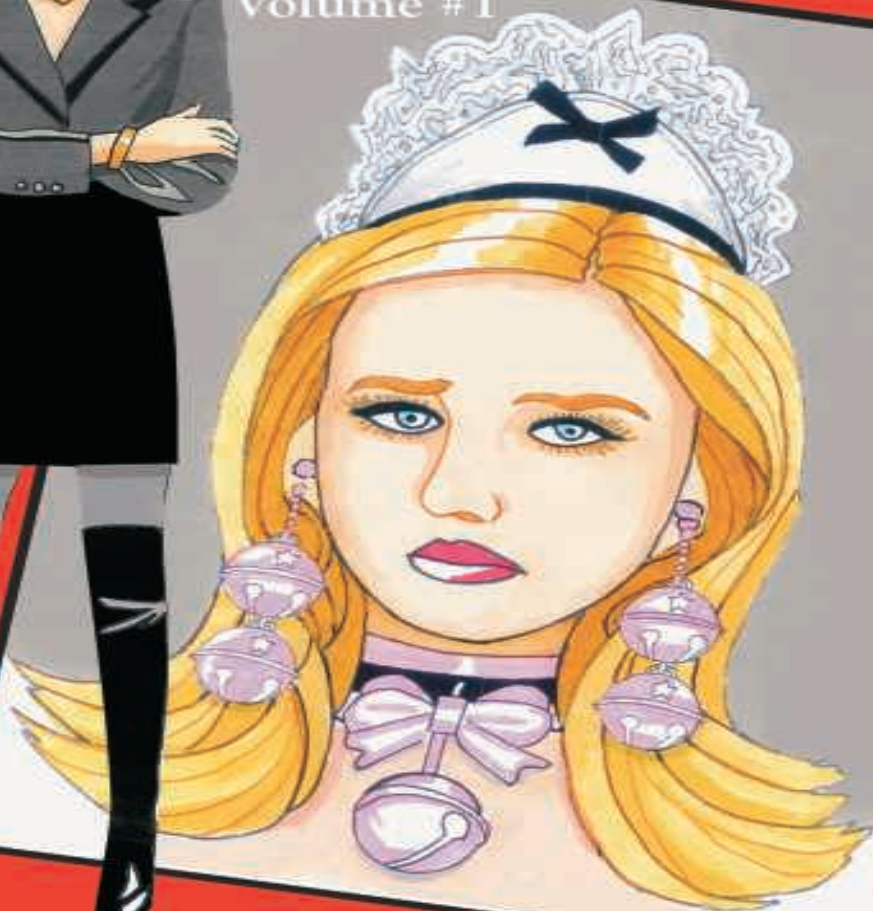


Dominant Women & Their Sissies.

By Patricia Michelle

15 Full Color Illustrations!

Volume #1





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Turned Into A Maid By His Wife

by Patricia Michelle

Chapter -1 What to do with a fat, cheating husband?

When I first married Glen he was good looking, slim and fit. That all changed after we were married. He turned into a fat slob. Not only that I eventually discovered he was having an affair with his bimbo secretary.

In tears I confessed everything to my best friend, Grace, who was also a doctor. She looked at me for a moment, then with a twinkle in her eye said, "If you interested I know just what to do with him." When she explained I almost died laughing, it was perfect.

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At home I informed Glen that he either drop all that flab or I'd divorce him, and until he did there's be no sex. "I've enrolled you in a special weight reduction and fitness program at my health club. You'll be assigned a personal trainer and you'll go every day or you go out the door," I firmly told him.

At the club the owner, Cleo Yates, explained to him that the special program he'd be on consisted not only of sessions at the club with a personal trainer, but a strict diet, supplemented with vitamins. His first dose of humiliation was when he was introduced to his trainer. A young, athletic girl named Rebecca Moss.

"I understand that you're not here of your own accord Glen, but rather your wife has given you the ultimatum that you either lose all that flab or she's going to divorce you, does that sum it up?" Cleo asked.

"Y-Yes..." was all he stammered out, burning with shame.

Turning to Rebecca she said, "You will expect Glen to be totally co-operative, and do everything you tell him to. When he doesn't please inform me so I can tell his wife. You won't give Ms. Moss any trouble will you Glen?" She asked in a threatening tone.

"No, I-I won't." He cringed, and even more when Rebecca handed him the special exercise suit he was to wear. It was an all in one outfit with zips at the wrists, ankles sand high collar so skin tight he had a real problem getting into it. With the zippers closed he was virtually sealed into it. What made it special was that it was made of heavy gauge rubber, and even worse in was pink.

"I didn't realize you were so short," Rebecca said of Glen who stood all of five foot, six inches. "This is a small women's size but it fits you perfectly, and basically the men's and women's exercise outfits are all the same," She lied, ignoring the color, as she strapped two-and-a-half pound weights to each ankle and wrist. Then noting his small feet she produced a pair of pink sneakers that surprisingly fit him purposely. That's because, of course, I bought them for Rebecca to have him wear.

She then fastened his pony tail with a matching, pink scrunchie to, "keep his hair out of his eyes."

Chapter -2 Glen's humiliating workout.

The next hour left Glen exhausted and panting for breath as he tried to keep up in what he was told was the only available class at the time. A women's aerobics class.

Mistakenly he thought he was finished, but Rebecca had barely started on him. After some grueling exercises, "to work the flab off your waist," she repeatedly dropped a twenty-pound medicine ball on him until he begged her to stop.

"You have thirty more to do before we get to a hundred, however I can finish up with the ball we use for women, it only weighs half as much," She said scornfully.

"Yes, please, I really don't think I can take much more of this one," He was forced to admit.

Finished with the medicine ball she led him over to a treadmill saying, "I can set it for the faster speed men use, or the slower one for women. You're so out of shape you might have a heart attack, so we'll use the setting for women."

Humiliating as that was he actually had to ask her if he could stop and rest after just twenty minutes.

"After just twenty minutes? Go another ten minutes, it won't kill you, or you're so out of shape it just may," She ordered.

After a shower she ordered him to take off his towel and stand against a wall, naked. Which was when another girl came in and started setting up a tri-pod and camera. Seeing him grabbing for a towel she said, "Leave it on the chair. We always take before and after photos once a week to gauge your progress. Just do what Ann tells you to do."

"Stand with your back against the wall, spread your arms and legs and look into the camera," Ann directed, and then as if he wasn't in the room commented, "Jesus, he has such flabby tits it's a wonder his wife doesn't have him in a bra."

"I know, same thing with his ass. He can't even get it and his shoulders against the wall," Rebecca added, to Glen's undying shame.

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Humiliating as their caustic remarks were the photo session was equally so. "Do you think he can spread his legs any and do a squat for me?" the photographer asked.

"Face the wall and try to see if you can squat even a little for Ann. We want to see if there's any muscle definition anywhere under all that fat." Rebecca said. After several just as humiliating poses she told him he could get dressed. "Don't forget to pick up your, ah, vitamins at the front desk. Two of each every day. And here's your diet menu day by day. I'll call your wife and ask her to see that you're taking them and keeping to your diet. Also here's a list of exercise you're to do every night in your workout suit and weights.

Chapter -3 Brow beaten at home and the club.

Glen could barely move a muscle when he go home, and when it came time for his nightly exercises, the wimp he as, he pleaded, "Really I don't think I can move Jill, I think I'll be able to do them tomorrow."

"Get in your workout suit and get out here so I can make sure my wimpy husband does them all, or would you prefer to start packing your things," I asked sternly.

So, as I sat leisurely on the sofa with a drink reading the paper Glen labored and sweated away doing his exercises. Whining and complaining all the while.

"Christ, what a sissy you are. I can do 50 sit-ups without breaking a sweat. You can't even get to fifteen. Ten more or else you start packing," I ordered.

Six days a week he was brow-beaten at the club, then later at night by me. Put on a near starvation diet, and of course taking his vitamins. On Saturday his workout varied, a subtle variation that never-the-less crushed his already abused ego.

Instead of the treadmill Rebecca said, "On Saturdays I take our members out for a nice jog in the park. I could put you with the men but you can barely do two miles on the treadmill so you'd never keep up with them on

their ten mile run. So you'll join the women's group, they only go five miles, try to keep up,"

Which his ego valiantly forced him to do. Dressed so girlishly in a pink workout suit, pink sneakers and a pink scrunchie in his ponytail he had to see the odd looks he was getting. As expected he collapsed after just barely two miles. Which was no wonder as he was the only one wearing weights on his ankles and wrists. Condescendingly she said, "Well, you did manage almost two miles so I suppose you could call that progress. You can walk back if you really can't keep up with the rest of the girls."

Chapter -4 Three months later, the fit's all wrong.

Threes months later, tortured six days a week and strictly kept to his diet he was finally back to what he weighed when we were married, as was his waist. Mistakenly he thought it was finally over.

"Yes, you're back to where you started, but you can still improve by at least another ten pounds and another inch in your waist," I said, and before he could protest I added, "If you don't argue with me Glen as a reward I've decided to fuck you tonight after we go out and celebrate. And since your old clothes no longer fit you I've bought you a beautiful new suit to wear tonight. And when you lose that extra ten pounds and that inch in your waist you'll get another reward."

With no sex for the past three months any protesting he was about to put up died on his lips.

It was a beautiful suit that I'd gotten him, which he was most thankful to me for.

There was only one problem, he had a really hard time getting the pants up over his hips. "I don't know why," I lied, "I had the seat altered to the exact same measurement as it was when we got married. If anything after all these months your hips should actually be slimmer, don't you think?"

Which he logically agreed with. Still it was a struggle getting them over his hips and when he finally did they fit absolutely skin tight.

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"Something just has to be wrong, they should fit looser, not tighter. I'm sorry, I don't want to be mean, but your cheeks stick out of your pants like a girl's. Obviously the tailor made a mistake, let me get a tape measure.," I offered.

"This is so weird. I don't believe it but your ass is actually two inches bigger than when I first met you. What on earth could have caused that?" I wondered innocently.

"Does your rear end feel bigger?" I asked.

"Yes, actually it does," He admitted, as I tried not to giggle.

At the table I was all cuddly and romantic. Then came the moment when I put my arm around his shoulder and down his shirt.

"What on earth? Where did these come from?" I exclaimed, fondly and pinching his, by now, quite prominent breasts and nipples.

"I-I've never been able to lose any weight there. My trainer said not to worry about it, that it was one of the last areas I would lose in," He said, or rather his ego did. Continuing to fondle including his nipples. And I wasn't at all surprised when he suddenly couldn't help moaning in pleasure.

"Good grief, are they that sensitive too?" I asked.

"T-they've been getting more and more sensitive," He admitted.

"There's something very strange going on here. Tomorrow we go to see my doctor and get you checked out," I declared.

Later in bed he had a hard time, pardon the pun, getting it up, and an even harder time keeping it up. When he came it was more a dribble than anything else.

Chapter -5 The awful truth.

Naturally the doctor I took him to was mine, and his embarrassment was just starting when she told him to get undressed. After closely examining his titties and ass Grace said, "Well, it's obvious what's causing this, although I can't imagine why you'd ever want to take female hormones."

"W-what, f-female hormones, but I haven't, why on earth would I do that?" He asked in shock.

"Well, somehow you've been getting them. That isn't flab, those are women's breasts and nipples. And your ass isn't flat anymore like a man's, it more rounded and plumper just like a woman's. Have you been taking any medication?" Grace asked, winking at me.

"Just some vitamins they've been giving me at the fitness club," He replied.

Let me check and see what kind you've been taking," She said, reaching for the phone.

A few minutes later she exclaimed, "Oh no, please tell me that's not what he's been taking. Yes, well, thank you, and I'll be sure to tell him how sorry you are."

Putting the phone down Grace said, "Well, I'm afraid it's a bit of a disaster. It appears there was a member named Glenda Robins who had a hormone imbalance. So besides the various vitamins she was also getting doses of female hormones to correct her deficiency. She mistook Glen Robins for Glenda Robins."

"For Christ's sake, can't she tell the difference?" He asked in panic.

"It appears to be an honest mistake. You always wear a pink women's exercise suit, pink sneakers and a pink scrunchie in your ponytail ..."

