

If You Must

Preamble: I know that many male maids can get carried away with their hobbies. So please take note of the terrible consequences that befall this sissy maid when he indulges his whims. "The Hotel" will continue soon.

Part 01

1.

"If you must," Marie said dismissively to Oliver's request. It was the usual rejoinder to him when he made his perverted demands.

Oliver scooted away to the shower. He always showered and shaved thoroughly before mutating into a French maid.

For Marie it meant losing a man about the house and having a silly compliant maid as a poor substitute. How could she be a submissive wife when she lacked a real man?

Not that Oliver was exactly that. He had his moments but too few and far between lately.

She decided to leave the washing up for the maid - might as well get something out of his silly fetish - and take a few magazines into the garden.

Summer was nearly over. She had so few opportunities to enjoy the garden and the sunshine since her business had flourished.

She changed into her cut offs and tee shirt just as Oliver feverishly handed her the keys to his chastity belt. It was an important part of the game for him, where he ceded control off his prick to his wife and Mistress.

She tossed the keys contemptuously on to the bed. How could he get a rise from leaving her in control of his organ, particularly when he was so insatiable when it came to sex. He often needed to masturbate five times a day just to let the 'steam out' as he put it. Otherwise he was unable to concentrate on more worldly matters.

While Oliver busied himself in the spare room wrestling with the firm control basque Marie picked up her sun glasses and headed for the table and chairs at the top of the lawn.

As she settled down with her lemonade and ice she looked back at their home. In many people's eyes a mansion. Oliver certainly had his uses. He had established many companies as the banks New Business Consultant but even he excelled himself in setting up her lingerie company. It had been his idea to use the web to sell internationally and to buy the finished articles from cheap sources overseas. Within six months they were millionaires and now a year later she was simply the Chief Executive Officer working four days a month and he was a consultant who instead of doing any work stayed at home, cajoling and bullying her into indulging his sexual whims.

When she saw the high heels and black stocking clad legs over the top of her page she closed her eyes. Surely she should be allowed ten minutes to read her magazines in peace and quiet before having to indulge him.

"Yes?" She asked impatiently though not looking up from her pictures of cookery. She knew he would be made up and be wearing the blond wig. It irritated her that he was so successful in his transformation.

Why could he not look like a man in drag! At least that would make her feel a little happier about it. But he was so good at being a girl!

He dropped the school bell on to the table, but she pushed it from her eye line. He had bought it in a car boot sale for her to ring for him when he was a maid.

"Sorry mistress," he said in his gleeful manner, "I just wondered if I could fetch you something?"

"No thank you!"

"Or carry out some chores?"

"No thank you!" There was little point. Whatever he did she would have to re do properly anyway!

She looked up at the blond figure and angrily removed her sunglasses.

"Now look..."

The words hung in the warm air with the bird sound and the buzz of a bee on the flowers. Her pretty mouth formed an 'Oh!'. "Oliver?"

"It's Suzie, yes mistress?"

"Did you lock the side gate?"

"No? Why?" He asked before freezing. Marie's gorgeous dark eyes were fixed behind him. He feared the worst, even before hearing the voice.

The voice was that of a man's. Deep, slow and with the air of authority. Oliver closed his eyes and muttered 'shit, shit, shit', over and over.

Marie stood up her boobs bouncing beneath the thin cotton tee shirt.

The man was wearing a grey suit that set off the greying hair. He must have been about forty though he was fit, muscular and tall. He had one of those masculine faces with the big jaw and exaggerated cheek bones.

"Sorry to bother you," he said as he quickened his pace towards them.

Oliver kept his back to the stranger and resisted the temptation to flee to the house.

Marie moved passed the maid so that the stranger would not see 'her'

properly and walked down to meet the man whom she immediately took to be some bronzed film star.

He was a real dish.

"Hi!" she smiled eagerly. Her first aim was to manoeuvre him as far away from the man maid as possible.

"I know I should not intrude like this, but it's a bit of an emergency." He smiled confidently down at her making her go weak at the knees.

She felt herself catch her breath as she shook her head. "That's ok," she squeaked sounding silly and girlish.

"I did try your front door but I suppose you cannot hear it out the back here."

"No," she beamed, desperate to think of something clever to say to him: like 'I am the owner of a multi-million pound company, so I bet you are impressed with me.'

"It's just that my car's engine started knocking. My phone can't get a signal..."

"No," she gushed eagerly, "you won't out here in the country. It's the mountains." Stupid girl she thought. Of course it's the mountains. He would take her for a right fool.

"I was wondering if I may use yours?"

"Sure. Of course!"

She led the way but he put a large hand onto her bare arm making her melt.

"No, you stay here in the sun. Let your maid show me."

Marie giggled and looked back at the trembling figure of her husband who must have felt so humiliated. "Er, Suzie," she teased.

The maid was silent for a moment but knew that he had to reply. 'Oh

please Marie,' he said to himself, his eyes tightly shut in prayer, 'don't ask me to take a man inside the house!'

"Oh never mind," Marie giggled. "I'll do it myself. Follow me."

2.

Oliver stood to stone solid attention as he heard the footsteps disappearing down the lawn. He heard his wife giggle happily before they reached the stone steps.

Only when he heard the back door close did he realise that he had been holding his breath. He finally exhaled with relief.

He carefully looked about him. He was alone. His shoulders heaved a sigh of relief and he carefully made his way back down the lawn to the southern patio. He cursed the heels when they pushed through the hard ground and hung on to the bottom of his skirt. Why had he not ensured the side gate was locked?

He opened the kitchen door and stepped inside. He could hear the man's voice in the hallway. He was obviously speaking on the phone: "But I need someone out faster than that. I have a business appointment in the city after lunch!"

He was obviously not happy with the reply and reluctantly agreed to something. The phone went down and he spoke in a lower softer voice.

"I am afraid that I am stranded! Shipwrecked here with you!"

He heard Marie laugh as if that was the funniest joke she had ever heard. Oliver desperately needed to escape upstairs and dress as a man.

"Why not have a beer with me out on the lawn?" Marie asked. "Help pass away the time?"

He did not need much persuading and Oliver could understand why. His wife was stunning. Leggy, shapely brunette wearing the tightest pair of shorts imaginable, along with a tee shirt that hid nothing of her boobs.

Something she would normally be very shy about.

Oliver felt his penis harden in its confines and desperately needed his mid morning wank. He would never hand her both keys to his chastity belt again.

Marie led her handsome masculine discovery out through the dinning room and onto the patio stopping only when she reached the open kitchen door.

"Oh Suzie," she cooed mischievously. "Would you care to bring us two cold beers. Thank you."

"Uhm...", Oliver thought quickly. Obviously his wife had taken complete leave of her senses! "Please madam I am about to go off duty and...."

"Nonsense!" Marie spoke firmly, surprising even herself. She was not about to allow this wonderful little episode to be ended by her selfish husband. "You are booked for the entire day. Trust a silly maid to forget!"

The man laughed and stood in the doorway his elegant suit falling open to reveal his barrel chest. "Hey, two beers if you please miss, and no back chat!"

He said it as a joke but Oliver was too frightened for jokes. This man was looking directly at him in his short maids uniform. He tugged at the short hem desperate that his stocking tops were covered.

"Uhm, yes sir," Oliver croaked.

He watched in horror as the man led his wife up to the table at the top of the lawn. 'Silly bitch,' he mused. 'She is going to get us both into loads of trouble!'

Just then Marie hurtled back to the house. She raced passed her shocked husband and up the stairs. Moments later she returned, ruddy faced from her exertions and beaming wildly. As she reached the back door she held up the two glittering keys she had tossed so thoughtlessly on the bed only

half an hour previously.

Oliver's mouth dropped.

"Two beers little Suzie. Remember we have a guest!"

3

Two hours, six beers and uncountable number of laughs and giggles later Marie was slumped carelessly and intoxicated in her seat. Her lightly tanned bare legs were splayed out and she knew that Harvey was ogling her body. She loved his attention, it was a real hot turn on.

When the sun had forced him to remove his jacket and tie she thought her knickers would tear apart from the wetness oozing from her. He was so confident, so easy going, so, so,... well dominant. There was no other word to describe him. Harvey had the natural powerful air of a leader.

Moreover he was wonderfully funny and told her story after story until her eyes were as wet from laughter as another part of her anatomy was from her internal heat.

She had used the bell three times to summon her suddenly reserved and shy maid. Usually Oliver would be at her side within seconds of her ringing the door but now, to her amusement, he sidled nervously up to them.

The first time she rang the bell reluctantly. Harvey had insisted that she ring for the maid for more beers rather than fetch them herself. She was rewarded with the sight of the cowed 'Suzie' stepping up to the edge of the lawn and shouting in a silly voice: "yes madam?"

