

**By Mina  
Black**



**Jessika's Doll**

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**First Edition**  
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My name is Cory, and I want to think of myself as a rational man. Back in college, I learned about empiricism, the idea that humans can understand the world through their senses. We don't need to rely on superstitions or lucky charms to figure out how the world works.

But her name is Jessika, and she has a different belief system. For her, magic is a real thing. She can use magic to manipulate reality, to shift and manipulate the basic foundations of how the universe works.

While we were dating, I thought she was a little bit crazy. Yes, she was a cute little redhead, but I never imagined a world where she would be right. So when we broke up, I had no problem making my feelings clear. I said she was wacky and that her belief in witchcraft was stupid.

Because we were breaking up, I should've been able to get away with saying whatever I wanted. And for a while, I did. We split, I went to work, I got promoted, and I was out celebrating when Jessika confronted me again; she showed up at the strip club where I was hanging out with my friends.

At first, I thought it was just a coincidence, and then I slowly came to the conclusion she was there to cause some kind of scene. But no, Jessika had a different plan. She walked up to me, and we started talking. She somehow hypnotized me and made me walk out onto the parking lot with her. After that, Jessika forced me to drive her back to her house, where she used me. Once she was done with my mouth and tongue, Jessika knocked me out.

It all happened so quickly, and it all should have been utterly impossible.

But then I woke up a few hours later, and then I got a real taste of her power. Blinking my eyes open, I found myself transformed.

She turned me into a woman.

Normally, I'm a big guy who can intimidate pretty much anyone around me. Although I tend to prefer to rely on my intellect and wit, physical intimidation works from time to time.

Only when I opened my eyes and found myself in her bed, my physique had been changed radically. Now I was 5'1, blonde, and

petite. At first, I tried to convince myself that it was some kind of delusion, that Jessika had drugged me or tricked me.

But no. This was all true. It was really happening to me.

And when Jessika returned, she started my training. She dressed me and took me out. She even made me go to the mall with her so that she could buy me a new wardrobe of humiliating outfits.

Each time I tried to resist her, Jessika had a very special punishment. Maybe she would make my lips fuller. Maybe she would turn my hair platinum blonde. Or she could simply rewrite my libido, turning me into a horny little bimbo.

It was degrading and humiliating, especially as the men around us took note of me. They watched me and smirked as different fantasies of mounting me ran through their heads.

A few shouted out catcalls, whistling in my direction. For the most part, I could ignore them, at least until Jessika dragged me into a shop that sold lingerie. She picked out a dozen degrading outfits, and she paid for them by offering me up to the clerk.

I didn't want to do it, but she used her magic on me again, turning me on, making me irresistibly horny. No matter how hard I fought to control it, my libido won out, and I quickly found myself down on my knees, servicing the guy from the front desk. Andrew enjoyed himself, and I was left feeling like a slut.

A little while later, Jessika took me back home.

"I think you did a very good job," she said to me, smiling impishly. "Yes, you definitely have a future with that mouth of yours."

I didn't respond, knowing full well that she wouldn't care about anything I had to say. As far as Jessika was concerned, I deserved everything I got because I had been such a jerk while we dated.

I stood in the entryway of her house, hoping she might decide to let me go right then and there. Hadn't I already been punished enough? But Jessika walked up to me. She was taller than me now, and her close proximity made me nervous. After all, she had no compunction about spanking me. She already demonstrated this with the flat of her palm as well as a hairbrush.

Jessika touched my chin, forcing me to look up and into her eyes. "Don't play pretend. I know you are trying to figure out some

way to get out of here, but that isn't going to happen. You're going to belong to me for a long, long time. The only way to make this easier on yourself is to accept that right now." I used to think that she had a childish voice; she sounded so feminine girly whatever she spoke, yet something about the steeled resolve in her tone sent shivers of nervousness down my back.

I forced myself to nod.

That made Jessika smile at me before she said, "I think I want to play with you. Knowing what you did back of the shop really got me worked." Then she grabbed my hand and pulled me back up the stairs. I didn't want to go. I didn't want to get used as a sex toy, especially because I hated going down on Jessika.

While we dating, she had requested that I service her the same way she serviced me on multiple occasions, but I always put her off. From my perspective, going down on a woman was just embarrassing for any man. Maybe that was hypocritical, but I didn't care. Men and women weren't equal, so they shouldn't be treated the same.

Jessika scampered into her room, and she pulled down her jeans. She yanked down her panties just as quickly, and then she pointed that spot between her legs.

Grinning because I didn't have any way to resist, she asked me, "Corina, am I going to have to give you an order?"

Corina. I hated the name she had given me. I was Cory, a young man, strong and virile. She never should have been able to do this to me.

Since I waited too long, Jessika decided, "Okay. You'll service me. And then you'll get a spanking. If you're lucky, maybe I'll let you come with one of those crops I bought you." She didn't buy it. She used my credit cards. Not only that, any discounts we received came from the fact that she used me like a whore.

"Not again..." I whined, my voice high-pitched and so very pathetic. I didn't sound like a man at all.

Jessika smirked, "Do it. Now."

Her words carried the weight of magic.

I moved forward, sliding my head between her legs. Resting on her palms, Jessika simply stared down at me, enjoying the show.

She could probably feel my hesitation and my many reservations. She knew that, at my core, I was fighting this, struggling valiantly to regain control of my body.

Only she knew it wasn't going to happen. I was never going to win.

Nothing I did could overcome her magic. Just a few words from this beautiful girl, and I would be compelled to obey. Like right then, I stuck my tongue, and it started to service her, licking at her slit with gusto. The flavor of her arousal only became more intense as the seconds blurred by.

"Yes, that's where you belong," she said, her voice turning breathy. "This is what you're going to be doing for me from now on."

I wanted to protest, telling her that I had a job. In fact, I recently earned a promotion, so she couldn't take that away from me. But then I remembered that there was nothing to compel Jessika to stop this. She could keep me in this form as long as she wanted.

Besides, I couldn't go to work like this. No one would take me seriously, not when I came off like some young woman!

That thought knocked the air from my lungs, yet I had to continue licking and servicing her. She moaned and squirmed, savoring the feel of my tongue between her legs. This was what she had always wanted when we dated. She craved my submission, and now she had it.

A shudder of pleasure exploded through her body, and Jessika cried out. We were at her house, so we had all the privacy she could ever want. That meant my ex could use me however she wished as often as she desired.

Coming back to her senses, Jessika sat up again, and I was still braced between her knees. "Did you enjoy that?"

"No," I said, pouting and petulant in equal measure.

My ex simply giggled. Of course I didn't enjoy it. That had been for her and no one else. But Jessika looked almost compassionate as she reached down and stroked my feminized cheeks. "Well, then I suppose we need to do something about that, don't we?" I could tell she was patronizing me, that whatever reward or treat she happened to offer me would only add to my humiliation and subjugation.

"Crawl over to the dresser, open the bottom drawer, and take out what you see. Bring it back to me in your teeth."

I didn't know what she intended, but magic wove through those words, which meant that I found myself back down on my hands and knees, moving across the floor. Opening the drawer has instructed, and I found it was almost entirely empty. There was just one item, a riding crop.

About as thin as a pencil, it was covered in firm leather. When I picked it up, I knew that it would be very flexible. While we dated, Jessika suggested playing with toys like this, but I never appreciated the idea.

Now I wasn't going to get a choice in the matter. Jessika had made her decision, and she was in charge.

I tried to fight the impulse to obey her as I moved back across the floor with the riding crop lodged firmly between my teeth. Those efforts amounted to nothing, so I quickly found myself back between her legs. Without bothering to put on panties or her skirt, Jessika stood up as she took the crop from between my teeth.

"Stand up and lift your skirt," she commanded.

Again, I didn't have a choice. I had to do what she said. It felt as though my body didn't belong to me anymore. Somehow, I was just along for the ride.

I got up on my feet, and I raised my skirt. This was the flouncy white dress that she had made me buy back at the mall. Now, Jessika took my hand and led me down on the bed. My feet couldn't touch the floor, but I was looking up at the ceiling, my knees spread.

