stockings and heels and has a cock like this..."

She held up a hand with her little finger standing tall.

"Your little clitty is not even this big," she crowed. "Soft and pierced, stuck in a little metal tube even narrower than my wedding ring! Ooh, I have had an idea," she laughed. "Perhaps I'll have those big nipples pierced and ringed with our rings! Then you would be reminded what a little useless bitch you really are!"

Her fingers fluttered and she climaxed with a gasp.

"Just the thought of it makes me so fucking horny," she gasped.

Edith stood and parted her legs to stand close to the tear filled eyes.

"My cunt needs a real man," she chuckled. "To be filled with a lover's meat, to be stretched and bursting with his seed. Tonight then, that's the plan!"

The hem of her skirt dropped and she turned to open the door.

A crooked finger ordered her lover into the room and she pulled Donald into the full view of her husband. Knelt before him and slowly undid the zipper to release the stalk that swung free to be followed by his heavy balls.

"Just the thing," she crowed as her hand slid the length of it.

Donald gasped and Edith realised that he was already at the point of coming. Not good! Once in her, once in her husband's throat, that was the plan. Now she had to manage the two men properly and keep control of the scene.

A drop of precum wet her hand and she pulled back.

"First a little foreplay," she announced as she led her lover to the vast bed. "Undress me, darling!"

Donald followed her lead and slowly undressed Edith from behind. Popping each button on her blouse until he could cup her breasts. Unzipping the skirt to reveal stockinged legs and streaming pussy. He was taken by the whole show and managed to caress her without blocking the view before leading her to the bed. Now it was her turn, undressing him and crooning over the cock and hairy chest. Sliding hands over him as he pulled her into a clasp and kissing his lover passionately.

All the while, Edith watched her husband. Tears streamed down sissy face, the look of perpetual surprise adding to the wife's excitement. This was how it should be, she realised. Bringing men up to the room and having her husband see each fuck, experience the excitement as wife fucked and lovers pleased her.

She lowered her head and slid her lips over the throbbing cock. Donald almost cried out as she tasted the salty precum and teased mercilessly. She lifted her head and played with the heavy balls, massaged the cock to almost bursting and then slowed again with light touches of the tip of her tongue.

The playful teasing stretched to minutes as the two lovers moved on the rose petals and brought each other almost to the point of climax time after time. It seemed that Donald had managed to relax and finally he was performing his role in their passion play with a competence that seemingly satisfied Edith as she kept her eyes on her desperate hubby.

She allowed Donald to part the cheeks of her ass and probe a little and realised how she wanted to make sure that Cindi realised what a bitch she really was! Sliding from the bed and followed by her lover, she moved to the weeping disembodied face in the wall and gauged the height.

Perfect for the view that he was going to have!

She spun Donald to stand with his back to the wall and pressed him hard against the cold surface. Her stilettos kicked his feet to open them and he gasped as he realised what Edith had in store. For him and her husband, a royal fuck that would be so humiliating!

Edith turned her back on her lover and bent down. Her hands reached between her own thighs to take his cock and guide it. Donald's knees were trembling and he caught his breath as he realised what she was offering him! The small hands, adorned by only

her wedding ring, guided the tip between the cheeks of her ass. Took the wetness from below and then slowly slid over to slow the penetration.

Cindi saw the balls, saw the thighs of her wife and then gasped as she guided that monster prick into her ass and slowly leaned backward to press it home. Her hands moved down to stroke herself and hold the dark hole of her pussy open to Cindi's view as she squealed with passion and looked at the cock from below as it slid home.

"Fuck me, Donald!" gasped Edith as her attention turned to the face that saw the fuck in close up. "Fill me and fuck me hard..."

Donald could not restrain himself. His thighs bunched and then rammed home again and again. Pumping her tight hole as she whimpered at the touch of her fingers on her clitoris.

"Make me come..."

Wetness.

The aroma of pure sex, wetting her stocking tops. The skin of her ass forming a tight crease around every vein at every stroke. The fingers that teased and became frantic with movement. The swelling clitoris and lips of her cunt as fingers pushed inside. The tremors in thighs of both lovers and the gasps from Donald far above.

They both climaxed together, Donald with his knees nearly giving way and Edith with a scream as she took in the dolly's face that looked on with such sweet shock and terror.

He slowly pulled from her tightness.

Come welled from the bud of her ass and Edith laughed with release as her hand moved to gather the slime as it dribbled from her hole. It wet her fingers, stretched in strands and globs, greasy and slimy, her hand trembled as she moved it so slowly.

From the crack of her ass where the wet cock still hung.

Down to present her hand to the face.

Fingers moved, gathered and then she pushed them into the open mouth and giggled.

"Lick them nice and clean, come-puppet. Lick all of the come and taste it for me... pleeeeeease!"

Her voice moved from giggle to entreaty as she scraped the last leavings at the edge of the clear plastic hole.

Cindi closed her eyes, but the taste and aroma filled his senses.

"I said, lick it all off, Hubby!"

The tongue appeared and obeyed.

"That's right, you sissy-come-bucket, all of Donald's seed from my ass!"

Edith almost climaxed again just from the ecstasy of the moment of triumph, but her knees were locked and she had to stand to relieve the discomfort.

“Well done, Donald, that was great!”

A hug that turned to a fondle that led to the bed again. For minutes they played, he kissed her breasts and lapped her pussy while she allowed him a little respite to recover. It was so important that he came into that hole and a few moments were needed to allow recovery.

“Now you can have my husband...” she whispered in his ear. “Your little reward!”

“Now?” he whispered back.

“Fuck that slut!” she laughed back. “Hard!”

They uncurled from the bed and strolled to the frozen face.

Edith squatted and slowly frigged herself as she delighted in her husband’s terror.

“Darling,” she said in a cutie voice. “Donald is going to fuck your face for me, if you are a good girly and let him come in your throat I have a nice little reward all ready to give you!”

A groan came from the open gagged mouth and Edith came for the penultimate time that night.

“From my sweet ass into your throat,” she crowed. “Say ‘please’ nicely for Donald. We don’t want to think that this isn’t what you hoped for!”

The gurgling words could have been ‘please fuck me’, but there was no way to be sure! Edith accepted them with a stroke on the cheek that turned into a vicious slap.

“You can do better than that, slut!” she shrieked as she slapped again. “You do want to be fucked, don’t you, you cuckold skank?”

Now the words were better despite the gag.

“Fuck me, Mistress!”

“No, no, no,” said Edith patiently. “You have to beg Donald not me! Try again or I will do something that I will regret!”

Her wet hand made a scissor motion in front of Cindi’s face.

“Please, fuck me master!” came the slurred words.

“See, that wasn’t so difficult now, was it?” she said to her husband.

“She wants it Donald, quick before she changes her mind!”

Donald was laughing as he moved to let her line him up.

Edith’s hand guided the tip and shaft and the fucking began to the wife’s elated laughter. Edith could not contain herself, the wet shaft of Donald’s manhood slid in and then out. Deeper at each stroke as he built up a rhythm while the wife’s hand stroked

and scratched to build him up. A cough at the first hard push and then a choking as the cock filled throat and the real action began in earnest.

“Explore the male slut,” she urged.

Donald thrust until his pubes brushed the nose of the sissy and then pulled almost clear.

Each stroke was now hard and deep, a gasp between each retreat and the next violation. Edith clawed at Donald’s ass to force him in and a gasp from above told the wife that her lover was close to eruption.

“All that come,” she crowed.