It was so comical that she had to put a hand over her mouth. Harvey was less amused. "You should not let her get away with that! You can't have staff bellowing at you from miles away." He then shouted to Oliver: "Hey get up here next to us. Now!"

The natural authority of Harvey had stirred the poor maid into a quick step trot across the grass.

"That's better!" Harvey told the maid. "Now next time you get yourself up to your mistress when you're called for!"

Oliver died inside. He hated being ordered about by this arrogant man who sat at their patio table as if he owned their home. He looked to Marie for support but Marie was thumbing through some magazines as if she had not heard this dreadful man ordering him about. He waited for help and coughed quietly in her direction. Marie simply pulled back one of the magazines from the table revealing the keys to his chastity belt. Bitch he thought!

Suddenly Harvey twisted around in his seat so that he was face to face the trembling maid. ""Did you hear what I said girl?"

"Yes sir," Oliver whispered.

"That's better. Now two beers and make it quick girl!"

"Yes sir," the maid said.

As the maid disappeared back to the house Harvey boomed so that he could be heard all over the valley: "You should be firmer with your staff Marie!"

Marie giggled as she saw that Oliver had heard the remark and had quickened his pace.

"I couldn't do that you see," she said confidentially. "I am hopeless at giving out commands."

"Better at taking them?" grinned Harvey confidently.

Marie felt her cheeks burn as she looked up at this masterful male. She chose not to answer but she knew that by not replying she had told Harvey all he needed to hear about her.

"I suppose you're happier dishing out commands," she asked.

He shrugged. "I certainly don't tolerate any shit from anyone. What I say to people is if you're not behind me then you'd best get out of my way!"

He spoke without conceit and devoid of any boasting. It was as if he was simply stating what was the honest truth.

"I can see that," Marie smiled, feeling the alcohol pleasantly stirring her sun addled brain. But she did not regret saying the words once she saw his warm smile.

So the beers came and Oliver cursed his wife. From the cool of the kitchen he watched as his wife flirted openly with a man whose type he instantly recognised. The awful conceited arrogant jock as the Americans would call him. Good at sports, easy with women successful at what ever tried. Oliver hated him. Worse he was now desperate to play with himself and his wife had the keys to his belt on the table before her. He was desperate for some relief.

As he hopped from one aching high heeled foot to the next he tried to plan a way out of this. He could change, drive into town and wait for that man to disappear. But the arguments against that plan were telling; one he would still be locked in his belt and secondly he would be leaving his sexily clad wife at the mercy of this animal.

He had little choice but to see out this ordeal and then give Marie a piece of his mind only once the man had his car repaired and was on his way out of their lives. Until then he had to suffer the indignity of racing back and for serving the two of them.

By mid-day Marie was clearly very drunk. She always did get sloshed easily. She would probably make a complete fool of herself.

The bell clanged and Oliver noted with horror that it was the man who had rung it and was now looking impatiently at the house. He was not about to get told off again so he scurried up to the couple at the table.

His wife was slumped wantonly in the chair, her tiny shorts cutting into

her pussy. Her nipples plainly pointing through the tee shirt. If only he was allowed to tell her off!

But it was Oliver who got told off.

"Listen I expect you to get your arse out here faster than that. Got it?"

"Yes sir," a shocked Oliver responded.

"Now your mistress has explaining about how recalcitrant you are," he said evenly, his cold blue eyes fixed on the nervous maid.

"Recalcitrant!" spat an offended Oliver at his wife.

Marie looked away her cheeks crimson.

"Don't you speak to your mistress like that!" Harvey spoke thinly, menacingly. A man in firm charge.

Oliver gasped. No one had spoken to him like that since he was a child. In work he had carried the masculine air of authority that meant few had ever questioned him at work. At home he kept his wife on a short lead at all times. Even when he was being 'submissive' he took control, stating precisely what he wanted from her.

Yet here he was in his little maids dress and heels, his blond wig blowing in the wind being told off like a naughty child by a complete stranger. Worse he could not argue. The last thing he wanted was to be unmasked as a man in drag, that would be too humiliating.

"Yes sir," he whispered.

Harvey cradled his ear with his hand, "I cannot hear you young lady!"

This was too much! "Yes sir," Oliver said louder.

"Right, young lady, let us start as we mean to go along!"

There was a pause and Oliver knew how he must fill the silence: "Yes sir." His cheeks burned with shame at having to degrade himself like this before his wife.

"Now your mistress and I would like some lunch. We want some sandwiches and coffee. Got it?"

"Yes sir," Oliver whispered his eyes straying to his wife Marie who was looking away at the mountains in the distance. Probably too ashamed to meet his eyes, having put him in this dreadful position!.

"Right dismissed."

Dismissed! Dismissed in his own garden, before his own wife by a complete stranger! "Yes sir!"

Fuming Oliver made his back to the kitchen to make a selection of sandwiches.

Marie burst out laughing as soon as she heard the back door close.

"What's so funny?" grinned Harvey taking hold of her fingers.

She looked up at his beautiful cold eyes and her laughter was stifled by her holding her breath, For a moment she could not breathe. This was so sensual. She was desperate to do what her husband usually did all day: masturbate.

"Oh nothing," she panted. "Well it's just that the maid gets away with murder with me."

"Better at taking commands, you told me."

She flushed as red as her husband had been a moment ago. "I think I am telling you too much," but her eyes told him that she desperately wanted to reveal herself to him.

Harvey knew women as few other men did. Handsome, masculine, successful at whatever he turned his hand to, he was captivating to women. Women of all ages turned girlie in his presence.

He had noted the wedding ring but had also seen that she was ready to flirt. Clearly she was not expecting her husband to catch them.

"Doesn't your husband take you firmly in hand?" he asked to test the waters further.

She smiled and shook her head, her eyes fixed on his. She felt herself being stripped naked of her barriers. "No. He can barely control the maid," she ventured.

"When is he back?"

Her mouth fell open. She knew what the real question was: has he got time to screw me.

"I don't know..." She said thoughtfully looking back at the kitchen window where she could see the maid busily preparing their lunch.

While Marie turned over the possibilities in her inebriated mind, Oliver clicked about the kitchen floor in his heels cursing his wife. "Why doesn't she get rid of him so that I can be unlocked have a play and get changed back in to male clothes.

At that moment his penis became desperate to engorge and as ever when he became excited he became more submissive. As he became more submissive so he became more turned on. He was frantic for release. All his movements in the silky dress, the rubbing of the stockings and precarious careful walking in the high stiletto heels added to his sensual overload. Some times when he was dressed like this he wondered how women could get by with out having continuous orgasms.

A quarter of an hour later he presented his master and mistress with a tray of assorted sandwiches, crisps and snacks. The coffee pot was their most expensive and the cups were neatly arranged. He was not going to be told off again by the bastard. He had ensured that every minor detail was correct.

For his troubles he was dismissed yet again.

This time Oliver went upstairs to the spare room to try and release his member. What he would give now for sexual release. The device guaranteed that only the key would open it and his fevered attempts came to nothing. When he finally gave in to the confinement he stood near the curtain and surreptitiously watched the couple at the garden table. When would that hated man leave!

The afternoon was spent in frustration and humiliation as Harvey or Mister Rowlands as he was told to address him, rang the bell for more and more beer.

As the sun cooled into a dull evening orange he saw from his upstairs watch tower Mister Rowlands and Marie rise and head back to the house. Bastard, he exclaimed as he saw the man take his wife's hand and lead her across the patio and inside.

Then he heard the bell clang. Jesus Christ, he muttered when would this business end!

He presented himself to Mister Rowlands who informed him that he would be staying for dinner at the request of his mistress.

Oliver looked wild eyed at Marie who reddened as she meekly pointed out: "well Suzie he has had a bit to drink. Best not to drive when you have been drinking."

"You don't have to explain anything to this little madam!" Mister Rowlands spat incredulously. "She is a servant. She should obey without hesitation. Right girl?"

"Er - yes sir!" Oliver quickly replied.

Harvey was really out to impress Marie, whom he realised would love to see a man taking charge of the household.

"Do that pasta dish you do," Marie said trying to be helpful. She felt a bit 'to blame' and was desperate to help lighten her husband's load.

"Yes madam," Suzie said and fled the room.

She made sure she banged the pots and pans around in the kitchen so that Marie could know how angry he was with her. She should throw the stranger out!

Dinner took forever.

Marie had insisted that the maid lay out the special table with the candles and Wedgwood dining set.

Poor Oliver in his aching heels stood near at hand ready to pour wine and serve more food as his new master entertained his wife with a series of stories that became more and more lewd.

By the time Oliver served the cheese and port he was shamed to see that Marie was now so drunk and that she was making a complete fool of herself. She was giggling loudly and leaning across the table for support, her eyes wandering desperately trying to focus on the loud mouth sitting opposite her.