My mouth started to go dry, and I could feel my heart quicken in its cage. "This is a very important lesson you have to learn," Jessika said to me. "You need to learn that I can do whatever I want with you. You need to learn that you are mine to do with as I please. Now, you are a very pretty girl, so I might decide to share you with some of my male friends. Or maybe I will dress you up and make you act like a servant. Actually, I like that the whole lot. But above all, I get to decide when you feel pleasure and when you feel pain."

"I understand," I said, shutting my eyes. I had tried to flee before, and Jessika punished me for it. Right then, I couldn't do

anything but obey. The thought of enduring any more humiliation left me weak and disoriented, unable to rebel in any way.

"Good girl," Jessika said, touching the crop to my skin. She started at my shin, trailing the implement's edge up the length of my legs. I kept flinching, thinking that she was going to yank it back and bring it down with a quick strike.

Jessika didn't, at least not at first. But then she was getting closer and closer to my...slit. Mouth dry now, I tried to swallow back my trepidation and nervousness. It didn't help. There was nothing I could do to hide myself from the fear treading through me.

"Yes, I think you make an excellent girl. You were terrible man, so it's a good thing we're doing this, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, forcing out that single word. Of course, I didn't want Jessika to do this to me, only I didn't have a chance of fighting back. So really, the only thing I could realistically do was accept my fate, at least for the moment. In time, maybe I would spot an opportunity.

"Say it again."

"Yes."

"The whole thing," Jessika corrected. She wanted to hear me embarrass myself.

"Yes, I make an excellent girl, and it's a good thing we're doing this." In spite of myself, my eyes narrowed into angry slits, so Jessika could tell that I hadn't been defeated, not entirely.

"You want me to touch you?"

"Yes, I do. Very badly," I said, I felt another dose of that arcane-induced arousal. She ran the tip of the crop along my inner thighs, tracing patterns like circles and squares. Each one made my skin tingle, and I could feel the tension gather between my thighs.

"Do you want me to take off your chastity belt?"

I grimaced, remembering that horrid item she forced me to wear. "Yes, please. Please, don't make me where this anymore." I wasn't thinking. I couldn't put together any kind of cunning. Now that Jessika raised the specter of an orgasm, I couldn't resist. Thank them all, given up everything I had, and I might have to do it again.

Worse, I would do it willingly.

"Here you go," she said, picking a key from her fallen jeans. My hand shaking, I took it from her, and I quickly undid the locks which trapped me in that leather prison. Each click made me shiver and shake with anticipation. Now that I thought there was a real chance she might allow me to come, I couldn't do this fast enough.

The chastity belt came off, and I let it fall to the floor like refuse. Then I was naked, but I didn't dare touch myself.

"You're learning," Jessika said, noticing the way I obediently waited for her. "Do you want me to touch you? Do you want me to slip my fingers between her legs and let you enjoy a well-deserved climax?"

"Yes, yes please!" Now that my pussy was exposed to the open air, I wanted to come. I wanted it so badly, like a primal addiction, some instinct I could never hope to deny or ignore.

"If you really want it, you're going to have to roll over," Jessika said.

Right away, I knew this was nothing more than a test of my obedience, and I was determined to pass. I rolled over onto my stomach, and I shivered with embarrassment and shame as she started to caress my naked ass with the tip of the crop.

"Ask to be spanked." She didn't force me this time.

I could say no.

Instead, I hesitated. Unable to force myself to request punishment, I gripped the sheets on the bed, balling them into my fists as I tried to find some response, something that wouldn't lead to the crop's bite.

"Ask," she said again. I could tell that Jessika wanted to laugh. "You know it will be worse if you wait any longer. Besides, don't you want the attention of your owner? Don't you want me to show you what a good girl you've been?"

There. Right then, Jessika called herself my owner, and I gritted my teeth. More than anything, I longed to tell her that she was wrong, that she couldn't do this to me. But I didn't bother with such a simple denial because we both knew the truth.

"Please, please spank me. These, please punish me for being a good girl," I said. Uncertain if those words really made sense, I

didn't think Jessika would even care. For her, this was just about my subservience, my willingness to degrade myself in front of her.

"Well, because you asked so nicely..." Jessika lifted the crop in the air, and even though I couldn't see, I had no difficulty imagining it. The light probably glinted off the shiny leather, and I shut my eyes, braced for impact.

It didn't happen right away.

Jessika let me squirm. She let me shiver with anticipation, frightened of the crop's bite. Just as I was about to turn around and check and try to figure out what she was thinking, she brought it down. The crop struck, leaving a red line along my skin.

I gritted my teeth again, yet I somehow managed to be quiet for the first strike. For about half of a second, I reveled in the fact that I had been able to hold out. After all, my endurance and my pain tolerance had virtually disappeared since she put me in this body.

"Oh, are you feeling like a strong girl? I guess I'll just have to try harder then," Jessika teased, swatting my ass with the crop one, two, three more times. She crisscrossed the lines along my naked, heart-shaped bottom.

With the first one, I managed to stay quiet. I even kept my mouth shut, but then the second one forced a gasp from between my lips. By the third, I let out a girlish yelp.

But Jessika wasn't done, and this time, she didn't want to tease me. Rather, she simply slapped the crop against my ass over and over. I could hear the leather connect each and every time.

By the fourth strike, I squealed. Then my eyes were watering, and I was crying.

She went all the way up to ten, and then she dropped the crop. She clambered onto the bed, and she pulled me close. She held me like I was some pet, stroking my blonde hair.

"Don't cry. There's no reason to cry. Your punishment is over for now," she said, as though that was supposed to sooth me.

She was bigger than me, and she held me easily, looking down at me like I was her doll. After a little while, I could feel my body start to calm down. It did feel good to be petted.

"Okay, now it's time for your treat," Jessika eventually decided. "Present yourself for me."

Knowing that I only earned a few traces of goodwill from my owner, I scrambled to obey. I got back up onto my feet in front of the bed, and I spread my legs. Despite the prospect of a spanking and the stinging that still reverberated through my backside, I craved an orgasm. If anything, that desire had only grown since she took the crop to my skin.

Jessika picked up the implement again, and I shook my head, biting my lower lip. No, I silently begged, please don't do it like that...

Jessika smirked at me, and then she started to stroke that leather tip along my knees and back up toward my pussy. Over and over, I expected to feel my balls and my cock, yet there was just that opening, that ultrasensitive spot she could tease and manipulate.

My ex brought the tip of the crop up against my slit, and I was shaking my head, my eyes still wet from my punishment.

"Beg for it."

She made me feel small and pathetic, but I kept my eyes aimed low and I said, "Jessika, please use the crop on me. Please, I want to feel it. Please, I need to come. I need an orgasm so badly!" Desperation shivered through my skin, and Jessika easily read my body language. So she brought the crop up into my slit, penetrating me slowly.

The alien invasion felt so strange, yet it was wonderful at the same time. She poked and prodded at my clitoris, her gentle movements unyielding and commanding, yet they triggered something inside of me. I was already so wet with excitement, mostly because of what Jessika had done to me.

This felt so good, and she continued to massage me with the crop even as she reached out with her other hand, taking one of my breasts in her palm. Jessika started to massage my globe, working the soft flesh against her fingertips. Immediately, I felt like my nipple pop out, another sign of my extraordinary responsiveness.

A moan of desire slipped from my throat, and I knew it wouldn't be long before I climaxed as a woman again. Part of me couldn't wait. Another part of me dreaded it.

"You want to be my girl, don't you? You want to be my little maid, my servant?"

Immediately, I thought back to the French maid uniform we had purchased only hours before, and I knew that Jessika was going to force me to wear it. She was going to make me behave like her servant, and I couldn't stop her.

Knowing this, I parted my lips and said, "Jessika, I want to be your servant. I want be your girl."

Of course, I didn't really mean those words, yet they were the key to an orgasm.

Jessika stroked me. She dropped the crop and brought her other hand up between my legs, pressing her fingers into my soaked opening. She teased that bundle of nerves, petting me, stroking me as my back arched and every muscle in my body tightened up.

