

Grateful Servitude

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by Chris Bellows

Author note: This story is a sequel to 'The Extraction Nurse' which should be read first and is available for free and on the author's blog <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>

Existence

I guess I dosed off. When a cool breeze, really a blast of early winter air, stings my baldness, I am revived. I stand, awkwardly, my legs still not acclimated to freedom. Mobility has been returned, but redeveloping the proper muscle tone seems to require time... and I suppose sustenance, which I am somewhat lacking.

Homeless, I have joined those of the streets. The years of 'performing' at the institution have taken a toll. I am without funds, without education, without references, without anything really. Despite the fact that my glabrous cranium projects senescence, I have my youth... if only I could develop stamina and some passion for change. Instead I just sit and panhandle.

As the extraction nurse prognosticated, I awoke in a bus terminal with basic clothing and twenty dollars in my pocket... and nothing else... ending the oblivion induced by nitrous oxide and the seemingly frequent but short interludes of climactic release.

It's been a few weeks... curious to now be able to judge time. And panhandling produces some cash for food, but not enough for shelter. With winter approaching I need to either secure digs... a nice size box over a warming air vent... or journey south.

But I know the more rural the location the tougher to engage in my only source of revenue.

My hand has become glued to the cup I use in questing donations. It seems my arm extends by rote, the brim beckoning, the hope not wavering... but not strong either. And on occasion there comes the tinkle of someone's loose change.

It is then that I look in my cup, despite not hearing a tinkle. There is paper! Do I detect green?

No. It's a note. But when I unfold, green appears. Such serendipity. Two dollars. I quickly pocket lest prospective donors find I am flush. Then comes focus... the note...

If you can serve... if you want to serve... come to Starbucks. Noon. Remain outside. You smell.

Of course I smell. It's been more than two weeks since leaving the institution, my last cleansing the daily sponge bath offered by the pretty young nurse. At least I presume that was my last bath. Who knows what they did whenever the nitrous oxide turned me into a mass of helpless, hairless flesh.

Still, an intriguing invitation. Now the challenge is to determine the time... meaningless to me at the institution, and continuing to be meaningless.

Shaky legs propel me to the donut shop where I am unwelcome, cash or no cash. Peering through the window the clock by which the commuting customers live their day suggests it is 11:30. I best depart. Perhaps more than two dollars awaits. Another blast of cold air brings added earnestness to my plight.

Can I serve?

“You should wear a hat, it’s getting cold.”

“I would rather grow hair, ma’am.”

“That won’t happen. The follicles have been chemically decimated.”

“I did not know it was permanent.”

“It was not important for you to know that... or anything else for that matter. But now you do.”

Firm, informative words from my extraction nurse. She greets me outside Starbucks. No invitation to step inside for some extravagant java.

I find myself looking directly into her eyes as I did time after time at the institution... while she masturbated me. It’s ingrained. She remains handsome and stern. The hem of her white uniform peeps as the wind flips the folds of her coat. She is either coming from or going to work... jerking off boys for their sperm.

“It was your bald head that attracted my attention. So maybe it is not that harmful to your cause. You may consider slapping on a bandage to draw more sympathy,” the nurse laughing at my plight. “Appear like you’ve had brain surgery...”

I smile politely. Despite the mocking words deep within there is triggered that need. Missing is the masturbation table, the horizontal bar for my ankles, the smell of the cleansing nurse’s effeminate soap. I have not climaxed since awakening in the bus terminal. A physical limitation due to my public surroundings... or am I psychologically impotent?

“So you obviously got my note. Can you serve?”

“In what manner, ma’am? My legs... full strength not yet there.”

“That will come. I need a houseboy. Cooking... cleaning. I work long hours. You’re not the only one I jerk off. The institute is at capacity. Lots of boys, lots of stiff dicks needing my attention. When I arrive home I have no desire for housework. My daughter helps some, but she’s a scholar and a high school athlete. I do not want to impinge on her development.”

Desperation precludes analysis and an in depth exchange. A roof! Heat! Food! And perhaps the hands of my nurse? Dare I ask?

“And your husband? You’re married?” finding the need to exercise some caution.

“Overseas on a long construction contract. By the time of his scheduled return I think you’ll have fit into the household and be found to be quite acceptable.”

I have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

“Do you want to serve?”

“Yes, ma’am,” trying to veil my glee.

“Here is the address. Come to the back of the house. 10:00 a.m. tomorrow. I work the afternoon shift. There is a basement door. No need to knock. Just enter and strip. You smell and I’ll not want you near my daughter until... until I make you more presentable.”

I cannot argue with that. But perhaps I should, I think to myself as the nurse brusquely whirls and departs. As I stare at the address she pauses and turns, her voice stentorian...

“No mention of the institution... ever.”

Such is understandable.

565 Riverview Terrace

The house is just short of being a mansion. Either masturbating boys at the institution is quite lucrative or the husband is highly salaried. I suspect both. I therefore understand the need for household help. Just vacuuming will be time consuming.

To the back, a set of stairs descends to a heavy door. My shaky legs somehow propel and I find the door unlocked. I enter a well lit chamber of concrete walls and begin to disrobe without compunction. Before yesterday, the nurse had never before seen me clothed. Thus stripping for her is without fanfare. Besides, the clothing does stink.

I toss my duds in a pile, to neatly fold would be to polish a rusting old Desoto. When I spy a laundry room it makes sense to dispose of the filth there. So I pick up the mess step to the laundry room and find it is more than a laundry room. It is huge, containing not only the appliances for laundry but a vast tub. I note the thick door of steel and concrete. A cell? Then I see the more unusual. Hanging over the center of the tub is a trapeze bar. At each end, dangles a large snap hook.

There is also a large slip of paper taped to the center. I set down the clothing and read.

Robert,

Welcome to your new life. Strap on the cuffs (shelf behind you) and hook yourself up to the bar. I want you naked and standing in wait. Be obedient. Cassandra is late leaving for school. Do not look for me.

Your nurse

Well, that certainly reveals some details. Daughter... Cassandra. There will be bondage... and nakedness. Will penile manipulation be denied? As I find the cuffs, replicas of those securing me to the institution masturbation table, I oddly find myself craving the touch of my extraction nurse.

It is facile to encircle left wrist and right then fold over the formidable strips of velcro. Not so easy, hooking myself to the trapeze bar. With the left wrist I merely use my right hand. But then I must be clever. Large steel rings woven into the nylon of each cuff can readily be hooked. But it requires a degree of dexterity with one hand encumbered. Yet, I can steady the bar with my left hand and on the third try I manage to push open the snap hook and slip the ring into its confines. It clicks shut and only then do I realize there is no reversing the procedure. My fingers cannot reach the spring hinge to make it yield.

Hopefully my nurse employer will be soon. My legs... such remain impuissant.

Made presentable

“Well, well, naked and bound. You must feel very comfortable.”

The firm familiar voice, a hand gently slapping my face, stirs me from my stupor. With my leg muscles having given out, my knees buckled and I hang from my wrists, the height of the trapeze bar set such that I cannot comfortably kneel. I eventually fainted, the stress too much on an atrophied physique.

My eyes focus. My nurse is attired in white and she steps away, unravels a hose and turns a set of valves.

“First, let’s get the stink off you.”

I am sprayed. She directs the hose and gratefully the stream turns to a pleasant warmth. I begin to harden. Having been regularly masturbated, the past few weeks of chastity have brought havoc to hormone levels regular drained... milked, my nurse would suggest. Thus in being naked and bound in her presence this Pavlovian dog stiffens in expectation.

She laughs.

“I hope you do not have high expectations, Robert. You are here to serve, not donate.”

Wetted, she turns off the hose, the dripping water streaming to the tub’s drain, and approaches

with soap.

“This is how you will begin each day each. You will hook yourself up and patiently wait for me. Today Cassie is sick, staying home from school, so this morning my schedule is delayed. But in the future we’ll begin earlier... after you serve us breakfast.”

The words come as hands known to offer precise caresses and strokes now lave everywhere, the fragrance flowery, reminding of my cleansing nurse. It feels good to be returned to her presence. My penis primes itself indeed in expectation. Many years of training, I tell myself, the protocol of the institution remains ingrained.

“What should I call you ma’am?”

Curious there has never before been a need to know her name.

Her hands reach my pubes, depilated to smoothness, not a follicle remaining intact. Thus the soap glides about easily, adding to my level of tumescence.

“Miss Evelyn... and Cassie you will call Miss Cassandra.”

There comes a frisson of delight as she cleans my scrotum. But there is disappointment when the hand that brought so many explosions of sperm evanescently gives my upstanding penis two brief passes then moves down to my thighs.

“You will obey Cassie as well as me. I think it is a good lesson for a young girl of color to govern a male Caucasian... don’t you think Robert? She’s going to be successful... and learning to direct white males, their weaknesses brought to light, can instill confidence, assure advancement.”

I remain hanging from my wrists, the energy to return to my feet not to be summoned. Thus, Miss Evelyn stoops and washes my legs, again the hairlessness bringing an odd but comforting dynamic to her efforts.

Next she steps away and the hose resumes its flow. I am rinsed.

“Now you are more presentable.”

But I am then horrified to watch her turn the valves, adjust and bring coolness to the flow. She directs to my penis and testicles, smiling at the natural reaction... a steady return to flaccidity.

“Can’t dress you like that, Robert.”

“It’s best that I first wash my cloths, Miss Evelyn.”

“It is best such be burned, Robert. You’ll not wear about my house what the Salvation Army would discard.”

Gratefully, penis shriveled to the size of a cocktail wiener, the cold spray concludes. I await toweling as Miss Evelyn steps to the pile of filthy smelling clothes, gathers, then momentarily disappears. When she returns she moves to a nearby shelf.

“Your new attire. Actually what you wore most of the time at the institution.”

She holds up a diaper! I am aghast!

“But I cannot work like that!”

“You will work as I demand... or otherwise have a cold winter. I am not returning your clothing, Robert. You will wear a diaper... or leave here naked.”

I am diapered. And worse, Miss Evelyn produces a thick leather waist belt and crouch strap.

“Patients at mental institutions wear this over their diapers. Precludes exposing themselves... precludes masturbation and self abuse. It locks in place.”

It does. She circles my waist, pulling the crouch piece between my legs. Knowing fingers assure that my flaccid penis is pointing downward and wedged between my thighs. She then tightens with determination and with a click, locks the garment in place. My balls are pressured.

“Now you’re completely presentable.”

“What if I have to go to the bathroom?”

Miss Evelyn snickers... “just go. The cloth is highly absorbent. Do try to control your bowels though. That can bring a stench.”

Miss Cassandra

My servitude begins, Miss Evelyn unhooking the wrist cuffs.

“You may as well leave the cuffs in place. Tonight you’ll again hook yourself to the trapeze for your bath.”

I am shown a side room where a mattress covers a segment of the floor. My bed. Then we ascend to the main portion of the house. Yes, it is large and well furnished. Miss Evelyn offers a schedule, each day a different portion of the house to be made spotless. We tour the kitchen... yes I advise, a simple breakfast can be prepared. I am instructed to have coffee ready by 6:30 a.m. and then await the presence of my superiors and their desire for French toast, eggs, pancakes, etc. whatever desired.

“Eventually I’ll have you trained to cook dinner, Robert. But for now we’ll keep it simple.”

“Yes, Miss Evelyn,” the details of my servitude already beginning to overwhelm.

“Miss Evelyn, I feel funny like this, half naked. Must I be like this before your daughter?”

“Clothing empowers, Robert. You need not be empowered. You will simply serve. Plus it is unlikely that you’ll change your mind and return to the streets. I’ve tucked away all my husband’s things. Any plans for departure will involve being diapered... or pilfering some woman’s clothes. Besides, you look cute, blushing in your diaper, skin nice and smooth and hairless. I think Cassie will be amused.

“Now let me see if she is asleep. Quite ill. Awake all night.”

Accustomed to complete nakedness with Miss Evelyn... my extraction nurse... I now find apprehension in padding about the house in diapers, despite deep carpeting comforting bare feet. Though the central heating brings the warmth I have clamored to find over the past weeks, I indeed blush.

Miss Evelyn leads to a bedroom door, taps lightly then opens to peek within.

“Cassie, honey, our new servant is here. Are you awake? How are you feeling?”

“Better.”

Miss Evelyn flips a light switch and pushes open the door.

“Our new servant honey. No more house work for you.”