For his part the conceited pig was doing all he could to get into Oliver's wife's knickers.

To his further chagrin Marie kept referring to him loudly as 'Suzie' as if it were the funniest joke she had ever heard. "Suzie do this, Suzie do that... top up the glasses, get me a clean knife". Of course Oliver jumped to obey her, he did not want to face the wrath of this despicable man who now thought he owned the house.

At last Marrie used the table for support as she rose unsteadily to her feet. "Suzie, thank you for staying up late," she then turned to Harvey and giggled, "normally I send her to bed at seven. She has to be up very early you see." She then guffawed at her joke.

Oliver's cheeks burnt.

"But before you clear the table and go to bed would you prepare the guest

room for Harvey, I mean Mister Rowlands."

"What?" exclaimed Oliver his lipsticked mouth dropped open.

Marie waved her hands in the general direction of the other man: "well he can hardly drive off as drunk as he is, can he?" before adding under her breath, "silly slut."

Oliver heard the remark but knew that he best ignore it. "Speaking through his teeth he let out a 'yes madam', and furiously left the room. He banged up the stairs in his heels like a spoiled child.

While Oliver prepared the guest room Marie found that the ceiling and floor had spun around and collided. The alcohol had struck home. She fell back but thankfully into the arms of Harvey. Very thankfully.

She sat on his lap and giggled. His hard body was still hot from being baked in the sun. She wriggled her hips knowing what effect it would have and was gratified to feel a distinct hardness under her arse.

She giggled again and rose but Harvey held her firmly onto his lap and lifted up her chin.....

"Damn, damn, damn," the maid cursed furiously throwing a quilt over the bed she had just made.

If only he had remembered to lock the side gate. Anyone could have come around the back when he was in full maid's drag. Though he could think of no worse person than the loud mouthed bore down stairs. Trust Marie to offer her kindness to man who would not appreciate it!

When he returned to the dining room Marie suddenly leapt to attention next to Mister Rowlands and looked apprehensively at her husband. Oliver wondered whether Mr Rowlands had tried to paw his wife and he had just rescued her in time.

"The guest room is prepared madam," Oliver announced in his feminine voice.

"Thank you Suzie, you may clear the table," she hiccuped, giggled and continued regally as if nothing had happened, "and then retire. Please have breakfast ready at eight tomorrow morning."

Breakfast? Oliver felt confused and then the horror of the situation dawned on him. If Mister Rowlands was to stay the night then Oliver would have to continue his maids' act in the morning. He closed his eyes and groaned.

"Did you say something Suzie?" Asked mister Rowlands fiercely.

"Oh no Mister Rowlands, no. No."

Half an hour later, having filled the dishwasher and turned it on Oliver made his weary way to bed. At least now he would be able to remove these damned heels. Despite his fetish for shoes he felt certain that if he never looked at another pair of heels in his life again it would be too soon.

He slumped onto the welcome softness of his bed just as the door banged open and Marie rushed in.

"You can't stay in here!" she whispered forcefully.

"Why not?" demanded Oliver. This was their bedroom.

"How can you with Mister Rowlands staying the night?"

Oliver groaned. "oh come on Marie this is going too far..."

"Madam," she hissed as quietly as she could. "Suppose 'he' hears you! Do you want him to know that you are really a man?"

"Oh God," Oliver threw his heads into his hands. "This is getting crazy".

"Call me madam!"

Oliver glanced up in shock at her.

"In case he hears!" She said pointedly as if he were stupid.

She helped him off the bed. "Now use the spare room at the other side of the house, and keep your wig on. Just in case you need to go for a pee. Oh

you had better have this." She tossed him a sexy little nightie and matching panties from her drawer.

Normally Oliver would have jumped at the opportunity to wear such alluring garments but now they seemed to be more of a prison.

"And these," she held out some fluffy heeled mules she had been given for Christmas. When she saw the shocked expression on his face she added, "well Suzie you can hardly wander around in your boxers tonight!"

'Suzie' sighed and accepted her clothes and footwear. Resignedly she made her way to the spare bedroom on the south side of the house. Then he paused as if remembering something and turned to face her. "Oh Marie, I mean madam."

Marie liked her husband in this role. For the first time in her life she found it amusing and somehow gave her a charge. Here was her silly husband trapped by his own foolishness into serving she and a man who obviously fancied her. "Yes Suzie?"

He pointed at his groin and whispered, "the keys madam."

She was about to race down stairs and fetch them but thought better of it. Somehow having the keys increased her authority over him. "In the morning Suzie, we'll sort it all out then. Good night"

With that she was gone.

5

Suzie lay on the hard bed in her silky sexy garb, her blond wig constantly falling over her mouth and nose. How did girls with long hair ever sleep? He was desperate to cum. He would have done anything. Thankfully he was too tired and soon the aches and pains in his legs from wearing heels and his stomach from wearing the corset combined into helping him drift off into a welcome sleep.

Harvey cleaned his teeth, combed his hair and wearing only his underwear

made his way out of the guest room and into Marie's bedroom. She was not asleep. He knew she would not be. She did not protest. He knew that she wouldn't. She pulled back the duvet for him, he knew she would. She totally submitted her body to him. He knew she would.

"Do you mind if I fuck you?" he whispered deeply into her ear.

"If you must," she giggled pushing her naked body up against his firm muscles.

6

The next morning Oliver showered, shaved closely, dressed as the French maid he had always fantasised about being. He then checked his make up and combed through his blond wig before putting on the dreaded high heels.

As he sat on the bed he comforted himself with the thought that soon the stranger would be gone and he could dress as a man again. He rubbed at the silk panties around his groin desperate to relieve the ache he felt there. Soon he would be released and he could experience sexual fulfilment for the first time for an entire day - the longest he could remember having gone without release.

He clip clopped down the corridor to the master bedroom and turned the handle on the door. From inside the bedroom his wife shrieked breathlessly: "Don't you ever knock!"

Oliver froze outside the door wandering what to do. He had not expected Marie to play at her role before Mr Rowlands was up and waited patiently for further instruction.

"Sorry madam."

He heard her moving around on the bed, there was a great deal of creaking and rustling of duvet before she seemed to collect herself: "Go and prepare breakfast at once Suzie," before adding emphatically, "as you usually do."

Oliver sighed and resigned to obeying her wriggled off down to the kitchen.

Suzie appeared just a moment before Mr Rowlands who sat at the dining room table with their eyes fixed on each other.

Mr Rowlands spoke without taking his eyes from Oliver's smiling wife, "Suzie we'll have a full English breakfast please with loads of toast, I have built up quite an appetite during the night. I wonder why."

He heard Marie giggle before he left the room and felt that they were laughing at him.

He knew he had to put such paranoia behind him if he was to get breakfast sorted and that dreadful man out of his house.

Without a word of thanks from them he served their breakfasts. In fact they totally ignored him. Marie was intent on listening to yet another story from the loud mouthed man who had usurped Oliver's seat at the dining table.

Out in the kitchen Oliver munched at some toast and sipped his tea watching the clock. How much longer would he stay here, was his only thought.

Finally the bell rang for him to dutifully clear away their breakfasts. To Oliver's surprise Marie and Mr Rowlands then walked out into the garden. Didn't she realise he was in agony waiting to be allowed to cum?

He also noticed that Marie had carried the bell out with her no doubt ready to summon him again. This was outrageous. He would certainly reprimand her when the man finally left.

For a long two hours Oliver moodily walked around the house he had once owned. He decided to make the beds and was surprised the Mr Rowlands bed was immaculately made, it was as if it had not been touched. Whereas his marital bed was in a complete mess.

It was while making the bed that he heard the clanging of the bell from the garden. He sighed, threw the pillow onto the floor and stormed downstairs.

By the time he reached the upper lawn he had controlled his temper long enough for a 'yes madam'.

"I called for you," Mr Rowlands declared impatiently as if Oliver was totally stupid. "I have decided to stay for a few days so I want you to get my stuff out of the car and take it up to the guest room."

Oliver's jaw dropped. He looked askance at Marie who flushed and pointed out defensively that: "Harvey, er, Mister Rowlands is working in the city for a few weeks. I thought he might stay with us until he finds somewhere else."

Oliver remained in a complete state of shock.

"What's happening here?" Mister Rowlands demanded. "You do not have to explain anything to this little girl!"

Oliver turned to see the full force of the powerfully built Mister Rowlands rise from his garden seat: "Now look here you disobedient little tramp. So long as I stay here you will be compliant and well behaved. You will not bat an eye lid when given an instruction and you will not question your mistress here. Got that?"

"Yes mister Rowlands," Oliver whispered fearfully.