Each touch felt delicious.

"You're mine," she breathed, pressing on my slit again just as I came.

The burst of pleasure washed over me, a hot flame of desires fulfilled.

It faded slowly, and then I was just a naked girl on the bed. Jessika smiled down at me, her hair hanging down past her cheeks. She looked so impish, I thought. Back when we were dating, a smile like that might have prompted me to grab her and throw her down onto the bed. I would have pounced on her, and she would have giggled.

But that was over because she had taken control.

Jessika hopped off the bed, she went back to one of the big bags beside the door. She found the one she wanted, and that she pulled out an outfit. Although I could have already guessed what she was going to pick, I felt a groan burn in my throat nonetheless.

"That's right. You're going to be learning new skills!"

I shook my head from side to side, fast enough to make my hair bounce against the back of my neck, but Jessika wasn't going to offer me any mercy on this front. She smirked, "Corina, we both know you're going to need a new career. I think this one will suit you perfectly."

It was ghastly.

Frankly, I couldn't imagine any other way to describe the uniform she held up for me. It was nothing less than a French maid costume, complete with ruffled apron, bonnet, and garters.

After getting spanked and climaxed, I didn't have it in me to try to resist. I stood up, and I allowed Jessika to peel off my dress. After that, she made me stand there for her inspection. Then she went back for a pair of panties, but before she could put them on me, she held up her hands like she just had an idea. "Oh, I almost forgot! Your chastity belt!"

I let out pathetic whimper because I didn't want to feel that leather wrapped around my naughty bits again, but Jessika insisted. One glance from my ex made it clear that this was going to happen. I could be punished first or I could cooperate.

Really, those were my only options.

Jessika locked me into the chastity belt; then, she put a pair of frilly pink panties on me. She said it was for a touch of color.

From there, she made me put on the stockings with the garters. Then came the black dress. After that, I put on the apron, and she tied a big bow at the small of my back. Finally, there was the bonnet, and I hoped that we would be done, but Jessika took my hand and dragged me over to her nightstand.

She sat me down in front of the vanity, and she made me put on makeup.

Worse than that, Jessika also made sure I started to learn how to do it myself. "I don't want to have to make you pretty every single morning," Jessika said. "Frankly, you're here to make my life easier. Isn't that right?"

When I didn't respond right away, Jessika grabbed the back of my neck and she squeezed just a little bit. This gesture was simple. It was meant to remind me of my place, that I was little more than her pet.

"Isn't that right?" Jessika repeated.

"Yes." I practically had to tear the words from my mouth.

"You know, I think from now on you should have to call me ma'am."

"You can't be serious," I said, uncharacteristically defiant. This was my ex-girlfriend, after all, and she was smaller than me, at least

when I was in my normal body. She didn't deserve that sort of respect.

But then she raised one hand, and she pinched my cheeks together in one hand. "Corina, I am the mistress here, and you are the pet, the slave, and the *maid*." She let that final word drip with disdain.

Fear shot through me, especially because I knew that Jessika could discipline me however she saw fit. My breath caught in my throat, but I started to nervously bob my head down and back up, "Yes ma'am."

"Good girl," Jessika said. "Now, let's get you started."

Honestly, I didn't know what to expect when she first put me in that uniform. On some level, I expected this just to be a game, like she would force me to prance around in the maid uniform, but that I wouldn't actually have to do any cleaning.

I was wrong.

Jessika first had me sweep the floor. Then she had me mop it. Then she had me sweep and mop it again. All the while, she sat off in the kitchen, her feet up on another chair as she played on her tablet.

When I was done there, Jessika decided that I should get some practice vacuuming the floor. "After all, when we were together, you were such a slob. I'm not going to tolerate that sort of behavior in my house."

Part of me wanted to point out that she wouldn't have to tolerate any bad behavior if she could simply let me go, but I was wise enough to bite back those words. There was no reason to antagonize her.

So instead, I said like a docile servant, "Yes, ma'am."

Jessika smirked every time she heard me address her like that.

After I vacuumed, she had me dust. And of course, whenever I didn't get every single corner, she would make me start all over. Jessika especially liked it when I had to get up on my tippy toes, which happened frequently. Not only did this make me feel small, it also made my dress rise up, revealing my ruffled panties.

When I first started, I didn't think that housework could take so much time, only Jessika found a way to fill every single day for me. From one hour into the next, I was busy acting as her maid. Of course, there were those moments when she decided she wanted an orgasm. Jessika would simply order me down on my knees, she would pull off her panties, and this should grab the back of my hair, shoving my face into her lap.

I didn't get a choice, and I couldn't possibly resist. So, I tried to become as skilled as I could, as bizarre as that sounds. It seemed like the best way for me to end this as quickly as possible was to service my owner quickly and efficiently. I wanted her to climax so that I wouldn't have to stay in that humiliating position for long.

Now she had the cleanest house I could have possibly imagined. Jessika also felt quite good, getting as many orgasms as she wanted whenever she desired.

And I managed to be patient for several days.

But as I worked as Jessika's servant, I couldn't help but wonder what was going on at work. I had a job, after all, and I just been promoted. Maybe the guys thought I had met someone at the strip club.

In a sense, I suppose they would have been right.

Jessika was careful not to let me get access to any phones or computers. Everything in her house was password-protected.

So, after I serviced her, I looked up at my owner with big, pleading eyes. "Ma'am, when will I be able to go back to work?"

"What? That wasn't good enough for you? You need more chores to keep you busy?"

I swallowed, knowing that she was simply teasing me. I couldn't rise to the bait, and I couldn't allow myself to get angry. "No, ma'am. But I would like to go back to work. With your permission."

When I spoke, my words came off as obedient and subservient. By this point, I wanted to think I was lying to her, that my obsequious tone came from the desire to manipulate this girl. But really, I could feel myself becoming more feminine and subservient. I started to think of the world in terms of what would please Jessika. That couldn't be allowed to continue.

"So you want me to change you back to a man?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said quietly. I also made sure to keep my eyes aimed at the floor because I didn't want Jessika to think of this as a challenge to her authority.

"And then what? You'll come here after work to serve as my good girl?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said again. I managed to keep a straight face. In fact, if anyone had heard me, they probably would have believed me except for the fact that once I got back in my own body, I would never see her again. I wouldn't let her talk to me, and I wouldn't let her retake control.

"No."

"But, someone will eventually realize that I'm gone," I said slowly. I could feel the anger start to build at my core, and I lifted my eyes, facing her. Now I was challenging her, and we both knew it.

"Really? Like who?"

I opened my mouth, and I could feel the lipstick she applied to my mouth. Although I had been applying makeup for several days, the extra layer still struck me as alien. Jessika ordered me to keep my face nice and pretty every single morning. So while she slept, I had to shower, shave my legs, and apply my makeup before she was even awake. It wasn't fair, and it only added fuel to the anger simmering at the bottom of my belly.

Closing my mouth for just a moment, I thought back to the people who'd miss me. Obviously, there was my secretary. And my new bosses. But what about my friends? Robert would definitely say something, though we weren't that close...

If I disappeared, would anyone worry?

A sinking feeling slithered into my chest. "That's right," Jessika said. "You know a lot of people, but they don't really care about you. Do they? You don't know how to make real friendships or relationships. So it won't take much to be certain no one worries about you. In fact..." Jessika grabbed my hand and pulled me back into the hall, then down the stairs to the living room.

My ex kept a desktop in the far corner where she paid bills. She took a seat, tapped her lap, and said, "Sit down."

"You want me to sit on your lap?"

“Don’t worry, sweetie. You’re small enough.” She tapped her lap again, making me blush. Jessika just loved pointing out the new difference in our sizes, even days after my transformation. “Now get on my lap.”

With a puff of frustration, I sat down on her lap. I really was tiny, even compared to my ex. She put one arm around me, effectively trapping me there. Then she opened a web browser.

“What’s your email address and password?”

“I’m not telling.”

“Corina, tell me your email address and password.”