It was on the outstroke that the cock spurted in a fountain of liquid. Spurt after spurt that the wife guided into the open hole with her hand as the cock leapt in her hand and Donald resisted plunging once more into the sissy’s open lips.

“Taste it, bitch,” said Edith as she wiped the cock with a finger and helped the last of it in. “This will keep it there!”

She produced a stopper and plugged the open gag tightly.

“Oh Donald, you were perfect,” she sighed as she kissed him. “Just one little thing to do. I have to reward my hubby for making my lover come... As I promised.”

She walked to the door and opened it before returning back to lock eyes with Cindi.

“I always keep my promises!” she said.

She shouted, “You can do it now!” into the darkness outside the door and then closed it again.

“Now come to bed Donald. In the morning she will still be there to play with!”

The two lovers slipped under the silken sheets and the lights dimmed to blackness.

Cindi wept, the taste of the come and his wife’s ass inescapable with the plug that kept it all in. He had to swallow down a throat still recovering with being filled with that terrible cock.

It was not over!

The cuckolded husband jumped at a touch to his ass. Strong fingers sliding wetly between his ass as the plug was smoothly withdrawn and replaced by something that filled her to the brim. There seemed no difference, minutes passed in darkness as the slut heard the two lovers cuddling and petting as they came down from their love-making.

A knock at the door. Twice a knuckle and then silence.

“Pick a number between one and ten,” came Edith’s voice in the darkness.

“Er, six?” said Donald’s voice.

The bedside light came on and Cindi could see his wife reach for something. He heard a laugh as she showed it to her lover and then a slight click in the silence.

“Six is a good start-setting,” she giggled to Donald before looking at the shadowed face in the wall opposite. “Fucky, fucky, in your sissy cunt, hubby,” she giggled. “Sweet dreams for my little come-swallowing hubby!”

The light went out.

A movement behind her.

In the sissy’s ass.

A slow stroke that built up speed to Edith’s choice of setting.

And then the fucking machine turned its wheel again faster as it dispassionately taught Edith’s hubby a new lesson in obedience and punishment.

The anguished muffled cries in the darkness, grunts and moans, whines and yelps, soothed Edith in a way that she had never hoped. Her hands moved between her thighs as she cuddled up to Donald and sighed in contentment.

Her lover shivered and listened while Edith slowly teased herself to that final, long awaited orgasm.

Thighs clenched tight trapping her long fingers.

For Edith, it was the most perfect music to sleep to.

For Donald, a final realisation of her innate cruelty.

Cherry Picked

How cute was her son-in-law now? thought Vivian.

Her daughter had created the ultimate little girly girl, almost too much to resist. All dolled up like a tart, pastel blue frills, white lace touches, those high heels that put such shape in her legs, the wasp waist and the pouting lips. Most of all, the look of betrayal that told of Cindi's helplessness.

"Darling, understand! You could never give me what I need from a man," she said as she stroked the rose-tinted cheek. "I need strength, a protective arm, a man who knows what he wants, intelligence and love..."

"Ma'am," said Cindi plaintively. "I love you more than anything..."

"Of course you do, darling! But, it's not enough to satisfy me."

She patted the exposed breasts and teased a nipple lightly.

"You are just a child, dear. A little lost girl looking for someone to take care of you," she said. "The same as me!"

Vivian smiled, a coy twitch of the lips as she put her head to one side.

"We are little girls together..."

The scene belied her words. Cindi, her thin arms, neat little breasts and long shapely legs, Vivian rounded and sensual. On in the feminine frillies that she was forced to wear, the other in tight skirt and low-cut backless top. One in paralyzing ballet shoes designed to make every step a shuffle, the other in tall stilettos that seemed to radiate her power.

"Please take me, Ma'am. Please take me from here and look after me..."

The words were so wretched, the tears welling so arousing that Vivian almost felt sorry for the little bitch.

"How can I take you from my daughter?" asked the mother in law with a pout. "You are her husband, her little plaything, Edith's little amusement. You don't get it do you? Edith owns you, you are just a toy for her amusement. She would never let you go, baby, and I would not want to even ask her to."

Vivian's voice turned from regret to a firmer tone. "I could never stand between my daughter and her hubby..."

Cindi shuffled. Her crying was a choking sound that blocked every attempt to beg for the older woman's mercy. The hand on her breasts played with her and the

sympathy that a caring mother in law had for her daughter was all too much for her.

“There, there, sweetie. I sympathise, I really do,” she said softly. “You never thought that it would go this far, did you. Opened Pandora’s box and discovered that it could never be closed. I understand, I feel for you, but you are what you are, just a pretty adornment for a woman who owns you now. Try to see it from her point of view!”

“Ma’am,” choked the feminised slut. “You are my only hope in all the world...”

Vivian looked sternly at the sobbing bitch.

“I think that’s very unfair, Cindi. Edith wants the best for you, wants you to enjoy your little perversions even though it is so difficult for her to understand why you wanted all of this!” She waved a hand as if to indicate dress and breasts and drew her hand up threateningly. “She has done so much, tried so hard and yet you are still nothing more than an ungrateful little tease! You are the one that wanted this in the first place! I remember you being so pleased when we went shopping and you could indulge your fetish so openly. You just don’t realise how much she has given up, allowing you to indulge yourself like this!”

The slap seemed to be coming and Cindi cringed, but the hand hesitated and then stroked a pink cheek.

“There, there, it will be fine tonight! You will get to know David properly tonight and see that you could never be a real man, a man that is strong and cares. How could you ever think that you and I...?”

Vivian stroked the cheek and a fierce desire almost overwhelmed her. How delicious to own a man like this! To use caring words, sympathy and empathy to tear him to pieces and then rebuild him as a helpless plaything.

“David will be here in a minute or two, darling. I want you to prove to him that you are just a little lost girl who needs a hard cock to make her happy!”

“Ma’am, I don’t want to!”

Signs of rebellion! The excitement in Vivian’s thoughts reached the next level.

“Tell me,” she enticed.

A look of hope reappeared in Cindi’s eyes and she used the back of her hand to wipe away the tears.

“It was all just a fantasy, Ma’am. Excitement and a thrill... I never wanted to live it, really I promise that I didn’t. All I wanted was the thrill of feeling feminine, that’s all I wanted...”

Vivian watched the crumpled face and smiled.

“Then why do you not just tell my daughter?”

"I can't, Ma'am, really I just can't. She won't let me."

"Don't be such a silly little slut," said Vivian. "You dress yourself, you signed at the clinic, you even chose your own sissy clothes. If you didn't want this, then you could have stopped at any time!"

"She won't let me stop," wailed Cindi. "I can't stop, I can't..."

"Now you are criticising my daughter," said Vivian. "Respect is a strict rule here and you are showing none at all for the wife that has indulged you all the way! Apologise to me Cindi! Show a little appreciation for everything that Edith has done for you!"

"I just want to be with you, Ma'am..."

"That's not the apology I want to hear, dear," said Vivian crossly. "Not at all! You are so unappreciative, so ungrateful for my daughter's efforts, and now you try to subvert me to your little schemes. What I want from you is a full apology for being a lying little slut and for you to tell me what a silly little girl you are!"

Cindi hesitated and it seemed as if the raised hand would strike.

"I'm just so scared," she wailed. "Ma'am, I'm sorry that I was not respectful, and I am just a silly girly, but please, I'm not lying, really I'm not!"

Vivian almost choked on her laughter. The rebellion was still in there somewhere, the attempts to escape her fate. Somewhere in that silly head was still the idea that everything that had happened could be undone with just a single word.