"And another thing. I want to see a proper curtsy from you when you say yes madam and yes sir!"

Marie giggled into her hands and Mister Rowlands turned on her: "If you give them an inch they'll take a mile. I know all about employees. You keep them under the thumb." He turned back to the shaking Oliver, "and another thing," he advanced so that he was now towering over the maid. "If I don't think you are up to it you get booted out and I will find a replacement house maid. Got that!"

"Yes sir," Oliver said with a neat curtsey. "Yes sir."

"Now get out to my car and bring my stuff in. Hang up my clothes and give anything you think warrants it a good going over with the iron."

Oliver curtseyed with a 'yes sir' and fled before he could be bullied any more. He heard Mr Rowlands complaining about the maid's manners and ran as fast as his heels could back into the safety of the house.

7

Two full hours ironing later an exhausted and fearful maid was hanging up his guest's clothes when Marie crept into the room and closed the door.

"Listen Oliver, I am so sorry. I don't know how all this ..."

"Jesus Christ," Oliver shouted, his anger finally boiling over, "what are you playing at? Three days! And what about," he pointed to his groin.

Marie's eyes narrowed in a way that Oliver had never seen before. Normally she shrivelled when he shouted at her. "Well you put yourself in it, and you wanted to be a maid and you let yourself get caught!"

This was outrageous. Oliver was incensed but could not answer her arguments after all, she was right. "Yes, but, but," he stammered searching for a reply, "you're the one who is encouraging him to stay..."

Suddenly Marie stood bolt upright, her eyes set severely. Oliver had never known her stand up to him before and actually took a physical step back against the guest bed. "So why don't you go downstairs and tell him everything then?" She demanded. "Tell him that you are a sissy wimp who

likes to dress up like a fairy maid and is too scared to resist when ordered around by a real man!"

Oliver again could not find a reply. Usually he won arguments with his wife easily. Even if he had to resort to shouting at her or sending her to bed early. But here their roles were totally swapped. He felt completely under her thumb.

The door crashed open and Mr Rowlands burst into the room. "Is she upsetting you again?" he demanded of Marie.

"Yes!" She said spitefully.

"Right!" Mr Rowlands had obviously made up his mind. He grabbed poor Oliver's arm and dragged him out of the room and down the stairs.

Oliver's arm was squeezed so much that he could not resist being hauled to the front door.

An alarmed Marie followed.

"I warned you, you little slut. Now we will replace you. I will take you down to the station get you on the next train. Then I'll sort out a replacement."

Oliver almost fainted with fear. His head felt woozy. He knew that the other man was far more powerful than he and could easily make him do any thing. He looked desperately back at his wife: "Please madam I am so sorry," he sniffled.

Marie walked down the stairs slowly not sure what to say. She did not want to soften her attitude towards Oliver because he had genuinely upset her.

After all was she not entitled to some fun as well as her perverted husband? Why should he have all the fun of prancing round in his girls clothes while she had to indulge him. Here was her chance to play a game.

But poor Oliver was obviously totally defeated and at the mercy of her lover.

"Perhaps we could give her one more chance," she tried.

But it was too late. Mr Rowlands dragged the resisting maid to his Mercedes car, opened the passenger door and with a flourish of suspender belt and knickers forced him into the passenger seat.

Marie reached the car in time to see her husbands pleading eyes brimming with tears of fear. He desperately looked to his wife to save him. Marie dashed around to the drivers side as Mr Rowlands turned the engine over and wound down the electric window.

"You are too soft," he told Marie, "far too soft. A maid in a house I live in must be obedient and totally compliant. Believe me this is for the best."

With that the car screeched down the drive out through the gates and towards the town.

Marie put her hands to her mouth: 'what had she done!'

8

Oliver wanted to consider a means of escape from this situation but his brain was frozen. All he could think was 'oh my God' over and over. He had images of standing at the busy train station in his maids attire and felt woozy again.

"Please Mister Rowlands I promise I'll..."

"Shut your mouth tramp." Barked Mr Rowlands in such a forceful manner that Oliver simply closed his eyes, held his breath. He tried to wake up from this night mare.

He opened his eyes as they pulled into the station car park. It was midday and was busy with people. He wiped away a tear as Mr Rowlands opened the driver's door. He despairingly gripped the large mans arm, feeling his steel muscles through his shirt.

"Please sir I have learned my lesson and promise with all my heart that I will be good from now on."

Mr Rowlands paused as if affected by the pleading. "Maybe. Maybe you

think that now. Today. But by tomorrow you will be back to your usual rude self."

Oliver felt he was making head way and twisted in the leather seat so that his stockinged legs were facing his tormentor. Suddenly without a thought he was on his knees trapped between the passenger seat and the fascia, tears rolling down his cheeks. "Please sir I know I have been naughty but I know that I can improve my behaviour. I will do anything sir, please."

Harvey Rowlands loved power.

It is said that power is an aphrodisiac and it certainly was to him. To have this lovely, helpless creature in her short uniform begging so piteously and helplessly tuned him on. He felt his cock engorge and fill his pants. He wandered how this simpering defenceless maid would look with his cock rammed in her pretty pink mouth. The thought of staying with Marie while her husband was away in Europe on business turned him on. He loved the notion of cruelly cuckolding some poor sap and making his wife perform like a slut. The very notion of having two sluts like this in the house was too good to pass over. He could get the cowering maid replaced but the replacement might be more efficient but less sexy.

Oliver was feeling the first stirrings of hope since he had been ejected from his own home only minutes before. He could see that Mr Rowlands was thinking it all through.

Mr Rowlands sat back in the deep Mercedes seats and spoke thoughtfully gauging the maids reactions, "of course training a sloppy incompetent little bitch like you is going to take time."

"Yes sir," Oliver nodded enthusiastically.

"It is going to be a hard path for you."

"Yes sir, I understand," the maid replied wiping the smudged mascara away with the back of her hand.

"It could mean spankings every day."

Oliver caught his breath. What would be wonderful in a fantasy was terrifying when spoken aloud, "yes sir," he replied meekly.

"Maybe a caning or two."

A caning! But Oliver knew that Mr Rowlands would be gone in a few days so all he had to do was behave obediently for a little while and this dreadful ordeal would be behind him. "Yes sir."

Mr Rowlands reached a decision and grabbed his briefcase from the back seat. He took out his lap top and started it up. When he put the case back onto the back seat he edged his way over the automatic stick so that he was sitting in the passenger seat squeezing his huge legs around the nervous maid.

"So I'll write out a contract for you then."

"Er yes sir," Oliver said slowly thinking it through. A contract!

"While you suck me off."

The instruction was made so calmly, so authoritatively that Oliver felt as if he was being offered no choice. But he could not do something like that for a man!!!

He watched in horror as Mr Rowlands unzipped himself and pulled out his already stiffening member. It was already six inches and was clearly not fully erect yet.

"Let us say that this is a good test of your obedience. I will cover your head with the lap top. No one will be able to see what you are up to. Then if you hold still I can write out your contract while you prove to me that you deserve to be allowed to sign it."

Oliver felt the laptop being balanced on his head, the weight pushing him down towards the stiffening pole that was glistening wet. With the computer in place over him, and his face in the man's groin, everything

went dark.

Crying he let the prick enter his mouth, its musty, almondy, taste pushing passed his lips and over his tongue.

Here he was: on his knees before a man, sucking his cock whilst that man wrote out an agreement that would commit him to being that man's maid. Yet there was not an alternative.

Harvey Rowlands was in seventh heaven. As the maid worked so wonderfully at his throbbing erection he was typing in more and more lewd demeaning clauses. After all if the silly tart does not sign it then he could still put her on the next train out of town.

As he the mobile printer sped into life spurting out the contract, he put his hand under the maids chin and tickled. He heard her sucking slurping sounds and closed his eyes whilst he exploded in total joy.

9

Marie was waiting anxiously for the return of the Mercedes. She was chewing her fingernails in the bedroom overlooking the main drive when she saw the car finally appear at the large gates.

She raced downstairs and flung open the front door relieved immediately to see Oliver still in his full maids regalia and wig climbing unsteadily from the car. She dashed over to the maid. "Suzie are you all right?"

Oliver look cow eyed at Mr Rowlands who waved Marie back inside. "There's going to be changes around here Marie."

She noticed that Oliver refused to catch her eyes and had clearly been crying. She patted his arm gently as she would a female friend. "Has he been cruel to you?"

He returned a look of sheer abjection and she decided not to ask any more questions.

She remembered how Harvey had plopped her over his knee and spanked

her for not kissing him passionately enough. She had always craved the spanking from a real man but when it come it was such a frightening mind numbing surprise that she spent the rest of the night in turmoil. Had she enjoyed it? Was it an assault or a pleasure? But the more she thought about his authority the more wet she became and the following morning kissed him as passionately as she could. That by the way was when Oliver had tried to walk into his own bedroom without knocking and was sent down to make the breakfast.