Arcane power flowed through her command. Her magic seized control, so I gave her both pieces of information. I fought to keep my lips sealed, only my efforts were swept aside.

Jessika typed in the characters. Biting on the inside of my mouth, I couldn’t summon up the will to try to stop her. She opened a new email and whispered in my ear, “Pull up your boss’s name.”

I did it, my hands trembling. “What are you going to make me do?” My voice shook and cracked just a little.

“You’re going to resign, of course. After all, you have a much better position now.”

“No!” I practically cried out that word, but Jessika simply chuckled.

“Sweetheart,” she said, condescending, “stop acting like you have a choice.”

Her words struck me. “I do have a choice. I won’t do it.”

This had to be the line in the sand, I told myself. I had to stop her right then and right there. If I could break her hold on me, just for a few minutes, then I would show Jessika that she couldn’t always control me. I wouldn’t be her puppet any longer.

“Type these words,” she commanded, the trace of magic slipping into Jessika’s beautiful voice. “I need to resign my position, effective immediately.”

I raised my fingers and put them on the keyboard. “No...” I growled. “I won’t do it,” I insisted even as my fingers started to dance along the keyboard.

“You’re doing it,” she said. “Now type: I no longer wish to be employed with your company as I’ve decided to become my ex-

girlfriend's live-in maid."

"No!" My eyes went wide, and I shook my head. Jessika giggled behind me as I kept typing, putting one word after another on the screen. I squirmed, hoping to pull myself away from the computer, only it wasn't working! My hands kept going, and I couldn't stop.

Jessika rested her hands on my breasts. She gave them a gentle squeeze, like she was testing the ripeness of fruit. "Good girl. You see, you're my doll-girl now. You'll do as you're told, no matter what."

I finished typing, and Jessika double checked the text. "Very nice. I like the way you sound online," she said, putting her hand on the mouse.

"No! No, don't do it! You *cannot* send that email!"

"I can't?" she parroted. "And who are you, Corina, to tell me what I can and cannot do?" There was no way for me to respond, nothing I could say to prove her wrong. As hard as I might try, I couldn't overcome Jessika's arcane powers. But then she came up with something better. "You know, I think I might add in some color."

"Color? Please, Jessika. Don't do this! You're ruining my life!" I whined.

"Really? Like when you broke up with me? Like when you stole my jewelry out of spite as you moved out? Ruining your life like that?"

I didn't have anything to say. Denial would have been pointless. Yes, I had done those things, but she had been such a bitch as we broke up, crying and whining like it was somehow my fault that I didn't want to be with her any longer.

"Please, don't do this."

Jessika typed in some extra flourishes about how I eagerly awaited this new opportunity. She wrote about how I couldn't handle the pressures of my new position, so domesticity would be more suited to my abilities and inclinations. Last, she typed, *I really love the panties and chastity belt I'll be required to wear as a part of my new uniform.*

"Uh oh," she said, and I heard the click. "I just hit send!"

Peeking up at the screen, I didn't want confirmation. I didn't really need it either, yet something possessed me to glance upward anyway.

*Sent.*

That one word burned into my retinas. My lips hardened, and my whole body ached, but Jessika picked that moment to squeeze my nipples!

I never expected it. I couldn't see it coming!

The explosion of sensation made me yelp. It was such a girlish sound! I barely recognized it as coming from my mouth. But then she dropped her left hand to that spot between my legs. She hitched up my skirt, leaving me vulnerable.

"Do you want an orgasm? Tell the truth."

"Yes, yes ma'am," I grunted, hating the truth.

"Then get down on your hands and knees," she ordered.

I dropped down onto the floor, my weight braced against my knuckles. "You know what to do," Jessika said, her fiendish smile bright against her cheeks as she spread her legs.

Apparently, I didn't move fast enough to please my owner because she grabbed my hair and twisted, pulling me forward. I stuck out my tongue, and I started to lick at her exposed slit. She moaned and cried out as my tongue massaged her clit.

I serviced her until she came.

When she finished with me, Jessika let go.

My pussy still ached for attention, but I knew better than to complain or make any requests. She would get to me when she saw fit and not a moment sooner.

Jessika smiled down at me, still in my uniform, still on my hands and knees. "You know, I think I want to dress you up like a kitty at some point. You could run around the house. Oh, and I could put a ribbon around your neck! Wouldn't that be just precious?"

When she stopped talking, I knew Jessika was going to demand a reply. There was only one correct answer, especially if I hoped for an orgasm. "Yes, ma'am," I said, fighting to get those two words out.

Jessika slipped her hand into her pocket and took out the key. "Get it with your teeth," she ordered as she tossed it onto the floor.

In spite of the demeaning command, I dropped down and snatched up the piece of brass in my mouth. The metallic flavor cut against my taste buds. Even so, I waited for Jessika to hold out her hands.

“No, do it yourself,” she said, making it sound like she was being so generous.

Rather than argue or fight, I dropped the key into my palm, then I dropped onto my back. I pulled back my skirt and fumbled with the lock. The key’s teeth slid into those openings as I imagined the tumblers and gears moving. Then the bars snapped free.

I shimmied out of the chastity belt. The urge to start touching myself right away slammed into me, yet I managed to hold it off.

“Good girl,” Jessika said, though I couldn’t tell if she was genuinely pleased with my self-control. It wouldn’t have surprised me to learn she hoped I would yield to my basest impulses.

“May I touch myself?”

Jessika touched a finger to her mouth. She left me to shiver with eagerness. Now that I had the chastity belt off, my mouth practically watered with desperation. She made me wait until she decided, “No. I think I want to play with you a bit first.”

My owner got up and walked across the room, heading right for the exit. She took the stairs, all while I meekly trailed behind her.

We came back to the bedroom. “Strip.”

I obeyed, pulling off my stockings, my garters, my dress, apron, as well as my bonnet. Every item reminded me of my powerlessness.

Hoping Jessika would allow me to drift back to the bed and lay down, I inhaled and waited, trying to be patient. Instead, she held me in front of the full-length mirror.

“What do you see?” Jessika asked.

I didn’t want to look up, only she had done this to me several times already. Knowing what she expected didn’t make it any easier. “I see a pretty girl,” I said.

“That’s right. You’re very pretty!” She practically hopped up and down. “And what are you?”

“I’m a girl.”

“That’s right.” She grinned again, like an idea just occurred to her. Already, I knew I wouldn’t like it. “You’re a pretty girl. And are you employed?”

“No,” I said, blanching at the thought of the email she just sent off. “I’m no longer employed, ma’am.”

“Oh, but you are,” she said, running her fingers down my naked body. “You definitely have a job, don’t you?”

“Oh no, don’t make me say it,” I whined, hating what she had in mind.

“Say it,” she said cruelly.

“I’m employed as your maid, ma’am.”

“That’s right.”

“Now thank me for giving you a job.”

My mouth hardened into an angry line. So far, I had learned a lot about controlling my temper. But this was too much! She reduced me to the status of a servant, and Jessika really believed I would thank her?

No way.

“No.”

“Do it,” she said, only there wasn’t a trace of magic in the command. I could resist. I could stay quiet as long as I wished.

“No,” I insisted. “You can’t make me. Not this time.” Sure, I didn’t have anything to back up my claim, but I stood by it nonetheless.

“I think I can,” she whispered, her voice low and throaty. “Now get down on the bed like a good girl.”

I couldn’t resist her this time. My steps felt mechanical and automated as I marched across the room, climbed onto the bed, and fell down onto my stomach. With my ass bared to the air, I squirmed against invisible bonds.

“Are you sure you don’t want to thank me?” Jessika teased. She leaned down against the side of the bed, grinning at me. Somewhere along the line, she picked up a black marker. “Are you really sure?”

“Yes. I’m sure. I’m not going to do it.”

Granted, she could summon up another incantation and force my compliance, but this was about forcing me to yield—voluntarily.

Jessika decided she wanted me to make the decision to surrender myself to her.

“Alright. It’s your choice,” she said and hopped up onto the bed. Jessika straddled me, and I squirmed, trying to throw her off, but it didn’t make a difference. Then I felt the soft tip of the pen as the pungent aroma of ink assaulted my nostrils. “This is going to be good.”