"They're the only ones they had in my size," His ego forced him to say.

"Plus she always saw you exercising in classes for women and even jogging with them. And on several occasions she distinctly remembers calling you Glenda."

"I remember, but I always corrected her," He said, trying desperately to defend himself.

"Apparently not forcefully enough, so you really can't fault her that much. Frankly Mr. Robins you should have said something weeks ago," She said, beginning to shift the blame to him.

"On such a vigorous exercise program and diet you should have known something was wrong when you felt your rear-end getting bigger and heavier when it should have been doing the opposite. And weeks ago when

your breasts and nipples started getting bigger and more and more sensitive you should have known that was all wrong as well. I have a hard time believing you can't tell the difference between flabby breasts and women's breasts. Which is what we're looking at," She declared.

Chapter -6 But you can reverse it, right?

Hanging his head, now that the blame had expertly been shifted to him, in a frightened voice he asked, "How can you reverse it? I mean they'll go away won't they?"

"Well, I'm afraid there's nothing I can give you to , as you ask reverse things. Eventually they will generally disappear, but you not only have been taking female hormones twice a day for three months, you've been taking very high doses," Grace said, with a straight face.

"My goodness doctor, what do you see is going to happen?" I asked, trying to sound concerned.

"Even taking him off the hormones his body is still so loaded with them that it'll take, on average, twice as long before they gradually start wearing off, compared to how long he's been taking them," She said in her best clinical voice.

"You don't mean that for six months his breasts and nipples are going to continue to grow and his rear-end is going to keep getting bigger and bigger?" I exclaimed, sounding horrified.

"I'm afraid so. Eventually it will all stabilize and remain as they are for lord knows how long, probably months at least, until you see any diminishment," Grace said.

"Oh God, n-nooo," He moaned, this time in horror, but there was worse to come.

"However what I'm really afraid of are the secondary effects you'll undoubtedly begin to see. For example, do you notice that you're shaving less?" She asked.

"Actually you're right, I wondered why I'm only having to shave every couple of days," He admitted.

"And every so often does your voice unexpectedly change, get higher?"

"Y-Yes t-to that too," He groaned.

"And how are you doing in the sex area? Are you still as stiff as you always were when your penis is fully erect?" She asked.

"Actually doctor I can answer that as we had sex just last night. I did notice that his erection, when he finally achieved one, was not as stiff as it usually is, and I had to ask him if he'd ejaculated when I normally know when he does, isn't that right, honey?" I asked.

"Y-Yes, b-but I think I was really just tired," His ego made him reply.

"Are these areas he's going to start having problems in? Oh my, that would really be a disaster, won't it?" I asked, directing the question to him. God, how wonderfully crushing.

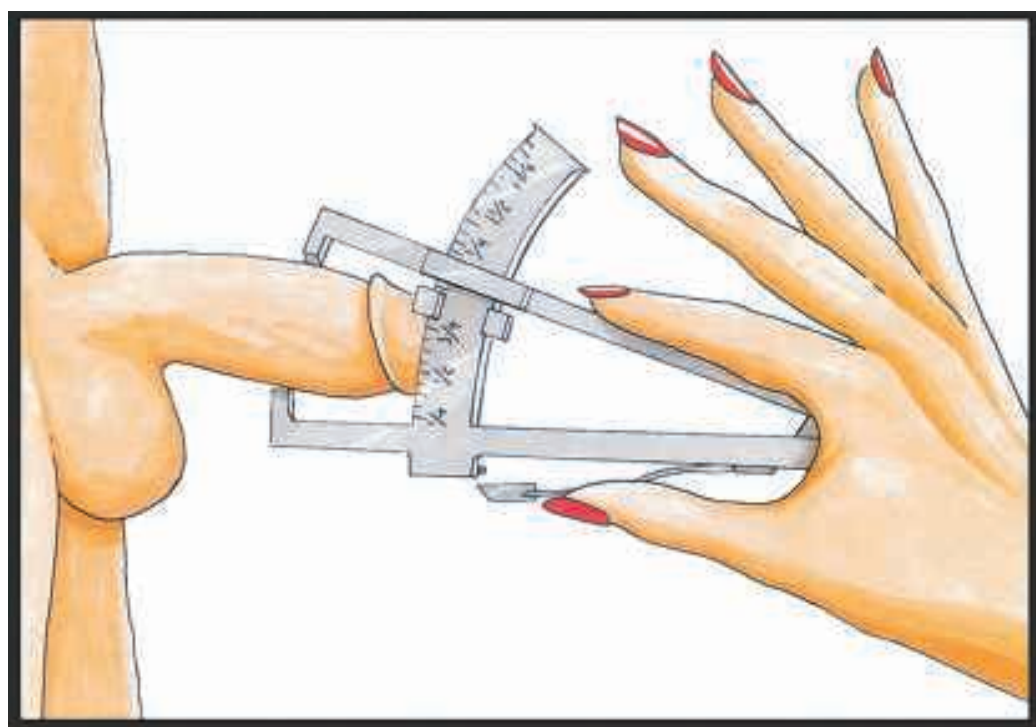
"Please tell me I'm not going to start having t-these problems," He begged.

Chapter -7 A crushing exam.

"Unfortunately I can't do that. You have such a high build-up over such a lengthy period that you're bound to start having just these problems. The only way to determine if you're already suffering some damage is through a thorough exam and a series of tests. Which I suggest I administer immediately. Don't you agree," She asked, and when he did she had him get up on the exam table, and spread his legs. The she had him lift up so she could put a hard pillow under him which raised his ass up a good twelve inches.

"Now let me just secure this strap to make sure you don't make any sudden movement that might cause me to slip and accidentally hurt you," She said, buckling a wide canvas belt over his waist and arms pinning them to the table.

"Please relax your legs Mr. Robins so I can fit your feet into there stirrups," she instructed, laughing to me silently as she fastened each foot into a stirrup which were attached to metal rods. Once strapped into them she first swung them out, really spreading his legs, and then elevated them back towards his head.



I couldn't think of a more vulnerable, helpless position to put him in that left his cock and balls dangling in the air.

"This is a rather awkward position for you, I'm sure, Mr. Robins, but it's important that I have easy access to your genitals as I exam you and submit you to several test. You'll be more comfortable if you try to relax, you seem very tense, for some reason," She said, then called for her nurse to come in.

In came an attractive young nurse in her early twenties. "Janet, will you please bring in my measuring instruments, a couple of vials, and a small scale?" She asked, and moments later she returned with them, adding another dose of humiliation for Glen to endure.

When the young nurse asked what his problem was Grace explained it in devastating detail.

"You mean he let this go on for three months and didn't bring it to anyone's attention?" She asked in disbelief.

"Unfortunately yes. I don't know how much longer it would have gone on if his wife hadn't notices and brought him in. Now Mr. Robins, I know at some time all men measure their penises when erect just to see if they, ah, measure up. What does yours measure when it's fully erect?" She asked.

Trying to salvage his battered ego he tried to sound prideful as he said, "Almost seven inches, doctor,"

"So slightly above average," She remarked, crushing any pride he was trying to exhibit, then to the nurse said, "Janet would you please weigh the patient's testicles while I measure his penis in it's flaccid state."

Can you imagine how humiliated he was having a young girl actually measuring and weighing his testicles.

When they were done Grace, in her clinical doctor's voice, said, "Now try to relax Mr. Robins as it's important to measure your penis while fully erect. Let me know when you feel it's at it's stiffest."

"Please note how I manipulate the patient's penis Janet so you'll know how to perform this function in the future," Grace instructed, as she snapped on a pair of rubber gloves and taking a firm hold of Glen's penis began slowly jerking him off.

"Oh please d-doctor..." Glen begged.

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"Try be quiet Mr. Robins, just tell me as soon as you feel your penis is as stiff and erect as you think it will get," She asked, a bit sternly.

"T-That's it, doctor," He eventually said.

"That's absolutely as stiff as your penis can get, I see, and how close are you to ejaculating?" She asked, as detached as she could.

"V-Very close," He couldn't help moaning in frustration.

"Alright, now let me just measure," She said, and after a few moments asked, "You're certain when you measure your penis it was just slightly short of seven inches?"

"Yes, j-just slightly short of seven inches," He assured her.

"Oh my, I do hope you were wrong. Please note on his chart nurse, that Mr. Robin's penis when fully erect measures precisely just slightly longer than six-and-a-half inches."

"Oh God, it, it can't," He pleaded.

"I'm afraid that's what it measures. If you were accurate, in the past three months, the length of your penis when erect has decreased by slightly less than half an inch," She stated and then to her nurse added, "Now Janet, what I want you to do is to time Mr. Robin's erection. Note the length of time it maintains that state. Note the time of the first softening, which you'll do by feel, and how it takes to resume its normally flaccid state. I think I'll take Ms. Robins into my office so I can discuss the implications, and problems that are sure to arise in the future and the long term effects of her husband's problems. Please call me as soon as his penis has completely lost its erection."

Chapter -8 Beyond despair Glen gets jerked off.

When the nurse finally called us back in Grace said, "In this next test I'm going to need to masturbate you to check your sperm count and volume. Please inform me when you're certain you're penis is about to ejaculate Mr. Robins. Janet, when I tell you hold a vial over the head of his penis when he spurts so you can catch it all."

Utterly humiliating as it was being masturbated in front of three women Grace made it even more so by describing a new dress she'd just bought as she did so.

"I-I'm going to spurt now doctor," He desperately announced in an agitated, excited state.

"Quick Janet, put the vial firmly against the nob of his penis as he ejaculates," She instructed, and moments later he was erupting in the vial as the young nurse held it against the tip of his penis to catch it all.

"Carefully put the stopper on the vial, then weigh and check the sperm count," Grace told the nurse.

"What I'm going to strongly recommend for the next month or so is to closely monitor and test your condition once a week, would you agree to that regimen, Mr. Robins?" She asked.

"Yes doctor, whatever you recommend," He naively replied.

Chapter -9 Installing Glen's penis inhibitor.

"Excellent. Janet, will you get me the plastic sheath marked, 'male, erection inhibitor' please?" She said, and to Glen added, "In between your weekly visits Mr. Robins it will be absolutely mandatory that your penis maintain a totally flaccid state at all times. Any arousal will invalidate the results as would, of course, ejaculating between visits." I think I giggled silently as much as Grace did as she inserted his limp dick into