"Tell me that you're a lying bitch, Cindi, or I will call David in to administer the punishment that you obviously require! I won't hear another word of argument from you, and that's that!"

"I'm a liar, Ma'am," whispered Cindi to her mother in law.

"There, that wasn't so difficult was it? You are just an empty-headed bimbo that needs to be used. All you need is a little wifely correction every now and again to teach you good manners."

Vivian patted the blonde wig and looked around the bedroom.

The scene was set, the tears would flow and Cindi would break her cherry.

That thought excited Vivian as she regarded Cindi critically. What was required was something to bind her lover to her forever. Something that no other woman could offer, something that would fill his thoughts with a desperation to return to her arms. David was ten years younger than her, this evening would ensure that he was bound to her with chains that could not be broken.

"On the bed, Cindi!" said Vivian. "When David arrives, I want you all happy and ready to please. Delighted to see my lover, ecstatic to entertain him and indulge him. You will be his lewd little slut and make sure that I am pleased with the performance."

“Ma’am,” started Cindi.

“No buts and arguments. This is your chance to shine, your chance to stop me using this after admitting that you are a lying skank,” she said as she picked up a wicked cane from her feet and bent it in her hands. “Don’t make me tell Teresa to put you in that cage, be a good little girl and do as I say!”

Cindi turned awkwardly and clambered on to the bed.

“There, see how easy it all is?” asked the mother in law as she moved to arrange the feminised dolly. “Coy and shy, that’s the way that I want it. Like this and this...”

She arranged the short dress to cover thighs and arranged Cindi’s feet to bend her knees in a sensual pose. A pillow under the blonde head, her thin arms on display with one hand posed on her little breasts, half hiding, half drawing attention to the temptation.

“There,” said Vivian. “When he comes in, I want you to look shocked and then say something that shows that you want to play...”

Cindi looked up at the hard face and choked back her tears. There was anticipation, but it was terror and not enthusiasm. She could feel her thighs tremble and her throat choked with dread, but all Vivian did was to smile and pat her on the head.

“Perfect, now don’t forget, say something that will make him want you! I will be back in a while with David and I expect you to perform!”

She bent the cane in her hand and placed it carefully before the reposing sissy where she could see it and reflect on consequences.

Vivian stood back and admired the effect, before she slipped from the bedroom and made her way downstairs.

On the vast soft bed, Cindi dared not move. What should she say? she wondered. As the minutes ticked by, she fantasised that she could stop all of this, use words that would make David pick her up and carry her out of her wife’s house. Say something so poignant and shocking that there would be an end to this awful nightmare. In the fantasy, even Vivian would be outraged at her daughter and save her son in law! The dream wandered along paths that became twisted and strange. Cindi imagined herself taken to some refuge, the posh apartment of Davis perhaps? There he would hold her in his arms and...”

Cindi’s daydream of rescue shattered as she choked on that scene and she slumped on the bed in distress. Perhaps Vivian and Edith were right? Perhaps they wanted what she wanted so deep down that he could not even admit it? Perhaps the dress, the chains, the abuse and all of the punishment were what she desperately denied, but deep down, really desired after all? Caught in the conflict of wanting and not wanting to be what she was, Cindi wept and whimpered while her manicured hand stroked her

sissy clit. Touched and fondled, before moving to the sensitive spot where her manhood had been complete. The feeling of contentment and bliss that crept from between her thighs caused the slightest stiffness in her ringed cock. Fingers pinched and pulled, enticed and then moved to where the pretty gemstone capped the small steel plug in her ass.

Exquisite, that feeling.

The movement deep inside her that caused her to moan.

Something that the slut thought that she had lost was awakening and she sighed in contentment. A touch here, a touch there, a nip here and a pinch there. Stroking and scratching, twisting and pulling at that ring caused her to groan as she felt an inner wave of thrill making her almost frantic. In her confused head lurked the dark thought that she would be caught doing what was forbidden, touching and arousing herself without permission.

But, she could not stop the progress of her hands and fingers. Could not stop the rising feeling of arousal. Could not stop being such a naughty girl. Eager to come, Cindi felt the tiny cock and pulled, stretching back the soft skin until the ring would allow no more.

So close, so close to it.

Desperation filled her, all that was needed was a last push, a final feeling of being fucked. Her hand closed tight, and her hips moved, but the ring that Cindi's wife had attached blocked that final sensation. Frantically, she moved again to the jewelled plug and pressed it hard, but there was not the reach to touch the sweet spot that could bring release!

With a wail of frustration, the feminised bimbo slumped again to the bed as she realised that Edith now controlled her more that could ever have been guessed. The slut had to be fucked to come, feel the penetration, gasp at the touch, beg to be taken, plead to be abused.

Tears flowed, sobs shook her slender frame, hands moved listlessly to lower the hem of her skirt and stroke the stocking tops that rasped under her fingertips.

There were no more tears to cry.

There was nothing left.

Nothing at all!

Footsteps outside the door. A click of steel heels on marble, the heavy tread of a man that would be offered a morsel to satisfy. The handle turned, the door swung open and Vivian entered with a hard look at the gift that she would use to bind her lover.

Following her, the vast figure of David. His smooth ebony skin, the tie and suit just so, tall and overpowering, being pulled into the bedroom by his scheming lover.

"Cindi would like to say something," said the mother in law as she closed the door.

The dolly on the bed tried so hard to smile as her eyes caught the long cane that lay before her. They turned to the man that stood smiling down and then down to where his free hand stroked what lay between his legs. The vastness of that swelling was frightening, the smile not at all reassuring.

"Use me," she said.

The words came unbidden, as though disembodied from the mind that cowered in terror. They were not her words! They were not what she wanted to say! They were an expression of her fear of that cane, the utter surrender to what she had become, and that triggered her lips to move again and her hand to move to the hem of her skirt.

"Please, master, please make me come!"

David's smile broadened, became a victorious leer as he took in the frilly vision of femininity that begged to be fucked. The small pointed breasts, the stockings and shoes, the long nails and delicate arms and the lips that begged to suck his manhood dry. He had never thought that it could be like this! A mature lover and a girlish slut, a woman and something that seemed designed to arouse his lust. Of course he had played the game at the party, enjoyed the interplay of sissified hubby and predatory women, but this moment and these emotions were so much more than he had expected.

"Good girl," said Vivian, "Show this real man what you want..."

Cindi's hand twitched the lace on her skirt to reveal her open thighs. The little flap of her soft clitty, the crumpled sensitive skin behind and just a glimpse of the blue jewel that filled her sissy cunt.

"I think that this is what the little slut wants," cooed Vivian as her hand let go of David's and moved to reveal. "A nice hard cock to satisfy!"

There was no doubt, thought David. He could not resist! The burrowing hand found the tab of his zipper and slowly pulled it down, eased his cock from his pants and pulled it to stand straight and proud.

"You have to take me first," said Vivian. "Fuck me and show the bitch what a man you are... Like she can never be!"

Her hand fumbled with his belt, eased his clothing free, popped each button over his chest with a click of nails and eased his tie from his collar.

"Show the sissy how you fuck, baby," she whispered in his ear. "Then, you can take her for me while I come!"

“Jesus,” moaned David as Vivian stepped and reached around his strong shoulders. “Viv, you are so horny...”

“All I want is this,” she cooed as she pressed against him, her skirt riding over her hips as she wriggled. “To feel you enter and take me.”

David’s hands clasped her rounded ass, gripped like iron and lifted. Vivian felt her feet leave the floor, curled her stilettos around his thighs as she kissed him and then wriggled to engage.

