

# Happiness for All

Terry was so delighted to be a patient with the highly regarded psychiatrist Doctor Harvey Harries that he barely discerned the bored manner in which the good doctor listened to his catalogue of woes.

Terry explained that he was a crossdresser who was unable to get his wife to indulge him in his hobby. He was left feeling depressed and lonely. Not that she was a bad wife Terry quickly pointed out. She was dutiful, a good cook..."

A fed up Doctor Harries glanced at his watch. He had heard such pitiful moaning a thousand times before.

"...and a stunning looking girl."

Doctor Harries looked up, "stunning did you say?"

The patient explained how she was a blue eyed blond who had everything a man could desire. He described her breasts and bottom in such detail that Doctor Harries was left licking his lips. Why would such a gorgeous girl stay with a wimp like this he wondered?

Terry prattled on about how she would not even tolerate his need to be dominated. His favourite fantasy of being a French maid had to be played out while she was at work.

With a sigh he glanced across at the psychiatrist, "do you think you can help me?" he asked plaintively.

Harries brow furrowed, "there way be a way to make everyone happy with this situation," he announced.

Terry was intrigued.

The doctor instructed Terry to vow personally to his wife that he would not dress up again, unless she requested it. Terry was staggered, "but she would never suggest it!"

"Please listen," Harries barked impatiently, "then ask her which of the household duties she finds most onerous. Simply tell her that you intend to do more about the house and start with that chore. You must do it well. You must request her permission to carry out the chore and take care to ask whether it has been carried out to her satisfaction when you have finished."

Terry was hoping for something more positive regarding his crossdressing but he would give the good doctor's thoughts a try.

Terry made clear to his lovely wife Lucy his intention never to dress up in girls' clothes again, 'unless', he added hopefully, 'you request it.'

Lucy smiled indulgently at him and kissed him on his cheek. At last she could have a real man around the house. Not one who the moment her back was turned was pulling on stockings and panties.

With her in a good mood he moved on to the offer suggested by Doctor Harries.

To his surprise Lucy readily agreed that he could do more around the house. Terry asked which was the one job she hated most. Lucy beamed: "cleaning the bathroom and toilets!" Terry immediately, though distastefully, volunteered to be responsible for that job from now on. Lucy was suspicious, "we'll see," she smiled but hugged him all the same.

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On the following Tuesday appointment Terry was able to report to his psychiatrist that he had cleaned the bathroom and toilets for his wife and that she was reasonably happy with his performance.

Harries nodded delightedly. "Excellent. Now for stage two."

Terry was excited: would stage two involve dressing for her?

"You must take her favourite breakfast up to her every morning. Make sure that it is absolutely how she wants it. In the evening you must greet her at the door with a refreshing alcoholic drink."

Terry found it odd that they no longer discussed his problems but felt nothing but confidence in the experienced psychiatrist. Nor did he find it strange when Harries asked more about Lucy than about himself. Did they have sex much? Twice a week on average. Where did she work? With Safety First Insurance in the High Street. What did she like doing. Going out to restaurants and bars, something Terry admitted he was never very happy about.

Harries rattled on with his questions, reading from a prepared list: 'If she did not like dominating you what does she like in bed?' Terry was less comfortable giving away Lucy's urges but felt compelled to be honest. "She likes having her bottom spanked and being tied up and stuff," he watched Harries writing copious notes in his book so quickly added, "of course I could never do such things to her. I love her too much."

"Of course," smiled Harries agreeably. "It's only natural."

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Lucy did not enjoy her first breakfast in bed. She kept asking herself what was wrong. What was the bad news Terry was about to deliver? Breakfast in bed was like flowers, the sign of an apology - or maybe worse. Had he been sacked? Was he going to leave her?

All day long her mind swept along tormented routes of the dreadful possibilities that Terry could be preparing her for.

When she returned home that evening, at five o'clock on the dot as usual, the cold white wine that greeted her as she entered the door reinforced her fears. Even the glass was ice cold, just as she desired it. She sat perched on

the edge of the sofa sipping the wine waiting for Terry to deliver the knockout blow.

It didn't come.

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Within a couple of days she was asking Terry to bring up jam with the toast and asking for a refill of her glass of wine in the evening.

Even at work she pondered this sudden change of character from slob to helpful thoughtful husband.

Indeed it was one afternoon when she was running the sequence of events through her mind for the umpteenth time when a tall, handsome man suddenly seated himself before her. He appeared so cool, so confident. She was immediately taken by him.

She smiled professionally and asked if she could help him. The man explained that he was a psychiatrist and needed to reassess his insurance needs on account of him being so successful.

Tracy liked the smooth educated tones with which he spoke and took down all his details.

When she had finished the charming man rose to his full height, thanked her and insisted on her joining him for a drink at a bar across the road straight after work. "It is the least I can do," he smiled warmly.

The offer was made in such a way that Lucy could not refuse it. So half an hour later she stood looking lost in a bar. A strong hand took hers and guided her to a bar stool. Lucy felt thrilled and naughty, she realised that the two emotions were interlinked.