Then Jessika rolled me over. “What else should I write?”

“Nothing,” I growled, refusing to play along.

“Nah...your skin is so perfect. I think it’s just right to be a canvas,” Jessika said, and as I lay there, she started to doodle. At first, she just put little hearts and stars along my skin. Then she wrote one word, *Slut*. She put it right on my pubis, just above my slit. “Yes, I think that’s right. Roll over!”

I rolled onto my side. She wrote one phrase twice, first above my right cheek, then the left. *Spank here*.

Jessika giggled some more and then she asked, “Are you ready to give in?”

“No.”

She let me settle on my back again. She grabbed my arms and spread them. She did the same with my legs, and then she told me to remain just like that. Her words bound me more powerfully than any set of shackles.

“You will be,” she promised.

Jessika started with my breasts, taking her eight fingers and raking them down my mounds. My nipples hardened into erect points, and my breath pulsed past my lips. “That’s right. You like that, don’t you?”

Damn! She increased my libido, making it nearly impossible to resist the temptations of my body. Left to my own devices, I might not have been able to control myself. “Of course you like it. You’re just a horny girl, aren’t you?”

Jessika giggled and her hair fell past her cheeks. She leaned down and let those strands brush against my skin. The soft touches left my skin tingling. Yes. I wanted more, and I couldn’t help but think back to when we had been together. On more than one occasion, Jessika had stroked my bare chest like this.

“Remember when you were a man? Remember when you were allowed an opinion?”

I growled at her as she started to kiss my chest, working her lips down between my breasts to my stomach. Heat washed along my skin, a tidal wave spreading throughout my physique. Jessika lifted her face from my torso and she slipped her fingers toward my pussy. Instantly, she could push her fingers into me, and I quivered with unbridled desire.

Yearning itched through me, but I couldn't move. I couldn't make my arms or legs budge from their assigned positions. “Do you want to come? Do you really?” At first, I managed to keep my mouth shut.

Jessika continued to work my body, pushing me to new heights of desire. Goose bumps ran along my shoulders and down my forearms.

“Yes! Yes, I want to come!”

“Thank me.”

She had taken my manhood, my job, and now she wanted my freewill. No, I gritted my teeth, locking my jaw into place. Over and over, I told myself that she wouldn't be able to break me. It was a good thought, only I knew it wasn't true.

In theory, every second I managed to maintain my silence was a victory.

In reality, Jessika was going to win. So what was the point of holding out? What did it really get me?

Nothing. So my resolve cracked and fractured as this pretty girl continued to stroke me. She caressed my clit, slowly working her two fingertips forward and back until I could barely breathe. My thoughts scattered, my mouth went dry, and I kept thinking about how good the orgasm would feel.

“Say it,” Jessika whispered, smiling and taunting me all at the same time. This girl had a knack for coming off as sweet and cruel in the same breath. “Say it, and maybe, just maybe, I'll let you come.”

It was only a possibility.

“Thank you, ma'am.”

Jessika hopped up and down, excited that she had broken my will once again. She clapped her hands together, while I groaned

because she pulled her digits from my pussy. I shifted my body, squirming from side to side in the hope that she would notice and decide to take care of me.

Instead, Jessika grabbed my chin and pinched, forcing me to look up at her. "Open your mouth," she ordered, and I didn't reluctantly, parting my lips for her. But then Jessika slid her damp fingers into my mouth, and she ordered me to suck.

I did it, running my tongue along her digits. I sucked off my own excitement, the juices form against my tongue. I lifted my head, taking her fingers all the way into my mouth. My gag reflex almost kicked in, but I manage to stifle it.

"Good girl. There is my good girl," Jessika said. "I know you're very grateful for everything I've done for you. Being a man really just wasn't in the cards for you, was it sweetheart? No, you're going to make a much better maid. You're going to be so much happier cleaning my house for me. This is really where you belong. Isn't it?"

Only then did Jessika pull her fingers from my lips, and I could feel a tingle of humiliation burn through me. It felt electric, like jolts of lightning pushing me down. This was another test, another opportunity for Jessika to prove how easily she could control me, but I didn't care, not with my pussy throbbing for attention. She pushed me right to the edge of a climax, only to leave me hanging.

"Yes ma'am, this is where I belong."

"Now smile," she commanded.

I did it. I smiled like a pretty girl, and Jessika clapped her hands together. "Very good!" She said those words and dropped her hand back down to my pussy. She ran her fingers through my pubic hair, taking a few strands and tugging. I whimpered medically, knowing that I was powerless to stop her.

As despair roiled through me, Jessika touched her fingers to my opening again. Immediately, I whimpered, hot pleasure coursing through me all over again. Getting turned on and left to cool down made me that much more sensitive and vulnerable to her ministrations.

She penetrated me with her fingers, taking what she wanted. With her eyes on me, Jessika made one thing abundantly clear. This

wasn't for me. It wasn't a gift, and it wasn't even payment. Payment implied a transaction between equals, but we were equals.

No, I was just her plaything, and this was Jessika training me, making sure that I remembered my place. My body was hers to use at she saw fit, and right then, she wanted me to have an orgasm. Rather than try to resist or hold onto some sort of independence, I surrendered, closing my eyes and shivering with delight.

She stroked my clitoris, pressing down lightly. She was teasing my most sensitive spot, working me over. But even then, Jessika wanted to highlight her power again because she took her other hand and used it to massage my breasts, lightly dancing her fingers across my globes.

"There is my good girl. No, you're not a man, not anymore. You're just going to be my little doll. You're going to be so happy, serving me every day. You won't have to worry about making decisions or being responsible for anything. Well, I suppose you'll be responsible for the dusting and cleaning, but a girl like you is going to be excellent at those chores. That's right, you're going to have your place."

Those words penetrated my psyche; they were etched into my thoughts.

As she spoke, her words seemed absolutely true. They felt completely real. At the same time, I flashed back to the last few days. For such a long time, I had been her maid, cleaning her house, and it was becoming difficult to imagine my previous life. Somehow, my time as a man, the vast majority of my life, started to feel shadowy and inconsistent, especially as my heart pounded and Jessika continued to work my clitoris, teasing that bundle of nerves until it finally happened.

An orgasm!

The deluge of pleasure rained down on me, drenching me as my lower lip quivered in shock. My whole body seemed to shake, and I stopped thinking about whether or not I was a man or a woman. I didn't even remember if I was going to be a slave. None of those things had to matter in that moment where everything clicked, and my nervous system lit up with pleasure. This was the ultimate reward, the cessation of my being.

Nipples hard, pussy drenched, lightly coated in sweat, I fell back, naked. Of course, I'm still in that same position with my arms and legs spread out.

"Did you enjoy that?"

Slowly, my eyes fluttered open again, and I saw Jessika. "Yes ma'am."

"Good girl. Now let's get you dressed."

Several more days passed. Even though I continued to search for some way out of my situation, nothing presented itself. Yes, Jessika left alone, but the idea of traipsing out into the world with no ID, no money, no job, no credit card, did not appeal to me. Yes, I probably could've made it back to my place, but what then?

I didn't have my keys, and if a neighbor spotted me, they would probably think I was trying to break in.

No, it was best to stay with Jessika and hope that I would be able to find some way out of this. As I cleaned her house, I kept thinking that maybe, just maybe I would find some magical book or arcane orb or something. Jessika's power had to come from somewhere, I thought. It couldn't really just be inborn.

Nothing.

I didn't find any clues or hints about where she got her powers, and I certainly didn't know how to counteract them. Not yet, at least.

At the same time though, I realized this couldn't last forever. Jessika was training me, working on wearing down my resistance, and she was succeeding. Every night, she put me to bed, stripping me naked and ordering me to sleep.

With her magic, my eyelids would fall, and I could feel the strength of my resistance fade by degrees. When she first started, I would pound against the magic she used to influence me. But now, I drifted away serenely, as though some part of me thought this was right. Not only that, I was becoming automatically deferential and subservient.