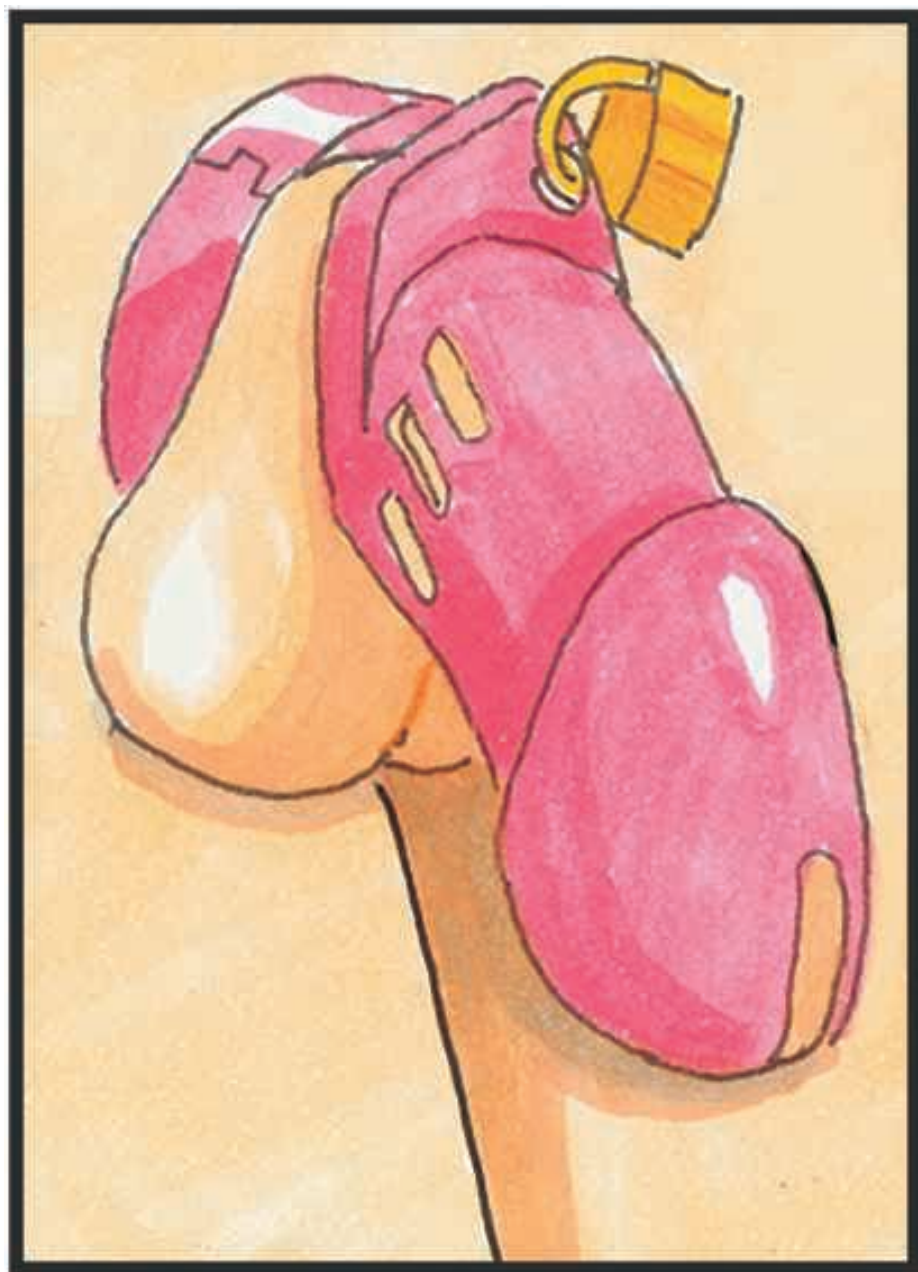
the pink plastic sheath, then closing the ring behind his balls with a click. In effect Glen's dick was now locked in the sheath making it incapable of even a hint of an erection.

God, what a sense of triumph I felt with his cheating dick all locked up.

Realizing what had just been done and overcome by all he'd just been through he suddenly started crying.

Dispassionately Grace asked, "Has he ever cried before?"

"No, actually this is the first time I ever remember him crying," I said.



“Well, you can expect it more frequently as well as sudden mood swings and emotional outbursts. So when they occur just ignore them, as it’s only to be expected as well as his voice becoming increasingly feminine sounding,” She advised.

Grace then suggested we find a restaurant for lunch to discuss all the ramifications of what was now firmly established as Glen’s problem.

Chapter -10 It only gets worse at lunch.

Glen’s humiliation continued as soon as we got to our table and he started taking off his jacket.

“I really think it would be wisest to leave your jacket on Mr. Robins. I’m afraid your breasts are much more noticeable than you’re aware of. I spotted them as soon as you walked in the door,” Grace stated, then added, as seriously as she could, “Actually the first thing you’re going to need to do is get him into a bra,” She suggested.

“A-A bra? Oh no, w-why do I need to wear a bra?” He asked miserably.

“Well, of course, for control. The more they giggle and bounce about the more noticeable they’ll be to everyone. Which I’m sure you really want to prevent. You’ll have to come to grips that they’re going to get even more noticeably bigger, I’m afraid. Surely you don’t want to do anything to make them any bigger than they’re going to get, do you?” She asked with a straight face.

“N-No I really don’t want that,” He desperately replied, then asked, “What am I going to do about work I mean?”

“Yes, there’s that to consider. I would strongly recommend that you quit your job as soon as you can before people start noticing your breasts, or that you’re wearing a bra or your increasingly girlish behind. Of course it’s totally up to you, if you want to risk it,” She added, making sure that wearing a bra and quitting work would be his decision.

Piping up I said, “Then, as Doctor Booth pointed out there’s all our friends to consider. As well as having a husband in the house who’s not going to be able to hide his breasts as they get bigger and bigger to say nothing

of his girlish behind. I'm sure you don't want our friends to see you, do you?" I asked, sounding concerned.

"Oh God, no," He said, suddenly breaking into tears again right in the restaurant.

"Obviously this is so distressing for you, poor dear. And such a shock, but everyone's looking at you, so please try to stop your crying," I said, actually patting him on the head, and then asking Grace, "Is this one of his mood swings, suddenly bursting into tears?"

"I'm afraid so. He won't be able to help feeling well humiliated, despondent and powerless. Which will manifest itself, increasingly, in sudden sobbing fits. Emotionally you'll find his personality becoming more passive and docile. More hesitant, unsure of himself and of making decisions," Grace said, really laying it on.

"Oh my, that will certainly be out of character for Glen. He always thought of himself as the aggressive, assertive decision maker," I remarked.

"You may find that you're going to have to start making more decisions for him and asserting yourself more," She added.

"Please, this can't be happening," He wailed, starting to sob again.

"Stop this crying immediately. Christ, everyone is looking. It's time you stopped feeling so sorry for yourself. I'm really getting tired of it. Be a man about it. Instead of crying and feeling sorry for yourself start thinking of how you're going to get through the next, how many months do you think, Grace?" I asked angrily.

"Well, the best case scenario is that his breasts and rear end will continue to expand for the next three months. He'll undoubtedly stop shaving all together. He won't be able to help his voice becoming more girlish. After that I'd say another six months before his hormonal level begins to show any signs at all of diminishing," She rattled off.

"H-How fast will I get back to normal?" He pleaded.

"While your hormonal level may begin to decrease there may be no outward visible signs that this is occurring for several months before you begin to see any reduction at all. I would project, strictly on a best case scenario, at

least a year before you might be able to put your bra away, for example," She said.

"T-That's a year and a half before he might be somewhat back to normal," I exclaimed.

"Yes, but then I can't wondering if things will return to normal, sexually, I mean.."

"You mean like erection problems, difficulty maintaining on, which sounds like he's already beginning to have problems with, and, of course, ejaculating. And monitoring how much the size of his penis is diminishing. Which is why we need to monitor it weekly," She said, and I did my best to gasp.

"Oh god, this is a nightmare," Was all he could get out, trying so hard not to start crying again.

"If you want Mr. Robins I can consult some specialists to get their prognosis on your recovery and if there's anything you can be given to accelerate the solution to your problem.

"Yes, please, please do that. I-I'd be ever so appreciative," He pleaded, falsely seeing a ray of hope.

Chapter -11 What's he going to wear?

That is until the nurse arrived who, in a clinical tone said, "I'm afraid the patient's sperm count is down twelve percent doctor."

"Oh my, that much, already?" Grace did her best to gasp, winking at me. Then went over all the problems and ramifications with us.

"Obviously there are some very difficult and distressing problems that Glen will have to deal with that need solutions. And I hate to add to it, but have you given any thought to what clothes he's going to wear? I mean he already can't fit into his pants, and I'm sure all too shortly he's not going to be able to button any of his shirts or even pull a t-shirt on," She brought up.

"Goodness I'd completely forgotten about that. And you're right, he really isn't going to be able to fit into anything, will he?" I ventured.

"Well his breasts, as I measured them, are almost ready for a C-cup bra. Then the only thing that will fit him are blouses," She declared, and poor Glen descended into such a state of dismay that a few choked sobs was all he could get out.

And Janet, playing her part, added, "On the other hand if you could get his waist down, say three or four inches, he'd fit perfectly into my pants. His behind actually is almost the same size as mine."

Chapter -12 You haven't thought of all the restrictions, have you?

When we got home from our lunch Glen was so dejected he couldn't help sobbing over his plight.

Unexpectedly I was comforting and sympathetic.

"Poor thing, I can imagine the shock you're in. You must be feeling so helpless about now, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes (sob, sob) I can't believe this is happening," He sobbed.

"Well, you have a good cry, and in the meantime I'll go over your problems and see if I can find some solutions. You just let me take charge dear and everything will be fine," I promised.

Y-Yes dear, t-thank you," He said, thinking I was going to find some solution that would solve his problem. Except that it was going to get worse.

Later that evening I was all business-like as I handed him a letter. "I took the time to write a carefully worded letter of resignation, all you have to do is sign it," I said, handing him a pen.

Signing it I felt a moment of triumph and still sounding as if I was actually concerned I said, "I'm sure you're still too traumatized to have given any thought to the restrictions this is going to place on you and how it's going to affect us."

"No, I mean, what kind of restrictions and are they going to affect us?" He couldn't help wondering.

"For one there's the problem of clothes. Short term you could probably wear some bulky sweatshirts and I can probably find some shorts with an elastic waist. Although it's going to look odd to be wearing a sweat shirt in the middle of summer. Then when your breasts get any bigger you'll have to start wearing a bra and a sweatshirt won't be able to hide them. Obviously then you can't let anyone see you as you are. So you're not going to be able to go out at all. And since we have no fence you really can't risk even going out in the backyard, unless you want the neighbors to see you, did you realize that?" I asked.

"I-I'm not going to be able to go out at all, for, for a year-and-a-half, I'll go nuts," He moaned.

"You can't let any of our friends see you, can you?" I asked, driving another nail into how hopeless his situation was becoming.

"Oh God, no." He agreed, cringing at the thought.

"Which then leads to the biggest problem. What do we tell them when they suddenly stop seeing you? What do I tell our friends when I start showing up without you?" I asked.

"I-I don't know, d-do you?" He asked, in a pleading tone of voice.

Chapter -13 Only two possible solution.

"Well, I've given it a lot of thought and there are really only two possible solutions. Both are drastic and you're not going to like either of them. First, I could say that we've separated and that you've moved away. But couples don't stay separated for a year-and-a-half without getting divorced. Which I'd eventually have to tell people is what transpired. In that scenario you'd have to actually physically move out. Perhaps go to your sisters on the west coast. Although, as you've said, you're not very close I'm not sure how understanding she, or her husband, will be. Then after a year-and-a-half we could pretend to get married again. What do you think?" I innocently asked.

"I really don't like my sister, or her husband, and I just couldn't bear being away from you for so long. Isn't there some way I could stay?" He begged.

"That's option two. Again I would say that we've separated. Then a few weeks after you pretend to have left one of your nieces comes to live with me..."

"You mean you want me to pretend to be a niece? But I could never pass as a girl, of that's what you mean," He protested.

"Unfortunately Glen, if the doctor's right there's at least two areas that you'll be able to pass all too well as a girl. However I think the problem's not going to be so much how you look as much as it will be how you act like a young niece, so you'll be a dead give away," I pointed out.

"Then that's not an option either, is it?" He said in relief.

"I'm not so completely sure. There's a woman I think I want us to meet, she could be helpful. You see she's an image consultant and a former model. You remember she helped me pick out a new wardrobe when I got that promotion to vice-president..."

"I don't want anyone else to know of my, ah, situation," He flatly stated.

"Fine, however unless you can come up with another solution you'll have to make arrangements with your sister, or someone else, to stay with. Staying here is simply not an option," I declared.

I didn't say anything further on the subject for a couple of weeks. Finally one day he miserably had to say he was having a hard time buttoning his shirts. That evening when I came home I had a selection of B-cup bras, which to his dismay fit perfectly. However the bras I brought home were all old-fashioned bullet bras that made his breasts stick out even more.

"Well now they're impossible to hide so I'm afraid it's time for you to move out. Have you thought of where you're going to go, or who you're going to stay with," I asked.

"Oh please Jill, I really don't want to leave," He pleaded.

"I know Glen, but you have to. I'm already having problems with all our friends wondering where you are. I've been telling them that you're sick,

except I've run out of excuses for them not to come and visit you. In the morning I'll help you pack," I said, sounding so sad, but not really.

Chapter -14 You mentioned a woman, an image consultant?

Not surprisingly an hour later he came in and miserably said, "Could we see that lady you talked about?"

"You mean Monica, the image consultant? Yes, I was really hoping you'd want to see her. I'd hate for you to leave," I said, set up a meeting for the following day.