Harries thanked her for her skilled manner and said that she should be on the sales force not on the office floor. Lucy blushed, explaining that she was never very pushy at work. As they were leaving Harvey took her hand and kissed her lightly on the cheek. Her heart thumped like an engine and

she stood vacantly waiting for another kiss. However her gallant gentleman was already walking smartly away.

She felt disappointed, but then guilty for being disappointed. After all she was very fortunate to be married to such a considerate man as Terry. Even if he was a bit on the boring side.

Suddenly Harvey came bouncing back down to her. She held her breath. "Almost forgot," he commanded, "lunch, tomorrow, in here. Ok!"

As it was an order rather than a request all she was left to do was nod in compliance.

At home that same evening her glass of wine was sipped thoughtfully. When Terry interrupted her by asking whether she wanted another she icily replied "have you done the downstairs toilet yet!"

Terry was taken a back at the venom in her remark and pointed out that he was intending to do it tomorrow but she looked so severely at him that he immediately got the cleaners out from the kitchen cupboard and set about his job.

Lucy luxuriated in the warm exciting tingles she felt. A wealthy psychiatrist interested in her!

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Harries listened with growing gratification at Terry's description of the weeks progress. He was delighted to hear how Lucy no longer thanked him for the breakfast.

"It is as if she takes it for granted," Terry moaned.

Exactly! thought the good doctor knowing that any favour repeated often enough ceases to be a favour and becomes an obligation. An obligation that the other person comes to expect.

Harries complimented Terry on his progress making Terry feel pleased with himself, before adding to his smug smiling patient: "We must step up

a level now."

Terry grinned, was this to include the cross dressing?

"You must add a few more chores to your list."

Terry groaned, he hated cleaning the bath and toilets as it was. It was such hard work.

"Tell her that you have noticed that she has been working late and then volunteer to do more around the house."

Terry was quizzical, how did he know that had been late a few nights that week?

Before he could ask Harries told him that they should up the frequency of their meetings. "I shall see you Mondays and Thursdays. Good day"

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At home Terry was industrious and Lucy carefree.

His newly acquired chores turned out to be the dreaded laundry, and, worse, included the ironing. The ironing was terrible. It had to be done just right in order to keep the creases in the right places and took an age for his inexperienced hands to accomplish. He rather envied Lucy sitting all relaxed on the sofa with her glass of wine in her hand reading a book, while his housework seemed to grow around him.

And so the life changes continued to develop .

Lucy was now late every evening.

The kind, considerate doctor insisted on taking her for a few drinks after work. He always asked her about herself and listened with such a sympathetic ear that Lucy poured her heart out to him. Her job was boring, her home life was boring. Nothing exciting ever happened to her. She was always taken for granted. The good doctor listened patiently and nodded understandingly.

Until...

Harries moved like a stalking tiger manoeuvring towards its helpless dinner. "My dear Lucy you should make more time for yourself at home. Why not hire a cleaning lady and free up some quality time?"

Lucy shook her head, they could not afford such a luxury. She did not earn much and her husband only earned a little more than she did. Besides, she added, "he does try to help around the house these days."

"Try?" Doctor Harries asked innocently.

Lucy explained that he was not very proficient at the chores. She would often iron her own clothes again and always had to clean the bath properly after he had finished.

Harries tutted angrily. "He is making work for you! How selfish he must be!"

Lucy nodded, exactly!

"You must ensure that he performs the task to your satisfaction."

"How can I do that?" she asked wistfully.

"By explaining to him that if he fails to perform his tasks to your satisfaction then he should not be allowed to do them."

That made sense. There was something sissyish about watching him cleaning and ironing. She always felt men should be men and women women. If she challenged him then he would improve or stop doing them. Either course would suit her.

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On his forth visit to the helpful doctor Terry was even more hacked off.

He explained how his wife had confessed her disappointment in his ineffectual attempts at housework. She had even asked him to leave them alone.

Harries feigned anger. "You stupid boy!" He bellowed, shaking Terry and other patients in the waiting room. "Of course you have to perform them well. All that good work consigned to the dustbin. All because you are so incompetent!"

Terry blustered and incoherent apology as Harries finished the session early.

Terry begged him to help him further. Had not the doctor suggested this path as a means of helping him with his crossdressing? He felt ambivalent about performing the domestic chores. He hated doing them but loved the fact that he had to perform them to his wife's satisfaction.

Harries asked whether she had instructed him to cease making her breakfast in bed or offering her a wine in the evening.

Terry shook his head, "no she never mentioned that. In fact she got quite angry with me when I was late with her tea this morning. So I suppose she is happy enough with those chores."

Harries nodded. Excellent. "Your only path of redemption must be that you give her the right to punish you when you do not perform your tasks adequately".

"Punish?" Terry was shocked. The thought jarred him, but it was not an entirely unpleasant shock. He had often fantasised about being punished by Lucy.

"It's up to her. You are in her hands you must make sure she knows how eager you are to please her. Or else all is lost!"

So once he got home he did exactly that.

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On bended knees before his wine sipping wife, he pleaded to be given his old chores back. He vowed that he would perform them better than before. Lucy was impressed with his appeals but almost slipped off the sofa when

he added: "or you can punish me!"

Pervert, she screamed at him. "That is what you wanted all along!"

She raced up to her bedroom and a bewildered Terry slept in the guest room.