Answering her with a "yes ma'am," or a "no ma'am" became automatic. Jessika was a young woman, yet I looked up to her as

though she really did own me, like she was the most important person in the world.

Not only that, the idea of putting on makeup and wearing my uniform started to feel natural and habitual.

No, I couldn't let this happen. I was a man, and I was determined to regain my status.

In order to remind myself of who I really was, I would occasionally close my eyes and picture what would happen to Jessika once I got my body back. Because then, I would be bigger and stronger, and I would make her pay for this. For one, I knew she needed to be able to speak to use her spells, so there was a very simple solution.

I would gag her.

Yes, I loved the image of Jessika tied down in, her naked body spread out before me. I would pound her and take her, thrusting my cock deep inside of her. I would penetrate her, and Jessika would learn how she couldn't mess with me.

It was such a good image, but I couldn't make it a reality.

Then, as I was down on my hands and knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor, Jessika sauntered up to me. She stood a few feet away, and she said, "Corina, why don't you come over here and kiss my feet?"

Disgust roiled through me, yet I knew better than to disregard the suggestion of my owner. So I crawled along the floor, my white apron trailing. Jessika smirked while I bent my head low and kissed her feet. She had on aquamarine colored flats, and I pressed my lips against them.

"Oh, and it looks like there's little bit of dust on my other foot. Would you be a dear and lick it off?"

My throat tensed at the thought of licking her feet, but Jessika would make me do it one way or another. If I wasn't careful, she would make me beg for the privilege of licking her feet.

So I moved my head over, and I ran my small tongue along the material of her shoe. Jessika smirked down at me, and I could feel her condescension as well as her derision. Before, when I did a man, at least I had her respect. But now, I was nothing but a servant to be used and teased whenever she felt like it.

"I think you've done a nice job of cleaning this place," Jessika announced. She looked around, clearly scanning for some mistake I might have made. But I'd been cleaning for more than a week, so her house was perfect. Nothing was out of place. There was no dust, no dirt.

"Thank you, ma'am," I said. I spoke without lifting my eyes. Braced on the floor, I felt like a doll, a toy hoping for some attention.

Of course, I had a chastity belt on. Jessika insisted it always remained locked around my waist unless she intended to play with me. Sometimes she took it off me to make me think I was going to get an orgasm. At times, she enjoyed pushing me over the edge. At other times, Jessika dashed my hopes.

She got me hot. She got me wet. And then she would force me to don the chastity belt again.

Right then, Jessika reached down and started to run her fingers through my pretty blonde hair. "Tonight, I decided to have a dinner party."

I didn't flinch, though I could feel my entire body tense up. "Yes ma'am," I said, uncertain of what response Jessika would expect.

"So you're obviously going to be the waitress tonight. I bought you a new dress and everything," Jessika said. She stroked my hair some more, and I knew that she was waiting for me to try to rebel or resist. "You wukk be polite to my guests. You will curtsy and obey every command given to you. If anyone complains about your behavior, I will make sure you pay for it."

Jessika tightened her grip on my hair, and she tugged at me scalp, forcing me to look up at her. "You understand?"

"Yes ma'am," I said.

"Good girl. Go get yourself cleaned up. I will be by to inspect you a little bit later."

Because Jessika was watching me, I scrambled to put away the cleaning implements. But after that, I scampered up the stairs and went straight to the guest bathroom. I stripped off everything except for the chastity belt. It was waterproof, so I could take a shower while wearing it.

Of course, it would've felt incredible to allow the drops of hot water to run down my torso, to pelt against my nipples.

Part of me wanted to massage my breasts. If I rubbed them just the right way, I could climax easily enough, but Jessika might step in and stop me. Obviously, I wasn't allowed to lock the door, not when I was her property. I didn't get any kind of privacy.

Besides, I tried to convince myself that I didn't really want to touch myself.

That was a lie.

Whether I wanted to admit it or not, Jessika was controlling me. She was teaching me how to be timid and obedient, and I had to face that fact.

Once I finished washing off, I wrapped a towel around my hair before I started to dry off. Jessika would probably insist on braiding my blonde strands. She liked to have me in pigtails when she really needed to humiliate me, and if I was going to play the role of servant tonight, then I knew what to expect.

Once I was dry, I stepped back in the hallway, and Jessika was waiting for me. "Hands behind your head," she ordered.

There was no magic this time, but I obeyed anyway, intertwining my fingers at the nape of my neck. Meanwhile, Jessika stepped around me, taking in the details of my breasts, my pussy, my heart-shaped ass and my girly face.

"I really did do a good job with you, didn't I?"

"Yes ma'am," I replied automatically. I had to agree with her, no matter how hard I wanted to resist.

"Let's get you dressed."

Jessika took me back into the master bedroom, and there was already an outfit spread out on the bed for me. Normally, my French maid uniform was black and sleek. Although it may have been demeaning, it did at least have a certain sexual appeal that I thought gave me some sort of credibility.

But this monstrosity? This was so much worse.

For one, it was white and pink, a Lolita uniform with a flared skirt, lots of lacey ruffles, and pretty bows. The petticoats flared out as well, making sure that people would be able to see up my skirt if I bent over or moved incorrectly.

Swallowing back my reluctance, I didn't complain as Jessika ordered my arms into the air. While I kept my hands raised, she pulled the skirt on first, followed by the petticoats, stockings, and then the dress. She tied every bow into place, making sure I was nice and snug.

"You look very pretty," Jessika said, eventually making me face the full-length mirror again.

I looked like a sex doll, I thought. Jessika must've agreed because she giggled and tapped the tip of my nose. "Thank you ma'am," I said because it was the only appropriate response.

Jessika decided to add a little choker. Of course, this was really just a pink, leather collar with a heart-shaped pendant. After she'd done my makeup, Jessika ordered me to stand off to the side and wait. I didn't know what time the dinner party would start.

After a few minutes, the doorbell rang, and Jessika ordered me to get it. I went downstairs, my heart beating frantically. I pursed my lips, wondering who would be there, knowing that if I made a mistake, I would be in trouble.

I opened the door to find woman dressed in white. "I'm the caterer," she said politely, holding out her hand. This woman was a little bit taller than me. I was slowly starting to realize that pretty much everyone would be taller than me from now on.

"Please come inside," I said, remembering to curtsy.

The woman smirked, though she didn't say anything overtly rude. Even so, I could tell she looked down on me, probably thinking that I sold out in some way. After all, what kind of woman would willingly allow herself to be dressed up in this ruffled getup?

It was pathetic. Once the caterer was in the kitchen and started working, I trudged back up stairs.

By that point, Jessika was showering, so I waited outside her bathroom door, holding my hands behind my back. This was how she had trained me to wait, and even though she hadn't given me an order, I knew that this is what my owner would have wanted from me.

When Jessika came out of the shower, she was naked. My eyes drifted along the body, and I remembered all those things I did with her as a man. For an instant, I wanted to take her again, but

Jessika glanced at me, and in that one moment, I knew that she would never allow that to happen.

Unless I could somehow be smarter or more cunning than she, I was doomed to a life of lace and petticoats.

Jessika got dressed slowly. She pulled on a pair of slinky black panties, sheer stockings, and a tight red dress. Every detail highlighted her best features, and I licked my lips, thinking like a man all over again.

Peeking up at me, Jessika smiled until she stood all the way up. Then she was taller than me, and she walked over. "Corina, could you be a dear and go fetch my high heels?"

Then it was over, and I didn't get to think like a man anymore. Rather, I had to behave like her servant, so I quickly turned around and retrieved what she wanted. Really, those shoes were only a few feet away, so Jessika could've grabbed them herself. But she wanted me to do it because I served her.

Jessika took the high heels and dropped them onto the floor, sliding her shapely toes into those shoes. Now she stood even taller than me.

"Ma'am, the caterers are here."

"Good," Jessika said. "My guests should be arriving shortly."

Jessika went down into the formal dining room, and she took a seat. She was reading something on her tablet computer. Meanwhile, she commanded me to wait by the front door. She wanted me to be there immediately for that moment when her guests started to arrive.