However what he didn't know was that Monica Herrera wasn't really an image consultant. True, she'd been a model, and a good friend from college. Now, however, still stunning, she was a high paid call girl. A specialist, she jokingly called herself. More specifically a dominatrix.

"It's really perfect. I don't even have to fuck them, only occasionally jerk them off, or better, make them do it themselves. For which they pay me a horrendous amount of money she told me over lunch.

When I told her about Glen cheating on me and getting disgustingly fat and what my solution was she laughed herself silly. Then volunteered to take him on as a pro bono project for a good, and deserving, friend.

Glen's mouth dropped to the floor when Monica arrived. If anyone could dress to intimidate then that's how she was dressed. Monica was already five foot, eleven inches tall, but in her black leather boots with heels of at least four inches she literally towered over Glen who was just five foot, five inches.

I explained the situation, more for Glens' benefit, as we'd already decided what she was going to do with him. "What I thought is that you could teach Glen to act feminine enough so that he could as a pretend niece of his, which would solve the problem if people commented that she look like Glen."

"What age were you thinking?" Monica asked.



"I was thinking maybe nineteen or twenty," I ventured.

"Oh my no, quite impossible," She stated flatly.

"Really, why do you think that?" I asked.

"What you're asking me to do is teach him how to act like a young woman. Refined, sophisticated, totally feminine and completely ladylike down to the last gesture. She would not only have to talk precisely like a girl that age, but you'd naturally expect her to be totally conversant in such topics as fashion, hair styles, make-up, and all other topic girls that age talk about. And be able to carry it all off without being the least bit self-conscious. It won't take weeks or even months but a couple of years," she proclaimed.

Chapter -15 There's only one possible solution.

"T-Then what am I going to do?" Glen miserably asked.

"Well, I've given it some thought and there really is only one solution, one that would actually allow Glen to stay instead of having to move out," She said. Now came the good part, I couldn't wait.

"Really, one that would let Glen stay and not move out? Then you're a magician because I haven't been able to think of anything. So, what's your solution?" I asked, eager to see Glens' reaction.

"The one kind of person absolutely nobody pays any attention to, never gives a second look at, hardly talks and certainly isn't expected to act sophisticated or very lady-like is a servant, in this case a maid," She stated.

"W-What? You're suggesting you turn me into a maid. No, that's a non starter," Glen adamantly proclaimed, obviously shocked at her solution, as we expected him to be.

Totally ignoring him and turning to me she said, "Think of it. A maid spends most of her day in the house doing chores, which I can certainly teach him to do. They're not expected to look sophisticated or lady-like. In fact most maids and servant girls have a pronounced, 'plain jane' look about them, so he'd barely have to wear a lot of make-up, his hair could be styled non-descript, and the way he'd be dressed wouldn't cause anyone to

give him a second glance. Although the uniforms he'd wear would be nice looking and well tailored," she added.

"U-Uniforms? I told you I'm not going to be any bodies' maid," He said, hotly.

"Keep quiet Glen, and at least allow your wounded ego to let Ms. Herrera finish. Can you do that? After all she's simply trying her best to help you out of an impossible situation," I said sternly, and to Monica added, "Please go on, Glen will not interrupt you again, will you?"

"N-No..." was all he could get out, not used at all to me talking s sternly to him.

"As I was saying, I think with a months worth of intense training, and by that I mean every day, I think he could pass quite readily as your maid and servant girl. It would allow him to answer the door, go outside and eventually out in public doing errands for you. What will give him away obviously is if he doesn't act as a maid is expected to act.

However I'm sure that in a months time I'll have exactly him acting precisely as you would expect a maid to." She said.

Which really was just too much for Glen. "Okay, I've listened, and I don't like it one bit. No, no, no," He stated flatly.

"If you'll excuse us for a minute, Monica. Come with me into the kitchen," I ordered.

Chapter -16 You'll do it or else.

Before he could utter another word of protest in my angriest voice I said, "Let me tell you something, I don't care if it fucking crushes your pathetic ego. It not only makes perfect sense but it's the only solution that will keep you here."

"Jill, I'm not going to have her turn me into a servant or maid..." He started to say, before I cut him off.

"Very well, then here's what's going to happen. As soon as she leaves you start packing. By eight o'clock, before I get up tomorrow you'll be out

of here. Then tomorrow as soon as I'm dressed I'm going to my lawyers and have divorce papers made out, no pretend divorce. And if they ask why I'll tell them in great detail what your own stupidity has created. And when it gets to court it will be public record, so eventually everyone will know why I divorced you. You'll never be able to show your face again or talk to any friends who would justifiably laugh themselves silly. Now, you either go back into the room and apologize as sincerely as you can to Ms. Herrera, admit that what she propose makes perfect sense. And you ask her as convincingly as you can if she will please help you, and that you'll do whatever she asks you to, or I'm going to kick you out and I won't wait until tomorrow. I'll give you one hour to pack then you're out the door and I could care less if it's the middle of the night," I said in the nastiest voice I could muster, just inches from his face. He didn't have to ask me if I was serious, he knew I was dead serious.

"I-I'll do it," He said, sounding totally defeated.

Chapter -17 Here's what you're going to do.

But apologizing to Monica wasn't going to be easy, purposefully so. When he finally got through his apology Monica said, "So you're in perfect agreement that this makes perfect sense, and all you protests, quite nastily directed at your wife, were really nothing more than your childish ego acting up?"

"Y-Yes, it, it was just my ego, it, it really does make sense Mon..."

"Ms. Herrera. That's how you will address me," She dictated.

"Yes Ms. Herrera," He repeated, thoroughly intimidated.

"And I think before we go any further that you should thank your wife for trying so hard to help you, and for paying for your training herself that's quite expensive," She ordered.

"You are? I mean thank you, Jill. I really do appreciate your efforts," He said, in effect, thanking me for turning him into my future maid. God, if he knew what he was in for, the last thing he'd be doing was thanking me.

"Now then Glen, the training I'm going to impart is going to be daily, lengthy and quite intense. I will expect you to work your hardest to do as I instruct you, and the one thing I will not tolerate is any flair up of your overblown ego that I witnessed tonight. Obviously you're finding this embarrassing and not just a little humiliating and you'll undoubtedly continue to feel that way. Which is fine, I just don't have the patience to put up with it. The trade-off is at least you won't have to move out for the next yea-and-a-half, or more, isn't it?" She demanded to know.

"Yes, Ms. Herrera, y-you're right," He forced him to admit.

"Well then, the only things left to decide are some basics. Obviously he'll have to have a girl's name, which should be quite plain rather than glamorous. Then we'll need to decide how old she is. Then while I'm teaching her what she needs to know you'll also have to be learning your part," Monica said, and it wasn't lost on Glen, cringing as she was already beginning to address him as "her."

"My part? I'm sure I understand," I lied.

"I'll be training her to act the part of your servant and maid. You'll have to learn the part of a woman with a maid. Completely forgetting that she was once your husband. Especially in front of others. For example, in front of guests you would never converse with her, include her in a conversation or ask her opinion. And a woman never asks her maid to do something she orders her and in the most demanding voice, and so on," She stated, with both of us noticing the crushing effect this was having on him.

"Oh, I see, well that makes sense. Being at all friendly with a servant would be totally out of character and raise eyebrows, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, exactly. So, I guess that's it. I'll come by tomorrow and pick her up at nine. In the mean time think of an appropriate name and age for her," She suggested.

The following morning before Monica came to pick him up I said, "I'm going to be asking for weekly reports from Monica. If she just once declares that you haven't been trying your hardest, or given her the slightest trouble I sign the divorce papers. Is that clear?" I demanded to know.

"Y-Yes, it, it's clear," He miserably replied.

Chapter -18 All maid up.

When Monica arrived and asked if I'd picked out a name I said, "I think I've picked the perfect one, Heidi Brown."

"Oh, I agree. Suitable, very common and plain. Perfect for a maid. And what do you think about an age for her?" She asked.

"That I can't decide. He's, I mean she's twenty-five but she's always being mistaken for being much younger. So I'm thinking maybe nineteen or twenty," I offered.

"I like nineteen, so Heidi tell us how old you are?" Monica asked sternly.

"I-I'm n-nineteen," She murmured.

"That's Ms. Herrera, and you'll always refer to yourself in the third person, so what's the correct response?" She demanded to know.

"T-The maid i-is nineteen years old, Ms. Herrera," She could barely get out.

I could tell how humiliating that was, having to say she was nineteen. But then that was hardly the worst she'd endure before the day was out. I only wish I could have gone with them. I knew, of course, what the day was going to be for poor Mary, but couldn't help asking, "So what do you have planned for her?"

"Well Heidi," she emphasized, "is going to get a make over and an appropriate hair style with a different color. Blonde is much too glamorous for a maid. And whatever else I can do so that nobody recognize her, which I'm sure you don't want, do you?" She asked

"Oh no, Ms. Herrera," she replied, cringing at the thought.

In the car Monica said, "We're first going to my beauticians. I'll explain that you're a new maid that I'm training and I've brought you in to sharpen you up. You won't say a word, you probably won't want to, and you'll do everything you're told to."

It was literally hours later when Monica went back to pick her up. When turned around, for the first time, to see herself she gasped, obviously in shock.



"Yes, much improved. Still rather plain, but at least somewhat attractive. What exactly did you do besides the suggestions we discussed?" Monica asked.

"As you suggested we dyed her hair a non descript brown and as you suggested permed it in a plain jane style. To bring her eyes out, one of her better features, we added large eyelashes using a permanent adhesive so none of them would accidentally fall off. Then we added black eyeliner and a soft, blue eye shadow that we dyed in so she won't waste time applying it each day. Her lips, we all agreed, were so unattractively thin that we re-drew them much fuller. The eyeliner, eye shadow and lipstick will all last at least six months, but probably longer," She said.

Monica could see the words, "dyed in" and "permanent" obviously greatly alarmed Heidi, who was about to blurt out something when she cut her short.

"Yes, girl, was there something you wanted to say?" She asked, in a threatening voice.

"N-No Ms. Herrera," She replied, any objection dying then and there.

"And, as instructed, we permanently glued on unbreakable nails a modest three-quarter length.

"Perfect, and you took care of all that unsightly hair," Monica asked.

"Yes, we got rid of all that unsightly hair. We waxed her legs, arms, under arms and her ass. I'd say you could bring her in once a month for a touch-up waxing," She said, as if she was referring to a car.

Chapter -19 A deplorable figure.

Their next stop, she declared, was, "To get you properly uniformed and to do something about your figure."

When they entered the uniform shop the owner, who knew Monica and the business she was in, and was dying of curiosity over her latest project.

"This is the new maid I discussed with you that I'll be training for her Mistress. She'll need a full set of uniforms. A sturdy one for heavy chores,

one for lighter chores, an attractive serving outfit, and a more attractive one to show her off to guests. Oh yes, have her fitted for a punishment uniform. I have a feeling she's going to be in it quite a bit of the time," She stated.

"A p-punishment uniform?" She couldn't help blurting out.

"Oh my, this one's not trained at all, is she? Imagine actually speaking in front of me, and questioning you no less. I certainly hope those are the first two things you correct," The owner declared.

"Which I intend to do right now," Monica angrily said, and yanking her by her ear until she mere inches from her face, and in the most vicious tone of voice said, "Listen do me very carefully girl. Servant girls never speak without permission other than to answer a question or to obey an order. You will never again dare question anything I say. If you do either once more while we are in this nice lady's shop you'll get your face slapped as hard as I can. Is that understood??"

Absolutely quaking she could barely she stammered, "Y-Yes M-Ms. Herrera, t-the maid understands."

"Before you fit her for her uniforms she has a figure problem that needs to be addressed, as you'll see," Monica said.

"Well, let's get her clothes off and take a look at her. Get your clothes off girl, down to your panties," The woman ordered.

Bushing beet red Heidi did as ordered, scrambling to undress. When she did she modestly tried to cover her breasts, which the woman would have none of.

"Arms at you sides so we can get a good look at you," She ordered.

"Well her titties aren't all that large, or her nipples, but there's a nice shape to them. Her ass appears rather girlish, and while rounded and somewhat plump they're almost boyish, wouldn't you think?" She asked, as if inspecting a prized horse she was considering purchasing.