I turn crimson, Miss Evelyn turning to grasp my hand and lead me into the bedroom of Miss Cassandra, she who is to be served. Bald, no hair anywhere, diapered, thick leather crotch piece obviating both removal and access, I know I appear alien.

The girl laughs. I gaze in adoration.

Whereas Miss Evelyn is handsome, daughter Cassandra is ravishing. Skin golden brown, dark eyes glowing despite illness, she sits up, a negligee barely covering young breasts... sizable but firmed, her athleticism apparent.

My stare makes her aware of her near exposure. A hand begins to right the flimsy sleeping wear.

“No need, Cassie. Robert is locked up. He can look and frustrate himself but he can’t physically manifest any male desire. He’s more maid than butler.”

The thought brings a smile to Miss Cassandra. It’s devilish but further projects her beauty.

“Ha,” she snorts. “Such should be the case with my horny classmates.”

“Robert will be preparing breakfast then cleaning every morning. He is to be obedient to you, so let me know if there is a problem... and we’ll correct it.”

“Shouldn’t a maid curtsy?” the inquiry mischievous... and Miss Cassandra knows it.

“If you want him to curtsy for you then he’ll do so... won’t you Robert?”

“Yes, ma’am,” dipping at my knees.

Miss Cassandra chortles, the exchange of power enthuses.

“Go back to sleep. Robert will get you something at your beck and call when you awake. I have to be off to work.”

Miss Evelyn turns off the light and we step to the hall.

“A very nice curtsy, Robert... and appropriate. You’ll greet us that way... keep you in the proper frame of mind”

Alone

Miss Evelyn departs. I begin the daily chores. To the laundry room I sort and load the washer noting a stack of clean diapers on nearby the shelves. Old fashioned cloth, not the highly absorbent disposable type of the modern age, it will be my task to wash.

I return to the main floor and begin the drudgery... dusting and vacuuming. Tedious, for some reason thoughts of the institution come to mind. Held in a constant coma, awakened to be masturbated... gloriously masturbated... then returned to unconsciousness.

I am better off kept in chastity... forced to serve?

It does not matter, I tell myself. It is what it is. Plus there is Cassandra. It is curiously inspiring to be in her presence. Her near nakedness brought excitement... brings excitement as I envision her. Yet I am not only locked in chastity, Miss Evelyn has tightened the crotch piece to the point that the slightest engorgement brings discomfort.

But then my deep philosophical thoughts of life and existence become interrupted. I must urinate. With all the interaction, attentively absorbing every one of Miss Evelyn’s instructing words, the practical aspects of being diapered... and having such locked in place... begin to manifest.

Where shall I go? Does it matter if I wet myself in the middle of the living room? Perhaps I should retreat to the bathroom, assume a comfortable position and let the flow begin.

In the end, I decide to pause from my task, relax and just open myself. I find the warm wetness brings initial comfort. But when I resume, the excretions cool and within an hour I am miserable, the acidic urine irritating skin which for years has been pampered... touched only by the cleansing nurse and her soft chamois and effeminate soap.

Returning to the laundry room, the first load of wash is completed. I sort, some garments into the clothes dryer, others hung to dry. I need the distraction. Though the task is simple, with the wet diaper constantly chafing, I need to think of other things. Though moving about increases the irritation, it takes my mind off things.

Then as I find walking the stairs to be particularly distressful, the wet folds rubbing even more vigorously, it dawns that this is only the first few hours of a life of servitude. It will be like this all day. The thought depresses.

Can the crouch piece be removed? At least loosened?

It is then that I hear Miss Cassandra calling. She has awakened.

“Robert... Roberta... I want some juice. Now!”

Roberta?

A Minx

I quickly move to the bottom of the stairs and look up. Miss Cassandra is evidently feeling better, standing at the top step in her negligee. She has taken to heart her mother’s words about my status... essentially neutered in being locked up. Does she realize the sheer fabric is diaphanous?

Once again I stare... in awe... in adoration. The light of the bright late morning sun perfectly outlines her budding feminine curves.

“Yes, Miss Cassandra.”

“Juice.”

“What kind of juice?”

“Apple.”

“I will bring it to you.”

“Yes, I know you will... and with a curtsy. I like that... having a guy curtsy.”

“Yes, Miss Cassandra.”

I dash to the kitchen learning that the protocol of curtsying is to be rigorously adhered to, a dip at the knees mandatory. A glass. I fill. I begin my journey. Then there comes odor. I smell. Though the diaper is thick, my excretions have siphoned throughout, moistening every square inch.

I do so much need to be changed!

I cautiously enter Miss Cassandra's bedroom. I curtsy, feeling quite foolish but drawing forth that devilish smile. Though noting that Miss Cassandra has returned to bed, I place the juice on a distant table, avoiding proximity which will convey my odorous state. My gambit does not work.

"No, over here. I'm going to stay in bed for a while."

I pick up the glass and approach. Her hand extends, the motion momentarily flipping open the folds of her negligee. A breast is again exposed... delightful in its shapely firmness. This time she is not so quick to right her garment. She knows I enjoy the view and teasingly lets me visually partake.

"You must feel silly in diapers. And what happened to your all your hair? Do you have hair anywhere?"

It is evident, based on the nature of Miss Evelyn's work and her demand that the institution never ever be discussed, that Miss Cassandra is unaware of her mother's talents. So how do I explain my glabrousness... my servitude?

"Hair can be unsanitary," parroting the words of the cleansing nurse.

"Then I must assume you have been made sanitary... everywhere."

I find myself reluctantly nodding, stepping away to veil my condition. Unfortunately my motion brings a waft of tainted air to Miss Cassandra's nostrils, my soiled status readily detected. She sniffs demonstrably.

"You smell... *Roberta*," Miss Cassandra sneering the demeaning new appellation.

"As Miss Evelyn explained, the diaper is locked in place. I... ah... I have no alternative but to..."

"To wet yourself like a little girl," Miss Cassandra finishing my strained explanation. "When will you be changed?"

"I don't know. Your mother's at work."

"Well it must be frustrating to have to go about like that. Not too easy on me either. What if you have to go number two?"

I must assume that 'going number two' is to defecate. Thinking of that dilemma kindles a quiver of concern.

"I have not given it much thought... Miss Evelyn suggested it is something to be avoided though."

The devilish smile returns. The girl is in thought

“May I take my leave, Miss Cassandra? Laundry awaits.”

“Yes, you’re smelling up the room. Mother said you are to obey me, Roberta.”

“Yes, Miss Cassandra.”

Day’s End

My instructions are that, until I am trained to cook full meals, at days end I am to return to the basement tub, hook myself to the trapeze bar and await Miss Evelyn’s return. Assumed is that at that time I will be washed and changed.

Chores completed, Miss Cassandra remaining in bed recuperating, I descend to the basement and obediently hook up my left wrist cuff and even more deftly spear the ring of the right wrist cuff with the snap hook.

There I stand in wait. With the bar just over my head I cannot kneel. As I found this morning, if my knees buckle, my legs give out, I hang, the trapeze bar and connecting cable easily accepting my weight.

Unknown is when Miss Evelyn will return. Will it be another hour, two, three?

Thoughts of the institution return... and the sweet smell of nitrous oxide... that which took me so often into oblivion... there to await consciousness and the nirvana of Miss Evelyn’s hand... my extraction nurse.

I ask myself why I am so subservient, obediently following Miss Evelyn’s instructions to the ‘T’, figuratively prostrating myself to daughter Cassie... Miss Cassandra... enduring her taunts... doing laundry, cleaning, vacuuming... all while locked in chastity, soiling myself in diapers. Yes, the past few weeks have been grueling sleeping on park benches, begging for food... for pocket change. Stressful, but not humiliating, not injurious to male pride. Then I recall that introduction... at the institution... my extraction nurse... she to whom I would bond... looking into her face as she so deftly drained me of male seed... of male pride.

Yes, I have bonded indeed.

Legs weak, my knees too readily give. Perhaps I should have delayed hooking up. But I fear the consequences of lounging about the house, chores completed and Miss Evelyn arriving earlier than expected.

So I sink. The wrist cuffs are firm and comfortable, and though there is stress on my arms, my legs are offered respite. Do I dose off... or pass out?

Then once again I stir, a hand gently slapping my face, the firm voice so often commanding me to cum into a waiting collection bag.

“Long day, Robert.”

It's Miss Evelyn. My heart leaps. As I open my eyes I hear a click, the small padlock holding in place the wicked belt and crouch piece yielding. Freed of my dirty diaper!

The still moist garment is peeled away. Cool air so very pleasantly wafts about pink parts chafed to rawness. And of course... I become erect. The very presence of she for whom I so often performed fosters tumescence. Miss Evelyn laughs as my penis slowly but steadily rises to full blossom.

“You're happy to see me.”

She steps away, turns the valves, returns with the spray hose. I am rinsed.

“Perhaps... perhaps I can perform for you,” the coded phrase for emptying myself of male seed at her behest.

“No, Robert. My day has been long enough. Lots of boys, lots of stiff penises, lots of sperm harvested. I will wash and feed and then give you a treat. I'll let you romp about the basement naked and erect. Won't that feel good?”

The notion intrigues. For many years I have been thoroughly strapped down while achieving erection.

The ablutions proceed, soft cloth, effeminate smelling soap, my privates barely touched. All while I hang from my wrists cuffs, no energy to stand. Then comes sustenance... porridge of some kind... not savory but seemingly nutritious. Slowly my energy returns. My leg muscles find renewed strength. I manage to pull my feet under me. The whole time I remain engorged, the welcomed presence of Miss Evelyn bringing the Pavlovian response.

“Hands to your back, now Robert. No shenanigans.”

The snap hooks are opened, left then right. Miss Evelyn guides my hands behind me and clips the wrist cuffs together. I am offered mobility... somewhat.

I step from the tub. Being rid of the urine soaked diaper feels divine. There is ecstasy in showing off for Miss Evelyn. Something in my psyche suggests I will be masturbated. The many teasing glimpses of daughter Cassandra have roiled the hormones. Miss Evelyn steps to the stairs, arms akimbo and merely watches... a frisky young colt prancing about a corral... my erection dips and bobs with each step.

“Perhaps Cassie would like to watch too,” she laughing suggests. “But maybe when she's older. Every girl should be clinically introduced to the male anatomy at some point... on their terms.”

Though the suggestion is in jest, I feel myself blush. But I also feel myself stiffen more.

A Routine

For the ensuing week or two, the humdrum of household servitude prevails.

I sleep in diapers with my wrists cuffed behind my back. Miss Evelyn descends every morning and unclips, releasing my hands so I can make coffee. She orders, typically bacon and eggs, then showers. Miss Cassandra will come to the kitchen and order her breakfast, something different every day. She seems to revel in watching me serve barefoot and half naked. She also flashes... a breast... the negligee always revealing a good portion of soft inner thigh. Even a glimpse of labia was once momentarily offered. Despite her youth, the girl shaves... or perhaps my eyes deceived.

Miss Cassandra leaves for school. Miss Evelyn finishes her breakfast then takes me to the basement where I am changed, wrists hooked to the trapeze bar. It is then that I empty my bowels, defecating under her supervision while the water runs in the tub. Incredibly humiliating, but it obviates the possibility of messing my diaper with 'number two' as Miss Cassandra references nature's call. Thereafter Miss Evelyn reads the morning paper. I tidy up the kitchen, begin to clean the house. Late morning, Miss Evelyn dresses and departs for her shift.

Miss Cassandra returns from school and athletics near five o'clock. She is typically sweaty from whatever sport she participates. Wet, golden skin brings attraction. She knows it. Retiring to the bathroom and a hot shower, she suggests I gather her garb for the laundry.

'If I am in the shower don't you look, Roberta,' she will tease brazenly tapping the leather cod piece which firmly holds in place a desperate male appendage.

Well, one day the routine is broken. I step to the bathroom door. I listen, the shower running. Normally I step in and gather her sweaty duds, perhaps glimpsing at the silhouette of her naked form projected on the shower curtain. But not on this afternoon. Miss Cassandra sits on a small stool, one running shoe off, she struggles with the other. Her sweatshirt is unzipped, her sports bra tossed to the counter awaiting me... the maid.

"Roberta, the lace is knotted."

She sits back and points, knowing that I will assist, on my knees. She likes that, me on my knees, often watching while I scrub the kitchen floor.

I lower myself, fingers working the knot. When I look up to the angelic face, often projecting that devilish smile, she smiles indeed, the sweatshirt completely open, exposing breasts, invitingly moist with the perspiration of her workout and the heat of the steamy shower.