Oddly, the next morning the breakfast was delivered to her bedside without a murmur of disapproval from her.

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Lucy confided with her new friend and lover about her husbands perverted pleading over a light lunch at a posh restaurant in the heart of the city.

Harries shook his head sadly. "You must understand, my dear, that you are a very upper class lady. I can tell. But your husband is more of a downstairs sort of person. He is quite happy with menial little tasks while I am certain that in a different age you would be mistress of the house. Firmly in charge of all the servants in the household."

Lucy nodded her understanding. He was right of course, she always did feel a bit superior to every one else. "What should I do?"

He took her elegant fingers and squeezed them sensuously. "You must take a firm hand in your household. If he has requested you to punish him then he has already forfeited his position as man of the house, don't you think?"

Lucy sighed, feeling that he had done that a long time ago by agreeing to take over the housework.

"And you have clearly adopted the position of Mistress of the household. I do feel that you have the stature to live up to such a title."

Lucy thought that he spoke sense. "But I can not punish anyone."

"Of course not," the doctor knew she was a masochist from Terry's ramblings. "You must have him punish himself by humiliation."

"Oh?"

"If he is so desperate to be a below stairs servant then he will agree to your demands. Have him stand in the corner for a specific period of time."

Lucy laughed loudly in the quiet restaurant before catching herself and clapping her hands over her mouth.

He stroked her fingers. "You go ahead and enjoy yourself. The Mistress of the house has an important status and if she can enjoy the worst aspects of her job so much the better. Here is a tip ..."

Lucy listened intently to the tip and that evening.

At home with Terry she acted it out to the letter.

He was left standing with his nose touching the corner as instructed. Hands at his side, legs straight, feeling totally silly.

For the full twenty minutes he remained in position while he heard Lucy turning the pages of the newspaper and pour herself a second glass of wine.

"Twenty minutes up," Lucy said evenly just as the doctor had recommended her to say.

With relief Terry turned from the corner and shook his stiff limbs.

"And now back for a further twenty minutes please," Lucy said just as evenly, without even looking up from her paper.

"But..." Terry tried to protest.

She glared at him. "I trust you are not arguing?"

"No, no," Terry quickly put in, "its just that..."

"You are arguing! Another twenty minutes. That makes forty."

She said it in such a matter of fact manner that when Terry turned back into his humbling position in the corner of their living room it seemed the only response he could make.

"Just to let you know: you were given the additional twenty minutes for

moving. So do try and keep still or else you will be doing the ironing at midnight."

Terry made a determined effort to remain motionless.

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At lunch the following day where Lucy was full of herself. She explained what had happened and how, just as he had told her, the extra forty spent in the corner was more effective than the first twenty minutes. The ironing was perfect and she even allowed him to iron her favourite blouses.

Harries was very pleased for her. "You must remain firm with him."

Lucy said that she was now so confident about her self that she even thinking of applying for the sales job in her department.

Harries asked why she would not apply for a position she was eminently qualified for. Lucy pointed out that the aggressive sales jobs always went to men.

Harries smiled and told her to apply, "promise me that you will apply."

She looked into his deep dark eyes feeling that she would do anything for him.

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That afternoon Harries put his feet up on the desk and phoned Safety First Insurance asking to speak to the Managing Director.

"I am a Doctor Harries the noted psychiatrist and I am just ringing around some successful businesses trying to establish whether happiness amongst the workforce leads to higher sales."

The MD was brusque, fat and too busy to participate in any survey. "They are fine," he said tersely.

"Good. And what is the ratio of male to female members of your sales team?"

"All men. It is an aggressive, demanding company. Thank you for your..."

"How interesting," Harries said slowly and deliberately.

The MD was disturbed. "Why interesting?"

"Oh, only that sales forces that have at least one female member are always much more effective."

The MD pondered this thought.

Harries continued, "I suppose the men try doubly hard to impress her and try hard to make sure they don't fall below her sales record."

The MD nodded, "could be something in that."

"Anyway thank you for your time," Harries hung up.

The MD looked at his sales figures on the wall. They were good but they could be better. It was then that 'fate' in the form of Lucy knocked and timidly entered.

"Yes?"

"Oh," Lucy blushed not used to being so forward, "it is about that sales position here. But I suppose you wouldn't consider me."

"There is always room for someone with initiative miss ..?"

"Oh call me Lucy."

And he did. And he hired her as his first woman sales rep.

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That evening Lucy and Harries celebrated her success all evening. Some drinks in the bar across the road, that they had now started calling 'their bar', led to another bar and then a late night restaurant.

Lucy had phoned Terry, brusquely informing him that she was going to be late and that the bathroom and toilets would be inspected before she went to bed.

So while Lucy laughed gaily at her new mentors jokes Terry was rubbing away the stains in the sink with determined effort.

While she lay on the back seat of the wealthy psychiatrist's BMW, with her knickers dangling from a bouncing leg, Terry was getting the last mark off the toilet bowl.

The toilets and bath were spotless. A tipsy and bedraggled Lucy inspected them with her anxious husband.

"Wonderful darling," she drunkenly announced.

But moments later he was back in the corner for the statutory twenty minutes.