"Oh my, I see what you mean about having a real figure problem. Her waist is deplorable for a young girl, isn't it?" She commented.

"I was thinking we need to get four or five inches off her," Monica said.



“Certainly no less than five inches and I’d consider that just a start. I’m sure you want her figure to be at least a little flattering, right now she’s downright chubby,” The woman said.

“What would you consider flattering?” Monica asked, already knowing what she was going to say.

“At least eight inches less than her current waist. Let’s get her up on the lacing bar and see what we can do with her. Diane, Irene would you come in here please?” She called out, and shortly two young assistants came in to add to Heidi’s humiliation.

“This is a new maid Ms. Herrera is just starting to train. As you can see her figure is deplorable. Take her into the fitting room and get her strung up on the lacing bar,” She instructed.

A quarter hour later when they went into the fitting room and Monica couldn’t help smiling. The new maid’s wrists were cuffed to the lacing bar, she’ been hoisted up until only the tips of her toes touched the floor and a spreader bar had spread her legs as far as they would go. She looked quite scared and fearful, which she precisely how Monica wanted her.

“What I suggest, just to start, is a hour glass corset. I’ll have the girls replace the more flexible stays with rigid, unbendable, steel ones. It’ll help improve her obviously poor posture. In the uniform she’ll be in for heavier chores I’d lace it three inches. For lighter chores four inches, and for serving and when she wants to display her in front of guests five inches. I’d gradually increase the time she spends laced five inches until she can be laced that tight throughout the day. Then bring her in and we’ll put her in the next smaller corset,” She stated as the girls were lacing Heidi in her first corset.

Once laced the owner said to Monica, “As she’s never been corseted before she’s not going to like it, and by experience, the minute you leave her for any length of time, she’s try loosening it. So I recommend employing a lockable, steel band to remove the temptation.”

“Of course, if that’s what you recommend,” Monica agreed.

Chapter -20 Uniforms and heels.

While Monica and the owner sat comfortably on a sofa with coffee her assistants fitted Heidi into her wardrobe of uniforms and heels.

In the uniform she'd wear for heavy chores the heels were four inches. For light chores they fit her feet into five inch heels, and for serving and displaying her to guest staggering high six inch heels.

"Per your instructions all her heels lock on her feet. It's always the same with maids. The minute you turn your back they'll take them off," the owner said.

Forgetting Monica's edit when they fitted her with the six inch heels she mistakenly blurted out, "Oh take them off, I'll never be able to walk in them."

For which she was shocked when one of the girls viciously slapped her face several times.

"I'd really suggest putting a gag on her, I find these outbursts totally unacceptable," The owner strongly suggested.

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right. Put her in what will her punishment uniform and then gag her. I feel she needs to know what she'll be put into if I'm not pleased with her efforts to learn," Monica ordered heartlessly.

Poor Heidi couldn't believe what they put her in. Starting with heavy, latex stockings, then three, calf length, latex petticoats and finally a latex, maid's uniform with a high, tight latex collar and long, shoulder length latex gloves.

Chapter -21 Reality strikes home.

Fully dressed in her punishment uniform and gagged Monica led her by the ear, stumbling in her heels out to her car. Once Heidi was in the car Monica drove off.

As she drove she said, "I imagine this isn't what you expected, is it? You thought I was going to teach you to pass as a girl, or rather a maid and teach you all the chores a maid does, is that what you were thinking?"

Of course Heidi could only nod in agreement.

"That's what I was going to do, until your wife showed me these," She said, tossing half a dozen color photos of her, when she was a him, in her lap. What they showed was him fucking his secretary in a sleazy motel.

Heidi nearly fainted when she saw them.

"That was the plan until I saw these. Those change everything. When I eventually return you to your wife you won't be acting like a maid you'll be a real maid. After you meet certain goals I'll return you to your wife, that is if she even wants you back."

Chapter -22 Three months later.

Three months later I sat with Monica in the living room. Ringing a bell moments later when I looked up I couldn't believe my eyes. Mincing in on heels that looked impossible to walk in, dress in the most outlandishly scanty maids outfit was not Glen, but Heidi. She curtsied at the door, minced over to me and to my surprise got down on her hands and knees and kissed my feet.

"My God I can't believe what you've managed to accomplish. What all have you done?" I asked.

"Well, lets see. Her tits have grown out from a B-cup to an inviting C-cup. She's added another two inches to her ass. Bend over girl and show your Mistress your tits and ass," Monica ordered.

"I don't believe it, her tits are actually the same size as mine, and her ass it's actually three inches bigger than mine," I exclaimed in mock disbelief.

"Believe it, and what I love is that it doesn't seem like her tits or ass have stopped growing at all. Of course it could be the hormones I've kept feeding her," Monica chuckled, which finally got a shocked reaction from her, and nearly passed out when she added, "Maybe I'll take her off them when her tits are up to a stunning D-cup."

"Then there's her figure, I've managed to get her corset down to twenty-three inches, ignoring her protests that it's too tight. But nobody cares what a lowly servant girl thinks, do they?" Monica stated, totally unconcerned with the suffering poor Heidi was enduring.

"And, as you can see, she's finally managed to walk, somewhat, in seven inch heels, although I'm thinking an eight inch heel would certainly show off her legs," Monica ventured.

"So the decision is do you want to take her back?" Monica asked.

"And what happens if I decide not to?" I asked, already knowing.

"Then next month I'll put her up for sale at my next auction. If I do I'd split what she's sold for with you," Monica replied.

I saw the pleading look in Heidi's eyes as I said, "Let me think about it, I'll get back to you in a couple weeks, although just right now some extra cash would come in handy. Who knows it might be enough to pay for that new Mercedes I've been looking at."

##

Maid For Revenge

Chapter -1 His Trophy Wife

It happened this way. I married Tom, my boss, who was filthy rich. I, on the other hand, grew up dirt poor, couldn't afford college and was stuck being his secretary. I had only one thing going for me. I was, frankly, gorgeous and he was smitten the minute he laid eyes on me. So I didn't hesitate when he asked me to marry him.

I didn't mind, at first, when he basically started taking over my life, starting with how he wanted me to dress. I always had to be dressed up in something sexy, with my make up and hair always absolutely perfect. No bra ever. Garter belt and seamed stockings, although I was probably the only woman in town wearing them, which I hated. And then there were the high heels. I was always to wear high heels, nothing less than five inches, ankle breakers even when I did housework. Even then he constantly harped on me that I'd look even sexier in higher ones for God's sake! He also had a thing about corsets, saying he thought they would improve my figure even more, I was always to wear them. I hated them, what woman wouldn't? Then there were my breasts. I'd always been proud of my pert C-cup breasts, but he kept at me to make them even bigger. And because he thought blondes were so sexy I, of course, became one. He also didn't see why if my fingernails were, what I thought, alluringly long at half an inch, they couldn't be even longer.

I was relieved when he told me to quit work so I could be at home. What I didn't realize is he wanted me to stay at home so I could do all the housework and cook for him.

As I said he grew up rich and privileged. The family had several maids who kept the house looking perfect and doing any other chores he de-

manded of them. Like picking up after him, washing his car and every other task he was too lazy to do.

So I dusted, vacuumed, polished, scrubbed did the washing and ironing, and yes, even to washing his cars. He not only expected me to do it all but he insisted I wear an apron and maid's cap as I did the household chores. He said it reminded him of home. When I asked if I could at least wear more sensible shoes instead of the five inch heels he insisted on, all he offhandedly said was, "No, wear your heels, you look so sexy in them."

It wasn't long before I figured out all I was to him was as his, "trophy wife" at best, at worst his maid. Then there was sex. Three or four times a week he'd pound my pussy till he was finished and expected me to tell how great it was. The days he didn't fuck me I had to kneel and suck his cock. I hated it!

The day came when I'd finally had it. He'd just spent half an hour pointing out all the spots I'd missed on the kitchen floor, that my hair was a mess and I the bow on my apron he declared I'd sloppily tied.

Chapter -2 The Bet.

"Listen, dammit, I'll bet you wouldn't last two weeks doing what I do all day," I said hotly.

"Okay, what's the bet? This all looks like a piece of cake to me," he said, smugly.

"Here's the bet. If you do all the chores I do to my satisfaction you get to fuck me in the ass for two weeks," I said, knowing he'd been wanting to fuck me in the ass since we were married. The one thing I'd refused to do.

"Or, you could make it a month and you get to fuck me in the ass for a whole month," I suggested, and as expected he jumped at it.

The following day I laid out exactly what he'd made me wear during the day, only in his size.

"No way am I putting that on," He said adamantly.

"Well, that's what you made me wear so that's what you'll wear," I grinned, to myself.

So plan B. I knew he was getting his hair cut in two days. He paid my friend Barbara to cut it exactly as he liked it. I'd already talked to her about what I planned and after laughing her head off she said she was all in.

When he arrived for his cut he was soon out like a light from the coffee we'd doctored.

Hours later when he finally came around he gasped, "I-I can't breathe and I feel funny."

"It's probably your corset and you feel funny undoubtedly from your huge tits, make up, high heels and your pussy, of course," I smirked.

"Let's help you up so you can see what a sexy housewife and maid you make."

Chapter -3 What the fuck have you done to me?

When he looked in the mirror he screamed, "What the fuck have you done to me?"

"Well, let's see, you like blondes with long hair so we made you a blonde and added sexy extensions. Your make up, like mine, is totally slutty and Barbara dyed it in so it's not going to come off for at least a month. My C-cup breasts weren't big enough for you so we glued on a pair of melon sized D-cup tits. Five inch heels weren't high enough for me were they, so yours are six inches and locked on so you won't be tempted to remove them. Then there's your garter belt and seamed stockings that you so love, and, of course, since you're now the housewife/maid you now are the one with a pussy, or what passes for one, impossible to remove and I have the only key. And look, what you always wanted me to have, one inch, unbreakable nails," I said, so enjoying his shocked expression as he looked down at the curved, chrome chastity sheath locked on what had been his dick.

"So, this is the way it's going to be for the next month. You'll do all chores you made me do. You'll look perfect at all times, and stay dressed as



the sexy, slutty housewife and maid you made me dress like. As to how we decide who wins the bet each day I'm going to inspect how you're dressed as you did me. Hair and make-up must be absolutely perfect. For each hair out of place, for too little lipstick, not enough mascara, for bows not evenly tied, for each wrinkle, crooked seams and even the tiniest mark on a shoe and you get a bad housewife demerit. Five demerits and you add a day," I stated, oh God, how I loved payback!

"You've got to be kidding," he said in disbelief.

"Oh and it gets worse. For each chore not done perfectly you get three demerits. No, let's see, oh yes, every day you either fucked me or I had to suck your miserable excuse for a dick. I hate it. You, on the other hand, thought it was beneath you to lick my pussy. So everyday you're going to lick my pussy. Fail to give me an orgasm and I add two days. Two failed attempts at giving me an orgasm and I add a week. One other thing, remember how you so enjoyed spanking me with that wretched paddle. Well Tiffany, that's your new name, for every five demerits you earn you get paddled ten times. I'm sure you'll enjoy it as much as you made me say that I did," I said, and was rewarded with the truly terrified, deathly pale expression on "her" face.

"Now then, you were too cheap to hire a maid, when you could probably afford to hire half a dozen. So even though I now have all your money I'm not going to hire any either. You're going to be the maid you made me be," I declared.

"W-What do you mean, 'now that I have all my money?'" She asked, bewildered.

"You made me literally beg for every nickel I asked you for, and now you will. Those forms you thought were just some insurance forms that you signed. Well, they weren't.

Instead they transferred every nickel you have, plus the house and the cars to me. So now, like me, you're totally penniless," I said triumphantly.

It's only been a month now and despite how desperately she tries to be the perfect housewife and maid her demerits keep piling up. I love finding little faults, some nonexistent, just so I can bend her over and paddle her just like she did to me.

Chapter - 4 Tiffany's first spanking.

The first time I spanked her it was for a combination of ridiculously minor faults I mostly made up when I inspected her just like she used to do with me.

"This absolutely will not do," I declared sternly.