"Like what you see?"

I nod. What male would not? Then I feel the pressure of my rigid leather chastity device.

"Some day I'll have you shower me. But I think mom would greatly suspect a soaking wet

diaper.”

I curse the wicked garment and its captivating crouch piece.

Knot freed, I slip away the shoe. Then I await instructions, the intent of my visit to gather the dirty laundry she still wears.

Miss Cassandra stands, placing her hands on her hips, thinking about the next move. Strip before me... the neutered maid? She knows I have been rendered harmless.

Hands lower and rub my baldness.

“I’ll treat you later...when you’re hooked up. And maybe I’ll have you wear a wig. Would you like that? Make you look more like a maid.”

I cannot find words of reply.

“Better leave. Come back for the sweat suit,” handing me the sports bra.

Disappointed I step to the door.

“Wait. Just stay like that. Don’t look.”

She slips from the sweat pants, drops the enticing spandex panties beneath and steps forth to the drape the garment over my head. The fragrance is divine but I am blinded. I hear the sweatshirt hit the floor and the shower curtain draw open then closed.

“You may leave.”

I gather the sports attire and for some reason curtsy despite knowing Miss Cassandra is unseen in the shower. As I step out the door, my firming penis challenges the restrictive codpiece. It loses as always.

The Minx Becomes a Vixen

To the laundry room, I sort. Miss Cassandra has three sets of exercise garb. I must have at least one set ready each day. I thus arrange and find the need to launder. But not before pressing my face once again to the crouch of the spandex panties and inhaling deeply.

Why am I frustrating myself?

I begin the wash then decide to hook up, for some reason thinking that the promised treat will come sooner. Left wrist then right, it is mandated, as stated, that I never lollygag about the house. I either work or place myself in self bondage. Miss Evelyn insists.

Within an hour, the monotony suggesting I close my eyes, I hear the padding of footsteps on the

basement stairs. Such are not the shoes of Miss Evelyn. I open and see the divine Miss Cassandra descending in a large white robe. She rarely visits without reason. It must be the treat she has promised.

“On your knees, Roberta.”

She carries a wig. Such mischief, knowing that I am without use of my hands until Miss Evelyn arrives.

I have no choice but to let her have her fun, the curly strands facilely slipping over my baldness. Not much of a treat, I think to myself.

“There, now you look more like a maid,” she taunts with a girlish giggle. “And so servile kneeling before me.”

Not really kneeling, the trapeze bar keeps the knees of my bent legs some two or three inches above the tub’s surface, stressing my arms.

“So, now for your treat. But first you must do something for me. I have a little pill for you. Take it for me and you’ll have something you’ve wanted since the day you arrived.”

She hints, pushing open the folds of her robe. The body of her left mammary gland flashes, a nipple just tauntingly covered.

“A pill, Miss Cassandra?”

“Yes. It won’t hurt you. And I think it will help your cause.”

She presses a tablet to my lips. Have I a choice but to swallow?

Miss Cassandra watches carefully, assuring that it is ingested.

“Very good.”

She then steps into the tub and opens the top of her robe fully exposing the glands of a starlet. Freshly showered, the hillocks are most inviting and as she cradles my head and draws forth my hanging form, I offer no resistance in partaking on the offered charms. I lick such with fervor, right then left.

“The pill was donated, more or less, by a friend, the daughter of a proctologist. It’s offered to those undergoing a colonoscopy.”

The explanation is offered as I suck, my chaste male libido too long held in desperation. Within moments there is rumbling below. My viscera shudders. There come spasms. Strangely the attraction of Miss Cassandra’s breasts diminishes.

Taken before a colonoscopy! My bowels are erupting!

Miss Cassandra notes my dilemma, closes her robe and steps from the tub.

“Things are going to get a little messy for you, Roberta, you naughty girl. Whatever is mother going to do when she finds you cannot control you bowels... tsk, tsk.”

The wig is pulled from my head as my anus opens and I feel the warm sludge ooze, forcefully pressed into the diaper, squeezed by a crouch piece too tight. The room fills with disgusting odor. I beg Miss Cassandra to release my wrists.

“For what purpose? You can’t wash yourself... and I certainly cannot.”

A portion of the disgusting mess escapes the diaper, slithering down my thighs then into the tub. Miss Cassandra laughs boisterously.

“No, you’ll just have to hang there and wallow in it. But I suggest you be aware of what I am going to tell mother. When I detected your problem I sent you down here before the foul smelling excrement ruined the carpet. That will be my story. And I strongly suggest you not divulge anything else, Roberta. No pill, just bowels that cannot be trusted. It’s for the best.

“Have a good night.”

Miss Cassandra moves to the stairs, then finds the need to offer another taunt.

“I enjoyed your tongue and lips. Very soft... very tender... very effeminate.”

Miss Cassandra’s Plot

Miss Evelyn was distressed with my condition. She had supervised a morning bowel movement, how could such an accident occur?

As instructed I did not mention the pill... Miss Cassandra’s complicity. I played naive. Miss Cassandra must also have stuck to her story as well and I am sure embellished, describing how the expensive wall to wall carpeting was greatly imperiled by bowls exploding into a diaper too tight... one under lock and key, not to be removed.

The connivance worked.

The next day, after school, after what I assume to be indoor track, a sweaty Miss Cassandra arrives home. I offered her a cool sport drink, curtsying as I extended a laden tray.

She smiled with confidence then extended her hand, brazenly tweaking my left nipple before accepting the offering.

“I have another treat for you Roberta,” the tone one of mischief.

Do I begin to salivate? Such breasts! Do my knees begin to quiver?

“Please no more pills, Miss Cassandra.”

“Yes, that was rather naughty of me. But it was for the best,” holding before me a small key.

“Want to be out of that diaper? Want to be naked for me? Mother graciously offered me an emergency key. And it was all her idea. Seems the thought of depositing feces on the carpet and furniture is a little distressing,” pouting in feigned concern.

Freedom! My heart leaps with expectation... with enthusiasm. Though perhaps premature.

Miss Cassandra sips her drink.

“I’m going to take a shower. You’ll need to gather the laundry...”

Yes I will!

Miss Cassandra moves to the stairs and I head to the kitchen to stow the tray. My thoughts are dangerous. Despite that fact that it is Cassandra’s plot, the key obtained by her contrivance, I am sure it will be me bearing the blame for any unwarranted release from penile bondage.

Can it be that Miss Cassandra’s teenaged concupiscence equals... perhaps exceeds... my prurient needs?

I know to pause, allowing time to start the shower then disrobe. But what are the following steps? Enter the bathroom under the guise of collecting laundry, wait to be unlocked then step into the shower with her?

Miss Evelyn must douse heavily with cold water before returning me to the cruel leather codpiece, my penis standing and begging like a hungry puppy. Will Miss Cassandra know to do the same? How will the deceitfulness be veiled? If I am brought to climax, Miss Evelyn will certainly know at bedtime. It is her business to know the male anatomy. This whole diaper and chastity thing is as much to shelter Miss Cassandra... Miss Minx... Miss Vixen... as it is to revel in the aura of feminine control.

I am not in charge, I tell myself. I am a servant, beckoned to my lady’s toilet to assist in ablutions. With that mental fortification I head for the stairs, my manhood beginning to firm. I ascend then listen at the bathroom door, the shower hissing. I open the door... open the way to what I hope is a new protocol.

More Frustration

Yes, the shower runs, steamy hot. I spy the silhouette of Miss Cassandra. Such enticement. Such divine shapeliness. I assemble the strewn garments. Finally my presence is recognized. A soap

covered face pokes past a shower curtain.

“Your mistress would like her back scrubbed, Roberta. Slowly. Bring in that sponge,” a wet hand pointing to the sink.

“But my diaper...” mistakenly believing I am to be unlocked.

Miss Cassandra laughs.

“I will change that later. Mother won’t know.”

Such wickedness. Still there is offered full access, unfettered vista of the sublime Miss Cassandra. Can my fettered loins survive the visual fusillade of feminine charms?

I step into the shower telling myself I am indeed a maid... attempting to put aside male thoughts. I will otherwise injure myself fighting the cruel entrapping device.

I find myself in more awe. Breasts so often teasingly exposed, thighs and buttocks prove to be even more toned and sculpted. The wet flesh gleams enticingly. Miss Cassandra is a living work of art!

The water streams. My diaper wets. The leather becomes soaked and slowly shrinks to tighten... such evil, such deviance! Still I manage to serve... in adoration... in envy. And yes, Miss Cassandra is shaven... down there... meaty brown outer labia yielding to inviting pink inner lips... inviting my own lips.

Miss Cassandra meanwhile offers precise instructions, to cleanse, disavowing me of any notion that our encounter is in any manner sexual.

Slowly I so scrub... the back, the breasts, the thighs. She offers herself to me... but only to my hands and soapy sponge. I kneel, my eyes freely roaming, freely indulging, freely feasting. Finally, I am greatly disappointed when the hot water turns tepid. Miss Cassandra knows to conclude the delightful ordeal before it runs cold.

She turns the valves and steps out. I follow like a puppy.

Still, I get to dry her. And as I kneel and gently towel her mons, she stands hands on hips, curiously aloof to my level of joy... and my dire need.

Time seems to both stand still and fly.

“Roberta, go to the basement and hook yourself up. That wet diaper is most incriminating. It must be changed.”

I grab a towel, lest I leave a telling trail of droplets throughout the house.

Now the time will come, I tell myself, the soaked diaper to be replaced, I assume the leather codpiece to be dried. Yet, the encounter is certainly not as envisioned... just a slight elevation in the level of tantalization.

Still, the exquisite Miss Cassandra has offered me her charms... more than just a view. I have touched and caressed.

In the basement I toss the wet towel into the laundry room and hook up as commanded. I am wet, but with tap water... no where near as irritating as urine. Miss Cassandra, white robe flowing, joins me within moments. Eagerness? Or concern over our clandestine antics being discovered by an early arriving mother?

Alas, she has the key, all other thoughts falling to the distraction of prospective release.

“Mother may suspect that I changed you. If so, do not deny it,” she instructs as she steps to my rear and my psyche zooms in expectation.

A click. The leather crouch piece swings downward, the belt is unbuckled, the mass of soaking white linen pulled down to the tub.

“Thank you, Miss Cassandra. Thank you.”

My expression of gratitude is countered with an insouciant laugh.

“You need to be changed. And I want you to show off for me,” the words those of her mother, my penis so often hardening then exploding in deference to her masterful manual skills.

And of course I do. The shower antics have primed the pump. The hormones rage. Miss Cassandra stands most proximate, clinically observing while I humiliate myself... the steady tumescence of the male... the chaste male... the servile male.... the diapered male.

A Flaw in the Plot

Miss Cassandra momentarily departs leaving me standing... hooked up... naked and erect. It feels strangely good, the relief of being freed of the overly restrictive codpiece overriding the intensity of the humiliation. Thus my penis celebrates. A firm stand... an unending stand.

Then she returns, hair dryer in hand. She pulls up a chair and sits, her face now at the height of my hairless pubes.

“Yes you are hairless down there, like a baby. Interesting, the male organs so well exposed. We’ve had courses... they call it health class... concerning reproduction and all... safe sex. Some diagrams, some pictures, but never as explicit as the real thing. And you’re bigger than what they show us, Roberta. Nice plump balls.”

As I turn crimson, Miss Cassandra turns on the hair dryer and reaches for the leather crouch

piece. It's soaked of course, drenched from some 20 minutes in the shower. She cannot lock a sopping wet belt over a dry diaper... not without explanation. She has been anointed with the key for emergency purposes... an afternoon of communal showering far from an emergency.

While she dries she gazes at my privates, enjoying my embarrassment... her control. I will remain bound and exposed until she decides otherwise. And I soften not one iota, the weeks of chastity having built great need.

"What's that stuff oozing, Roberta? It's like you have a runny nose... a runny penis," inquiring as the dryer hums.

"It's pre ejaculatory fluid, ma'am."

"Ha. So your penis thinks its going to ejaculate?"

"It's primed to do so, ma'am."

"Well that's not going to happen. Mom is very concerned about pregnancy, you know. Girls can't run with a big belly... and girls who can't run do not get track scholarships. Says that every time I go on a date."

She pauses in her efforts, taking the time to part her robe and slip it back over her shoulders. Once again she exhibits her breasts, marvels of feminine sculpture. I feel my penis stir in response. She notices, laughing in girlish curiosity.