I had on flats, which only heightened my sense of subservience. But then I blanked, thinking that heels would make me look even more feminine and womanly. Damn it, Jessika really was changing me, rewriting my personality.

How much longer would I have before I would truly start to think of myself as a woman? But I wouldn't be some strong independent woman. Rather, Jessika would have me eating out of her hand and crawling along the floor, hoping for the chance to lick her pussy.

As I stood by the front door, I imagined my future, and I vowed that I would redouble my efforts. I was going to get out of this

situation. I was going to show Jessika who was truly in charge, and it was not going to be her.

The doorbell rang again, snapping me out of my reverie. I opened the door and curtsy with me, keeping my eyes on the floor. But then I glanced up and I realized it was Michelle, a woman I used to work with. Distantly, I knew that she and Jessika were friends, but I didn't imagine that my owner would involve people I knew from my days as a man.

"Oh my, aren't you cute?" Michelle said, giggling as I dipped my body low. At the same time, I held the edges of my skirt with a perfect curtsy.

"Ma'am, may I take your coat?"

"Of course," she said, taking it off and handing it me. Michelle had always been a tall woman, and now she seemed even bigger to my eyes. I took her coat just as Jessika entered the room. They started chatting, and I tried to disappear.

But then Michelle turned around and she pointed at me. "Jessika, I think it's fantastic to you hired a maid for the evening. She's just so cute! I love the way she curtsied at the door!"

"Yes, Corina is adorable."

The two women disappeared back into the living room while I waited by the door.

Her guests arrived in singles and pairs. Each time, I curtsied and I tried not to blush. I didn't want anyone there to realize exactly how this all made me feel. It didn't need to know about the humiliation running through my veins. Trying to maintain any kind of dignity in a black-and-white maid uniform was difficult. Attempting the same thing in this pink and white monstrosity was virtually impossible.

The door opened again, and this time I didn't curtsy rights away. In fact, my jaw fell open. They just standing in the doorway didn't seem to notice, not with his eyes running up and down the length of my body.

Robert. He was one of my friends; in fact, he had been there the strip club on the night Jessika first took me. I blinked several times, torn between hoping that he would recognize me and fearing that he might.

"Hi there," he said, smiling at me. Immediately, I recognized his swagger. He was definitely interested in me, which only made me blush brighter. I couldn't look at him in the eye, so I kept my eyes downcast. "My name's Robert. What's yours?"

"Her name is Corina," Jessika supplied helpfully, standing in the middle of the entryway. This time, I remembered to curtsy, and I quickly held up my hands, hoping that Robert would give me his coat without comment.

But my friend always been something of a jackass, so he walked up to me, he did take off his coat, slowly, but once he draped it across my arms, he decided to give my ass a little squeeze. I yelped, surprised.

"Sorry," Robert said, but he wasn't addressing me. Instead, he turned to Jessika. "I hope you don't mind me touching the help."

The help? He talked about me like I was some servant from the seventeen-hundreds!

Jessika held up her hand and waved it off, "Robert, don't even worry about it. I pay her good money, so I've no problem expecting her to entertain my guests. In fact, there's something I'd like to discuss with you later on."

He smirked at me, clearly pleased with this new development. He probably came to the dinner party expecting to hit on one of Jessika's friends. Robert had always been a dog, after all.

This time, he winked at me, he sauntered off. Jessika came back up to me, not that I could really move. Honestly, I was too shocked after seeing my friend there.

"I've got plans for you," Jessika whispered into my ear. "But for right now, be a good girl and got help the caterer. I think it's time to start serving drinks. Don't you? "

"Yes ma'am," I said, dipping my head low before I scampered off to the kitchen. The caterer was busy cooking, so I started for wine into the glasses. I put them all on a tray, and I carried it out to the dining area.

For the most part, Jessika's guests ignored me. They might give me a polite thank you after I handed them a drink, but that was all.

Slowly, I started to realize that they were paying some attention to me, but it was all derisive. A couple of the women shook her heads, obviously annoyed with my costume and my flagrant display of cleavage. Not only that, my skirt was scandalously short, so if I ever had to bend over, my panties would have obviously been put on display.

Just as that thought crossed my mind, Robert dropped a pen. He simply released it from his hand, yet he feigned distress. "How clumsy of me. Would you mind picking that up for me?" Robert even have the gall to push the pen a little bit with his foot, ensuring that I would have to bend over in front of him.

A sigh passed my lips, and I was about to shove him, to tell Robert to pick it up himself. He couldn't treat me like this! But then I caught a warning glance from Jessika.

Hating myself for it, I bent over, showing him my panties.

"Cute lace," he said, coming up behind me. He squeezed my ass, and I heard the ladies giggle. They probably thought I deserved this sort of treatment for wearing a uniform like this.

Only Jessika knew the truth, and she wasn't about to share.

"The man paid you a compliment," Jessika said. My eyes flickered a little bit wider, and disappointment surged through me.

Jessika wasn't only going to keep me on display. She was going to make me perform for these people. So I turned around I faced Robert again. Then I curtsied, bowing low as I said, "Thank you, sir."

He smirked again, probably thinking that I enjoyed this.

After that, Jessika decided that it was time for the guests to start eating. She had me fetch the food as they sat down, and I was busy scampering all about to keep their drinks full. I collected plates and brought desert. I did everything Jessika could have ever wanted, and I was also counting the minutes until this night would come to an end. By the end of the evening though, Jessika and most of her guests were pretty tipsy.

I kept hoping that they would decide to go home soon, because then I could get back to plotting my escape.

In fact, two of the girls decided they needed to leave. Jessika hugged them and wished them a safe ride, and they headed home.

Meanwhile, Jessika and the rest of her party continued to chat and laugh, telling jokes and stories. But this didn't last too long. After another hour or so, Jessika got up and motioned for me to follow her.

I glanced into the dining room, uncertain what she would want me to do next. My reluctance to move only lasted a moment because I remembered my place and I scampered after my owner.

I followed her back upstairs in the bedroom. A pink tinge colored her lips. When she smiled at me, there was a dangerous glint in her eyes. Jessika said, "Corina, strip down to your bra and panties."

"Ma'am?" I didn't understand what she wanted. I assumed that she was going to have me see her guests off. After all, all of their coats were still hung up in the closet downstairs.

"Strip down to your bra and panties," Jessika ordered again.

Nervousness threatened to overwhelm me, but I did it, taking off the garters, the stockings, the apron, all of it. Within a matter of moments, I was down to my chastity belt and bra. Jessika handed me the keys to my locks, and I quickly pulled off the belt, wondering what she had in mind.

"Go find a pair of panties to put on. Make sure they're cute," she ordered.

Confusion still tightened my core, but I obeyed. I went to one of the drawers and pulled out a pair of pink panties, soft and silky. I put them on my lithe frame.

Then I stood in front of Jessika, my hands at the small of my back, just the way she had taught me.

"Lay down and close your eyes," she ordered.

I inhaled, holding my breath as I moved to obey. I got down on my back; then I held my arms over my head and spread my legs. A shiver of vulnerability echoed through me, but there was nothing I could do. Reminding myself that I behaved so I didn't deserve any punishment, I looked back up at Jessika.

Remembering her second command, I close my eyes.

Jessika moved about the room, opening a drawer and taking something out. I had no way to guess what she might have retrieved, though I didn't think I was going to like it. Then she told me to open my mouth, and I did it.

Over and over, I tried to tell myself that I didn't deserve any kind of punishment. I had been a model of subservience all night. More importantly, Jessika still had guests downstairs. She wouldn't want to play with me, not when she had them to entertain.

"This is going to be a lot of fun," she said, stuffing something in my mouth. Immediately, I tried to spit it out, but I didn't have the leverage. Besides, Jessika was strong and deft.

The taste of rubber filled my senses, and I realized that Jessika was something of the back of my head. She was gagging me!

Within a matter of seconds, she had me muzzled, but I strained to move. In fact, I tried to take one hand and undo the clasps at the back of my head. I wanted to get this thing out of my mouth, not that it would really make much difference one way or the other. Honestly, I think it only became a matter of pride for me, but Jessika grabbed my hand and shoved it back down against the mattress. Then, she started to tie something still around my wrist. Within a few seconds, she had it secured. I tried to pull my hand back, but I couldn't!