“Cindi...” she moaned.

Her lips pressed against her lover, his cock pressed against her sex, her breast spilling from the low-cut top, her thighs locked around his waist.

He heaved her a little higher and laughed in shock as a hand stroked him and guided.

It moved his cock, lined it up, slid the tip through wet swollen pussy and then dropped to stroke his hanging balls.

A slight release, a small slip and Vivian squealed with bliss as she slid down the length of him, took him in and gasped as the root of that cock pressed against her sensitive clitoris. Now he leaned back, balanced the weight of his lover and thrust with his hips.

They kissed as they fucked.

David moving his hips, Cindi kneeling under Vivian looking up to where the hard manhood stretched the mature cunt. Each stroke an effort, each jerk a trial of strength, each one a little closer to climax.

“Cindi!” ordered Vivian between gasps. “I don’t feel you...”

The older woman felt a touch. A fingertip or tongue, a stroking where she and her lover were joined and she climaxed as his hips swayed and she was impaled on his prick. David took a step towards the bed that sent Cindi sprawling back and lowered Vivian to the coverlet. He was about to kneel and mount the bed and his lover, when she wriggled free with a laugh.

Allowed him to slip from her.

“Take the slut!” she giggled. “I want to see you fuck her!”

He looked down at the feminised thing at his feet that was trying to wriggle free. Trying to escape the lovers in a crab-like crawl that pulled her free. He bent down and lifted her, tossed her on the bed with an ease that surprised him. All he could think of were those pink lips, but it seemed that his lover had other ideas.

She reached over and pulled Cindi’s face to hers and kissed.

David saw the hem of that dress lift to reveal the cruel corset. The narrow waist and wide rounded ass. The flicker of blue between cheeks and the tiny little cock that seemed to be hardening. The ring that dangled from it tempted him to touch and the slave stiffened her body in terror.

"That's right, Dave, unplug the slut and show her how a real man fucks..."

Too tempting to resist!

His hand reached and popped out the little decoration with a pop to reveal a closed puckered sissy-cunt that begged to be abused. Vivian put her hands on Cindi's head and pulled her down again, kissed her passionately and pressed her tongue between the pink lips.

Another savage kiss, another violation and then the lips opened in shock and a wail came from them that signalled her lover's assault. Vivian could not see anything other than the shock and panic and pulled her daughter's husband down for a deep kiss. Their lips parted at David's first thrust and she heard the report as he slapped the ass that he was fucking.

She thrilled with the dominance that took her like a wave and slid from under Cindi and pressed her face to the bed. Now she could see it all, the towering muscled man whose thighs pressed hard at the curved butt. The cock like a piston that sawed in and out, stretching white against ebony, his hand raised and then striking, causing her feminised son in law to cry out in shock; but most of all, the look of passion on her lover's face.

The sheer ecstasy of his fuck as his hips pumped faster and then...

Suddenly stopped, deep inside.

Frozen in a paroxysm of climax.

A trembling poise of release.

"Thank me, slut!" he cried as his cock erupted deep inside the tight pussy. "Tell me you want it!"

There was nothing but a wail of distress from Cindi, her face pressed hard down against the bed, and David's broad hand reached down the cane and tossed it to Vivian.

"Three," said Vivian. "One for you, one for me and one for the sheer pleasure of popping your cherry," she cried as she plied the cane.

Narrowly missing David, it crossed the pale skin of Cindi, leaving a thin red line of fire.

Impaled by the cock, held down as she was fucked, Cindy's feeble body jerked and her ballet stilettos lifted high up David's thighs. He laughed and made a grab, lifting them high and pressing them against the sissy's ass to further incapacitate her.

The second and third stoke of the cane were dealt viciously by Vivian before David withdrew the cock that pinned his fuck to the bed.

He looked down and Vivian followed his glance.

The bud of the virgin ass had closed, but come welled from it, leaked down the crack of that smooth ass to trickle to where Cindi's own emission of a few drops of dew were hanging from the chastity ring.

"Ooh, the little slut," said Vivian with a giggle. "I think that she loves it."

"That was the best," whispered David in a low tone. "So tight and responsive!"

"Her first time," laughed his lover.

"And not the last," he added.

Vivian looked at his cock. It hung half-hard, dripping with wetness, moving and swaying with each slight movement on the bed.

"Cindi!" she said. "Time to show your devotion and thanks to my man!"

Her hand lifted to allow the sissy to lift and see and Vivian pointed at the cock.

"Show the nice man how grateful you are!"

David loosed her heels and Cindi looked up at her wife's mother with a begging expression.

"I won't ask again, bitch!"

Vivian still had the cane in her hand and made a threatening motion.

She crawled on the bed, her make-up smeared, her eyes wet, her breath catching at every pant.

David watched in excitement as the manicured nails took his cock and held it. As the lips opened and enclosed the tip. Felt an urge to thrust that he resisted as suction and tongue massage began.

Little licks and puckered cheeks.

Cindi carefully licked cock and balls, mopping the spillage as her own ass leaked that seed.

"That's good, dear. It shows that you care. Now you have permission to clean yourself properly. Only a slut would not clean herself for the next bout!"

David's cock was hard again, standing in Vivian's hands as Cindi gathered the come leaking from her cunt and licked her fingers.

"See how well she has been trained by my daughter," giggled Vivian. "She loves the taste of come from her own ass..."

"I want to fuck her again..."

"David, dear" she laughed. "You are so greedy! What about me?"

“I have an idea...”

His strong hand reached from on high and took the neck of the helpless effeminate sissy and pushed her smeared lips to the open thighs of his lover.

That ass was just too good to pass up...

Bedroom Views

Edith could feel it.

A palpable excitement as the limo coursed the last few miles to her new home. It was not the house itself, but the knowledge that a weekend of pleasure awaited, a weekend with just her husband in attendance.

She sighed as the gate opened and then drove the last few yards.

So quiet, so beautiful, so isolated, she thought as the door opened and she stepped into the hallway.

Everything was perfect, Teresa and her lover keeping everything in its place. Sissy hubby standing rigidly to attention as she probably had all afternoon after several hours on the walking machine, pictures on the walls and everything polished and orderly.

She inspected Cindi and smiled.

"I understand that you were such a good little girly for David," she said. "they asked me to pass on their thanks, Mamma had such fun and David was most impressed!"

"Thank you, Mistress!" said Cindi.

"No need to thank me, darling. Just show me your appreciation later when I have time for you!"

Teresa's voice sounded in the hallway.

"Are you ready to eat?"

"Oh, thank you so much. What has Sarah magicked from the kitchen?" asked Edith.

"Something that you'll love," said Teresa.

"Excellent! Could you put my husband in the chair for me and then you can both have the evening off!"

"Thanks, we'll pop out and be back late," said Teresa. "I'll get sissy ready for use, tell me if there's anything else that you need."

"Don't think so," said Edith. "As long as there's a bottle in the bedroom, I'm all set for a relaxing evening with my husband."

Teresa nodded.

"Fine, I'll take her up now and Sarah is waiting in the kitchen."

Edith strolled to the kitchen to find Sarah putting a placing on the table while keeping an eye on the stove.

“What is it?” asked Edith.

“Baked salmon, with spring veg,” said Sarah.

Edith watched the young woman finish her meal and wondered if it was politic to ask how it had gone with the special chair that she was going to use tonight. Better not to, but she smiled as she watched the ripe ass of the chef move and roll. She could watch the film later and see for herself. It might be a good guide as to how to exploit all of the delicious possibilities that the bedroom chair offered!

“What’s in mind tonight,” asked Edith.