He had been so proud of his cleaning that he had forgotten to have a drink waiting for her when she arrived home at midnight. He felt it wise not to ask why she was so late.

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The doctor was in good humour as he listened to the hapless Terry's tale.

"I see. Now you must win her over by buying her a present."

Terry thought this was a good idea. She was now permanently displeased with him. The breakfast was too late, or not hot enough, the ironing could be done faster. She was running him around the house like a hamster in a cage.

"Something to remind her of her femininity. She will like that," he assured him. "Would you like to hear what I suggest?"

Terry was grateful for any help forthcoming. Anything to make his wife ease up on him.

Harries' after work drink with Lucy was shorter than the previous evenings marathon session. They were both too desperate to get back to his car and drive to a shadowy spot in a wood where Lucy could throw herself at him.

After love making that left her feeling satisfied and sleepy the good doctor asked her how home was. Were the punishments having their effect?

Lucy giggled with her eyes still closed. "Definitely! He even does the vacuuming now!"

"Oh." The doctor let the word hang poisonously in the air.

Lucy opened her eyes and sat up, pulling up her damp knickers. "What's the matter. That's good isn't it? Am I not now mistress in my own home."

He kissed her tenderly, "of course dear." He replied uncertainly.

"You can see a problem can't you."

"I am afraid my dear that you are going to have to be on your mettle. He is, I fear, about to turn."

Lucy did up her blouse, aghast at the thought.

"Yes in just a few days you could be back to doing the housework. Soon you will be far too busy for our liaisons."

"Never."

"I can feel it happening. I bet that even now he is planning something devious."

"Like what?" demanded Lucy. "He will end up in the corner all night if he does."

He will get you a present. Something very feminine. Like a bracelet or ear rings. If you accept it then you are lost. Totally! He will be consigning you to being a boring housewife for the rest of your life. He will, I am sure, return to being a slob."

"What should I do?"

"Only one course of action. What ever he purchases you must make a determined stand for yourself."

"I will, I will!"

"You must tell him that if he likes the bracelets so much then he must wear them!"

"Or the earrings!" giggled Lucy.

"Quite," smiled the good doctor who felt that there just time for another shag while Terry completed the shopping instructions he had given him.

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That night the wine was chilled and waiting. Terry had the presents gift-wrapped by the giggling shop assistants. Doctor Harries had been so exact as to what he should purchase for his wife that he made the choice as soon as entered the department store.

At eight o'clock Lucy entered desperately pushing her hair back into place.

The glass of wine was in her hands before she could remove her coat. Then came the presents. Gift wrapped with white bows.

Lucy fumed. The doctor was so shrewd. Just as he had predicted. Except that the packages were too large for a bracelet or ear rings.

She coolly hung up her coat and walked past him into the living room ignoring the outstretched offerings from her baleful husband. A sheepish Terry followed miserably with the presents.

"They are for you," he said forlornly.

She raised an eyebrow. "Do you want to spend the rest of the night in the punishment corner!"

"Oh no. Please Lucy I have brought you presents."

She hated seeing a man crawl. Doctor Harries was so confident, so cool, so in control. No wonder Terry was only good for house work.

"You open them then," she declared coldly.

He swallowed. This was not going at all well.

He unwrapped the dainty ribbon from the first present and took out the silky white teddy, garter belt and matching white stockings. "For you," he swallowed.

"And the other package?" Her eyes stared him down.

He opened the second one to reveal the little frilly apron the doctor had recommended.

Lucy nodded. Just as Harvey had told her. Here was her stupid husband trying to put her back into the position of housewife. It would definitely not wash!

"Terry!" Barked Lucy in a way that made the poor husband jump.

Fifteen minutes later Terry stood with his nose tight against the corner.

His limbs were stiff and aching but he knew he had to remain motionless until Lucy told him that time was up. He wondered whether she had turned the heating down. He certainly felt cold standing in the thin translucent teddy and stockings. The suspender belt was a bit too tight for his waist and bit in to his tummy. But of course he would not dare to adjust it right now. Maybe later. The bottom of the apron tickled his thighs just at the thickest part of the white sheer stockings.

She kept him there for half an hour before a wicked thought entered her slightly inebriated mind. She ordered him to kneel before her and remove her knickers.

He did so, obediently like a pet. "Good doggy," she giggled, "now lick me. You've always wanted to do it. So get going doggy."

It was true. Terry had always wanted to lick her gorgeous pussy but she had always refused him. She had explained that she had thought it a bit seedy but here she was, legs spread, knickers off, skirt raised and wet pussy gaping.

Terry set to work. He moved forwards feeling the nylon stockings on the rough carpet. How sensuous it felt.

He dipped his tongue into her only to be surprised by how wet she was. Indeed she was so turned on that she was secreting a thicker substance than he expected. Bizarrely it tasted of almonds. He licked eagerly not understanding why Lucy was laughing so much. Perhaps he was tickling her.

Lucy lay back, allowing a warm eroticism to build up with in her. She was having her cake and her husband was eating it! She giggled again.

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Harvey listened contentedly to Terry's tale of woe.

"And what did you do then?"

"After I gave her cunnilingus? Well I still had the ironing to finish and then I, er," his face grew pink and then red, " then I masturbated."