10

Marie stood in the middle of the dinning room studying the contract in shock. It had been simply signed Suzie but Mr Rowlands was quite clear that the signature would be enough for a court of law. "Oh!" She exclaimed as she read through the list of conditions that her husband had agreed to.

Meanwhile Oliver had been sent out to the garden to fetch a cane from the tomato plants.

"As you can see Marie, she has signed up for six months of maid duties. I feel I should remain here throughout the contract or until your husband returns to supervise your household."

"Yes Harvey," Marie said blankly. What was happening?

"As you can see this little tramp will take advantage of someone as easy going as yourself."

"Yes Harvey," Marie said trying to catch the eyes of the maid which were fixed firmly on the floor. "Did you really sign this?"

Oliver looked up at Mr Rowlands to see if he should reply.

"You may speak Suzie." Mr Rowlands instructed.

Oliver turned plaintively to his wife, "yes madam I did sign it."

"Oh," Marie exclaimed yet again. She glanced at all the paragraphs he had committed himself to. "Did you read it?"

Oliver glanced cow eyed at his master.

"You may reply Suzie," his master affirmed.

"Yes Madam." He had read it in the car while trying to swallow Mr Rowlands horrible jism. But he would have done anything to avoid being put on a train in his maids uniform.

"She begins each day with the promise of twelve canings," Harvey announced. "Only exceptionally good behaviour can earn her remission and then by merely cutting the twelve canings by only one stroke. To get to bed without a burning bottom she will have to be extremely well behaved."

Marie saw the detailed description of the canings in the contract. "Yes Harvey. But isn't twelve a day a lot?"

Harvey laughed, "oh you are far too soft on her. That's the figure she starts the day with. It will increase for every misdemeanour we judge her to have committed. I have a feeling that some evenings she won't even be able to pull her panties up over her sore arse."

"Now young lady," snapped Mr Rowlands, "let us start as we mean to go along. Twelve cuts of the cane and then straight to bed for the rest of the day."

"Yes Mr Rowlands," the complaint maid said with a neat curtsy.

"Bend over that chair and pull your panties down to your ankles. Marie I think I should have you deal out the first strokes. I will teach you how to inflict maximum pain."

Marie shook her head, "Oh I don't think I could do that."

"Nonsense," Mr Rowlands stated. "If I think that any one of your blows are insufficient I will simply give the maid a further two strokes of my own. So give it a go now."

He handed Marie the bendy cane and she took it with trepidation. She knew that she would have to beat her husband because Harvey had told

her so. She equally knew that she would have to be firm or else Harvey would give him a worse beating.

"Go ahead," Harvey said with encouragement anxious to witness her fulfil her role as Mistress of the House.

Marie sighed and whispered, "If I must."

Words that chilled the heart of the poor, unfortunate, and helpless maid.

Part 02

I originally wrote this as a one off short story but so many have asked about further installments that I have added a part two. It recounts how Oliver, now Suzie the maid, falls deeper and deeper into the trap he dug for himself, while his wife gets used to having a real man about the house.

1.

Oliver lay face down on his bed snivelling.

He wore only the light nightie his wife Marie had given him the previous evening. The matching panties were still on a chair near the bed. His rump was far too sore to pull anything over it.

His caning had turned into a masterclass, with the dreadful Mister Rowlands showing Marie how to wield the cane for maximum effect with minimum effort. Once his wife was into the swing of the beating Oliver squealed like a pig. She laid into his backside with an enthusiasm of which he had never suspected his wife was capable.

Mister Rowlands, (the bastard!), had shown her the importance of hitting at the lower part of the bum where it meets the legs. "You're guaranteed a result down there Marie," he had said, "she won't be able to sit down at all."

Following the humiliating beating his new master had made him thank his blushing wife and was then sent to bed as if he were a child.

An hour or so later he checked his wig was straight and went to the

bathroom to apply a cold cloth to his burning lower cheeks. He could hear them downstairs shrieking with laughter.

For a brief mad moment he thought of going down to them but the realization that he would then have to face up to the frightening Mister Rowlands made him slink back to his bed and continue sobbing.

2.

The following morning after he had showered and shaved, he dressed in his maid's attire. It was the outfit he was so pleased with when he had purchased it from a fancy dress shop. It was black, lacy, exposed the arms under its ruffled sleeves and was high enough over the cleavage for him to convincingly hide his falsies.

The stockings were the best money could buy, with lacy elasticated tops and the heels a perfect fit for his size seven feet.

He had tried to rub his frustrated member but the chastity belt he himself had put on ensured that all he did was drive himself wild with irritating need. Marie still had the keys! So hot was he that his head swam when he made breakfast in his heels and skimpy maids outfit.

When the laughing couple appeared he noted that the brute had his arm around his wife's shoulders. Naturally Marie shrugged his arm away. When Mister Rowlands saw the maid gawping at them, he nodded to Oliver's wife that he understood.

They took their places at the breakfast table and Oliver served them as the maid Suzie before returning to the kitchen to clear up.

Then a stroke of good fortune.

Mister Rowlands summoned him by shouting: "Suzie get your fat arse out here right now!"

'Suzie' stopped tidying up the kitchen and ran on her heels to the hallway where his master was putting on his suit jacket.

"Listen and listen carefully," he said as he checked his tie in the mirror. "I've got to sort out a few things in town. You will behave yourself in my absence. Got that?"

Suzie curtsied, neatly trying to hide a smile of relief. "Yes sir, of course sir."

He wagged a thick finger at the submissive maid, "don't let me get back and find you've been upsetting your mistress. Got that?"

Another curtsey, "yes sir."

"Right dismissed. Marie?" he shouted.

Oliver turned and fled gratefully back to the kitchen just as Marie headed towards the hallway.

"Harvey?"

Oliver stopped in the doorway of the kitchen and looked at the two of them.

Mister Rowland's gave him a withering glare, "get back in that kitchen and close the door you snooping tramp."

To demonstrate his anger Oliver made to slam the door shut but quickly thought better of it. He could still feel his sore bum so he wisely closed the door gently. He put his ear to the door. For some reason he could not hear anything. It all went quiet. He thought he could hear Marie murmuring sweetly, but could not be sure. He heard the front door slam shut and raced to one of the front rooms. He watched the silver Mercedes roar down the drive kicking up the gravel before disappearing through the electronic driveway gates that closed behind him. He sighed with relief and ran back through the house on his precarious heels.

"Marie? Marie?"

She was in the front lounge with a woman's magazine, sitting with her long legs curled up on the sofa. She was dressed in her cut offs and a fresh white t-shirt. When he entered she looked at him with surprise.

Oliver smiled. "God, I'm glad he's gone. What a thug!"

She raised an eyebrow. "I am sure you would not want him to hear you say that."

He stopped short. "Uhm no, er, madam," he found himself saying.

"Now if you have finished in the kitchen I have some chores for you."

Chores! Oliver laughed, "oh Marie you had me going there for a moment. Listen, what I thought is that we could put his stuff outside in suitcases and leave the doors locked. When he gets back even someone as dense as he will get the message."

Marie threw her magazine onto the table and folded her bare arms. "I think it is you who is too dense to get the message." She gave him a spiteful smile and added emphatically, "Suzie!"

"Uhm, Marie, er Madam, I , er ..." he shuffled on his heels.

"You have indulged yourself with your fantasy for long enough Oliver, I mean Suzie. I have had to put up with you dressing up like a bimbo maid for years. All this," she put on a girly voice, "please tell me what to do, please give me orders. Will you smack my bottom."

"I know love .."

"Don't love me! Now you can have everything your silly little heart wants," she leaned towards him crossing her lovely long legs, "but now, so can I!"

"But Marie .."

"Mistress!"

He brushed the blond hair back from his cheeks, "yes, sorry mistress. Please. I"

"Have the ironing to do."

"Oh."

Marie picked up the magazine and thumbed through it, "I'll have a coffee

immediately thank you Suzie."

He stood stock still. He searched for words but they wouldn't come. When he spoke it was in a whine, "but please Mistress we cannot go on like this."

She eyed him over her magazine with a smirk, "can't we Suzie? Why is that? Are you going to confront him?"

He blushed deep red and looked down at his heels.

"I thought not. So you are going to leave here?"

"I might do!"

She laughed. "Good. Off you go then. Do you need a lift into town?"

He found himself determined to get the better of her. "Right then I will go upstairs, change and leave."

"Fine. Let me know where you end up and I will forward the keys for your chastity belt," again she glanced over her magazine and smiled evilly, "in good time."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, little Suzie, I have you by your little tiny willy. If you are a good girl then I will let it out and you can have one of your sleazy little plays with it. Before I put it away again," she added maliciously.