“Oh, just a romantic meal and so no...”

“Sounds good.”

“Teresa loves a little petting in the car,” said Sarah without a blush. “I prefer bed, but then it adds spice to sometimes mix and match!”

“I agree,” said Edith.

In the hallway, out of sight of the kitchen table, Edith could hear the sound of her husband and Teresa mounting the stairs. A prickle between her thighs arrived and passed and she decided that she would watch the film first and then pay hubby an intimate visit.

Edith locked herself in the lounge to make sure that she was not disturbed and settled on the leather sofa. A feeling of anticipation swelled as she tapped in the code to access the recorded footage. She paused a moment and then decided to watch the film of that first night with Donald. The controls were unfamiliar, and it took a few minutes to get all four cameras in a single view on the television all running in at the same time. At last she was looking at the bedroom. One of the views was black and she realised that it was the camera looking from her husband’s point of view.

Resetting the timer gave her time that she was looking for and she watched Teresa walk into the bedroom and open the hatches as she checked that they gave access and could easily be opened.

Edith watched as Teresa left and then fast forwarded to the point that she entered the room and finally revealed the slutty face of her husband in his little hole in the wall.

There was a thrill as she saw herself move around and show hubby what he was missing, all from Cindi’s point of view. The detail and resolution was amazing, she decided as the scene from that night played out in glorious detail. By the time that she got to Donald fucking her glorious ass, she was so hot that she could not restrain herself and slowly frigged as his balls swung and his cock slipped into her with ever

increasing force. She climaxed as she saw her own hand approach the camera offering Donald's come with almost elegant movements.

Breathing heavily, she saw the retreat to the bed and the small erotic interlude before the final denouement. Donald's cock, looking like a battering ram, passed underneath the view of the camera and she watched breathlessly as it slid back and forth, every hair on his pubes showing in high resolution. When her hand arrived and he came, splashing come on the camera lens, she gasped involuntarily as the scene went fuzzy and detail was lost.

Gasping and fumbling the remote control, Edith moved to Monday. She saw the engineer who spent hours fitting the new set up and watched the workmen stripping the plastic cover from the new chair for her bedroom. One of them lifted the round cover on the seat and looked inside and then both started to laugh and joked around. Edith's face took on a frown. Perhaps they should spend an hour or two under her ass? She laughed at her irritation and decided that there had to be a camera in the seat as well.

Another detail to get sorted out!

Edith ran the film at the fastest speed until at seven in the evening, Teresa and Sarah entered the bedroom. She watched in fascination as Teresa opened the hatch and slid her sissy husband so that the anxious face was pulled from the lower opening and then slid the back of the chair to the wall.

As Teresa set up Cindi for the inevitable. Sarah slowly got undressed. A little plump, but attractive and far younger than her lover, Sarah's large breasts swung down and the small rings that pierced them hung free. Then she peeled off her jeans and sat on the edge of the bed and watched as the older woman positioned the chair and peeped into the hole in the seat. Edith's attention turned back to the close-up of Sarah and she put her hand over her mouth as she saw the plethora of rings that pierced the lips of her pussy. Ten or so on each side, a small bar with a padlock closed them tight and Edith felt a twinge of excitement as the younger woman called Teresa over to unlock her.

The tattoo on Sarah's mound was indistinct and Edith had to pause the film to fathom the block letters that marked her in black.

"SLAVE CUNT," proclaimed the lettering and Edith leaned back on the sofa.

Edith held the still picture for a minute as she thought. It seemed that there was more to the two women than she had realised. Sarah never seemed other than an equal, but clearly this was not the case where sex was concerned. Titillated and enjoying her voyage of discovery, Edith let the film run and watched the metal bar being removed and small bells being attached to the nipple-rings. A collar was soon circling Sarah's neck, the leash in the hands of the fully clothed housekeeper.

The two women spoke and the microphone was not sensitive enough to catch the sense of it. Sarah nodded agreement and bent to touch her toes. The angle was wrong, but obligingly, Teresa moved her slave and Edith realised that Sarah's ass was plugged by a small piece of jewellery that required Teresa's help to remove. Sarah moved to all fours and kissed Teresa's feet while the Mistress tapped that beautifully broad ass with the cane in her hand.

Clearly, some sort of ritual, the Mistress gave a single hard stroke and the slave thanked her for punishing her. This was the sort of behaviour that Edith wanted from her hubby and she slowly started to massage her swollen pussy as she watched the next phase. Sarah kneeled by the chair, the bells on her large breasts almost touching the floor while Teresa moved around the room. It looked as if she had something small in her hand as she approached the camera close and suddenly that quarter of the screen blanked to black.

Quite unexpected!

Edith started to laugh.

Clearly, she was never going to see Teresa naked as the sound on each microphone muffled and went still. All there was to see was black on the television and the imagination of the watching Edith. Teresa had allowed her lover to be revealed, but her own secrets would remain just that!

Clearly, she would have to speak to her housekeeper!

Never mind, she thought. Everyone deserves some privacy, except her slut of a husband, of course!

With a flick of the fingers, Edith moved the recording on to Wednesday and hesitated.

Her Mamma and David...

The film ran and Edith watched her Mamma standing before her terrified husband as she played with Cindi with a callous disregard for her tears.

Then, she watched her mother leave and Cindi dissolve in weeping before it seemed that the sissy hubby was trying to play with herself.

Fascinating, thought Edith as she watched the slow build-up, the exploration and experiment. This was grounds for punishment! Minute after minute of probing and trying resolved as a hand pressed the little plug hard before Cindi realised that she could not come, no matter how hard she tried.

Edith felt a wave of pure satisfaction.

She had wondered if the cage would be required again, but it seemed not to be the case! It would be good to encourage the girly hubby to play with herself all the time, it

seemed! That would build up her need and yearnings and keep her reliant on Mistress for any release.

Better speak to Teresa about it so that she could keep an eye on her husband's activities and make sure that there was no chance that her sissy could climax without proper punishment and abuse.

Edith's finger stopped the film as the door opened and she sat and admired the vast erection in David's pants. It seemed that Mamma had found a real man at last!

She sat for five minutes and then sighed.

No matter how much the performance of her mother's lover interested and excited her, the idea was just a little too much! Perhaps there were areas which did not bear close inspection?

Edith locked the recordings and arranged herself before unlocking the door to the lounge to find Teresa waiting patiently for her arrival.

"And?"

"Instructive!" said Edith in reply. "I can see that Sarah will be perfect for service in the house..."

"Only under my direct instruction," said Teresa with a smile.

Teresa turned her ankle and displayed the keys to her lover displayed against her nylons and smiled.

"You have seen what you are allowed to see," said Teresa.

"I understand," said Edith. "Follow me..."

She led her housekeeper into the lounge and held up the remote.

"Let's do it this way," she said. "You have my permission to delete anything that you feel should be deleted. The code is six-three-four-nine to get on the system. Feel free to keep your own recordings as you like."

Edith flicked her finger to display twenty tiny screens of live action.

"Here you can see all the views. If I add more, then you will see them, each with its own soundtrack. One promise..."

"Which is?"

"No one else knows, that's all."

Teresa took the remote control and played for a minute before turning back to her employer.

"Did you watch Wednesday and Thursday?"

"No."

“Probably for the best,” said Teresa and she smiled for the first time. “You’ll be glad to know that I cleaned all the lenses on my round, so there should be no more fuzzy film!”

Edith started to laugh.

“No secrets from you, then?”

“I have no limits, darling,” said Teresa with a thin smile. “None at all...”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Neither would I!”