"Interesting. But still you are getting what you want, are you not? Your wife allows you to wear feminine clothes?"

"She insists on it!" Complained Terry.

"But it is what you wanted. And she is dominating you "

"Every second of the day!"

"You must feel very pleased with yourself."

"I feel powerless, helpless and used."

"Exactly." The good doctor grinned.

"And your idea backfired! The stockings and suspenders and teddy! Ha! I am still wearing them now!"

Harries was impressed with Lucy's strength of character. "What now? Show me."

Terry lowered his trousers at once revealing the white frillies. "I am to wear them until she says otherwise!"

"Ha! You must be very careful now," warned Harries cautiously.

Terry listened eagerly. There must be some way back from this path of madness.

"If you rebel against her wishes now you may lose her forever."

Terry nodded. That made sense.

"We must continue to follow her instructions. Let her think that she is the boss."

Terry sighed. She did not think that she was the boss, she knew she was.

"And she is staying out later and later!" protested Terry.

"Understandable. You told me that she now has a responsible job. It will take up more time."

"And she earns more than I," the young man sulked petulantly, "and doesn't she let me know it!"

"But your household's increased income will help you both. You should be proud of her and grateful. But remember: what ever she instructs, you must do."

Terry nodded humbly.

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Ten minutes after Terry left the clinic Harries was bustling down a shopping arcade to a joke shop. He engaged the owner in polite conversation as he mulled over a set of trick handcuffs. Delicately he pointed out the importance of sex in selling anything.

"You take that mannequin with the maids outfit. I bet if you put that in your front window you'll sell one within hours."

"I'll bet you a hundred!" The owner said immediately.

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At the 'their bar' that lunch time Lucy was full of herself.

Slightly tipsy from drinking wine on an empty stomach she confided in the doctor how her feminised husband had been released from the corner only to be ordered to clean out her lovers jism.

"You need to be careful my dear," Harries said coldly stopping the giggling Lucy in her tracks. "You must now be ever vigilant at any attempt he makes to win back the household. You have demonstrated how resilient you have been at becoming Mistress of the house, and I commend you. However one slip now and he will regain control."

"Let him try," she sneered defiantly.

"Oh he will. In the old days of course the issue was simple. The servants wore a uniform that demonstrated their position in the home. These days," he tutted sadly, "the servant dresses how they please and the Mistress's authority is in constant danger of being undermined."

Lucy nodded. How true that was.

Pleased that his point had struck home he quickly changed the topic. "How are your sales by the way?" he asked.

"Ok," she said darkly. "I knew it could not last long."

He tapped her hand. "Do not worry my dear I think I can help you with your business sales. Come along, let us go for a walk before you return to work."

They ambled the long way around from the bar to her office. Longer for Lucy to hold his hand. He was so sexy. So confident. So masculine.

Suddenly he stopped her and they kissed. He abruptly pulled back. "Do you see."

Lucy looked at where he was pointing. The blond mannequin stood in the window in its black maid's outfit.

"In those days a maid would be attired according to her position. She could never forget her place." He then kissed her chastely on the cheek and said he would see her the following lunch time.

At the end of the Arcade he stopped and discreetly observed her. Lucy pondered the display for several moments before nodding resolutely and entering the shop.

Harvey collected his winnings from the shop owner half an hour later.

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Harvey nodded in agreement at the old lady's worries. A regular patient with more money than genuine symptoms she was concerned at the future of her children and their grand children.

"You can never have enough insurance," the good doctor pointed out.

"True," the old lady nodded, "but you show me an insurance salesman you can trust these days!"

"Funnily enough," Harries began slowly.

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Lucy was full of herself, "and then this old dear buys up everything I offer her! Can you believe it?"

They sat at their usual table, in their usual wine bar.

"With you selling, I most certainly can," Harvey said affectionately. "By the way did your house servant try anything last night?"

Lucy smiled until she was bursting, "wait until you hear this!"

Harries listened with amusement to her tale and even listened with further amusement as Terry described it from his point of view:

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Terry was lying on the couch but absolutely livid. "I mean, I did as you suggested, Doctor Harries. I went along with everything she said, but I tell you! I spent all night in this ridiculous maids outfit. An hour was spent in the corner for not curtseying correctly. Is this going too far Doctor?"

"Is this not what you wanted?"

"Well, yes, I suppose," he said doubtfully, "but as a game. Once a week, maybe twice. But cleaning bathrooms in high heels and a short flouncey dress very day is murder."

"I am sure," Harries grinned, "but tell me is she calmer when you are obedient?"

Terry nodded thoughtfully, "I suppose she is. She doesn't get so ratty and shout at me all the time if I am busy."

"For the moment then that is the answer. Impress her with how good you are as a maid. In a few days maybe you can reason with her. But for now I cannot inveigle upon you enough. You must obey her every whim unless you will lose her."

Harries next patient was a retired headmaster whom Harries soon got round to explaining how he should reinvest his pension - for 'peace of mind' of course. Naturally Harries meets all sorts of extremely competent people in his line of work and would like to recommend .

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Lunch at the wine bar ..

..was missed for an afternoon off at Harries sea view flat.