"Do that again. I like that."

It was an unintended somatic reaction which amused. I begin to quiver, the sense of shame combined with hormones in great need of relief. For years my penis was systematically milked, hormones infused through the feeding tube... hormones exuded through a well controlled exploding penis.

And now... abject denial... turmoil!

"You may touch it if you'd like, Miss Cassandra," a clumsy ploy.

"You must think me quite naive, Roberta. Does it get like that for mom?"

"Yes ma'am."

"So how does she get you back into this thing?"

I dread having to answer. But the leather crouch will need to be returned, I cannot imagine the punishment if Miss Evelyn learns of the afternoon's antics.

"Cold water ma'am."

“Yes, of course. Well, make it waggle for me again before I begin with the cold water. This thing is almost dry and sometimes mom gets home early.”

I obediently pull on PC muscles well trained. She laughs again, a puppeteer pulling my strings. Then she stands, disappointingly rights her robe and turns the cold water valve.

A teenaged girl obtains a further lesson on male anatomy. Miss Cassandra callously applies the frigid water, laughing with every one of my gasps, greatly amused in having the power to not only have the male appendage grow big and firm... but also the power to shrivel it to comical proportions.

Flaccid, my freezing testicles sucked up to the pubic bone, scrotal sac the size of a small peach, I am then dried, diapered and the waist belt buckled in place. But there comes the first measure of concern. It has shrunk, the buckle threaded through a different hole. Then the crotch piece, attached to the front, is pressed firmly against my penis and testicles then tightly buckled and locked in the back. Again, Miss Cassandra learns the reaction of leather to wetness. A different hole must be used.

Miss Evelyn is sure to notice.

Still, Miss Cassandra proceeds with her scheme. I am watered. I drink, drink, drink.

“We’ll need that diaper to be wet and smelly, Roberta. Otherwise mom will for sure know I changed you.”

Knowing I am doomed, I remain silent concerning the apparent clues left behind. Yet, perhaps a last meal for the condemned...

“Miss Cassandra may I again lick your breasts?”

“No. Mom must not catch me here in the basement. But tomorrow, if you like my taste that much, perhaps I will have you lick my feet... after track... sometimes they’re sore.”

Prancing Naked

I am heartened. Miss Evelyn arrived home and changed me, the many glasses of water mandating a fresh diaper. She did not notice the changes in buckling. Or, perhaps she *pretended* not to notice the change in buckling.

To give more thought to the situation is unproductive. The next morning the daily routine begins as if nothing had happened. I titillate my mind with thoughts of once again tasting Miss Cassandra. The notion that she has the key, that at her caprice my penis can be freed, strengthens the dynamic of our relationship.

She is more revered.

Breakfast served, diaper changed, housework begins, I am sure to launder all evidence of the prior afternoon...a diaper wringing wet from the shower, a towel used for my exit from the bathroom and out of place in the basement.

Miss Evelyn departs, uniformed in white, another busy day masturbating boys at the institute I am sure.

Vacuuming and cleaning, I become more excited as the day progresses thinking of Miss Cassandra's arrival, hoping once again the minx transforms to vixen.

And finally the hour arrives. Just after 4:30, a little earlier than normal, Miss Cassandra steps through the front door, track suite moist, ripe and tasty flesh beneath. I dash from the kitchen, tray in hand, drink to be offered, remembering to curtsy. She smiles, a look of slyness. Her reaction suggests she enjoyed yesterday's late afternoon dalliance, particularly as it seems all escaped the notice of Miss Evelyn.

"No more showering, Roberta. I'll not get that leather thing back on you a second time."

Disheartening, but quite the validate observation. Leather shrinks when wet. Though it is possible to restretch, we have neither the time nor the tools.

"But I did enjoy watching your penis bob about... and those plump balls."

As Miss Cassandra offers what I assume is a compliment, a free hand moves to her neck. An indistinguishable lanyard is removed and she holds it before me, beaming a smile. At the end dangles my key!

"So are you going to be a good girl for me?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Then go get one of the clips mom uses on your wrist cuffs."

It is the quickest trip ever to the basement. Waiting in my sleeping quarters is that which secures my hands behind my back while I sleep each night. I return to the living room and know to push my arms behind me. Within a second Miss Cassandra binds me.

"Yes you are a good girl. And you so much want to be naked for me... and show off for Miss Cassandra," the words are cooed as if to a toddler as I hear the small padlock click open and feel my testicles alleviated of the constant pressure of the crouch piece.

Next the contraption is unbuckled and Miss Cassandra lets it drop to the floor.

"Have you wet yourself?"

“No ma’am, I’ve been holding all day.”

Indeed, I did not want any messiness greeting my idol.

“So you must need to go potty,” stepping to my front to remove the diaper pins.

The thick garment falls to the floor as well.

“And with your hands bound, you’ll need some help, won’t you?”

I gulp, feeling myself already hardening. Yes I do have to urinate, and the need greatly abets the steady engorging of my penis.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“So Miss Cassandra will help. To the bathroom... upstairs. Prance for me... on your toes.”

I obey, Miss Cassandra laughs. Yes, she indeed enjoys watching my penis bob about. For as I reach the stairs, I am fully erect and the ungainly footwork causes my penis to exaggeratedly dip with each step.

She watches intently then follows. By the time I reach the toilet, the tip of my penis is at my navel. If I do summon the pluck to open my bladder, I know not where the flow will project.

Still, Miss Cassandra lifts the toilet cover and the seat, pretending not to notice my predicament. Then she steps back, folds her arms and smirks.

“You said you had to go.”

“Yes ma’am... but it’s... it’s awkward.”

“Urinating before a woman?”

“Well, yes. And being... well being erect.”

And I will stay erect. It’s a wicked cycle... her presence, the need to empty myself, the intense humiliation, the raging hormones... all lead to a level of tumescence not to be subdued.

“I will wait. I have a treat for a girl who will urinate for me.”

She lifts her right foot, tugs the lace then does the left. She kicks off her running shoes then peels away moist socks.

“Empty yourself and earn a taste, Roberta. Be obedient.”

“It will be sloppy... here... like this.”

“Then where?”

I think, quickly. She will withhold... that I know.

“The shower. I will clean it afterwards.”

Miss Cassandra smiles, our thoughts seeming to dovetail.

“Down. On your knees. Into the shower. You’ll empty yourself for me like a little doggie. And I have a treat for a little doggie that likes to sniff and lick.”

Such deviance!

I drop and shuffle, positioning my pubes over the drain in the center of the stall. Squatting on my heels and calves seems to alleviate some physical difficulty.

“Look at me,” the command reminiscent of observing mother Evelyn as she so often masturbated me.

And so I look up into the face of my young angelic idol, hard on raging, need becoming more urgent.

“Well... urinate for me.”

She lifts her right foot, pressing the sole to my face. I sense a brisance of not before experienced thrill. My urethra opens. My excretions stream to the shower floor. I lick, deluged with sensory input. An athletic, well toned Miss Cassandra stands on left foot while I engulf her right. Lapping vigorously, she unzips and peels away her sweat shirt then her sports bra. Sweat coated breasts!

Will it only be the feet that I taste?

Trouble

I am hooked up. Been hooked up for hours. And I remain naked and somewhat erect.

Miss Evelyn returned home early, first discovering my diaper and my leather chastity device on the living room floor. Then Miss Cassandra’s giggling drew her to the upstairs bathroom where I knelt in the nude, licking every inch of daughter Cassandra made accessible.

Yes, she stripped of everything, standing over me as I knelt, wrists bound, begging to have more and more access to her charms.

‘Just a little press with my penis,’ I cajoled, so much desiring to frottage against her calve.

I was denied, and it was about then that we were discovered.

My legs tired long ago. I thus once again hang by my wrists, knees just above the floor of the tub.

Handsome Miss Evelyn sits in a nearby chair, her rage oddly well contained.

“You know Robert, being trained as a nurse, we know to offer care, alleviate suffering, give comfort,” the voice calm, cool, collected.

“Yet inversely, that means we know pain... understand pain... what hurts in a dilatory manner... what hurts quickly... what hurts meaningfully... what hurts without real harm.”

I nod, for some reason looking into her eyes just as I so often did at the institute.

“So it can be reasonably assumed that a nurse can dispense pain very specifically... and in a very deliberate manner... no damage... no harm... just rattle the cerebral cortex, so to speak.”

She stands, leans forward. A simple clothes pin from the laundry room, that which I use daily, is pressed open, thrust into my nostrils and released, the prongs closing to pinch the myriad of nerves at the tip of my nose.

I howl. The pain indeed specific with no damage, no real harm.

“I allow you to be here to serve. For that I offer shelter, food and care. Your role is simple... cook, clean, assuage a girl’s natural curiosity concerning things male, offer her empowerment by way of your servility.”

A pause, then she again approaches. Another clothes pin, this one to my right nipple, another howl.

“I trusted. But I have come to realize, whereas it is impossible to both introduce a teenaged girl to the world *and* control her concupiscence... I *can* control you, Robert.”

Clothes pin to the left nipple. Another howl.

“Another concern, husband Mark’s contract expires in three months. A father will even have less understanding and empathy for antics such as those displayed this afternoon. Cassie has great prospects in sports, Robert. Sex does not, will not enhance those prospects. Do you understand that?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Do you know your erection is throbbing even more with the application of pain, Robert? That is quite telling. That is why you were selected for the institute. We know males like you, understand males like you. And that is why you are going to agree to certain transformations.”

She stands reaches down and cups my scrotum. I cannot believe she will clothes pin my testicles... cannot believe I can take the agony. She does and I do.

Several minutes pass as I lurch and squirm in my bonds, my lungs emptying of air, Miss Evelyn sitting calmly and repressing a smile.

“You will agree to take a pill... every morning. I can make you take it, but I want you to willingly take it. And I want you to fully understand what it does and what it will do. You are to be emasculated, Robert. It is the only manner in which you will stay here. Husband Mark will accept a maid. Daughter Cassandra will be free to play with you... and I... I am going to have much fun making you into a girl... a very polite obedient serving girl. Each and every day you will change... your penis shrinking, your balls shriveling, your desire for ejaculation dissipating, your need for bondage becoming superfluous. You so much enjoyed prancing about naked with my daughter... that will be what you will have.”

I am crestfallen, the words bringing more discomfort than the nasty clothes pins.

“Do you agree... *Roberta?*”

Miss Evelyn has not before used the appellation so jubilantly applied by Miss Cassandra.

I ponder. First consideration, rid myself of the clothes pins. Second, keep a roof over my head. But most curious there is the third... being with Miss Cassandra.

I agree. I have no choice.

Cyproterone Acetate

“This is a strong anti androgen, Roberta. Its primary effect is to suppress the production of testosterone, that which offers you such unwanted drive and desire, and more importantly suppress metabolite dihydrotestosterone production as well. In time, all production will be completely curtailed and then we can start you on estrogen... make you nice and plump and soft, puff those nipples and bring welcomed sensitivity.

“Meanwhile, as suggested, your male organs will begin to shrink... partially due to the cyproterone acetate, partially due to disuse. Those nice firm erections of yours will not only fade, you’ll not really care to have them. In time such will offend you, no longer give rise to male pride. The mental side of the process can be deliciously amusing.

“Yet I cannot have you running about naked with even a tiny pair of balls, Roberta. Even you will find such to be unsightly as your emotional transition progresses. So when the time comes, when shriveled to the size of peanuts, I’m going to return your testes from where they descended while in the womb. Yes, pressed right back into the inguinal canals. You’ll need to wear a special brace for awhile... you will find clothing and all covering for that matter to be burdensome... but in time the cremaster muscles will tighten. Then with your nicely softened, highly sensitive skin you can prance about the house completely naked and we’ll never see those

male tidbits again.

“And then there’s the penis. It will shrink to comical shortness, Roberta. I’ll want it to remain so all will know of your transformation... your emasculation. You will display it to any and all they’ll smile knowing someone has decided to make you into a little girl. And you will have some joy in playing with it, Roberta. I am told neutered males can still achieve a dry orgasm, drool some pre ejaculatory fluid. But if that becomes a problem, we’ll address that as well.”

Miss Evelyn concludes a very enthusiastic lecture and slides a 50 milligram tablet across the kitchen table.

“I could increase the dosage, Roberta. But I want to castrate you slowly. I want you to first day after day contemplate the horror. Then in time, learn the joy of being freed of your male needs... free to serve... free to please... free even to bring pleasure to others.”