Jessika quickly tied up my other hand, and I was spread out, half-naked and especially vulnerable. Then she did the same thing with my wrists, locking them in place so I was spread-eagled. Technically, she could have used a spell, but she decided to restrain me in more mundane ways for whatever reason.

"Alright. You can open your eyes now," she said to me, making it sound like favor.

I did so and found her sitting at the edge of the bed, smiling. I tried to speak, but only a incoherent mumble made it past the bright red ball gag lodged firmly in my mouth. I tugged on my bonds, testing them. Predictably, I couldn't break the silk.

At least until Jessika decided to let me up, I was going to be helpless.

"You have fun now," Jessika said.

She got up and left, but I attempted to scream at her to stay. She couldn't do this to me! She couldn't just tie me down, leaving there! But the door shut behind her, and I didn't hear it lock. All of a

sudden, I worried that one of her guests might wander in. What would they think?

Frankly, I couldn't imagine anything more embarrassing.

The walls were not terribly thick, so I could still hear the conversations taking place downstairs. Then it started to dawn on me, what Jessika had in mind. She wanted me to squirm. She wanted me to feel my helplessness as they got to drink and eat and be happy and play around with one another.

This was just one more way for her to remind me that she had taken my life from me. I was no longer a man, and I was no longer capable of controlling my destiny.

Then I learned exactly how wrong I really was.

The door opened, and I lifted my eyelids slowly, thinking Jessika would be standing there. She probably came by to taunt me. In those first second, I could only make out a silhouette. But then he walked into the room, and my eyes went wide.

I mumbled quickly, trying to come up with the right tone.

It was Robert. He strolled into the room, and his eyes swept over the length of my body. For a moment, he simply considered me before whistling. "Wow. You look fantastic."

Quickly, I shook my head from side to side. He had to get out of there. He had to leave me alone!

But obviously, Robert had other ideas because he strutted along the carpet, smirking all the while. He was looking at me like I was a prize, something to be taken. Maybe he thought I was some sort of party favor.

He climbed onto the bed, and he pressed his crotch down against my thigh. Already, I could feel his erection. Worse, my body responded, my nostrils flared, and I let out a little gasp of desire.

Robert noticed. "She really wasn't kidding."

I yelped, uncertain what he meant. But then Robert just chuckled down at me. "Don't worry about it, sweetheart. Jessika explained everything. She told me how you have this really kinky fantasy about being taken against your will."

With those words on the air, he reached up, stroking my cheek. I narrowed my eyes at him, and I shook my head from side to

side, but Robert just chuckled. "I promise, I'm going to make you feel good."

Then he grabbed my bra and yanked it down, ripping the fabric. Before I knew what was happening, his mouth latched onto my left nipple. A second before he even started to suck, I could feel the pulse of arousal kick through my body.

My pussy was already wet, and my heart started to pound as his tongue began to work little circles around that pleasure bud.

I worked to scream, to shape some real sounds, but the gag distorted everything I tried to communicate. As far as Robert was concerned, this was just a game, a fantasy.

Struggling as hard as I could, I tried to thrash from side to side, but it didn't do any good. I wasn't strong enough to rip myself free, and now with Robert on top of me, I was doubly bound.

Then those silk bands became the least of my concerns because Robert kept licking me, running his teeth and tongue over my nipple. That spot was so sensitive! Before long, my resistance was wiped away. Yes, I continued to struggle, but I was simply whimpering, hoping that he would realize I really didn't want this.

Only this was Robert, and he wanted me from the first moment he set eyes on me. I was the slutty servant, a kinky maid to be taken. Now he had his opportunity, and he wasn't going to ask any questions.

He lifted his mouth away from my nipple, and I shook my head pathetically, my eyes big and wide and pleading. He pulled down the other bra cup, and then he lowered his mouth back to that other nipple. He started to lick and suck, teasing me until I arched my back. An orgasm hit me. It was small, but it was also intense.

Robert noticed.

"I don't think this is going to take very long," he said, sitting up. He pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Of course, I'd seen my friend shirtless before, but that visual never had this effect on me.

My body tightened up, I could feel the arousal simmer all over again. One small orgasm wasn't enough to make it stop.

I was tied down, but Jessika left just a little bit of slack. Using this, he shoved me onto my side. It was an awkward position, but it

gave Robert a chance to smack my ass. He did it hard, even harder than Jessika had done.

He spanked me five times, and when he was done, my flesh was pink, and my eyes were starting to water. But then he dropped me down onto my back once again. I thought he was finished with me, that this was all he wanted to do to punish me.

Instead, Robert pushed me onto my other flank, and then he spanked my other buttock. I squirmed and struggled, straining against the silk strips, but I could free myself. Again, he spanked me, swinging his hand down hard. Pain blossomed through my nervous system, and then he let me fall down on my back again.

Before I could try to regain any sense of equilibrium or coherence, he bent down and started to kiss me. I could feel his stubble rubbing against my lips. His erection pressed into my thigh, and I craved this.

My girlish body seethed with raw hunger, the need for this man.

No, I told myself. I couldn't want this. I was a straight man. I wasn't some blonde girl who was horny. I didn't enjoy being tied down; I didn't want to be taken by my friend! Those words kept echoing in my head, but Robert had other ideas.

He sat up again after several seconds, and my lips tingled from his absence. "Oh yes, I can tell you want this. You want it bad," he said.

Quickly, I shook my head again, but Robert wasn't paying attention. Rather, he grabbed my panties and tore them, splitting the material straight down the middle. He exposed my wet pussy, and I shivered with embarrassment. He had taken away my clothing, removing the last of the protections I could try to rely upon.

He reached between my legs and quickly discovered my arousal. My pussy was hot from excitement, and he touched me, feeling the dampness at my opening.

He kept his eyes on me as he unzipped his pants, and then his big cock sprung out.

Although he took his time, I could tell that he grew impatient. Robert hoped to take me. He wanted to feel his cock slide into me, and he was going to make it happen. I kept yanking on my bonds,

trying to kick or punch my way free, but Jessika had done a good job of strapping me down. I was trapped. I was powerless.

And then he pushed his cock into my pussy, and he felt so good. His girth filled me up, and he started to pump, working slowly, forward and back.

My breathing turned shallow and erratic. I was gasping, trying to keep up with my body. At the same time, Robert bent down, and he kissed my neck, probing my skin with his tongue. At the same time, he moved forward and back, every thrust gentle yet commanding and domineering.

He broke off, staring down at me.

In that moment, he made it clear that I belonged to him. He made it clear that I was just a toy to be used, just as Jessika had done on numerous occasions. I was being lent out to this man, and he could enjoy me however he wished.

I was property. I was chattel.

Again, I wanted to struggle, but he pushed his cock deep inside of me, and another orgasm flashed through my system. It felt so good, and I felt myself relax, only to tense up with delicious anticipation. I stopped struggling, and I simply enjoyed the ride as he pushed himself deeper and deeper into me.

He pulled back, just a little bit, only to thrust forward again. I could feel the heat radiates from his body, and Robert started to pump even faster now, working his cock deep inside of me. His movements became frantic, perhaps even desperate.

He works me harder and faster until he started to come. At the same time, another orgasm rocketed through me, exploding at my core. The shockwaves burned along my skin, hot pleasure overwhelming everything else.

When he was done, he pulled out, and I knew that I'd been taken. I could be used like a woman, and I would never be able to go back to being a man. The door opened again, just as Robert pulled his pants back up. There was Jessika, and she knew what had happened.

More importantly, she knew that I would never be able to become a man again. After this, I would forever crave cock. I'd

always want her to put me on display for men like Robert. That was the real lesson here.

Later on, she would be able to make me beg. Jessika owned me, and there was nothing I could do about it.

Finally, I accepted it.

I became a silly girl, an eager slut, and a horny bimbo. This was just my first time, yet it wouldn't be my last.

**The End**