After a great deal of sex, wine and a lobster salad, a worn out Lucy lay slumped on her bed.

"My biggest fear is that all of a sudden I will lose everything. You, this," she waved her hand about the room and then smiled again, "you most of all."

Harries poured her another glass of wine. "You must simply stay on top of the situation."

"You were right about the maid's dress. I don't get a peep out of him now. He is so embarrassed to have to curtsy to me," she giggled, "that he works hard at his chores to avoid me."

"Excellent. Now I suggest is the time to reinforce your new role as head of the household."

Lucy liked the words 'head of the household'. It was something a man should be, but she proved that she was strong enough to do the job.

"Does he gain any pleasure at all from this arrangement?"

She smiled. "He has a play with himself every night. I allow him that."

"Do you? Do you now? You allow him to play with him self every night whether of not he has deserved it?"

Her mouth fell open, she had not thought of that. "Well, I er .."

"Exactly. He is getting at you. He is there playing with himself thinking that his mistress cannot stop him doing this."

"I can!" Lucy shouted.

"Of course you can. Do you know what I think?" Harries asked her softly cuddling her.

Lucy turned to face him, "no, what?"

Harries drew a breath and explained quietly and simply what he thought.

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Lucy was home early that night and Terry the maid was fearful that the wine was not chilled sufficiently.

But as he watched her settle on the sofa, feet up on the coffee table sipping her wine he could see her mind was elsewhere.

"Shall I start the laundry?" He asked.

"In a moment, kneel here," she said pointing to a spot before her.

As he knelt she spoke to him thoughtfully, "you know you are not appreciated where you work."

Terry was shocked. She had not said anything as kind as that to him for weeks. "No..." he agreed.

"Shush and listen," she commanded. "But you know that I value what you do around here don't you?"

No he did not! However he felt it wise to agree by saying that he did, it was safer that way.

"Why not give up your job. I'm earning enough for both of us. You can work in the house all day. That way you would have the evenings off. Wouldn't that be good?"

Terry nodded, he hated his job and what she said did make sense. "If you are sure dear."

"I am. In fact I think we could even take in some ironing for you to do in the afternoons."

Terry's heart sank. "Well if it is all the same to you..."

She glared at him icily. "You must do what I say during the day."

"And in the evenings?" he asked carefully.

"They would be yours."

Terry beamed. "Great."

Lucy went slowly though the conditions that Harries had instructed her to offer.

There was some reluctance to the 'no speaking unless spoken to' clause, but otherwise he was content enough with calling her Mistress and attending to the chores that she set out for him. He agreed to not masturbating while 'on duty'.

"So," Terry carefully said, "once I have completed all the chores you have given me I can hang up the maids outfit and take off these high heels and become a man again."

Lucy laughed gaily, "well I am not sure about becoming a man again. That is beyond even my commands," she giggled "but once your jobs are completed you cease being my maid, if that's what you are trying to say."

Terry nodded, he hated the fact that she laughed at him when he suggested he could become a man again. He twisted the hem of the short dress and raised one heel so that his stocking clad knee fell defensively in front of his other knee. It was best not to argue right now. He had not been sent to the corner yet that evening it seemed silly to push his luck.

"And I can masturbate after I have finished my chores."

She smiled wily, "yes. After all your chores for the day are complete."

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"Excellent," Harries exclaimed. "You're really a woman and a half!"

"From next Monday little Terry will remain at home with his list of chores while I am at work and out with you."

"And he does not realise that domestic chores last all day and night?"

Lucy smiled, "he really is an airhead."

"Yes," mused Harries, "I know."

She stroked his thigh beneath the table with her long, nylon clad, leg. She felt her pussy moistening. "Where now?"

"Well there is the official name change, and we need to introduce him to

spanking."

"No," Lucy giggled shaking her head, "I think that you are enjoying this more than me. No, I meant where shall we go this afternoon?"

"Ha, well I have a patient this afternoon," he could not wait to hear Terry's side of his humiliating descent, "but I can give you a quick contact for a pension, his name is in my car."

They both smiled broadly. They knew what going back to his car meant.

Once again she was fucked silly during her office lunch break.

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Terry appeared pleased with himself. He adjusted his suspender tabs beneath his jeans and explained:

"The deal is that I stay at home and do the house work and Lucy goes out to work. And she suggested it!"

"Good for you," Harries smiled wickedly at him.

"Yes. I reckon I'll be finished by lunch time and then I can get the entire get up off."

"Sounds like you have everything you wanted," Harries smirked.

"You bet! So I don't feel depressed any more doctor, so I think we can end our sessions." He stood up and shook the doctor's hand hard, "thanks for everything you have done."

"My pleasure," the good doctor grinned, "my pleasure."

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Shock is a word that is often over used. For true use of the word shock you would have needed to have seen Terry on his first official day as maid of the house the following Monday morning.

He raced about the house on his heels, his ankles aching, his stomach burning from the corset and his mind swimming. How could there be so

much to do before Lucy returned home from work!

The list went on for two sides of A4. He had not even realised that people dusted the ceilings and cleaned skirting boards. And since when did the bed linen have to be washed and prepared daily? The meal that Lucy had slated for her evening dinner would take hours of preparation.