Is that my quivering hand picking up the pill? A glass of water awaits. I remain for now in diapers, leather belt and pouch. I assuage my apprehension, convincing myself the pill will bring relief from such restraints.

I place the tablet in my mouth. I drink. I swallow. Miss Evelyn smiles.

“Cassie is eager as well, Roberta. Think of the process as joining her.”

The Process - The Chart

Miss Evelyn teaches a long lesson and a harsh one.

Opposite where I hook up, on the basement wall, there is a chart. Each day Miss Evelyn measures my male tidbits, unfurling a penis which rarely hardens, tugging at testicles which seem to want to bashfully hide high in my scrotal sac.

Length and circumference, the shrinkage is distressing steady, the numbers are boldly recorded... for me to reflect upon as I await Miss Evelyn’s return for evening ablutions and to be bedded.

I am depressed, a known side affect of cyproterone acetate. And I am lethargic, making the house cleaning chores even more challenging.

Miss Cassandra has been relieved of her key, the ruse of needing to offer an emergency diaper change and cleansing brought to light with that memorable afternoon, caught naked together in the shower.

My diet is of creamy dairy stuff. Yes, I am to be plumped, my hairless body to be quite the contrast to Miss Cassandra’s muscled athleticism. And my nipples? Are they indeed puffing, turning to the cute but growing bumps of a pubescent girl?

Perhaps it is psychosomatic. But no other segment of Miss Evelyn’s prophetic lecture has proven to be untrue.

What heartens? At some point I will be deemed neutered and harmless, freed of the cumbersome chastity contraption, and hopefully be able to more aptly serve Miss Cassandra.

Meanwhile, no more shenanigans, as Miss Evelyn terms our antics. I finish the housework and immediately descend and hook myself up. If I do not, it is a well rebuked Miss Cassandra who will assure I do upon arriving home from school. No more greeting her with refreshments, no more assisting with her soiled laundry... the guise under which the rules were first encroached then broken.

As I count the measurements on the chart, I find I am six weeks into a daily dosage of the anti androgen. My knees seem to buckle and I slump sooner each and every day, my plumpness hanging from the trapeze bar by my wrist cuffs.

Today, I hear footsteps above. Miss Cassandra has returned from school but that is no longer of consequence. I dangle at the behest of Miss Evelyn and await her graciousness. Yet, within moments the basement door opens and footsteps descend. It is Miss Cassandra. I brighten, but no longer feel in my chastised loins the stirring, that twinge which begins engorgement.

She pauses to read the chart, noting the decline.

“Lost three inches. Tsk. Tsk,” her look lugubrious.

As she turns and approaches she notes my concern.

“Don’t worry about me being here, mom says it’s time to begin,” that smile of slyness so radiant.

I still adore, but it is now a different adoration. Girlish envy?

She carries a bag and pulls over a table and chair.

“Can you stand?”

“I have no strength, Miss Cassandra.”

Mercy is afforded. Such is rare. Miss Cassandra steps to the right wall where the cable for the trapeze bar is tied off. She releases, lowers until my knees for the first time rest on the tub floor, then reties, wrists remaining tethered above but much stress relieved.

“Got some girly stuff for you. You’ll need to relax to truly enjoy.”

Yes, girly stuff. Makeup, nail polish, another wig.

“Daddy has a thing for blondes. Angers mom, but she wants to make it as easy as possible for you to be acceptable, so... you’re going to be a blonde.”

I am. And as prophesied, the notion does not entirely distress.

Anti androgens!

Ejaculation!

A mirror has been propped next to the chart detailing my slow transformation and I can now visually assess my transition in addition to viewing the numerical evidence.

Miss Cassandra visits late on every afternoon while I am hooked up. Applying makeup, tidying up the garish pink polish applied to finger and toe nails, brings a decadent thrill. She spent many afternoons plucking my eyebrows and, just as with my nails, meticulously grooms daily to assure femininity. She brings wigs, all blonde, and prinks and preens with the care of a cosmetician trying to attain a certain look.

“Look how pretty you are, Roberta!” she will gush, pointing to the mirror.

For many days her antics deepen the depression. But then sometime in week eight, according to the chart, after many afternoon visits, mascara, rouge, eyeliner is applied with great care and a blonde wig of pigtails anoints my baldness. She steps aside, standing beside to look in the mirror, pointing to suggest that I do so as well. She tweaks a nipple, highly sensitive, then laughs. For the first time I join her, first squealing with the evanescent touch then giggling like a school girl. Her fingers feel good, and something within happens in staring at my reflection.

I realize, I not only giggle like a schoolgirl, relishing Miss Cassandra’s caring touch, and look like a schoolgirl... but I begin to feel a schoolgirl!

“You won’t be in diapers too much longer, Roberta.”

The notion both thrills and saddens. For I will only escape the ubiquitous leather crouch piece and thick cloth beneath when I am fully neutered... castrated.

That evening Miss Evelyn comes to the basement with a familiar electrical box... the electro ejaculation device. My belt and crouch piece are removed, my anus lubricated and despite my protests, the stout electrical probe is inserted.

“Borrowed this from the institution. Time to have your sperm tested... if you still produce any.”

I recall my initial introduction to Miss Evelyn, then known as my extraction nurse, at the institution. Much of the procedure repeats with a much smaller version of the collection vessel capping an emaciated penis.

“You’re going to dance for me,” a smug Miss Evelyn proclaims.

Then comes the hum and as I helplessly hang by my wrist cuffs, Miss Evelyn presses the button to jolt my loins. Dance I do, the shock bringing an uncontrollable spasmodic reaction, legs

flailing.

Then again and again, the male spending in a series of three... though I doubt those applications of voltage produced anything.

“Clear as water, Roberta,” Miss Evelyn dangling the resulting specimen before me. “It may well be your last.”

The thought again spurring depression.

The Next Step

“Sperm count... zero,” Miss Evelyn triumphantly announces. “No more chastity belt, no more diapers.”

Why is it that the thought of prancing about the house completely naked brings delight?

I am hooked up awaiting evening ablutions and bedtime. The leather crouch piece is removed... for the last time! I am washed. Though the hands are quick and mechanical, my hormonal change brings forth a different sense of enjoyment in being owned, governed and completely controlled by a woman. In a way I curse my inner reaction... in a way I relish it.

“Cassie, come down and watch. I need your help and there are things to learn.”

Miss Cassandra’s presence always thrills, my heart leaping as I hang naked and Miss Evelyn pats me dry. My idol negotiates the stairs with athletic grace, smiling in seeing me naked for the first time in many weeks, stifling laughter in noting what Miss Evelyn’s daily dosage has decimated.

My pinky finger is now larger than my penis.

“The next step... your inguinal brace.”

Miss Cassandra stands and watches intently as Miss Evelyn opens a box and produces what I can only describe as a jock strap but without a pouch to support the scrotal sac and cover the penis. It will circle the waist, I note, and two formidable straps hang at the front at the hips, evidently to cross my pubes at an angle, slip between my thighs, and just as with the crouch piece attach at the waist at my lower back.

“In the womb, certain muscles... the cremaster muscles... relax to permit a boy’s testicles to descend down the inguinal canal into the scrotum... essentially the flesh that forms a girl’s labia,” Miss Evelyn explains. “Well the canals remain and it is possible to reverse the procedure. Transvestite dancers do it all the time... temporarily. Too long tucked away and the body heat will lower sperm levels... that which Roberta here no longer produces. Tucked away for very long and the cremaster muscles will tighten, the balls never again to be seen.”

I am horrified to feel Miss Evelyn’s fingers palpate my scrotum as she speaks, finally isolating my right testicle.

“Tough to find these little pearls. But I got one. Now watch Cassie, I’m just going to press, slowly but firmly, up toward the right hip. This would not have been so easy before I began to castrate him, the gonad too large. But it’s now the size of a small acorn... and up... we... go,” deft finger action accompanies her words as indeed I feel my teste, somewhat chemically numbed, glide into my viscera.

“How does that feel, Roberta? Maybe you should say goodbye. It’s not to be seen again,” Miss Evelyn cruelly taunts as she holds her fingers... and my right testicle... well into my body.

“We’re going to hold this in place for a few weeks using that inguinal brace. Normally used to offer relief to people with inguinal hernias, Roberta here will wear it and wear it until the cremaster muscles tighten. And body heat will finalize the process of castration. But there is the added advantage that we’ll no longer have to look at the remnants of maleness... other than this cute little thing,” a free finger tapping my penis.

There is a pause in the lecture as Miss Evelyn replicates her handiwork with my left testicle... pushing firmly into the opposing inguinal canal and holding with noted dedication.

“Now Cassie, this is a two woman task. Strap the brace around his waist for me. Those loose straps hang in the front.”

Normally there comes a frisson of delight in experiencing Miss Cassandra’s presence and touch. But not now. The depression looms. I will never again see my testicles. Such are doomed.

“Ok. Let’s do the right nut first. Pull that strap between his thighs and up to the back... quick and tight... when I move my hand.”

Well coordinated, the deed is done. How do I feel having my idol, Miss Cassandra, perform the last step? It’s oddly comforting feeling those powerful hands and arms tighten and tighten. Why?

The left is next and I hear familiar clicks. The inguinal brace is locked in place.

“You’ll feel a dull ache for a few days, Roberta. It’s your little nuts dying... their last gasp... a final plea. But I assure you, they’re no longer of use. The lab at the institute is never wrong. You’re now more girl than boy.”

Reflections

I now must control my bladder. Curious how lazy one becomes in diapers. It is no wonder some infants are difficult to potty train.

For now my wrists remain secured behind my back while I sleep. Miss Evelyn wants me to acclimate and with the dull ache she aptly described, there is a tendency to cede to desperation, attack the locked inguinal brace with a knife or other sharp object.

So when freed for housework, I am supervised, Miss Evelyn enjoying the sight of a tiny, once

male appendage flopping about between the emasculating straps of the brace.

Before she leaves for the institute I am returned to hook up, the house work left incomplete. As I await Miss Cassandra, I find I can urinate into the tub if needed.

In my neutered state, I am deemed harmless and interaction with the ravishing finely shaped girl resumes. She releases me to complete the housework after returning from school... again supervising closely. And just as with mother Miss Evelyn, my shrunken, shriveled penis amuses.

“Do you want your straps tightened, Roberta? Make you feel more comfy?” she taunts, reaching down to diddle the underside of that which amuses.

Oddly enough, as stated, there is a degree of sanguineness knowing that it is by her hand my emasculation is undergoing completion. I just smile and shake my head.

I find it is difficult to pass by a mirror and not stare. My transformation is thorough. Hairless, plumped, nipples puffed and seeming to invite attention, nails pink, eyebrows plucked, at times remnants of makeup depending on when Miss Cassandra last amused herself.

And then there is the inguinal brace. I find it hideously clinical, and I want it gone... but for strange reasons. I want it removed because it's not pretty. By day three the dull ache dissipates. Is that good or bad? Still there is the morning pill and when Miss Evelyn inquires and I inform that the ache is gone, another pill is offered.

“Estrogen, Roberta. It is best. Without testosterone it will have great affect. You'll become moody but very meek and even more docile. It is best for you. Your breasts will better develop. Mark arrives home next month. You'll not so much want to please him as you will want to be accepted into the household. So indulge him. Only one rooster in the henhouse...”

I ingest without hesitation. Why?

Well, within a week there are indeed mood swings. Most telling, when Miss Cassandra came to the basement to release me for house work, I made a humble request. The wig... the blonde pigtails... I asked to wear it about the house. Miss Cassandra smiled.

“Of course, Roberta. You look cute in pigtails. Do you enjoy looking cute?”

Bashfully, I nodded.

As suggested, on weekends, Miss Evelyn began teaching me to cook. It is explained that I must demonstrate my usefulness, show that I can earn my keep, to husband Mark.

I am taught more exacting serving techniques. My curtsy is perfected. I am given books on etiquette. Strange how such an aptitude for domesticity develops. Estrogen!

Naked at Last!

I am hooked up. Miss Evelyn playfully pinches large tufts of fat, accumulated over the past months of hormonal changes and diet heavy with dairy food. 'Lactose', Miss Evelyn explains. 'Good for developing breasts'.

"You're plumping wonderfully, Roberta. So soft and girlish. Shall we see if those little balls of yours will pay us a visit?"

To be freed of the brace! I enthusiastically nod.

The locks are opened, the velcro torn away, the straps are pulled from between my thighs. Miss Evelyn palpates, pressing against my pubes right then left.