Edith switched the television off.

“All set up?”

“Tried and tested,” said Teresa. “According to Sarah, your husband is only passable at oral. I intend to improve the quality in the next weeks and the slut needs work on pleasing and cleansing ass as well.”

“I’ll leave it all up to you,” said Edith. “I can’t have hubby slacking off can I?”

“You’ll see,” said Teresa. “Anyway, I have bought a nice little toy for you! Call it a thank-you present. You’ll find it on the bed. I have one just like it and can recommend regular use...”

Edith nodded and wondered what it would be like to serve this taciturn bitch. The woman was formidable and yet so restrained. Under control and giving off a dangerous air.

“Does my Mamma know about any of this?”

“More than you want to know,” said Teresa with a thin smile. “She has her moments!”

“I think that we should reach an understanding.”

“We already have,” said the housekeeper. “If you need anything, no matter how... interesting... then I am at your disposal.”

Teresa nodded and made as if to leave the room.

“Enjoy the evening...”

“I will, I always do,” said the housekeeper. “Later I will be catching up on the evening!”

Edith mildly shrugged.

“I have no secrets.”

“Not while I work for you!” said Teresa with a laugh. “Let’s just say that we can both give each other tips on the pleasure to be had from our partners.”

Edith watched the bulky woman stroll from the lounge as if the conversation had been about the weather or Sarah's skills in the kitchen. She was dangerous, no doubt about it, but such a find. It would make it so much easier to create a mindless dolly from her husband. The journey was going to be interesting, but with Teresa's help, Cindi would finally become what she really wanted from a husband.

A helpless sissy-dolly, a slave to unending chaste intimacy whose every moment was filled with thoughts only of making Mistress contented in every way. No matter how long it took, the road was clear and Edith was ready to travel to the end.

Sitting Pretty

Each stair she stepped was pure pleasure.

The nylons on her thighs pulled, the wetness between slicked each step and even the tight skirt that shortened her steps was an indulgence. Edith reached the top of the stair and looked back as Teresa and her slave left for their night out. To look at, perhaps a woman and her daughter, or maybe possibly two lovers who knew each other so well that there was little need for words and emotions. Underneath, complete control, utter dominance from the older woman, even over the most intimate of the slave's bodily functions!

Teresa looked up and saluted before hustling Sarah out of the house.

Emily watched the door close and turned to her own amusements. The bedroom was as it had been before, but for the pink comfortable plush armchair that had been moved to the wall where the mirror was displaced. She tried to imagine the terror and fear that welled in the darkness and shivered in anticipation.

Cocks were all very well!

Humiliation and abuse, a strong man to teach her sissy husband that she was nothing but a pair of holes to be used as she decided. Spitted on a long cock, whining with each stroke while a strong woman ensured that the fuck was total. She shook the thought from her head as her mother moved into her mind and moved to look at the present that Teresa had left for her delectation.

In a soft black bag, it was too small to be a pair of shoes.

She pulled it out and smiled. This was something to be used again and again. The quality of manufacture being enjoyable as she turned the long dildo in her hand and inspected it. A little soft rubber knob was fastened to the base where her clitoris would rub at each stroke and the strap would keep the gag at the base secure. She inspected the rubber and noticed rows of small holes from almost the base to the top. Larger at the top, and more of them. Tiny pin pricks at the base. Perfect for controlling the breathing of the victim that it was fitted to. Other refinements became apparent as she turned it in her hands. The hard balls were hollow just enough to squeeze a nose firmly closed and the straps had small metal loops on the leather to add locks should they be required.

Teresa had obviously had great taste as well as knowing what was required!

The smell of the new rubber excited, the chair passively pushed to the wall enticed and Edith sighed in contentment.

A few hours play would be a diversion that could be relished in seclusion.

Slowly she stripped of the skirt that could be nothing but a hindrance before she remembered and moved to allow the cameras a view of her eager pussy for the benefit of her house keeper's later enjoyment. There was something so exciting about knowing that another would enjoy the passion play that was evolving in the bedroom and she displayed the dildo and mothed a thank-you to her audience.

The chair tempted and she strolled and inspected it. The seat had a cushion that plugged the centre in a wide circle and her hand fumbled to find the loops that would pull it free.

A single pull and there she was!

A face that begged to please, a face that already had a gag in place to save messing with details. Sissy Cindi could not bite, all she could do was lap and kiss and hope that she would perform well enough to avoid punishment.

Which was inevitable, Edith decided!

Inside her cage, knees lifted to present that round ass, Cindi was perfect for a little punishment. A thought occurred to the Mistress that everything was to hand and she moved to the bedside cabinet and took the small remote that would ensure that her husband put best effort into what was to follow.

"A little fuck first?" she asked the face that looked up in panic. "is that what hubby wants from his wife? A slow and sensual fuck, a cock reaming that soft ass while your wife relaxes to enjoy the moment?"

"Please, Edith," said the slut-face. "Help me!"

"Are the shoes too tight or are manacles stretching you uncomfortably," she crooned as she bent over the chair. "Now you have earned a caning as well once I am done. You are never to use my name again, ever!"

"Mistress..."

"There! That's better darling. See, you can do it if you try. Five strokes for saying my name, two for those tears. That's eight all together," she laughed. "You see, even numbers obey me, just like you will."

She reached down and stroked the face.

"I got a little gift from Teresa," she said as she displayed the dildo. "Later we will try it out so that I can tell her all about it. For now, a little foreplay while I make a few calls... This is going to be such a lark!"

Edith moved and sat slowly on the chair with a rising feeling of arousal. Her ass settled in the soft seat and then came contact. Lips pressed between her pussy and ass, so she shifted back a little and opened her thighs to see the eyes of her slut as her cunt closed over his lips. She reached for her phone and the small remote and looked down to admire the effect on her husband when she realised that Edith could do anything she liked.

“Ready?” she asked and received a little lick in reply. “Good, that’s exactly what I need right now. A slow and gentle tease while I make a few calls.”

She pressed a button on the remote and the change was almost immediate.

One moment there was tentative contact, then the next the tongue pressed hard and a groan came from below the seat. Edith sighed as she placed the remote to one side.

“There, darling, just a nice slow start on the lowest speed will keep you attentive. Do your absolute best not to make a sound, darling, I have some calls to make...”

She picked up her phone and allowed herself to settle to enjoy the waves of pleasure and selected the first call. Three rings and four licks later, Carol’s voice answered the call.

“Edith?”

“Hi Carol,” said Edith with a chuckle. “just thought that I’d call and see how things are...”

“It’s not a good time,” said Carol’s voice with a breathy rasp. “I’m busy!”

“Mmmm, so am I darling. I am just calling to say that I’m testing that new chair in the bedroom for the first time!”

“Oh fuck, Edith. Really? Right now?”

“You bet and all I can say is that it’s heaven.”

For a moment she heard Carol scolding someone in the background at Carol’s end and a man’s voice that sounded disappointed. Then came Carol’s voice again, but not directed at Edith.

“Just go have a wank then, Harold!”

“Oh, I have called at the wrong time,” said Edith with a giggle as she felt her husband slowly lap at her from end to end.

“No, no, tell me what’s happening,” begged Edith’s friend.

“Well,” said Edith. “Right now I am in the bedroom and hubby is attending to a little intimate service...”

“On that chair that you told me you were buying?”

“Mmm, wait a sec!”

Edith picked up the remote and switched up the level of the assault on Cindi's ass by a notch.

"OK, done it," said Edith as she appreciated the effect and groaned.