"Your left seam is crooked, inexcusable. I count three hairs out of place, totally un-acceptable. Not enough mascara on your left eyelash, not enough lipstick. I expect you to look perfect at all times, do you hear me?" I screamed at her.

"Y-Yes Ms. Collins," She stammered, already so delightfully frightened. I thought it a good touch to make her address me by my last name.

"And to top it off I see two scuff marks on your left shoe and two on the back of your right heel," I barked inches from her face. Even though I could only detect on small scruff mark, hardly visible. But she couldn't see her shoes so she had no idea they actually weren't scuffed.

"I warned you I expected you to perfect at all times, just as you expected me to look, didn't I?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Collins," She replied now so nicely scared. Which is precisely the look I wanted to see.

"What you need is an incentive to look the way I expect you to look at all times. Bend over that chair, hand on the legs, spread your fucking legs," I ordered, and so frightened was she that she actually did as I ordered.

"You thought a spanking was supposed to be a turn on, at least that's what you expected me to say," I said, picking up the hard, oak paddle and really letting her have it.

Not a few spansks, but a thorough paddling of her ass.

When I finally finished she was so nicely bawling and crying, but I wasn't finished with her, no quite.

"Now, before I let you up tell me how much you enjoyed that, just like you made me tell you. Oh yes, if you don't sound sincere I'll simply start all over," I demanded.

I couldn't help gloating as she desperately told me how much she enjoyed her spanking, trying as hard as she could to sound as sincere as she could.

Chapter -5 Cheating on her.

Much as I enjoyed finding excuses to spank her, my most favorite torture was openly cheating on her. The first time, of course, was so crushingly hard on poor Tiffany.

Early one evening I came into the room she was dusting dressed in one of the sexiest "fuck me" outfits that I knew he had loved seeing me in. A tight, black leather skirt, a sheer, satin blouse with the top four buttons unbuttoned showing off my ample, braless cleavage and half my tits. Long black gloves and the black, patent leather heels I had picked out for me. Insisting I wear the scandalous outfit whenever he wanted to show off his trophy wife.

When he hesitantly asked where I was going I said, "Well you cheated on me, I know all about your affairs, the last one with your bimbo secretary. So, like you, I'm going to cheat on you. This time with my fitness instructor, a real hunk and thank god he's got a real cock, so my friends tell me. So, while I'm out getting my brains fucked out you're going to have a pile of ironing to get done before I get back. And if it isn't done and done perfectly I'm going to add a day for each piece not perfectly done, and a week for outright laziness and incompetence if you're not finished by the time I get back."

Chapter -6 It's time to smarten you up.

I, oh so innocently asked, "Now be honest, after a month isn't your corset feeling better, a little looser?"

Naively, as I sounded like I really cared she said, "Well, yes it is feeling a bit looser."

"And your heels, I've noticed you haven't tripped or stumbled in them in at least a week. You must be adapting to them and feeling more confident walking in them, don't you think?"

"Well, that's true, I'm walking in them a lot better now," She just as naively answered, the dummy.

"Well, I think now's a good time to start sharpening you up a bit," I said.

"Sharpen me up? I don't understand," She said, obviously confused.

"Let's start with your figure," I said, and to her relief I unlaced her corset and removed it. I couldn't help gloating when she actually thanked me.

"You do remember when I admitted that first corset you had me wear was fitting much looser. Remember what you did?" I asked.

"I got you a tighter one to, to improve your figure," She said, now sounding quite nervous, having a feeling of what was coming.

"Well, this one will improve your figure so much more, another whole two inches," I smirked, wrapping the brutal, hour glass corset on her with unbendable steel stays. Using all my strength I yanked and yanked on the laces, tightening them as much as I could.

"P-Please, it's, it's much too tight," she pleaded.

"Oh nonsense. Isn't that what I said when you put me in a new tighter corset? And what did you say?" I asked.

"I-I said you'd get used to it," He replied, getting more and more nervous;

"Well you've already added a month-and-a-half to the bet, plenty of time to eventually get used to it," I said, and after locking it on her I said, "Now you're finally getting an attractive figure, twenty-three inches is, well, a good start," I giggled.

"Now as you've just admitted how you've finally adapted to your heels it's time for new ones. These will make your legs so much more sexy, don't you think?" I asked, taking out of the shoe box a new pair of seven inch heels.

"Oh, please, I-I'll never be able to walk in those," She begged, music to my ears.

"Isn't that what I said when you made me wear six inch heels? And what did you say?"

"T-That you'd get used to them,

"So I'm sure eventually, like your corset, you'll get used to them," I laughed to myself as I strapped his hapless feet into them, then with padlocks fastened them to his feet.

"And now for a new maid's uniform more suitable for you to do your work in, saving the sexier one when I come home, or want to show you off," I said.

First came the over the knee hobble skirt that zipped down the back making it just barely possible to put one foot about four inches in front of the other and almost impossible to even bend a little in. The blouse had a high, tight, stiff collar that, I knew, would make it difficult to turn her head in. To look in either direction she's actually have to turn her whole body. A nice little torture for her endure as were the tight, six button cuffs that would nicely hamper her hands.

Chapter -7 She irons while I get laid.

Marching her stumbling into the laundry room I positioned her standing in front of the ironing board next to the most humongous pile of laundry I could collect.

"Remember every piece not perfectly ironed and I add a day, and if you're not finished by the time I get home I add a week, I warned, then couldn't help adding, as I left, "Wish me good luck."

As I gasped well into my third orgasm I felt such satisfaction thinking gloatingly of the husband who had once treated me as his brainless, bimbo, trophy wife and for all intents and purposes being degradingly forced to act and dress like a maid doing all the menial work he expected me to do happily.

As I was getting my pussy well reamed by a real man I could just imagine Tiffany miserably ironing away crushed in her corset, having to stand for hours in her new seven inch heels that she couldn't remove, and in the

most confining hobble skirt that made bending in it just about impossible and sitting in it truly an impossibility. I suppose she could get some relief leaning against the window seal, but not for too long as she had no idea when I'd get back. But, I had to laugh, for she was almost certain to add another week regardless of how fast she ironed for I'd left was enough ironing to take all day to do.

Chapter -8 Desperate to look perfect.

As I fully expected she wasn't even half through the mound of laundry I'd left her to do while I was getting my brains fucked out which naturally unfairly added another week. Then critically inspecting each and every piece I discarded five as unacceptable.

So in the span of one night I'd managed to add 36 days.

I was quite amused at how she desperately buckled down forcing herself to look perfect at all times. Just as she had made me look, I considered it justified payback.

She became obsessed with her appearance. Not a hair out of place, perfectly applied make-up, her shoes polished like new, bows perfect. She seemed pleased that I was giving her less and less demerits and spankings. Wrongly assuming that she could see light at the end of the tunnel.

I was increasingly frustrated that she'd actually started working off much too many days. I was hardly finished taking my revenge for the two years of the degrading humiliation I'd suffered as his trophy wife and worked to the bones maid.

My goal, which I kept to myself, which was to keep her as my trophy wife and maid for as long as she kept me as one, two years. But then I caught her cheating.

Chapter -9 Caught cheating.

As I stated I was getting increasingly frustrated as, despite the housework I loaded on her, she was getting more and more of it done. How could that be?

So what I did, without her knowledge, was to install tiny cameras in each room. And with an app on my phone I could watch what she was doing real time.

And the first time I watched I knew why she was getting more and more of her work done. As soon as I left for work I clicked on the app. And I watched as she unzipped her tight hobble skirt so she could move around and do her chores completely unhampered. That made me furious, until, grinning to myself, I decided how I was going to deal with it.

Chapter -10 Solving the cheating problem.

Three days later after I received the shipment I'd ordered online one evening I said, "I'm surprisingly pleased with how quickly you've started getting your chores done. I'm just wondering how you're doing it."

"I-I guess I'm just getting used to them and working harder," she said earnestly.

"Now you wouldn't be telling me a little, white lie now would you?" I asked, half jokingly on purpose.

"Oh no, I never would," She a bit nervously replied.

"Do you remember the day before your birthday when you asked me if I'd gone out and I said I hadn't? And you said someone saw me at the mall. I said I'd told a little lie, that yes I'd gone to the mall to buy you a surprise birthday present. You said a lie was a lie, remember?" I asked.

"Yes, a lie is a lie regardless," She huffed.

"And so you spanked me, with a cane. That really hurt, and when I painfully asked you why you'd used a cane, remember what you said? You said, "You just wanted to see the difference between a paddle and a cane."

"That's what you said, didn't you?" I demanded to know.

"Yes, I'm sorry, I guess I shouldn't have," She said lamely.

"Well, let me show you something on my ipad," I said, clicking on a file. When she saw the video of her cheating her face turned deathly pale, and then worse realizing that she'd just lied to me."

She didn't utter a word of protest when I ordered her to bend over that high back wooden chair and raise her ass as high as it would go.

"Hold onto the front legs, spread your legs as far as they will go, do it!" I screamed.

"Now then you gave me six strokes with the cane for a little lie. What you did was give me a big lie, so you're going to get double. If you let go of the legs or try closing your legs I add two more. After each stroke you'll count and say, 'Tiffany is sorry she lied to you and deserves to be punished.'"

She didn't yelp, she bellowed at just the first one, screamed at the second, and was sobbing her life out and begging me to stop by the fifth. Too bad for you, I thought vengefully, I was just getting warmed up.

She ended up getting four more as, for some reason, she just couldn't keep holding onto the legs.

"Are you sorry you lied, Tiffany?" I asked.

"Oh y-yes Ms. Collins," she sobbed.

"Are you ever going to lie to me again?"

"N-Not Ms. Collins, I swear I won't," she cried, and thinking it was over made to stand. Bad idea.

"Did I give you permission to stand?" I screamed at her. "Stay precisely as you are while I fetch your new work uniform."

Which I did, but then sat and read the paper for half an hour.

Chapter -11 Tiffany's new work uniform.

"Stand up. Put your legs and ankles as tightly together as you can, no tighter," I demanded.



"Now place your right heel touching your left toe," I ordered. When she did I knelt down with a ruler, moving her right foot forward by one inch.

What came next I truly relished. A black, leather, full length hobble skirt down to the ankles. I took much pleasure using all my strength zipping it closed all the way to the strap at bottom. Which I fastened with a lock.

"Now get back to work. Start by dusting the entire living room. You have one hour, if you're not finished I'll either use the paddle on you or the cane, depending on how much you've done," I chuckled to myself.

I couldn't help the satisfied look as she frantically dusted at a virtual snails pace. The hobble skirt made it virtually impossible to bend her knees even the slightest. She was forced to bend only from her waist, which tightly corseted I could see was none to pleasant. Oh how perfect!

I ended up only paddling her 20 times, oh well, there's always tomorrow.

But after a week of daily spankings I relented as it was simply getting repetitive.

Chapter -12 For whom the bells jingle.

"If you think you've learned your lesson I'll put you back in skirts," I said one day.

"Oh yes, I-I've really learned my lesson," She swore, and I could well believe it

So I put her back in skirts, albeit in a new uniform. Not quite a scandalous French Maid's costume, but pretty risqué none the less. The skirts and mounds of stiff petticoats came to just above mid-thigh. Short enough to see the bottom of her suspenders. But it was the top that was truly naughty. Showing off her unfettered, melon sized tits that bounced and giggled with every step she took. Of course there was the daintiest, ruffled apron with her name embroidered on it, a nice reminder touch that she couldn't miss. A maids' cap with a pink bow, wrist length satin gloves with matching pink bows.

On her feet were seven inch, black, patent leather heels with pink bows on the toes. She still tottered around in them but, unfortunately, was managing just a little too well, maybe time for the next higher? I wondered.

But then there was the piece de resistance.

"Now let's see, something is obviously missing, could it be earrings? I wondered out loud.

"Should I go and bring you my jewelry box so you can select a pair?" She asked, so relieved I was letting her out of the punishing, in more ways than one, hobble skirt, that she was actually trying to be helpful. Bringing back a pair of all too plain ones.

"No, not those, I saw a pair while I was shopping that I think you'll really love, and I bought them just for you," I chuckled to myself.