"I can feel tiny little bumps, Roberta. They're there, just where I want them. Never again to be seen. In time even the bumps will disappear. All gone!"

I am heartened when the hand reaches to the waist belt segment of the brace and again peels open a velcro strap. The hideous brace falls to the tub. I am naked.

"Yes so cute. So harmless."

I am unhooked and then Miss Evelyn takes the time to remove my wrists bands!

"You're castrated, transformed to a little girl... a little serving girl," Miss Evelyn smiling with pride, patting a rounded fattened buttock.

I squeal... like a little girl. Smiling in odd pride, my hands lower. I begin to feel for myself then stop myself.

"May I, Miss Evelyn?"

"Play all you want, Roberta. But keep in mind you still have a prostate. If you drool on the furniture and carpet we'll need to make more changes. I'll milk you from time to time, perhaps teach Cassie as well, but if that doesn't forestall the flow, I'll have you riding the pipe until that little gland quits."

I nod understanding as my fingers gather the thin flesh of my empty scrotum. Gone indeed, there is nothing within and my own touch seems foreign. Still it pleases. There is new found sensitivity. Then fingers move to the penis. Toying there brings a thrill... but it is different... distant... dulled...

"Go show Cassie. I think she has something for you... and she'll want to do a facial."

The thought brings a smile and I step out of the tub and prance to the stairs. Feeling my tiny appendage so meekly flop about brings cheer... I know its pusillanimous display entertains... it pleases... and I so much want to please.

To Miss Cassandra's bedroom, I humbly knock on the open door. Sitting in her fluffy flowing robe reading, she looks up and smiles.

"Look at you Roberta! Completely naked, nicely plumped and looking so little girlish."

I blush. Her words excite... in a strange manner arouse... but it is a different arousal.

"Come, kneel at my feet."

Yes, I dash forth and drop to the bare feet I laved with my tongue months before.

"A gift for you. Mother has suggested you prefer complete nakedness, you will better being exposed and exhibited, but this won't offer much covering."

She reaches to a table where there are two boxes. She opens the larger and draws out a collar. Polished stainless steel, open at the hinge, it is lipped at the front where it will forcibly hold up my chin. Beneath there is a large ring embedded. From that hangs a metal disk.

"I had it inscribed... 'Cassie's Pet'," her golden brown fingers twisting to present the engraved metal.

I know to humbly present myself, placing my head in her lap.

"Spring loaded clasp, Roberta. No key... no removal. Most times you will have the run of the house. But there will be times you'll need to be restrained... and punished."

I want to kiss the hands but instead remain still as my neck is encircled. The collar snaps shut with finality. Despite the snugness, the lip pressing against my chin, it brings a thrill... it brings comfort... there is a need that feels fulfilled. I am owned and with that comes care. I will be fed, offered shelter and warmth. No more diapers. No more leather belt. No more inguinal brace.

"There are earrings you'll wear for me. Mom is going to pierce your ears."

I slide my head away and further stoop. I kiss her feet.

"Now you may lick... and mother won't mind a bit."

Pictures

The piercings hurt but bearing the pain worthwhile. A glitzy diamond stud adorns each earlobe. Large, most likely cheap rhinestones, quite ostentatious, the baubles send a message, augmenting the restrictive neck collar. Since no girl would willingly wear such gaudy jewelry, she must be owned.

Yet, since such are gifts from Miss Cassandra I beam with pride.

"Now go see Cassie. We want you to look especially pretty today. Going to take some pictures."

“Pictures?”

“Yes, for Mark. If you’re going to be allowed to stay I have to begin acclimating him to the idea. Can’t have him just walk in the door and be greeted by a naked emasculated serving boy. He’ll need to think of you as the girl I’ve transformed you into.”

With that comes a playful but firm smack to my left buttock, sending me upstairs.

“Such a plump little backside you’re developing, Roberta. Very girlish.”

I prance, smiling with the notion that my fattened backside pleases. Though I oddly have not gained weight. Muscle mass has atrophied, replaced by layers of fat, the estrogen wreaking havoc with my endocrine system. And I care not.

Into Miss Cassandra’s bedroom, an array of cosmetics awaits. For nearly an hour I am prettified, pinked and preened. For the first time there is lipstick applied and when finished I am both amazed and delighted in looking into the mirror. I am a girl! Without a milligram of testosterone, deluged by estrogen, breasts of a pubescent girl, pigtails of a ten year old, but for the high neck collar I look like a precocious daughter who has marauded her mother’s supply of cosmetics.

Miss Evelyn joins us, camera in hand.

“How pretty you look, Roberta!”

I blush, my circulation rushing... with excitement?... with embarrassment?

Back to the basement, for some reason Miss Evelyn desires an austere backdrop, perhaps to best highlight the coloring applied... golden hair, crimson lipstick, matching crimson finger and toe nails, rouge, eyeliner etc.

So I stand before a wall of plain concrete, Miss Evelyn positioning herself with the camera, Miss Cassandra observing from the side.

“No smiles, Roberta. Just look into the camera. Arms at your sides.”

I obey and there come two clicks.

“Quarter turn to the right,” click, click, my left side recorded.

“Another turn,” the camera capturing my posterior.

“Another turn,” profile pics of my right side.

“Good girl. Now Cassie has a little something for you to wear... just for a minute of two. We

know you like to be naked for us.”

I do. I do not fully understand it, but I do. It’s the power exchange I suppose.

Miss Cassandra approaches with what can only be described as a bikini bottom. A set of thin strings, a gaudy red silk triangle for my pubes, she circles my waist, her nearness, her touch thrills as always. The silk is drawn over my barely discernible penis. Then the bottom is secured with strings which encircle my upper thighs. Curious that, as opposed to a thong, no part of the brief garment meddles with my gluteal cleft.

“Ok. More pictures,” Miss Evelyn commands.

The scene repeats, more clicks, no smiling. In fact, I am told to appear sullen.

In retrospect, the photos would suggest I am a prisoner, photographed against my will. Better... a slave girl presented at auction... expressing apprehension over potential ownership.

No Big Bellies

Emasculated to assure my presence, my intense admiration for Miss Cassandra, will not result in pregnancy, a somewhat devious Miss Evelyn encourages a new regimen. Deemed harmless, my balls having been rendered not only useless but never again to be seen, the interaction which prompted my castration is permitted to resume.

With Miss Evelyn’s concurrence, Miss Cassandra instructs that I am to await for her after every school day in the upstairs bathroom. I do and learn to better serve. Being neutered, my presence is akin to that of the family dog. Nudity is no longer of concern. Thus upon arrival I stoop and untie the laces of her running shoes. As she slips off I unzip her sweat shirt, hands shaking, body quaking. I assist to reveal the spandex sports bra, releasing the velcro straps to uncover sweat moistened globes which gleam in the room light. I next lower the sweat pants as she steadies herself, hands on my soft shoulders. Remaining kneeling I then peel away the socks, reveling in her scent.

We are both completely naked... but for my rigid neck collar. Such thrill!

Then it is shower time. I adjust the flow, kneel, soap, lave, cleanse and on occasion massage. Such exquisiteness.

By weeks end Miss Cassandra notes stubble. Her fine mons is to be kept glabrous and I am appointed a new task. She sits on a stool, parts her thighs and I am offered an unfettered view of her womanhood. There is excitement. But different. I no longer feel the twinge in my loins, the precursor to tumescence, the need to harden. Instead I feel a different need... to covet, to nurture, to care... a mother adoring a child.

“Do be careful, Roberta. Any cuts or nicks and you’ll not have your taste,” handing me lotion and a razor.

Full access to the feminine charms of my idol! Yet, as I tenderly apply lotion, it dawns, this is all I will have. I am meek, a neutered puppy. Miss Cassandra is so firm, such womanly puissance. I will never frolic here as a man... only as a servant. The notion depresses. Perhaps it is the abundance of estrogen, evidencing the need to further mentally, emotionally adjust. But my gloom burgeons. I well up, the accumulation of tears forming a rivulet which streams. In smearing my mascara, my sadness is not to be concealed.

“So glum, Roberta. I thought you’d like serving me there,” hands reaching to remove my wig of golden pigtails.

I have before washed her, soaped chamois gently brushing her fine labia, and that has brought cheer. But now, fingers exacting with the razor the intimacy is consummate, and it is frustratingly incomplete. I want to be with her as a man.

I brush away the tears and complete the task, dabbing away remnants of white suds on mocha flesh.

“Stand for me, Roberta,” the voice stern.

A hand reaches forth and gathers the thin fleshiness of my empty sac, the fingers feigning a search for that which is longer.

“Gone Roberta. Never to return. No balls. You will never serve a woman as a real man. You’re neutered. It is best for boys like you,” the fingers kneading to futilely search for manly organs no longer present, driving home the message. “You must accept that. You must learn other skills. Learn to otherwise please a woman.”

The fingers move to my penis and playfully tantalize there. Her touch feels good but her message is further driven home when she clucks her tongue as a mother would with wounded child.

“Not much here either, Roberta. Does it stand? Ever?”

I shake my head. I have attempted to toy there, recalling youthful masturbatory efforts before being strapped to the institution’s table. But despite the distant joy, nothing happens.

“Good. There would not be much use if it did harden.”

The cruel words bring a steady lachrymal flow, my makeup ruined.

“Well,” a merciful Miss Cassandra suggests, “may as well get into the shower with me. Your face is a mess. And I have something that will cheer you up. You like my taste?”

I nod with the enthusiasm of a child offered ice cream.

“Then you shall have it... often.”

Miss Cassandra hooks her index finger through the sizable ring at the front of my collar. She lifts, her strength amazes. Her guiding tug brings comfort.

Expanded Servitude

Miss Cassandra demonstrates her inordinate strength as her left index finger directs me into the large stall shower, pulls downward and has me kneeling, her freshly shaven mons within inches. Muscle structure dissipating, my head and limbs bob and flop as if she drags about a rag doll.

Her right hand turns the valve, quickly adjusting, normally my task. A modest flow begins, bringing welcomed warmth, but much less than a normal shower. The spray hits her shoulders then streams down her divine form, some flow eventually diverting to my soft pink nakedness.

“So, a new chore for you. Put your lips to mine. Licky lick,” her controlling finger leaving to doubt as to which lips.

My heart leaps. Though her finger remains in place the firm guidance is not needed. My hands move to the back of her thighs for balance. I lean, pressing my lips to the wondrous grotto, ripe mocha flesh yielding to the fine pink of her inner labia.

“Go ahead, lick. Hold on to my buttocks. Squeeze gently if you’d like.”

I do, hands rising, offering leverage. My tongue plunges. Our intimacy expands, lips offered access to where my hands and fingers have cleansed.

Lips locked, more water finds its way to my head and face. I sense Miss Cassandra further part her feet.

“If you drink, you’ll have even more of my taste Roberta. Matter of fact I insist. Be a good girl.”

More wetness, warm like the shower, but salty, somewhat odorous. My mouth rapidly fills. Shower water? Is the spigot aimed at my face?

I try to pull back my head. Miss Cassandra’s finger tightens. She keeps me glued to her portal. I must either swallow or spit. I swallow some and then indeed must spit out. The flow stops.

“Don’t disappointment me, Roberta. Now open wide, drink and enjoy. We’ll practice. I’ll try to go slower, you try to drink faster. In time you’ll take all I have to offer and not spill a drop.”

The flow resumes, the tension on my neck collar impressive. It’s Miss Cassandra, I tell myself. Please her. Enjoy her taste. Nothing from her can be unpalatable.

In time I manage to take some half of her excretions, vowing to try harder. Emptied, she let me further explore with my tongue, feasting, bringing forth juices more savory. Hearing sighs of pleasure brought me pleasure. The deed ended with my mouth engulfing her clitoris, a bud of

immense proportions. Could it be that Miss Cassandra is now bigger than me?

She also sprayed. My hands sensed the enormity of her climax, the well toned muscles clenching in ecstasy. It is exquisite to bring something to her which I can never again have.

It dawned that the imposing lip of my neck collar, that which forces upwards my chin, when kneeling holds my face at the perfect angle for cunnilingus... and other oral duties.

Thereafter, taking Miss Cassandra's flow became a daily ritual. Humiliating yes, but subjugating myself to Miss Cassandra was becoming joyful. Such pleased her and served as a catalyst. Yes, forcing me to imbibe all her feminine juices emblemized her power, leading to the orgasm I could nurture with my tongue but otherwise never have... forever denied me.