"What? What did you do?" asked Carol.

"My sissy is being fucked and I decided to speed it a little to persuade him," she moaned. "Now it's on two out of ten and all I can say is that he is just so very attentive..."

"How I wish I was there," said Carol in an excited voice. "It sounds like paradise."

Then in the background, Carol's voice spoke to Harold in an irritated tone.

"Stop bothering me unless you want to concentrate to this!"

Carol groaned and started to laugh.

"Now I have caught up with you," giggled Carol. "Harold is doing it!"

Edith started to laugh, Carol's giggle was infectious.

"I'm coming now," gasped Edith. "I can feel every touch, fuck, fuck, this is so perfect!"

All Carol could manage was to gasp in reply. A long exhale that signalled her climax and then a moan before she was able to speak coherently.

"Please, please, Edith, can I come round now?"

"Tomorrow, tonight is just for me and hubby," croaked Edith. "For now, he's learning. The more the better!"

"Fuck," said Carol. "Tomorrow then! When he first walked in the shop I thought that it was so kinky, now I realise that you really have spread your wings. Tell me all about it tomorrow, and see you then."

The line closed and Edith sighed as she moved a little to make sure that her clitoris was properly attended to. She looked down at the eyes and smiled encouragingly.

"Mmm, that is good, but don't think that you are going to escape the cane tomorrow, you pervert! I think that Teresa can do the honours in the morning."

The sheer terror in Cindi's eyes was a sight to behold. Clearly the housekeeper was to be feared more than the wife. Never mind, thought Edith, perhaps that's a good thing, after all, I am not into all that punishment like she is! I will just take the pleasure and let her do the work.

Edith called up another number on her screen and waited.

Her mother's voice answered with a "Hi!".

"So how'd it go?" asked Edith with a chuckle.

"You mean 'the visit'?" laughed Vivian. Without waiting for an answer, she continued: "Great, we both had a great time!"

"And?"

"No details darling, but let's just say that your little hubby lost his cherry!"

"Lovely," said Edith. "I was sort of hoping, because it would have been wasted on Donald..."

"Absolutely! Where are you now, at home?"

"Sitting pretty!" answered Edith.

"God, Edith! But, you are even more of a bitch than I am... In the bedroom?"

"Oh yes! I might be a bitch, but not as much as Teresa, that house keeper that you found me!"

"True, I love her to bits, but she can be just a little frightening. Known her for years, but she's honest and straight, no problems, I hope?"

"No not at all, in fact she's turned out to be perfect for me. We've sort of reached an accommodation, and she gave me a wonderful present. For me and Cindi, actually."

"Ah, I thought that you'd get along! She can be rather remote sometimes, but she has a heart of gold. Anyway, news at this end, darling. David's gone for a few weeks, so when are we going to meet up?"

Edith started to reply, but her words were broken by a sigh of bliss.

"Soon, mamma, ahhh!"

There was giggle from Vivian.

"Are you calling me while...?"

"Just testing the work done in the last week, Mamma!"

"Cindi doing OK?"

"She's too busy eating at the moment, otherwise I'd put her on."

There was a laugh from Vivian and then she said, "Kinky! Tell that hubby of yours that I will pop around next week sometime! I won't let Cindi go hungry!"

"Just a moment, Mamma," said Edith and she looked down and said, "Mother says hello and that she's planning a visit..."

Edith turned back to the phone and continued.

"He's doing fine, Mamma, just fine, but I find that she needs proper encouragement."

"Well, between you and Teresa, there'll be no slacking. I'll bet she keeps her hours filled every day."

Edith closed her legs and slipped back in the chair. She felt the cheeks of her ass spread and wriggled a little to settle over the tongue that was now tentatively teasing her puckered ass. She idly picked up the remote control and changed the machine speed up a notch. The reaction was instant and gratifying.

"Listen," said Vivian, "I have loads to do and I'm waiting for a call from David that I can't afford to miss. When can we meet up?"

"Tomorrow, if you like. The usual place."

"Kisses and lots of love to Teresa and Cindi."

"I'll pass it on!"

"Love you, dear," said Vivian as she closed the line.

Edith sighed and laid the phone to the side. Such fun to play these games! She opened her thighs a little and could just about see the fluttering eyes that looked up at her.

"You really will have to try harder, dear," she said. "I know that it's difficult to make me come like this, but if you don't do your best, then how will we ever know if it's possible?"

Her husband increased her efforts. Sucking, probing, forcing his tongue high and Edith settled a little to enjoy the warmth of the feeling that it gave her. He struggled for breath, and she lifted occasionally, but otherwise it seemed that the position was ideal. With a sigh of contentment, she sat back and allowed herself to slip into a daydream.

So much to do, but all of it a pleasure, she decided. First, edit the film of the night they spent together and get it on the screen in Cindi's room. Second, a few small additions to Cindi would be nice! After seeing Sarah, already the ideas were starting to form, but the most important was to get a stud or three in that servile tongue. Make every contact just a little more tactile. She needed to get a professional exercise machine for what Teresa had in mind. Her old machine was really not suitable for a daily routine. A few miles every day in the ballet shoes would fill the time and improve comportment.

Boots?

Another idea!

Much more difficult for her hubby to walk in. Up the level a little and make the slut appreciate how easy she had it now. Constant arousal was a key, Cindi needed to be teased and allowed to play often to make her eager to be abused. That led to the next thought, something would have to be done about what was inside. This needed serious effort. This time, at the beginning of Cindi's new life was the time to relish the distress of giving hope and showing how much fun she could have with a bevy of sexy men.

But, that would fade and become ordinary in the next year or two.

Better to be prepared and have the plans in place for the next stage. The one where Cindi became just a little bimbo, desperate to satisfy each cock, ass and cunt that was presented with mindless joy. It was where this was all going anyway, so why deceive herself? A challenge that Edith could relish and take up... spend the next years developing and testing. Perhaps Teresa could offer some advice? At the moment it was outside Edith's realm of experience, but she could learn.

Wanted to learn!

Perhaps there was another step, even further than having a mindless bimbo as a plaything? Another, and then another beyond in an endless series of phases where each merged to the next and then the next and so forever.

Who knew where it would lead?

But, every step would be so gratifying.

The daydream folded the wicked wife in its arms as she imagined all of the amusement that lay ahead. Cindi would go through so many more changes and Edith would curate every one of them, enjoying the moment, owning what she had created and sharing with pride at her achievement.

All the while, a steady attention to her ass caused Edith to drift to a slumber. Her body drooped, her arms dangled, her breathing became steady as the husband served a wife who no longer saw Cindi as anything more than a diverting hobby, an unusual challenge, a special source of pride and pleasure.

A source of marital contentment.

Cuckold and wife, it was a perfect life.

The End

From Irene:

As I wrote the words of this piece, seventy thousand words or more, I wrote rather more than was optimum! This happens more often than the reader might imagine. I do not struggle to write enough; I struggle to stop!

In the end, I trimmed a chapter away to make the ending of the novel more direct.

What follows is the missing chapter...

Love,

Irene.

Dare to visit: www.missireneclearmont.com

Dare to write: irene@missireneclearmont.com

Standing Proud – Excised Chapter

...Closed eyes, only the mind's eye.

Edith's hand dropped from the arm of her chair to the small table by its side.

Touched hardness.

Smooth rigidity.

Fingertips moved and stroked the veins that snaked cunningly the length of it. From balls that were gathered and hard; to the tip that bulged in craving, Edith could feel the power of it. Eyes closed, she smiled as she ran from tip to root, finding the soft teasing outcrop that promised so much, seeking the tiny holes that would hiss with laboured breaths of the wearer.