This was a side of his wife he had never seen before. "But, but, please madam."

"If it all works out Harvey will move on in a few days and then we go back to how we were. But until then I am going to have my fun. So why don't you start with the ironing?"

"I've never seen you like this before."

She laughed and raised her eyebrows, "and I have never seen my husband bent over showing his knickers and stockings before. I have never seen any husband kow tow to a man who is making a play for his wife before. I have

never seen a wife send a husband scurrying around the kitchen before! I have certainly not seen a husband sign a contract to be an obedient maid before."

"Oh."

"Point made?"

"Yes madam."

"Then push off and get my coffee before I start increasing your bedtime beatings."

"Yes madam."

3.

This was a nightmare.

As Oliver slowly and carefully did the ironing he pondered the extraordinary manner in which his wife had spoken to him. She was usually so submissive. She rarely argued, and always gave in. He could not wait to get 'the pants' back on and be a man again. Besides the heels were killing him.

Worse than the heels was the aggravation from his dick inside its confines. He needed that wank.

He heard the tinkle of the bell and presented himself to his Mistress. She had picked up two books and a sheath of magazines. "I am going down the garden now Suzie. Bring me a cool drink. Nothing alcoholic, I still have a hangover from yesterday."

"Yes Mistress."

"Curtsey," she said simply.

He did so, "yes mistress."

Satisfied that she had all she needed she headed for the patio doors.

"Er Mistress?"

"What is it now?" She looked at the sky with impatience.

He curtsied and found his most pleading stare, "I was wondering if you could, er, well ..."

"What Suzie girl?"

He rubbed the front of his skirt and looked down at the ground feeling absolutely distraught as to actually have to ask her: "please release me for a wank."

"I can see that I am not going to get a moments rest until you get what you want. Upstairs girl!"

He looked up at her to make sure that he had heard her correctly, but even she was smiling. "Yes Mistress!"

Up stairs he stood awkwardly in their bedroom.

"Lie on the bed," she said tersely and he did so.

She looked through the drawers on his side of the bed, "now where are they?"

"What Mistress?"

"These," she held up his handcuffs.

"Wrists above your head through the head board."

He pushed his hands through the bars of the bed head and she handcuffed them preventing him from moving them.

His feeling of helplessness along with the silky texture of his clothes sent him into subspace.

She left the room and returned a few minutes later with the keys to his belt. He was so wrapped up in his own sensations that he had not paid any attention to where she had gone to get them. Downstairs? Bedrooms? She could even have gone outside.

She lifted up his skirt and giggled. "What a slut. Fancy wearing stockings with such a short hemline!"

"Mister Rowlands says I must," pleaded Oliver stung by his wife's put down.

"Well if you must," she chuckled, using her famous phrase.

Oliver closed his eyes. He could here the jingle of the keys. He kept both keys on the one ring. How he wished he had kept one spare in a nice safe place.

He sensed the release of the lock. He could feel her fingers around his prick. It grew, immediately hardening until it hurt.

"And to think," she said softly, "that at one time I thought this was so big." She started playing with it and Oliver knew it would only take a little touch and it would release like a cannon.

"Oh," he moaned, "yes."

She removed her fingers and he arched his back moving his pelvis up to meet her.

Suddenly he felt her release him and the bed lightened as she stood up. He opened his eyes.

She was standing at the window with her hands over her mouth. "Oh my god! He's back."

She raced back to him, panic in her eyes. "For Gods sake make it soft!"

"I can't," he gasped, "finish me off."

He then yowled with more pain then he could ever remember. She had

slapped him across his groin. As he wheezed breathlessly sucking in air, he felt her playing with his willy. This time she was pushing it back into the steel container.

"No! No!" he tried to pull his hands through the bed head but the cuffs were unyielding. Tears ran down his face, "please, please Mistress."

She was now busy with his handcuffs. In the next moment he was free but she was gone, racing down the stairs to greet the man who was making his life a misery.

How could it have happened he was so close to coming? That Harvey Rowlands just had to go!

He heard the front door open and slam shut. He rose and tidied himself still feeling winded from the blow she had given him. What gave her the right to treat him like that? She would never dare to something like that before.

He sat on the edge of the bed his stockinged legs crossed, feeling the weight of his false breasts. He knew that if he left now he would never see her again. He would lose her to this other man. The way things were going the dreadful mister Rowlands would be talking his way into her bed before long.

The bell tinkled downstairs. 'Suzie' sighed, rose, brushed down her dress and headed down stairs.

She curtsied before them in the front sitting room.

Mister Rowlands sat on the arm of the sofa with Marie sitting right next to him looking up into his eyes.

"You rang?"

Mister Rowlands twisted around gave him an icy stare and spat, "don't forget to knock in future. Stupid tramp. That'll be six more before bedtime tramp."

Six more! On top the twenty four he was to receive anyway. This was too much!

"Fetch me a scotch and the lady a white wine."

Mister Rowlands then turned back to Marie leaving Oliver curtsayed and exited totally fuming.

Knock! Knock in his home! Six more strokes to add to the ones he would normally expect. Jesus his arse was still red from the previous night. He sorted out the drinks and returned with a tray.

This time he knocked.

He waited. There was no answer. He wondered whether they had gone to another room. He opened the door and almost jumped through the ceiling.

Marie was disentangling herself from his arms. Mister Rowlands turned to see the shocked maid standing in the doorway.

Mister Rowlands yelled: "What do you think you're doing coming in here with out being told?"

Oliver was scared, his knees knocked, he felt tears stinging his eyes.

"Please sir, I did knock and ..."

"Yes? Yes? And did anyone give you permission to enter? I didn't hear anyone. Am I deaf? Is that it? Or just stupid? Do you think I am stupid?"

Oliver had never seen anyone so angry before. "Please sir, I am so sorry. I just thought ..."

Now Mister Rowlands was in his face. He had bounded across the room.

"You did what? You thought? You do not think. You do as you are told. That does not involve thinking!"

"Oh no sir, quite right."

He was so big and Oliver felt so puny next to him.

"Well you can have twelve spanks on your back side right now!"

Oh no! Oliver began to cry. He fell to his knees holding the tray out before him "Please Master, oh please I am trying to be good and obedient. Its just that it all comes out wrong and ..."

Marie threw her hands up to her head. "God, have you no respect?"

Mister Rowlands spun on his heel, "of course she hasn't! She is a maid. If she was capable of doing anything else she would do it."

Oliver just knelt there and sobbed as suddenly Mister Rowlands venom was directed at his wife Marie, "and if another young lady isn't careful she will end up going to bed early with a spanked bottom!"

Marie pushed her hands on her hips and pouted. "You told me I am mistress of this house!"

He stepped towards her and she visibly cowered.

"And I," he said firmly, "am the master of this household. So get in to the corner."

Her mouth fell open and she leaned closer to him and whispered, though Oliver could hear her entreaties, "please not in front of the maid."

He spun her around by her arm and frogmarched her into the corner, slapping her arse for good measure. "You were naughty in front of the maid so you get told off in front of the maid. I'll deal with you later!" He shook his head in disbelief. "I don't know what's happening here. Clearly your husband does not have a firm enough hand with any of you!" He walked back to the trembling maid, who was still on her knees pleading.

"Now what are we going to do with you that will help you remember your place?"

Suddenly he smiled and Oliver felt very sick indeed.

4.

Marie sat on the edge of the bed fishing for her shorts and tee shirt.

Harvey sat up next to her reading through his business notes.

"Wow," was all she said before leaning back and kissing his cheek. "Wow."

"Bottom not too sore?" he asked innocently and then grinned at her.

"You bastard," she smiled back, "you gorgeous, hunky, bastard."

She rubbed her sore behind, "its not too bad I suppose. Now. It was horrible when you were doing it."

"You are referring to the spanking?" he asked with a wink.

"Oh!" She exclaimed. "Of course, the love making was wonderful."

She reached for the bell and rang it. "I'll get the maid to run us a bath and .."

"You'll have a long wait."

A feeling of dread permeated Marie. "Oh? Why?"

He glanced at his watch on the bedside table, "yeh I suppose you can free her. She is outside near the top patio."

She did not bother to ask what he had done but hurtled bare foot, down the stairs and out into the garden where the evening sun had fried everything a crisp orange.

Marie called out "Suzie? Suzie?"

She heard nothing. Her own sore bottom was a testament to how he treated the 'mistress of the house' so she began her search for her maid husband with trepidation

She walked across the lawn to the upper patio where she had entertained and in consequence been seduced by Harvey.

She heard the slight squeak of the clothes dryer spin a little in the light breeze. She turned and then saw him and giggled. She put her hand over her mouth to stop herself laughing.