A Boy Friend?

When not in servitude, I languish in my basement chamber. Hands no longer needing restraint with Miss Evelyn chemically devastating all sex drive, the ring of my neck collar is locked to a steel cable which offers limited mobility.

Miss Evelyn prefers that I sit and get fat.

So I can lie down, sit and stand but otherwise I am kept, further instilling a sense of abject servitude.

Saturday afternoons, after making a supply of sandwiches to be consumed at the leisure of Miss Evelyn and Miss Cassandra, I am fed, offered my glass of buttermilk then led naked to the basement where I am cabled.

I am offered books to read, a small library of feminist material plus 'how to' books on massage, cooking, proper etiquette. Though I have come to enjoy looking pretty, normally during these intervals in solitude endeavoring to look particularly effeminate is deemed superfluous... no one to whom to be exhibited.

Yet, sometime late in the afternoon, Miss Cassandra enters, makeup kit in one hand, small chair in another.

"Got a date. He's coming here first and I want to show you off."

What! The notion terrorizes. I am tormented by the thought of being introduced to Miss Evelyn's husband, Miss Cassandra's father. But a complete outsider! Naked, neutered, feminized!

"Please no, Miss Cassandra. Not like this!"

"I agree. That is why I brought some makeup. Doll you up a little. Kneel."

I do of course. Miss Cassandra pulls up the chair and sits, leaning to quickly prettify my face.

“No lipstick, please.”

“Lipstick yes. You wouldn’t want Derone to think you are a boy.”

Not as meticulous as some evening sessions when Miss Cassandra will spend an hour or two assuring all male appearance is expunged, rouge, mascara and lipstick are hastily applied, my nails examined and offered a touch up. I begin to well up thinking of the intense humiliation, displayed naked to a man!

“Stop crying, Roberta. You’ll smear my work. You are to be exhibited to whomever we wish whenever we wish. It is best for you. Quash all thoughts of foolish male pride.”

“What about my penis?” a panicked thought.

“Hardly noticeable. I’m sure you’ll think of something.”

“Must I curtsy... to a guy.”

“You will curtsy to everyone, Roberta. It establishes your position... keeps your psyche in the proper place.”

Finished, Miss Cassandra playfully taps my nose.

“Be nice with Derone. Smile. You look so cute when you curtsy... and I know you so much enjoy looking cute.”

With that, she places my wig of pigtails on my head, adjusts then departs.

“I have to get dressed.”

The ensuing interval... alone, naked, cabled, and looking pretty... brings uncontrollable heart palpitations.

What will I do? What will I say? More importantly, what will this ‘Derone’ say?

I calm myself. I do not control... I obey... I serve... I please, I tell myself. If Miss Cassandra wants to show me, then that is the way it will be. But then, as I lie in my catatonic state, I realize my tiny penis is drooling. Yes the prostatic fluid, which Miss Evelyn prognosticated as potential unsightliness, streams forth. Its flow suggests a form of arousal. I am in fear, but I am stimulated. The intensity of the humiliation, introduced as a naked serving girl to a male... and in being so cognizant of Miss Cassandra’s athletic pulchritude one who will surely be most attractive... becomes a catalyst for strange sexual reaction.

The thoughts quickly fade as I hear the basement door open, footsteps and voices.

“We keep her restrained in the basement when not serving,” Miss Cassandra’s voice lecturing. “No clothing, mom says that brings undue pride.”

Into my chamber of concrete steps Miss Cassandra, ravishingly presentable for her date. Following is ‘Derone’, a huge young man of color, probably a gifted athlete as is Miss Cassandra.

“Roberta, this is Derone.”

I arise from lying supine. Cupping my hands over my pubes, I curtsy.

“Good evening sir,” feeling my circulation rush, my heart pounding, goose bumps forming. “Wow,” Derone gushes, “naked just like you said. And she does the housework and stuff like that?”

“Every day and always naked. Plus she serves me. Her massage is good... and getting better, isn’t it Roberta?”

“Yes, Miss Cassandra,” my voice so meek.

“A little fat. She needs to be exercised,” Derone’s eyes roving about, somewhat lasciviously.

“Mom likes her like that,” Miss Cassandra extending her hand and tweaking my right nipple.

“She’s still growing breasts, so she gets lots of lactose.”

“She’s a little shy,” Derone noting the position of my hands.

Miss Cassandra smiles... it’s that sly smile.

“She’s not often introduced to guys, Derone. But that will change. Dad’s coming home and then our little Roberta will prance about the house naked in the presence of a man. Won’t that excite, Roberta?”

Based on the drooling prostatic fluid, it seems I should concur. But I remain bashfully silent and instead sullenly nod in thought.

“Well, we’re off to dinner and a movie. I’ll be back later Roberta... to say good night.”

Envy

I try to read but find my concentration is diverted by thoughts of the handsome and impressively built Derone. Did he note me staring at the front of his trousers... bulging where a man should bulge?

I tell myself that it is the perfectly flat stomach which enhances the illusion of being well hung.

Yet that thought brings equally depressing reflections... that he is so well toned and I am being forcibly plumped.

Miss Evelyn has stocked my small library with a rather graphic book... 'The Art of Cunnilingus'. I wonder if she is aware of the nature and thoroughness of the afternoon cleansings I now offer Miss Cassandra. It would seem my care and tendance are encouraged... Miss Evelyn not so much controlling Miss Cassandra's concupiscence but instead offering my servitude to temper it.

A girl will never have a big belly being licked to oral satiation. Yes, attaining the track scholarship seems paramount at 565 Riverview Terrace. So I read and begin to not only better understand the female genitalia but why, despite all the attention paid to my manicure, my finger nails are kept short. It seems there are certain digital manipulations which can greatly enhance the female orgasm over and above that of the tongue and lips.

Well into the book, Miss Evelyn descends. I am to be bedded for the night. Such means taking in much of the slack in my restraining neck cable such that I can only lie on the floor mattress. I am not sure why the protocol is necessary since my hands are free. But it seems Miss Evelyn insists that I sense her ownership even while sleeping.

"Cassie is on a date. So I am going to bed early," Miss Evelyn apparently unaware of the earlier visit.

She takes in the cable, leaving mere inches, and I know to kiss her feet in gratitude for her care. Before turning off the light she notices my reading and smiles.

"I'll have another book for you... next week... for when Mark arrives. Not to tell stories out of school... marital secrets... but Mark does not enjoy manual release. Isn't that ironic, Roberta? I masturbate boys for a living and my husband is not appreciative of my talent. But he'll never stop asking for the blow jobs I disdain. So for us it is only copulation. Though he fucks very well, I'm going to bring some spice into the relationship."

She smiles in thought then notes the prostatic drool about my inner thighs, the humiliation of Derone's visit commencing the flow and reading of cunnilingus prompting its continuance.

"You need to be milked. Tomorrow. On the kitchen table."

She turns off the light and steps to the doorway.

"Good night, pepper," shutting the door with a laugh, leaving me in the pitch blackness of the windowless basement room.

'Pepper'? The appellation perplexes. Then, as the heavy door is bolted and locked, I realize pepper is a spice... that which is to be brought into her relationship with husband Mark.

Tasting Derone

I am awakened to the last sound I heard before slumbering, the bolts of the thick door, now being unlocked.

Into my chamber slips Miss Cassandra, the divine Miss Cassandra, her fragrance announcing her presence well before her whispered voice.

She sees me stir.

“Shush, mom’s asleep,” pulling a low chair into the room.

She leaves the door ajar, offering a modicum of light, choosing not to turn on the lamp which I cannot reach.

“What do you think of Derone? Wonderful isn’t he?”

I know to nod agreement, not in a position to express any sense of dislike. And I don’t really dislike as much as I envy. He’s a man... an intact man... with my adored Miss Cassandra.

“He’s incredibly well built, Roberta... you know... down there... where a girl enjoys size in a man,” the words coming with a hushed girlish giggle.

She slips off her shoes and extends one foot. She knows I like her taste and indeed I kiss it.

“I was like that once, Miss Cassandra” my words possibly considered impudent, but offered so feebly.

It almost sounds like an apology, I think to myself.

“So what,” Miss Cassandra crassly retorts. “You’re more a girl now... a naked girl, collared and bound,” laughing haughtily as I lick again.

“And so nicely servile,” she adds ostensibly as a compliment, leaning to tweak my left nipple.

Her touch brings a smile and I giggle, like a little girl. I curse myself.

“Don’t tell mom,” Miss Cassandra suddenly aware of her transgression. “Derone got amazing hot looking at you. We fucked in the car before even getting to the restaurant. You’re a turn on...”

Miss Cassandra taps my nose, master to pet. For some reason, the fact that Miss Cassandra benefitted from what my nakedness spurred brings disconsolation. It should be me, not Derone, attaining pleasure from her charms. Envy seethes.

“He spent deeply, Roberta. He’s so long. And he exploded so hard it’s still inside. I’ve been holding it... for you.”

“For me?”

“You enjoy my taste. You may enjoy Derone’s. Besides, I have to pee.”

Miss Cassandra stands and hikes her skirt as I sputter words of protest. Such are futile of course. First, I am to be obedient... that is well ingrained. Second, the cable forces me to remain supine, the slack measured in inches.

“Be a good girl. You’re really getting good at this.”

I am. Miss Cassandra and I have wordlessly learned together, she to moderate her flow, me to imbibe lustfully, not a drop to go unsavored.

But here, with her quim brimming with Derone’s essence!

She arises, stands and straddles facing my feet. She then lowers pinioning my head between powerful thighs. Her scent, savored indeed, is more pungent, as it is just after track practice and heavy exercise. Her mons is steamy, moist, hot. I know to open and engulf. As I find her urethral opening my lips encounter traces of Derone. Spending deeply indeed, Miss Cassandra has managed to hold his seed well within, wickedly desiring to nurture me with it. It is foul, it disgusts, it sickens, yet in drinking from her daily, the deed proceeds. I am well trained, my subservience complete.

“Make sure you get it all, Roberta. No big belly for this girl.”

A misconception, that my cleansing oral efforts will forestall pregnancy. But despite being mistaken, her mindset encourages diligence... insists on diligence. And so I lick, gathering all, cognizant of Miss Cassandra’s sense of power, the exchange is palpable. While gathering and swallowing, her fingers toy with my empty sac, highlighting my emasculation, sending a message, reminding of my status. I am not a man... but I will taste a man.

“Drink from me,” finally comes the familiar command.

Bladder filled, Miss Cassandra can hold no longer. She releases. By rote I take all, her nectar oddly refreshing after being made to feast on Derone’s spending.

As noted, we’re well coordinated after many such encounters in the shower. We both endeavor to assure not a drop is spilled. Despite the darkness I can picture the look on her face, that of a nurturing mother feeding her infant child.

In completing the task I move to her clitoris. My idol proves to be insatiable, having fucked Derone, she climaxes again and I am presented a third offering of essence, this helping refreshingly feminine.

It is the ultimate humiliation. Yet, I feel disappointed when she finally arises. Plus, I feel essence of my own. Wet inner thighs suggest that more prostatic fluid has drooled, evidencing my own

demented joy.

Perhaps it is best that I be milked.

A Mother's Lesson

“He is neutered, Cassie, castrated. But that doesn't mean all male glands cease to function.”

I kneel on all fours on the kitchen table. Despite the many months of naked servitude, it remains difficult to be exhibited, be the center of attention for fully clothed women, particularly in appearing more feminine every day. So of course I blush as the divine Miss Cassandra stands before me, arms akimbo listening intently to Mother Evelyn's lecture.

To make matters worse, the drool seems to increase and indeed Miss Evelyn, standing to my rear, diddles my penis tip and gathers a bead of the secreting ooze.

She steps to my front to show Miss Cassandra.

“Prostatic fluid. In the intact male such is produced for lubrication and as a conduit for spermatozoa. Had I not castrated, I would masturbate her and relieve the flow. But since Roberta is emasculated there can be no normal discharge. Instead she drools. Gets messy as you can see.”

Her finger tip glistens with the slickness of my essence. Miss Cassandra nods understanding and Miss Evelyn smears the viscous drool on my nose.

“So we milk. Rectally,” Miss Evelyn proclaims as she dons latex gloves.

The covering of rubber brings a degree of disappointment. At the institution she masturbated me barehanded, the warmth of her deft grip became a catalyst for massive eruptions. There developed a Pavlovian response, the hand of my extraction nurse prompted deviantly delightful thoughts leading to stiffness and a willingness to obediently spurt male essence for her.