All over the weekend Terry had been looking forward to 'playing' at being the maid but here he was too busy to enjoy it.

The weekend had whizzed past.

He had eventually agreed to the name change suggested by Lucy and they had filled out the forms necessary to make the change official. There seemed no harm in it. Everyone one would know him as Terry except Lucy who would call him by his new name. His cheeks reddened at the thought of being referred to as Tracy. Such a tarty stupid name. Tracy. He had suggested Catherine, a nice posh name but Lucy was determined that he ought to have a name that reflected his position.

He did protest at having to change his surname to her maiden name, that felt a bit extreme but a full hour in the corner while the dishes piled up in the sink encouraged him to see it her way.

That Monday was murder. The way things were going he would not have finished the chores until near bedtime. Still, he consoled himself with the thought that Tuesday ought to be more straight forward.

Lucy arrived home at seven thirty as usual these days. And, also as usual, her cheeks looked flushed and her face was a picture of contentment.

She must really be enjoying her new job, Terry thought, feeling quite pleased for her. He knew she was earning a lot of money from a phone conversation he had overheard between her and her bank manager. With him no longer being paid he was no longer part of the bank account. He tore up his credit cards under her supervision the same day that she received her Platinum unlimited credit card.

"Another glass Mistress?"

"No thanks Tracy, I will have a glass of red with my meal tonight."

"Yes Mistress," he curtsied. Odd she never used to drink red. Where had she discovered that pleasure. "Uhm mistress?" he spoke with trepidation.

"Yes Tracy?"

"Uhm, about the list of chores .."

Her blue eyes turned to ice as she glared up at her trembling servant. "Yes Tracy?"

"Well, the thing is, I mean, I know that ."

"Say it stupid girl. What is the problem?"

Tracy felt foolish and coloured up. "I am afraid that I have been unable to complete all the chores. I have done most of them though," he added quickly.

Lucy sighed, crossed her lovely legs leaving one foot to bounce impatiently. "Well you have another hour before I am sending you to bed so perhaps you can complete them before then."

Sent to bed? Tracy puzzled for a moment over that. He was a maid not a child! "Uhm please Mistress I do not think that even in that space of time I will be able to "

"What!"

"Please Mistress I thought I might finish them off tomorrow," pleaded the errant, quaking maid.

"Don't be so stupid girl. You will have more chores for tomorrow!"

"More!"

"'More mistress' silly tart," she barked. "Yes more!"

"Yes Mistress," the maid bowed her head. She had fallen into a whirlpool

and was being sucked under. He needed some advice from that nice, clever doctor Harries.

"I have arranged for washing and ironing to be taken in for a while so that you can contribute to your keep."

Tracy was staggered. "Mistress? I don't understand?"

"No, nor will you ever my dear. All you need to know is that maids uniforms cost money. You don't expect to leech off me do you?"

"No Mistress, of course not Mistress."

"Silly girl. How can you be made to stand in the corner now? It will mean you will be up all night doing your chores when I am trying to sleep."

"Yes Mistress."

Harries plan was fool proof. She just spoke the lines and little Tracy responded exactly as he had predicted. "What can we do with you if you are not to be stood in the corner for an hour?"

"I don't know Mistress," Tracy was growing very concerned. Why was it that everything he tried to do or say worsened the situation?

"Well I suggest that I slipper your bottom twelve times."

Lucy's words hung in the air. Tracy gasped. "But Mistress..."

"Oh well then. See if I care. Stand in the corner for an hour. No make it two hours. I am sick of hearing your empty excuses."

Two hours in the corner. He would be up until the early hours completing his housework. He remained standing before her, his knees knocking.

Lucy smiled sweetly, "I thought so. Why not fetch me the slipper without me having to command you again? You might get into my good books".

Fifteen minutes later Lucy was beating her maids bottom with resounding satisfaction.

"You know little maid, before you came along," she oofed with the strain of

whipping the slipper against her husband's knicker clad bottom, watching with beaming gratification how red it had become, "I had a silly husband. Ooof!" The bottom quivered and her maid squealed like a little girl. "He was such a sissy that he would not ever spank me. Ooof! Can you credit that?"

"Yowl, no Mistress," sobbed the maid. If he ever got the chance again he would spank her even harder than she was beating him! Owch!

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Two days later Tracy busied herself filling the washing machine. The more she could get in the quicker she could get through the ever growing pile in the middle of the laundry room.

Doctor Harries sat relaxed on a chair at the kitchen table watching the maid's frantic antics through the open door. He sipped his drink serenely.

"You make a fabulous cup of coffee Tracy," he declared.

"Thank you sir," she curtseyed before slamming shut the front of the machine and turning the dial to start, "I am so glad you were able to call around."

Tracy darted to the kitchen sink and donned a pair of pink rubber gloves over her manicured hands and long pink finger nails. She swept the long blond hair from her face as she attacked the dirt in the sink.

"Pretty earrings Tracy."

"A present from Lucy - er I mean Mistress. Please Doctor you have got to help me. I feel totally trapped."

The good doctor sipped his coffee. "So I see. What is the time period of the contract that you signed?"

Tracy stopped rubbing and thought for a moment. "There wasn't one sir."