"Oh Suzie," she gasped.

Fortunately he was blindfolded so he could not see how amusing his wife found his humiliating predicament.

Harvey had tied him to the spinning clothes line. His wrists were secured either side of a bar that came from the upright so there was no way in which he could release himself. A third rope ran down from above his head and was wrapped around his waist and up through his legs to give him further support. His skirt fluttered as the line span him around. His heels were about six inches from the ground. When ever the breeze picked up so poor Oliver span around once more with the laundry.

He was blindfolded and gagged so Marie wondered if he even knew where he was. All he would be feeling was a helpless spinning, though she guessed he would be aware that he was outside. Poor Oliver must be absolutely mortified.

She got a grip on herself; she did not want him to see that she was laughing at him. She reached up on her toes and released his blindfold. She saw his tear stained desperate eyes.

He looked down at her with a wide pleading stare. She then released the gag, which was a pink scarf from her wardrobe. As soon as it was off Oliver tried to spit out something from his mouth. It was white and silky. Marie caught hold of it and pulled. It was a pair of flimsy lacy panties. She looked down at where his skirt flapped as the line span him around inches at a time.

"Oh I hope its not too drafty," she sniggered. She caught herself quickly and adopted as sympathetic and expression as possible.

"Please get me down," he whined.

She patted his stockinged leg, "don't worry I am here to rescue you. Harvey says it is alright for me to release you."

She could see the relief in his face followed by the bewilderment as he looked about him at the trees and distant mountains. He had not known where he had been suspended. He must have been bound and gagged inside and then brought out for his punishment.

Marie needed to get a chair from the upper patio in order to reach his wrists and free him. He was then hanging by the supporting rope around his midriff and groin. That was trickier. The knot was pretty tight.

"Oh hurry up Marie."

She stopped fiddling with the knot and standing on the chair put her hands on her hips. "Do you want me to leave you here?" She angrily demanded.

He flushed red, "no, er, mistress."

"Quite. If you want me to rescue you then you should keep your silly little mouth shut shouldn't you."

"Yes mistress."

She had never seen anyone as cowed as her husband was now. That made her even angrier. He had become a helpless child at the hands of her lover.

"Perhaps I should leave you here all night!" She spat weighing up the thought.

"No please Mistress. I promise I'll be good."

Oh this was intolerable. She could see that he wasn't acting. He had been turned into an obedient maid.

"You had better," she said and for the hell of it slapped his thigh.

He did not even complain, merely squealed and swung around out of her reach.

She moved the chair and helped him down.

"Thank you mistress," he hung his head in shame.

She handed him back his wet knickers and led him back across the lawn.

Minutes later she watched, with arms folded as her husband obediently lay down on the bed before Harvey for his quota of beatings.

She was ashamed at how easily he submitted.

She watched how Harvey took his time spanking her as if he understood that he now had total control over the maid.

He delivered twenty four smacks with a Nike training shoe. She noted that Oliver's bottom was already pink with large hand marks. He must have been spanked before being hung outside. She wriggled knowing how hard Harvey spanked.

"That was your twenty four," Harvey said looking down at the blubbing, shaking maid. "Do you remember how many more you brought on yourself with your disobedience?"

With her mouth stuffed into the quilt, the sniffing maid replied, "six sir."

"Good girl."

Six more followed and then the curtsying maid was dismissed.

When Marie heard Oliver closing the door to the guest room down the hall she rounded on Harvey. "Don't you think your going too far?"

Harvey gave her a cold stare that chilled her, she backed away and quickly added, "I don't mean with me, darling, of course. I deserved my spanking."

He continued to eye her and took the training shoe back from the wardrobe.

She swallowed, "I mean you know that and I am sorry for my behaviour."

"So what's your problem?"

She shifted from one foot to the next fearfully thinking of something. For some reason this masterful man made her feel like a little child.

She thought hard to get herself back into his good books: "Its just that perhaps the weight of the maid could have brought the line down and broken it."

Harvey raised his eyebrows, "oh I see." He threw the Nike back in the wardrobe and smiled. He crossed to her taking her in to his arms.

"Punishments should be well thought out. A beating does work wonders, it is true. As you have seen."

Marie wondered whether he was referring to herself or the maid, but nodded anyway.

"But a punishment should have an added quality. Now the maid has to hang stuff on the line every day for drying yes?"

"Yes."

He kissed her nose, "so every time she does that she gets a reminder of a particularly awful chastisement. One that she is not likely to forget even in five years time when she is hanging stuff on the line.

Five years! Marie pursed her lips and thought of a spending all her time in the arms of this masterful real man. Five years of fantastic love making and having all her decisions made for her. Five years of having an obedient maid carry out all the domestic chores without question.

"For a moment there I thought you were going soft with that lazy slut of a maid," he smiled holding her tight.

She smiled widely, stood on tiptoe and kissed his chin, "oh no, not me," she laughed.

5.

Oliver passed another uncomfortable night on his stomach. Even the single sheet grazed his inflamed bottom. Worse, by lying on his front he

was rubbing his groin and another inflamed part of his body tried to engorge itself.

In the shower the following morning he was desperate to keep the hot water off his backside. He dressed carefully, even finding that the delicate panties sat uncomfortably around his bottom.

As ever the Master and Mistress of the house were in good spirits as they were served their breakfast. And, as ever, they barely acknowledged the maid.

He was clearing the deserted table when he heard the front door close and the Mercedes drive away.

He had reached a painful decision.

He went to the sitting room to confront his wife as she read the papers.

He knocked on the door and waited for his wife to say, "enter Suzie." He entered and curtsied.

"I'll have a coffee and some biscuits please Suzie," she said not bothering to look up from her newspaper.

"Please madam may I have a word?"

She wrinkled her cute nose, "what, now Suzie? Can't it wait?"

"No Madam."

"Go on then. But make it quick. I've loads to do this morning. I haven't finished the paper yet, there's a book I want to read and a good film on the tele this afternoon. And somewhere in all that I want to fit in some sun bathing." She stretched languidly.

Oliver felt his lipsticked mouth grow slack. What? Had she forgotten that this some stupid game that had gone horribly wrong?"

"Yes madam. Its just that, well, I can't go on with this."

"What's the matter. The iron not working, the dishwasher packed up?" she

looked genuinely concerned.

"No!, er, I mean no madam. I mean this," he waved his naked arms about the room. "I have been beaten constantly, humiliated," tears formed in his eyes, "denied being allowed to cum, ordered about by everyone and," he sniffed up the tears, "and I know that he is trying to get into bed with you!"

Suzie sat up on the coach. "Oh. Well I suppose you have had it hard," she giggled at the 'double entendre', "I mean not down there of course, because I still have the key. Yes you are right. I will have a word with the master tonight and see if we can lighten up on you."

"No, madam, no. You don't understand."

She looked at him quizzically, and Oliver felt, a little impatiently too.

"I have had enough I don't want to be Suzie anymore. I want to be Oliver. I want to come and go when I want. I want some respect from you. And I want this," he raised his skirt and pulled back his panties to reveal the steel enclosure, "removed!"

She swallowed. "Why don't we wait until Harvey returns and then we can all discuss it together?"

Oliver stamped a high-heeled foot and then realised what he had done.

"Oh this is stupid. I am going up stairs and getting dressed in my old clothes and then I am going to leave you forever!"

She put her hands up to her face.

He was pleased to see her response. She obviously did not want him to leave. She still loved him. It was just as he suspected. His gamble had paid off.

Marie walked to the tall front windows over looking the courtyard and thought hard. What would Harvey do? He would take control of the situation, she knew that. But could she? She was after all 'the mistress of the house'. Suzie was only the maid. She needed to buy time until the

Master returned.

"What I suggest Suzie," she began.

"Oliver!" Insisted the maid.

She eyed him up and down from his heels to his blond hair and shook her head, "shall we say Suzie at the moment, just to avoid confusion?"

'Suzie' exhaled loudly and put her hands on her hips.

"Suzie," continued Marie slowly, "why don't you get the breakfast stuff sorted out and then take the rest of the morning off. I can make my own coffee," she beamed helpfully. "Its just that I wouldn't want to be in your shoes, either high heels or otherwise if Harvey gets home and finds that you have left."

Suzie winced. "No, maybe not."

Marie clapped. "Good so we can all talk it through tonight."

"You realise this could lead to a divorce," Suzie said trying to appear firm, but knowing that he could never divorce his lovely wife.

"Divorce?" Exclaimed Marie. "Do you think that Harvey is married?" She caught herself and smiled, "Oh I see. You mean me and my husband. Oh don't worry about that Suzie. We'll sort something out."

So with that Suzie curtsied and went back to tidying the breakfast stuff away. With the kitchen spotless she took her sore bottom upstairs and lay face down on the bed for a well deserved rest. At least she had gotten through to Marie.