"Lean forward and I'll put them on for you," I said, which oh so naively she did.

She couldn't see what I was gloatingly attaching to her ear. "There now I'll just put a little glue on each screw so they don't accidentally fall off, they're very expensive you know. Now there's this matching black, patent leather, ruffled choker that comes with it and add just a little glue where it fastens in back so you don't every misplace it. Oh my, don't you look marvelous!" I pronounced, turning her to a mirror. As she did there was the sound of jingling bells that obviously made her wonder what was making the sound. That is until she looked in the mirror.

And got the most wonderfully horrified look on her face looking at the large bells dangling down from each ear and the even bigger bell on the front of the choker.

"Aren't they just to die for. They're the latest craze, bells as earrings and even for you choker. And as they were sooo expensive I simply had to use a permanent glue so they can never (I emphasized) come off. Don't you just love them? Now I'll always be able to hear where you are," I asked, trying desperately not to laugh my head off.

"Really, they, they're l-lovely but I don't think they're really for me," She said, hesitantly, trying her best not to upset me. Obviously she hated them.

"Are you sure you don't absolutely, positively love them? They also come with bells for your shoes you know that I can have you wear as well," I said, sweetly.

"Oh no, I r-really absolutely, positively love my new earrings," She quickly replied, thinking, I'm sure, of the humiliation of wearing bells on her shoes as well.

I couldn't help the wolfish, thoroughly satisfied grin seeing the crushed, mortified look on her face as she realized that every time she moved her head the jiggling bells would remind her of the retribution she was suffering for the way she'd treated me for two miserable years.

However it might seem as if I was going overboard in my ongoing efforts to inflict one humiliation followed by yet another. But in my mind I was totally justified. A bare three months suffering my revenge hardly equaled two years of what she'd put me through.

Chapter -13 My eventual goal.

Despite the humiliation of being, "belled" as I enjoyed referring to her bells as she was relieved to be out of the miserably confining hobble skirt and the daily resulting paddling or canings it produced.

She was actually starting to get her chores done, albeit consuming all her time. Interrupted by servicing my pussy two or three times a day. Well, we couldn't have that, now could we?

One evening I said, "tomorrow I'm having a friend over for dinner at which you'll serve."

"Oh no, p-please, don't let anyone see we like this," she begged.

"Nonsense, by now you have to realize you make a completely believable housewife and maid. If you simply play your part as my maid and act precisely as you do when you're dressed as one, trust me, she won't suspect a thing," I grinned to myself.

"Do, do you really think so?" She asked, hopefully.

"Just act as the most obedient, submissive servant you've turned yourself into and you'll be fine," I remarked, enjoying the backhanded compliment.

My dinner guest was Pamela Cunningham, an old college roommate. And we had one thing in common. She too had suffered through an abusive marriage before divorcing him.

After I explained the revenge I'd been heaping on my equally abusive, domineering husband she disgustedly said, "Christ, why didn't I think of that? All I got out of the divorce was damn near all his money."

"Oh I already have all of his, or hers. Divorce, of course, is the eventual conclusion, after I meet the goal I have set for her," I laughed.

"Which is?" She asked.

"I intend to so feminize her that when I do eventually kick her out she'll find it impossible to ever go back to being a man again even if she tried dressing as one, which no doubt she'll try. But she'll have been in ridiculously high heels for so long she'll find it impossible to ever walk flat footed again. Then again her gestures and mannerisms will have been so engrained she'll find it impossible to undo them. If she tries going out as a man every gay guy in town will hit on the swishy, fairy they mistake her for.

What I think will eventually happen when she realizes she can never go back to being her old self is that she'll come cowering back to me begging me to take her back," I summarized.

"And will you?" Pam asked.

"Oh, I will, but not as a housewife, only as my maid. I'll make her sign a one year contract that can be renewed at my discretion at the end of each year. But only if I'm satisfied with her performance as my maid. Otherwise she gets kicked out. The contract will state that she'll work a standard 18 hour day, with perhaps a few hours off on Sunday depending on here end of week review. She'll be paid five dollars an hour out of which she must pay for her uniforms and beauty appointments. And as she's been taught how I expect my maid to act all punishments will be doubled," I stated.

"And you actually think she'll agree to those terms?" She asked.

"Oh, indeed, what's her alternative?" I grinned.

Chapter -14 Serving my guest.

When Tiffany made her entrance when I rang her bell Pam couldn't help the gasp, that she was barely able to hide.

"You rang Madam?" She asked with a curtsy. I'd suggested that "Madam" would be a more appropriate manner for a maid to address her Mistress in front of guest. Suggesting for the same reason that I address her in front guest as, "Girl."

"Yes girl, you may serve the wine now," I dictated.

Pam, not helping herself, commented on her towering high heels and rather risqué uniform and well as her overly endowed breasts.

"Oh yes, the girl gets so excited when I allow her to dress in her sexier, serving attire and permit her to wear her highest heels. She says they make her so much taller and thinks they make her legs look sexier, don't they?" I asked, with a stern look directed at her as a warning.

"Yes Madam, I love it when you permit me to wear my, more glamorous uniform and my highest heels. They, they make my legs look so much more sexy," She stammered, trying desperately to sound convincing.

Of course, you couldn't help noticing her, as you remarked, 'overly endowed breasts.

The girl is so proud of the she just can't help wanting to show them off every chance she gets, can you?" I asked, sweetly.

N-No Madam, I-I really enjoy showing them off," She replied as I expected her to.

Naturally Pam couldn't help but bring up her jiggling bells.

"Bells on maids is the latest accessory craze in adorning servant girls. They help the Mistress of the house actually hear where their maid, or servant girl, is. And they do make such a delightful sound don't they? Why the minute she put them on she absolutely fell in love with them and doesn't ever want to take them off, do you girl?"

"Oh no, Madam, I-I really love how they sound and, and they're the only earrings I want to wear," She just managed to get out, struggling, unsuccessfully, to sound as if she really loved them. Pam and I couldn't help giggling to each other.

Chapter -15 Setting her up for the ultimate putdown.

After Pam's delightfully subtle putdowns about Tiffany's ridiculously high heels, her more than risqué uniform and her "overly ample breasts" we basically ignored her as she attended us and then served dinner.

Foolishly thinking she was actually getting away with successfully masquerading as a real maid we could see her relax more and more. And when Pam departed I went overboard praising her.

"Pamela was so impressed with you, and I'm so pleased that I've decided to give you a few hours off tomorrow. I know how you enjoy swimming, so you can swim and relax around the pool tomorrow afternoon," I said.

"I can, really? But I don't have a swimsuit," she said, disheartened.

"Tomorrow morning I get you one, my treat," I smiled, to myself.

If she thought a swimsuit would get her out of her corset she was mistaken. What I got her was a one piece, hot pink, rubber swimsuit.

"This way you won't have to bother taking off and putting back on your corset," I remarked, cheered by her dismayed expression.

"Here you can read this when you get out of the pool," I said handing her one of those sickening, turn of the century romantic novels in which the heroine gets ravished by a

British officer.

So it was the following Saturday that I informed her that I was having two guests for dinner. And as I expected this time she didn't panic in the least.

When I told my two guests who would be serving us they went into hysterics and couldn't wait to see, "her."

"Frankly I don't know how you put up with him. I would have cut his dick off," Gloria, who hated him, said with a vengeance.

"Oh, I've taken care of that, trust me," I chuckled.

I let two weeks go by before casually telling her that I had three guests coming for dinner that Saturday. By now she was so assured of her ability to act as my maid that all she asked was what she should prepare.

Chapter -16 Three wronged women.

When the three women I'd invited arrived they didn't know me from Adam, but I assured each that there was a reason I was inviting her and that they'd find the evening quite satisfying.

With all three in the same room I said, "The three of you have one thing in common. You all fucked a guy named Tom Bradly. He is my husband."

Well to say they were shocked was putting it mildly.

"You, Marcie, I'm guessing from his phone records and credit card receipts that he fucked you six times," I said.

"Actually it was seven. God, I'm so sorry, that bastard told me he wasn't married,"

she spit out.

"And you, Jordan, eight times?"

"That's right on. That prick told me he was divorced. I swear if I ever see him again I'll cut his dick off," She swore angrily.

"So, Natalie, how many times he fuck you?" I asked.

Thinking for a moment she said, "I'm pretty sure it was at least nine times. Like Marcie he told me he wasn't married. I was fucking him to get a job he promised me. Then he just dropped me. Before you cut off his dick I'll do his balls," She said with venom in her voice. Then she asked me why I didn't divorce him.

"Oh divorce is too easy for my Tiffany. I'm getting my revenge in a way you'll all find quite amusing, and tonight you can have yours," I assured them.

"Did I hear you say, 'Tiffany?' Who's Tiffany?" Jordan asked.

Chapter –17 Tiffany meets her tormentors.

"I'll introduce you. Girl, get in here," I hollered.

I thought she was going to pass out when she minced in and saw who was there.

In panic she tried turning and running, well as fast as you can in seven inch heels.

"If you leave this room I throw you out, just as you are," I promised. "Now get in here and meet my guests, although I think you already know them."

Cringing in despair and with a rightfully scared look on her face she hung her head and ventured a few steps into the room.

"Oh my God, is that your husband? It is! What on earth did you do to him?" Natalie, astonished, asked.

"It's payback for two truly miserable, humiliating and abusive years as her trophy wife. Now girl, let's start with Marcie. I'm sure you want to apologize and beg her forgiveness, don't you?" I asked sternly.

"Y-Y-Yes," was all she could get out.

"Stand in front of her, curtsy and say, 'Please forgive me Ms. Clark. Then get down on your knees and kiss her feet,'" I commanded.

She know better than to do exactly as I ordered.

"You can those pecks kisses? Kiss each foot for ten seconds," I screamed, and when she had I said, "Now lick her shoes. Nice long licks."

"Now stand, curtsy, and say, 'Please punish me Ms. Clark. Tiffany deserves to be punished,' Say it!" I threatened.

Scornfully Marci asked, "do you really think you deserve to be punished?"

"Y-Yes Ms. Clark, Tiffany deserves to be punished," She had to say, knowing there was no other acceptable answer.



When she finished apologizing to Natalie and Jordan, I asked, "Would you all like to see her pussy?"

"Her pussy, Jesus, did you actually cut it off?" Marcie asked, obviously shocked.

"Raise your skirts up and show the ladies your pussy, girl," I snarled.

She looked pleadingly at me, but got n sympathy. "Do it or I sweat I'll weld it on," I said, coldly.

Hanging her head she did so to the jeering laughter of all three.

"Cutting it off would make her a real girl. This way she can never forget the miserable excuse for a man she once thought she was, can you girl?" I demanded to know.

"N-No Madam," She whimpered in total shame.

Chapter -18 A present for each.

"Now before you punish her I have a present for each of you to give her, which I think you'll really enjoy giving her. I'm sure you've noticed the bells on her ears and choker..."

"They're hysterical. Whoever heard of wearing bells for earrings. How degrading," Natalie remarked contemptuously.

"It gets even better they're permanently glued on her. They're impossible to remove unless she cuts her ears off. Now here's a bell for each of you. I've had you're names engraved on them. You can put yours on her anywhere you like. However once you close the clip on the top it can't ever be removed," I cautioned.

Marcy and Natalie both gleefully attaché their bells to the ones already on her ears.

Jordan, I saw, couldn't decide where to put hers. When she turned to me for help with my eyes I pointed to her pussy.

When she saw where my eyes were pointed her lit up.

"My goodness, why we've completely forgotten your pussy, haven't we?" she said, all concerned.



"Oh n-no, p-please, not, not on my pussy," She pleaded, horrified.

I was surprised, and delighted, when she suddenly grabbed her "pussy tumors" as I mockingly referred to them as, as squeezed as hard as she could.

"Yeoow!" Tiffany painfully hollered.

"Tell me now girl, say, 'Please Ms. Clark, would you please put your bell on my pussy,'" She demanded, with ice in her voice.

When Tiffany couldn't bring herself to say what she ordered her to, she squeezed even harder, digging her nail into them and then viciously twisting them.