Now there is nothing to spurt. I meekly drool.

The left glove is lubricated. Miss Cassandra gloats in noting my discomfort.

“Step back here, Cassie, so you can better observe,” Miss Evelyn placing a bowl beneath my tiny manhood.

Next a gloved hand presses against my inner thighs left and right. I obediently spread wider.

“Forehead to the table Roberta. Arch your back for me.”

I comply and feel cool slipperiness, my gluteal cleft lubricated.

“See how naughty the castrated male becomes, Cassie. She's dripping in expectation.”

I am, something about the intensity of the humiliation spurs more flow.

“Slip in one finger, force the purse string muscle to accommodate, then press with a second.”

I lurch and moan as Miss Evelyn plunges.

“Pushing downward, toward the belly, you’ll feel a plateau. That’s the prostate gland, the source of this nastiness.”

The free hand reaches to my penis. My heart leaps with expectation, obeisance well ingrained, expecting to be stroked. Instead the index finger presses the top, deliberately avoiding the sensitive underside.

“Never offer pleasure when milking the castrate, Cassie. Be clinical, be thorough, do not be licentious or erotic. This a medical condition that is to be addressed. Notice that I coax the penis, just diddling a little to prime it. Sending a message... that it is to perform for me.”

My heart pounds feeling the gloved fingers, the inserted index and middle fingers mechanically wriggling about in a very steady manner, a single digit tantalizing my penis tip... at a zone which frustrates more than pleasures.

‘Stroke me please,’ I want to cry out.

“And here it comes. Good girl, Roberta. Get all this male goo out of you.”

I tuck my head to look back between my legs. Sure enough there is a steady flow of saliva like fluid slowly streaming to the waiting bowl. Whereas I formerly exploded potent male essence for my extraction nurse, I now humbly ooze impuissantly, the effluent useless.

“She’ll need to have this done to her every other week or so. Next time you wear the gloves, Cassie. In time we’ll condition her to begin drooling just with the smell of the latex.”

The Art of Fellatio

Adding spice. Miss Evelyn suggested my presence would, upon the return of husband Mark, add spice to her marriage.

So a new book is added to my small library... ‘The Art of Fellatio’.

The thought disgusts. But then I rationalize. Why should it disgust? I am more female than male from a hormonal standpoint. And physically, it is only my comical penis, perhaps not quite the size of Miss Cassandra’s clitoris, that evidences any hint of one time maleness.

And my alternatives? Steal some clothing, sneak out the door and venture into a harsh world in which I nearly starved months ago, before Miss Evelyn’s gracious offer of shelter.

I am collared.... in stainless steel. If indeed not removable, how do I explain? The ear studs, I suppose I can somehow extract. But then how am I to be construed? Am I a boy or a girl?

In the home of Miss Evelyn I need not explain anything. And I am cared for... fed... bathed... and there is Miss Cassandra... the divine Miss Cassandra.

Yet, in terms of explaining, who will I be... perhaps the more apropos inquiry... what will I be in the eyes of husband Mark? How is it that the man of the house... the rooster... will come to accept my presence?

I assuage my concerns, once again reminding myself of my status... a serving girl... humble... naked... coming to find comfort in being bound... reveling in oral servitude. It is not within my purview to be concerned.

Yes, there have been more dates with Derone, and thereafter I have come to sample his taste. So why should outright fellatio not be a logical next step?

“Derone asks about you, Roberta. Every time we fuck. I’m going to give him one of those photos mom took. Should it be one completely naked... or wearing your cute little ‘G’ string,” Miss Cassandra postures with a laugh.

“Please no, Miss Cassandra,” noting that I blush more and more readily.

“Yes, I suppose one of the ‘G’ string shots will have to do. He gets excited thinking of you prancing about the house... a naked collared serving girl. I don’t want to burst his bubble of arousal. No, it’s more fun thinking of him getting turned on by a castrate... neutered and feminized by a woman. Would you like to taste him, Roberta... I mean more intimately then cleansing me if his sperm?”

I shake my head with vigor, Miss Cassandra amused in noting how the notion upsets.

“Yes, I’ll get you all dolled up, blonde little girl pigtails, lots of makeup. And your only covering, that tiny patch of silk which barely covers a penis unused.

“He’s big and strong, Roberta. You’ll be quite envious. He can get really, really hard. But I’ll tell him to go easy... no face fucking... just have you lick and suck a little. Get him ready for me. You know how much I enjoy the full penetration, taking in the essence of a real man. I insist on being on top with him. He can offer quite the ride.”

My heart sinks, her words bringing visions and thoughts of male potency. She enjoys... and it should be me bringing such enjoyment, I think of the many, many times I spurted thick globs of manliness for her mother. My own potency! Now gone.

But then I realize the deed was always performed under the exacting tutelage of a woman... exploding into a collection vessel... and only at her behest... on her cue.

I well up. Miss Cassandra notes my sinking emotions.

“Yes, Roberta. I think it is best that you read that book mom recently gave you. You’ll not want to disappoint or anger a real man with deficient tongue work. And I understand if you do not properly open your throat it can hurt. And by all means you must swallow. Don’t be insulting and turn down a man’s offering...”

Miss Evelyn’s Ruse

Miss Evelyn speaks as a sizable cylinder of black rubber slowly slides inward. When I begin to gag she mercifully withdraws, but only a little, pausing to let me regain control of my throat... so she can slowly thrust again... and again.

“Oh, I can get it in a little deeper every day, Roberta. Are you swishing your tongue like a good girl? Men like to feel a saucy girl’s tongue on the underside of the penis. Just as you’ve read.”

I nod, silenced by the forced introduction of the dildo. My wrists are tethered behind my back, the cuffs temporarily returning during fellatio training. Failure to properly respond, react to Miss Evelyn’s demanding words and hand action, earns a pinch of nipples now hyper sensitive.

So I open... I lick... I suck... and I note how much the calloused Miss Evelyn wickedly enjoys, her tone of voice calm and soothing, forcing the semi firm length of rubber deeper and deeper each day.

And yes I have read... ‘The Art of Fellatio’. Husband Mark is to be pleased. The bizarre domestic atmosphere, any male discomfort with the presence of a neutered male transformed to a naked serving girl, to be mitigated by oral servitude.

“Now, when Mark arrives you’ll be wearing your patch. And always wearing your patch in his presence... until I say otherwise. I realize it will feel strange to be covered, but on the surface he is not to know the gender of your birth. He may or may not surmise it, but initially it is important that you not flaunt remnants of your maleness. Yes, we’re going to have you looking very pretty for him, our little serving girl. When he’s out of the house we’ll return you to complete nakedness... and you’ll feel better... won’t you?”

I nod, being completely naked before the fully clothed women of the house indeed brings both odd arousal and comfort. I am constantly made vulnerable and it pleases something within.

Finally, the bulbous tip of the faux phallus is deeply implanted and firmly held without motion. It is a test of my concentration in controlling the gag reflex. I surprise myself. I pass.

“Good girl,” Miss Evelyn cheerily exclaims, her assessment on par with mine.

Miss Evelyn slowly withdraws, the deep throating segment of my training concluding for the morning. Next I am to lick and suck her index and middle fingers, emulating what I am to offer

the penis of husband Mark. I gobble with feigned glee, avoiding more pinches. Then my tongue dances, swishes and swirls. She feels. She smiles. She is pleased. I am pleased.

“Purse your lips like a good girl.”

My lips so enshroud, the warm, wet tightness bringing a beaming smile.

“Yes, males offer the best fellatio, it is true. You just have to pretend its your little dick getting the attention... vicariously feel the joy of your own tongue.”

The rehearsal of oral servitude continues, the forced exertion intended to build even more stamina for a tongue which for many weeks has assiduously serviced daughter Cassie, though that is not to be divulged. Though my mouth begins to ache, I obediently continue. Disappointment is not to offered... not to be tolerated.

Finally the fingers withdraw. A tired mouth needs to utter.

“May I speak Miss Evelyn?”

“If it is important.”

“How am I to address your husband? How should I interact?”

“He is to be addressed as ‘sir’. And you will simply go about your household duties as always. He’s a man, he’ll notice you but you are not to entice or overly allure. Those plump rounded buttocks will speak for you. If he commands, you are to obey. But since you are a serving maid, and Mark does not get involved in household stuff, there will be little contact other than that initiated by me. Is that understood?”

“Yes ma’am.”

And so it is. I am to prance about the house in near nakedness, Miss Evelyn’s tone of voice and instructions suggesting that I am to be bait. So thoroughly trained in fellatio... yet I am not to offer myself.

Perhaps the extensive oral training is superfluous, I tell myself, still apprehensive about servicing a man.

But I doubt it. Miss Cassandra continues to plot. If not husband Mark, there will be some interlude with Derone I am sure.

The Day Comes

I quake. In fear? In apprehension? In strange masochistic expectation? Barely accustomed to being exposed to women, that quirky thrill of humiliation remaining, I will now be exposed to a man.

Thoughts of Derone's brief incursion in the basement come to mind. I blushed, fortunately able to cloak evidence of my former gender with my manicured hands. I curtsied so obsequiously... before a man!

And now such exposure and exhibition will be constant, my patch of silk so tiny! The binding strings so thin and susceptible to snapping!

And the knots. Simple bow knots at the lower back and the back of each thigh, to be slipped open with the slightest tugs. Such invite. I can be returned to nakedness in less than a blink of the eye, the humiliation of my altered gender exposed to an unwitting Mark... 'Sir'... with a mischievous giggle and some dainty pulls.

Yes, apprehension.

A limousine pulls to the front of the house. An excited Miss Cassandra bounds down the stairs with a pleasant exclamation of 'Daddie'!

A more composed and matronly Miss Evelyn exits the den, casually reading while I have labored to make the abode spotless. She opens the front door in greeting. I step aside to assure neither neighbors nor the limo driver partake in the lurid welcome awaiting husband Mark.

Bags in hand, the master of the house... now my master... strolls in triumphant return. It has been many months... time enough to castrate me... train me... strip me of all thoughts male... and prettify.

Yes, I am dolled to the hilt, blonde wig, manicure, pedicure, rouge, eyebrows plucked, eyeliner, mascara, audaciously fake diamond ear studs. I appear to be more hooker than maid, my sole covering of crimson matching my nails.

My neck collar, forcing high my chin, evidences the strictness of my servitude. Miss Cassandra's inscribed metal desk divulges our relationship... 'Cassie's Pet'. How am I to be accepted?

For some reason, I find myself shrinking back, strangely making more room as the large man of color steps through the doorway, timidly assuring I do not interfere or cross his path. Both Miss Evelyn and Miss Cassandra receive a paternal hug and kiss. The smiles are warm and genuine. The patriarch has been missed.

Words are exchanged. Everything appears to be a normal family reunion. Then the front door gratefully closes to limit my exposure. Yet husband Mark remains of course.

Finally he looks to where I quiver in near nakedness. He smiles. I suppose such would normally be considered a warm engaging smile, but it is difficult to so conclude when standing nearly bare and feminized so alluringly.

"Our new maid, prettier than her pictures," his eyes assessing every inch of my pink blushing flesh.

“Welcome home, sir,” the offered words so distressingly meek, my practiced curtsy seeming more obeisant than ever, bring a broadened smile.

I quickly conclude the purpose of the photo session weeks before was to acclimate... to a certain extent... husband Mark to the household’s new addition... me. I must assume only the pics of me wearing my tiny patch were forwarded by email.

He steps forth. I feel as frightened as a church mouse, visibly shaking, as there comes more focus to his visual examination.

“Cute. And you say she prefers to serve like this?”

“She’s... she has certain penchants, Mark. Nakedness is best for her. And I didn’t think you’d find objection,..” Miss Evelyn prevaricates. “Besides, she frees me and Cassie of tons of housework. Cooks breakfast... and is learning to better work in the kitchen.”

“We have a room for her?”

“She sleeps in the basement. Term it special quarters. Again, certain penchants need to be addressed.”

Husband Mark nods in agreement. Yes, apparently sent by email the revealing photographs have softened the shock of the introduction. Besides, if indeed as Miss Cassandra has intimated, ‘Sir’ finds attraction to blondes, how can he find objection to my prepubescent appearance?

“Does all the housework, you say? Guess that covers the cost of room and board...”

Coming soon, the second and final sequel ‘Conditioning the Male’.

Hope all have enjoyed.

CB