Marie did make her own coffee - and she hated doing it. Why should she have to make her own damn, bloody coffee when there was that idle, good for nothing maid upstairs lounging around probably watching the television.

It wasn't right. She was 'Mistress of the house', Harvey had told her so.

Now here she was, the supposed Mistress of the house making her own refreshments! If it went on like this she would be back to ironing her own clothes and vacuuming the carpets!

Harvey would sort it all out. That much she knew.

6.

Harvey was not for sorting anything out. He listened with growing impatience as Marie insisted that he go easier on the maid in case they lose her.

Suzie stood before them at the dinner table holding the tray with the red wine on it. Harvey had already thrown down his cutlery down onto the table in disgust.

Marie knew she was walking on egg shells.

"Please Harvey I don't want my bottom smacked or anything. Honestly. It's just that Suzie is such a dear around the house ..."

Oliver was perplexed. He looked at his wife with total astonishment. 'No', he was thinking. 'That is not what I want. I want Mister Rowlands out of my home!'

"..she does try her best. I mean you could be up for assault in a court of law. I don't think that you can just hang a maid off the clothes line whenever you want."

The room fell heavily silent and Oliver held his breath. He could see the growing rage in Mister Rowlands's cheeks and dare not add anything to what his wife had said.

For her part Marie realized that she had gone too far when he glared at her with that knee knocking cold stare of his.

"Right," exclaimed Harvey making everyone else jump. He raised an empty wine glass to Suzie, "fill it up slut. What's happening here? Are you blind girl? I have an empty glass!"

Oliver curtsied and rushed to fill his masters glass. "Sorry sir."

He slurped at his wine and raised his fork to point it at Marie.

"Understand this. Matters concerning the staff are never ever discussed in front of them."

Marie blushed, and wriggled, she feared another bottom warming. "Oh yes Harvey, yes I can see that. Sorry. It wont happen again."

"Secondly. This slut is not 'a dear around the house'! She is an incompetent, rude, slut of maid in need of a firm hand!" He turned to Oliver, "Isn't that right girl?"

Oliver curtsied, nodding, "oh yes sir, definitely sir."

"Thirdly, as for her leaving us," he banged his glass down on the table, "she is going nowhere. She signed a contract to work here as a maid and she will see out its terms and conditions to the letter."

"I see that but..." Marie cut in.

"Don't interrupt."

She sat upright in her seat her cheeks flushed, "sorry Harvey, I didn't mean to...."

"That's six of the best for you young lady."

Marie flinched, "yes Harvey, "thank you Harvey."

Harvey stood up before the shaking maid, and waggled his fork at her.

"You understand this. If you try and get out of my employ by breaking your contract I will haul you before every court in the land until you come back here and finish your service to me."

Suzie curtsied. "yes sir."

"The previous master was clearly a complete wimp who has let everything here get out of hand with your girls!"

"Yes," both girls replied with Suzie adding a 'sir'.

"But I am going to get things back as they should be."

"Yes sir," Suzie curtsied.

"Yes Harvey," Marie eagerly agreed.

Harvey sat back down at the table and both the girls held their breaths until he began eating again. The storm was over and they both eyed each other as if to say: 'wow, we must not let that happen again.'

"May I just add one tiny little thing, Harvey dear, please sir?" Marie appealed to her Master.

Harvey shook his head, "go on then and be quick about it."

Marie sipped her wine and saw that she had emptied her glass. She held it out blindly to the maid knowing that it would be filled - and it was.

"Its just that Suzie isn't all that she appears," she giggled to cover her embarrassment.

Oliver felt a wave of relief at last all was to be revealed. The end was in sight.

"Well she appears to be an incompetent tramp and she acts like an incompetent tramp so what are you telling me, that really she is an efficient maid?"

Marie giggled and doubled her efforts to tell him. "No silly, she certainly isn't that. It's just that Suzie isn't really Suzie. She is Oliver my maid, I mean," she giggled again, "my she is my husband, Suzie."

"What?" Harvey leaned back in his seat, "I can see that I am going to have to limit the amount of alcohol you are getting down your neck."

Oliver curtsied, "if it pleases master may I ..."

"No it doesn't please me! Go get your arse into the corner and keep your mouth shut!"

Suzie curtsied and with a quick look at his wife departed for the corner.

"Nose against the wall!"

Oliver did so.

"Look," Marie tried again. "Me and Oliver, my husband, were playing a game. Well we weren't playing it, he was. He pretends to be my maid and .."

"Is he gay?"

"No of course not," laughed Marie before looking seriously at her maid attired husband, "at least I don't think so. Anyway. He was dressed up and you came along. And well one thing has led to another and, well, here we are."

Harvey shook his head. "What you're telling me is that this sorry incompetent maid is actually your husband?"

She smiled and nodded. "I know its sounds crazy but .."

"Slut get your arse over here now!"

Oliver wriggled back to the table with a curtsy. At least this was nearly over.

"Show me your cock."

How could he be so crude, Oliver asked himself. He raised his skirt and Harvey pulled back the knickers to show the metal cover.

"What the hell is that?"

Marie laughed to his her discomfiture, "it's a male chastity belt. It gives him a kick to wear it."

"Get it off!"

"He can't," Marie added quickly. "I have the key. He gets a buzz from someone being in charge of him."

Harvey released the elastic of the knickers so that they painfully snapped back against Oliver's thigh. He sat back shaking his head. "I have seen

everything now!"

Oliver let the silence unfold and then quietly said, "so if you don't mind I would like to go upstairs and get changed."

Harvey tapped his fingers on the table.

Marie leaned forwards, "I could go and get the key. I've hidden it."

Harvey continued to drum his fingers. "Both of you keep your holes shut."

They did.

Every so often Harvey stopped drumming his fingers and would furrow his brow. He would then repeat the drumming sound, his eyes staring off into middle distance.

Finally he looked Oliver up and down, taking in the complete maids attire.

Oliver held his breath.

Mister Rowlands looked to Marie, "fetch the key to his thing down there," he waved a hand airily at Oliver's groin.

Oliver's shoulders relaxed. He would be free at last.

Marie rose unsteadily to her feet. She put her hand under her short dress, into her knickers and fished out a pair of small gold keys.

Oliver looked on in amazement.

"I knew you'd be too nice to look down there. Sorry," Suzie said.

Harvey laughed, "well I wouldn't have been too nice to put my hand in your knickers. Now as for you," he turned back to Oliver. "Well you were a lousy husband."

Oliver curtsied before he could stop himself. "Yes sir. But I can improve."

Harvey jabbed a finger at Marie, "you were way to soft with her. She needs a good spanking once a day."

"Harvey!" Marie protested in horror.

"Which she'll get right now if she doesn't keep her mouth shut."

Marie closed her mouth and sunk back into her seat.

"As for you," Harvey continued to the fidgeting maid, "you are a problem."

"Yes I know, but I can't help feeling it would be better if I went upstairs and changed so ..."

"Keep it shut," Harvey wagged a finger and glared with his cold eyes until Oliver curtsied. "Now you are a problem because you signed a contract with me to be a maid."

"I know sir, but I am happy to ..."

"If word ever got out that I tore up a contract I could never do business again."

The room fell silent.

Harvey stood up towering over Oliver who held onto the hem of his short dress for comfort.

"So here's what's going to happen. You will remain the maid in order to complete your contract which will be reviewed one year from the date of signing."

Oliver's mouth drooped, "but one year is ..."

Harvey looked back at the cute little brunette at the head of the table and smiled at her. She coyly returned the smile. "I will remain here as head of the household for that time."

She smiled and blushed feeling a warm glow inside her. She knew he would sort it all out.

Harvey held out his hand, "but the master has the keys to the household."

Marie skipped around the table and handed him the keys to Oliver's chastity belt.

Harvey held them up before Oliver's shocked face. "Now sissy, maids have

treats from time to time. But treats are earned."

Oliver groaned.

"Did I hear something Suzie?" Harvey asked his mouth widening.

"No sir," Suzie curtsied neatly.

"Good. I don't expect to hear a word from you unless you're spoken to. I know who you are and I will haul you up in court if you try to get out of this. You would never live it down. It would be in all the newspapers. I have got you in my hand," he tinkled the keys, "for a year and that is how it will be."

"Yes sir," Suzie curtsied.

"Tomorrow I'll get some men around here to convert the upstairs of the garage to a maids quarters. I don't see why I should have to put up with you in my home once you've finished your chores."

"No sir," Suzie had her eyes closed.

"So once they've finished the conversion you'll move out of here."

Oliver shifted in his heels and nodded. He was caught fast in the web he had woven.

"If I must sir. Yes sir."

"Yes you must."

The end