Harries tutted ruefully. "Ha, my dear you ought to have taken professional advice before signing anything."

Tracy stamped her high heeled foot sending her hair cascading over her face. She brushed it back yet again. "I know that," she squealed before adding, "now!"

"And you cannot afford a lawyer to help you?"

Tracy put the tea towels neatly around the draining board. "No. I don't qualify for legal aid because Lucy is earning a fortune and my allowance from her goes straight on clothes! Besides I can hardly go down the high street dressed like this."

"Indeed not," the doctor said sympathetically, looking down at the locks on the girls high heels. If she could not remove the heels then she could not remove the stockings and no pair of trousers would hide those strappy, sexy objects.

"It is quite a dilemma I must say."

"You must help me sir, please," she pleaded with all her might just as the spin dryer 'tinged' its bell. She pulled off the gloves and tore over to the dryer.

"Yes. I suggest that I have a word with, er, what is her name again?"

"Mistress!" Tracy said sharply, "oh I mean Lucy. Oh please don't tell her I used her Christian name." Tracy pulled out the dry clothes and folded them neatly onto the drainer ready for ironing. "It's not allowed."

Harries was regretful, "well I cannot tell a lie I am afraid. But I shall try to help you."

Tracy was so relieved. "Oh thank you, thank you sir." She saw the time on the kitchen clock and squealed. She raced over to the cooker and turned the oven off, pulling out the yellow, steaming sponge.

Harries rose leaving his cup on the table to be cleared by the menial. "I'll

give her a ring and see if I cannot stay with you for a few days. Perhaps I can help her understand that her behaviour has room for improvement."

"Please do sir, please." The sponge was fine. She just needed to make the chocolate icing and then she could dust the living room. With a bit of luck the next load of washing would then be ready for the dryer and she could shampoo the carpets in the front room.

Harries stood in the middle of the kitchen and Tracy looked at the tall handsome man with confusion. He seemed to be waiting for something. She had told him that she could not afford to pay anyone. Surely he was not expecting money for his advice.

"Sir?"

"My coat dear." He said simply.

Tracy raced to the cupboard near the stairs and brought him his thick coat. She helped him pull it on and saw him to the door automatically curtseying as he gave her a good-bye.

She leaned against the front door and closed her eyes with relief. Doctor Harries would sort everything out she mused.

Yipes it was three o'clock and the bed had not been made!

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The following day Lucy introduced Doctor Harries to Tracy who dutifully smiled. "He will be staying with us for a while. As man of the house he will now be in charge here."

"Yes Mistress," said a smiling, relieved Tracy.

"I trust that he will not have to punish you too much."

Tracy hid a smile. As if the good doctor could ever do such a dreadful act.

"You may serve dinner," Lucy said.

Although Tracy still had to fold the ironed shirts into bags for Lucy's

customers she was in and out of the dinning room serving for long enough to note how clever the doctor was being. He was winning her over as easily as can be. His mistress was relaxed, laughing and in good spirits. A sight he not seen since the night she had spanked him.

Humiliatingly Lucy sent Tracy to bed in front of the doctor. Tracy felt like a little child being admonished before all her friends. However she dutifully curtseyed and retired.

In bed she was only allowed to wear a short white nightie and knickers these days. Lying, wide awake, she listened to the couple downstairs laughing endlessly at joke after joke.

Finally he heard them come up the stairs and for a single, odd moment the laughter stopped. There was complete silence outside the bedroom door. Tracy held her breath listening to every sound in the night.

Finally Lucy burst in, happily singing a song to herself.

Moments later wearing a very sexy nightie she clambered into bed. Tracy wondered if tonight they might make love again, something they had not done for weeks. That was the usual reason for his gorgeous wife donning such apparel.

The light went out and Tracy lay quite still, nervously waiting for his mistress to make the first move.

Half an hour later he had given up and closed his eyes ready for sleep to overwhelm his aching frame.

The door burst open and Tracy sat up in shock.

It was Doctor Harries standing in the door way wearing just his boxers.

"Sorry girls," he said commandingly, "I am afraid that I find your guest bed simply too soft to sleep on. I'll try your bed."

Tracy stared quizzically at him. With all the events of the last week nothing made sense any more.

"Get out Tracy", said Lucy softly, "let our guest try this bed."

In a daze the maid stood up and watched as the psychiatrist climbed into his place in the bed.

He nodded. "Yes this is better." He looked up at the bewildered maid. "I will need a good nights sleep if I am to help any one."

Tracy nodded dumbly.

"So you toddle off to the guest room and we'll see you in the morning for breakfast in bed yes?" Harries dismissed her with his hand.

"Yes sir."

"Oh and Tracy," Lucy called out.

"Yes mistress?" Asked Tracy hopefully.

"Don't make it too early. I think that the master of the house and I will want to sleep late tomorrow morning. Close the door on your way out."

"Yes Mistress," curtsyed the duped, shocked, defeated, submissive and obedient Tracy before retiring to the guest room.

The following day the Guest Room was renamed The Maids Quarters.

So Doctor Harries got what he wanted, Lucy got what she did not realise she wanted, and Tracy got what she had thought she wanted.

A lesson to all of you.

End.