Her eyes still closed, she forgot the plans and ideas that had filled her mind and was taken by a new fantasy. The struggling husband, bound tight by leather straps, stilettoed feet shackled wide in the corners of the cage, the slow pounding of the machine that fucked the bitch's milky fat ass while the wife above settled and took her pleasure with gasps of endless climax. Edith tried to imagine the tightness of the ballet punishment shoes. How must they feel? The tightness of a corset that robbed the lungs at each breath and tightened a waist already so narrow. The rattle of the chains in the dark, the pinch of clips on nipples and a ring through a cock that was no more than a sissy-clitty for a merciless wife to mock.

Her hand played idly as if attempting to make that cock come and spill every drop.

It gripped the rubber hard and lifted.

She opened her eyes.

Two sets of straps, two buckles with no give, two clasps that could be locked tight. A length and girth that was more than satisfactory, a real man reduced to the only part that really mattered!

She giggled at the thought.

In her hand was the only part of a lover that she ever really needed. A disembodied prick that would never fail, never become soft and never fail to satisfy. In her hand was, in essence, a simple addition to any man that lacked what she desired.

The tongue that reamed her, paused for a moment as if to recover from some pathetic need for a rest and then pushed deep into her. Opened and penetrated, deeper than she could have hoped.

Edith gasped in shock, lifting herself as if to escape and then relaxing to allow further attention. Almost there, she thought, hubby had almost managed the impossible! To give his wife a subtle new experience, the heady rapture of a climax from behind.

It would be a shame to move, but the cock in her hand was insistent.

She opened her legs and smiled down at Cindi. Her lips were wide, her eyes fluttering, the tongue snaking forth to touch the delicate cleft between ass and weeping cunt.

“Does Cindi want to fuck?” she asked.

Was that muffled sound the word ‘Mistress’?

She lifted slowly from the seat. Allowed Cindi a full view of everything that gave her power over a foolish husband and then turned to kneel on the edge of the chair to look down at her slut.

“Of course, you lack a real cock, don’t you Cindi?” said Edith with a little chuckle. “All you have is that little flap of clitty that I left you with! How can you satisfy me? You can’t, the best you can do is to kiss my ass and hear each climax and hope that I appreciated it enough not to punish you.”

The face in the hole stared and Edith felt sudden contempt for the man that had allowed himself to be destroyed so easily. The man that had wanked all day, wasted his lust on fetishes and then submitted to being sissified, caned and broken. She spat down at him slowly. Watching the glistening thread extend from her lips to the pink ones that gaped, watched him swallow, watched the realisation on that dolly’s face.

“So, since you have no cock worth speaking of, I will have to give you one!”

Into his view, she brought the hard rubber prick that had been her gift from Teresa.

“See what a loving wife I am?” she taunted. “I took your pathetic prick away, now I’ll give you one that you can fuck me with.”

She reached down and ran her hand over the straps that were hidden by the pink hair that her sissy now wore. Feeling the small support on which the back of Cindi’s head rested and checking to see that there was space to add further restraint.

It seemed enough and she felt a thrill of anticipation as she kissed the tip of the dildo. Licked it and teased it before her hubby’s eyes. There were tears in those eyes now, and Edith delighted in every one of them. Her fingers could not even encompass the rubber as she lowered it, balls first and pressed it onto the open-mouthed gag and nose firmly.

The straps hung to each side and she reached down to fumble with them. One at the back of the neck was easy to thread, the other at the back of Cindi’s head, more

difficult to close. Even more difficult to pull tight, so that the cock reared before eyes, the balls closed nostrils and the face had become her ultimate lover.

“Darling, I am not going to do all the work am I?”

Edith had realised that her slut could not move to thrust into her, and she decided to loosen the strap and allow a little movement. Once again, she reached down and sought the buckle. She found it and for a moment thought that it carried a padlock, but her fingers pulled and the clasp came open.

“Lift a little,” she ordered, and the sissy lifted her head a few inches, rearing the dildo high in mock eagerness. “Good, I think we are ready, apart from my instructions.”

She stood.

The tip of that rubber prick reared well above the edge of the hole in the seat, the tempting soft nubbin that she would be resting on just above the balls on Cindi’s face. The arrangement was perfect.

“Now then, we are going to play a little game,” she crooned.

Her hand showed the remote control for the fucking machine and she stilled it with a single touch. Relief spread on that hopeful face and Edith smiled wickedly. “All you have to do, is to fuck me in perfect time with me fucking you,” she laughed. “Shall we test it out?”

There was a muffled moan from Cindi’s throat and a hiss from the breathing holes that ran the length of the rubber cock.

“Good, here we go, darling!”

Her finger touched the remote and Cindi’s eyes opened in shock.

“Up and down in time, bitch,” said Edith. “Show me...”

The head lifted slowly, a few inches before dropping. Then it lifted again.

“Mmm, not fast enough,” said Edith as she speeded the machine.

Now the cock lifted and dropped a little faster.

“Oh,” exclaimed Edith. “It’s not as fast as I thought...”

She turned the machine up another notch and watched in satisfaction as the head bobbed up and down.

“That’s better,” she said with a smile. “Now then, let’s try it for real, hubby.”

Switching off the machine, she turned and wriggled her ass. Bending slowly, she lowered, locating the tip with her hand and sliding into position. She could feel it fill her, a mere few inches that opened her wet cunt and slid in easily. Her fingers sought and she found the soft textured bump that would kiss her clitoris and then she relaxed slowly another inch.

“Oh, fuck, Cindi, that is so good! I can feel your hard cock inside me, opening and filling me with your manhood! You are such a good fuck, baby, all ten inches filling me to the brim.”

Her finger twitched and she gasped.

The cock pressed into her deep, the contact at her clitoris exquisite, the textures like rolling waves against the walls of her pussy. It retreated, slid from her and then lifted again to cause her to breathe in and exhale. The hiss of air through the breathing holes another source of excitement, she stopped the machine to leave herself impaled and gasping while her slut writhed beneath her, gasping for breath. Now, Edith's cunt controlled the slave's every breath, her pleasure was the sissy's suffering.

A moment, mere seconds.

Then back to the slowest fuck.

Out and then in, in and then out.

Pausing deep, dictating and abusing.

Wriggling herself against it, gasping, panting.

So close, so close, too close, not yet, please, please, please. Make it last forever!

Was it the control, the domination, the power at her fingertips? Was it that hiss of breath closed by her tight cunt? Or was it the friction and form of the rubber cock that excited?

The sensation emptied her mind of all but receptiveness to every touch and sound before she allowed her sissy to withdraw and gasp for air.

The fuck continued.

Only a minute between each increase in pace, but an agony of bliss that triggered sweat to wet her skin. It ran in rivulets, dripping from the gasping wife as, at last she was suitably fucked by her feminised husband.

At level three, the climax began.

And hovered at the peak for so long.

Edith could feel her husband flagging, unable now to match the pace of the machine that filled the penetrated ass in the back of the cage. She pressed again to inform Cindi of her demand and screamed as, finally, a last effort from below pressed the dildo so deep that she almost jumped from the chair in shock.

That final push, that last effort drove Edith over the edge into climax and her fingers fumbled on the remote control to slow the thrusts and still her slave.

Edith stood and looked down.

Glistening with her sweat and her excitement, the cock still reared strong and stiff, hard and long. She started to giggle and tapped it with her finger.

“The first satisfactory fuck in our marriage,” she said. “Things are looking up!”