"Aaaah! Oh God, p-please Ms. C-Clark, please put your b-bell on Tiffany's pussy," She finally pleaded, not wanting to, of course, but she obviously couldn't bear having her tumors crushed any more than they already were.

"Since you begged me so nicely how could I refuse," She laughed, gleefully clipping her bell to the tip of her pussy. Then flicking it back and forth, everyone cruelly laughing at the degrading sound they made.

Chapter -19 Spanky time.

"Now it's time for your punishment. You did beg the ladies that you deserved to be punished, didn't you, girl?" I asked.

"Y-Y-Yes Madam," She trembled.

"Follow me," I ordered, walking across the room to a table where I had a couple of things laid out.

"Bend over and grab your ankles," I told her.

When she did I picked up two leather cuffs that were linked together. I buckled one to her right ankle and buckled the attached cuff to her right wrist. Then repeated with her left ankle and wrist.

"Now go over to Marcie and beg her to punish you," I ordered.



Could there be a most amusing and humiliating sight than watching her duck walk, shuffling as best she could back across the room with the girls laughing their heads off.

Making it finally to Marcie, scared out of her wits, she meekly begged Marcie to punish her.

"Of course I will, you're obviously eager to be punished, aren't you, girl?" She asked, contemptuously.

"Y-Yes M-Ms. Clark, T-Tiffany is very e-eager for you to punish her," She quaked.

"Now let's see, what can I use. I certainly don't want to hurt my hand, maybe I could spank her with one of my spike heels," She ventured.

"Absolutely you could use one of your heels, you've never been spanked by a dagger-like spike heel, have you?" I asked.

"N-No Madam," She replied in an obviously frightened voice that I so enjoyed hearing.

"But here you can either use this paddle or this cane," I suggested.

"So, I how much can I punish her?" Marcie asked hopefully.

"What I suggest since when she was a man she fucked you seven times, that you either use the cane, which hurts much worse, or the paddle fourteen times," I explained.

"Well, then I really do want it to hurt as much as possible, of course, so I'll use the cane. Could I cane her five times and spank her with my spike heel, say, ten times?" She asked.

"Yes, that sounds more than fair, don't you girl?" I asked innocently.

"Yes M-Madam, it, it sounds m-more than f-fair," She had to reply, although now she was truly scared to death. I loved it.

"Now girl, after each stroke I want you to thank me and say, 'Please Ms. Clark cane me again.' Can you remember to do that, if not I'd have to start all over," She winked at us. Oh Lordy, this gets better and better.

And Marcie, obviously mindful of the humiliation he'd heaped on her, really had to yelling out painfully at the top of her lungs. Sobbing when she'd finally finished, although it was all too short lived. For next was Natalie who choose to paddle her eighteen very hard ones.

Last was Jordan who asked, "I'd like to see which is more effective. Would it be alright if I can her four times and then paddled her ten times?"

"Yes, I think that would add up to what she deserves," I said.

Chapter -20 "Don't you think you should thank us?"

The girls appeared quite satisfied punishing the girl.

"God, I really enjoyed that, do you think we could do it again?" Marcie asked.

"Well, it's quite possible, it all depends of the girl," I said, with a stern, warning look at her.

"What I think is that she should thank us for taking our time and energy to punish her, don't you think you should thank us for giving you the punishment you so richly deserve?" she asked.

Boy did Jordan have her trapped as there could be only one acceptable answer.

"Y-Yes Ms. Carson, I s-should thank you for the punishment I d-de-served," She said, with her eyes shut, I'm sure thinking of yet another round of spanking or caning.

Looking at me she said, "Would you mind releasing the girl, she'll need to be on her hands and knees. While you attend to that us girls are going to adjourn to the other room and have a chat."

After releasing she I said, "I have no idea what the girls plan to have you thanks them for punishing you, but I suggest you get down on your hands and knees as Ms. Carson asked, I don't think you want them any more pissed off at you then they already are," I warned.

When she came back, grinning, and sat down Jordan said, "To thank us for punishing you you're going to do something we all agreed you'd never do for us when you were a man. At one time or the other each of us asked you to lick our pussies. You refused stating that real men didn't do that. You said that to each of us, didn't you?" She asked.

"Y-Yes, Ms. Carson, I-I said that," She had to admit.

"Well then, as you're no longer a man you should be more than happy, eager and excited even, to thank us by licking each of our pussies to tremendous orgasms. Doesn't that excite you?" She asked deviously.

Oh my, this is so perfect. I asked that shit I don't know how many times over two years and he'd always say exactly the same thing. This is going to be really good!

"You can start with Marcie. Crawl over to her, arms behind you, and start licking as if your life depended on it, or better still your pussy tumors depended on it. Because if you don't, well, do you see that kitchen fork she's holding? If Marcie thinks you're not giving it your best effort she's going to jab your tumors with it," She sternly warned, which caused Tiffany to near faint in terror as Marcie winked at us.

After a couple of minutes Marcie suddenly screamed, "You call that licking? That's pathetic, get that tongue in there, I can hardly feel it! Natalie, loan me your belt, will you?"

When she had it she waste no time spanking her ass with it as hard as she could. The harder she belted the more frantically she obviously licked.

Finally after about 30 minutes she kicked her away, gasping for breath. "That was barely acceptable. If you don't do better the next time you're going to be missing one of those pussy tumors of yours," She threatened while, smiling broadly, gave us a two thumbs up.

"Get that miserable, pussy licking face over to Natalie. Here, you're definitely going to need this," She said, handing back the belt to her.

After Natalie, who didn't spare the belt, it was on Jordan. She was obviously fatigued, or rather her tongue was, but Jordan would have none of it. Putting down the belt, she said, "Hand me the cane, maybe she'll respond better to that."

Jordan kept her licking for a good 40 minutes prompting her mercilessly with the cane. Finally, kicking her away, but not before also giving us a big, two thumbs up.

Now it was my turn. "You promised me you'd never lie again, didn't you, girl?" I asked sternly.

"Y-Yes Madam," she replied nervously.

“Yet I now find out that you didn’t lie once, or twice, but three times. So each lie you’ve just extended your tenure as my housewife and maid by three months,” I decreed, delighted at watching her face full in dismay.

As the girls were getting ready to leave I whispered in her ear, which caused her to cringe.

Just before they left Tiffany curtsied to each, and, as directed, said, “The girl apologizes for not licking your pussy as you wished, Ms. Carson. I hope you can return so I can do better.”

Then she knelt and kissed her shoes.

Patting her condescendingly on her head Jordan said, “I’m sure you tried your best. Perhaps we could meet monthly so you can show us how much you’ve improved, what do you think?” She asked me.

“I think it’s a great idea. Let’s say the first Saturday afternoon of each month. I’m sure we’ll all end up being great friends,” I said, which obviously was not what the girl wanted to hear.

Chapter –21 Now what?

The evening, as it played out, with the three women, she’d deceived, lied to and then fucked was everything I hoped it would be. Obviously crushingly humiliating for her later I was uncertain what to do next. I felt satisfied that I’d gotten my revenge. I was just on the verge of giving her pants back and sending her, or him, on his way when she decided it for me.

I watched her on my phone in the hallway looking around to see if there were any cameras. However she was looking in the wrong places. Up at the ceilings and corners. She didn’t see the camera hidden in the flowers in the vase. What she also didn’t know was that the security cameras had audio as well.

What I heard infuriated me. She was calling her best friend, Frank Heller.

What I heard was, “Listen Frank, You have to help me. I’m in a maids uniform and locked in the high heels I’m forced to wear. I need a bolt cutter,

and to borrow some clothes. Pants, shoes and shirt. What, no I'm not nuts. Please, just as fast as you can."

I pondered what to do, then decided. I let a couple hours go by then I called Frank, supposedly just to say, "hello."

Funny you should call. I got the most bizarre call from Tom a while ago. Something about a maid's uniform, high heels he said were actually locked on him, and, this is really weird. He wanted some bolt cutters, and some clothes. Have you any idea what the heck he was talking about?" He asked.

"I honestly have no idea. I haven't told anyone yet but we separated like four or five months ago. I have no idea where he was calling from," I said, then added, "Actually I've been thinking about calling you. I never said anything, of course, but I've always felt attracted to you. Why don't you come by on Saturday evening for a romantic dinner?"

As I hoped he didn't hesitate.

Chapter -22 A new uniform for a special guest.

Saturday I casually mentioned that I had a special guest coming for dinner.

"Don't worry it's not one of the women you lied to and then fucked. But I do want to make it special so I've gotten you a new, quite attractive uniform that I'm sure my guest will appreciate," I said, noticing her visibly relax.

I started with a new hour glass corset, lacing it two inches more than the one she'd been wearing. Bringing her figure down to a ridiculously girlish twenty-two inches.

All of which made her tits and ass even more prominent.

"P-Please, it, its way too tight. I can hardly breathe," She protested.

"Yes, well it really enhances your figure, and you'll look so much more, ah, glamorous in your new uniform. Besides you can bear it for just a couple of hours, can't you?" I asked, lying.

"As-As long as its just a couple of h-hours," She panted.

But there was more to this particular corset called The Tormentor. In the front was an attached flap. Inside the flap was attached a hard, steel cup, much like an athletic supporter.

She obviously was startled when I removed the confining sheath from her pussy.

You don't want my guest wondering about the jiggling sound coming from under your skirt, do you?" I asked.

Greatly relieved she actually thanked me.

What I did next really started her. For I snapped a cock ring, in her case a pussy ring, on it.

Before she could ask I told her it was a surprise. The surprise was that it was a remotely controlled pussy ring.

But then the finishing touch, using surgical glue I attached what the website called an "Pussy Denied." Basically an entirely realistic pussy but with a hard, plastic shell glued to it making it impossible to get to it. Very fiendish, and perfect for what I had planned.

Then came her new uniform. I purposely had her turned away from the full length mirror so she couldn't see what I was putting her into.

The black, satin French Maid's uniform I put her in had the shortest skirt which I made even shorter so that even a slight bend would show off her ass for my guest. But there was feature to it that I was certain would greatly excite my guest. The polka-dotted halter top was completely sheer through..

I couldn't help gloating to myself as I turned her to the mirror and saw the horrified look on her face.

"Oh p-please, I can't let anyone see me dressed like this," she begged, as she saw her naked tits and nipples through the sheer top.

"Of course you will, I'm sure it will more than get him excited and in the right mood," I chuckled.

"A-A guy, your guest is a guy. Oh no, really I can't let him see me in this, really I can't," She swore.

Chapter -23 Well, you have a choice.

"Fine then, I'll give you a choice. I can put you back in your normal uniform. However when he arrives you'll be kneeling in front of the chair where I'll sit him. I'll have your hands strapped behind you. Then you'll unzip his pants, take out his cock, then you're going to suck it until he blows his wad down your throat. If you refuse I'll turn you around and let him fuck you doggy style," I adamantly said, "or you can stay as you are and suffer a bit of embarrassment, and that will be it. So decide."

The thought of sucking a guy's cock obviously terrified her and, as I expected, she elected to suffer showing off her tits and ass to my guest as the obvious lesser of two bad choices.

"Here, have have a drink, it'll calm you down," I said, handing her a glass of wine, which I had laced with Viagra.

Chapter -24 Go and let my guest in.

When the doorbell rang I said, "Answer the door, take my guest to the living room and offer him a drink," I ordered.

She gave me one last pleading look and resigned went to answer the door.

I wanted to see and hear her reaction so I clicked on the entrance camera, and laughingly was richly rewarded.

"F-Frank? Oh my God," She exclaimed, nearly fainting at the sight of his best friend.

"Do I know you? Of course not, you must be the new maid she told me about. What's your name girl?" He asked.

"T-Tiffany, S-Sir," She stammered, obviously wanting to die.

"Well Tiffany, don't maids normally curtsy to guests?" He sternly asked.

"Yes Sir, s-sorry Sir," she curtsied.

"I must say your Mistress has you dressed very invitingly," He chuckled, ogling her tits.

"M-My Mistress h-has me dress more alluringly whenever she entertains a special guest," She answered, her face beet red.

"Well, tell your Mistress I'm here, and get me a drink," He ordered, dismissively.

I let fifteen minutes go by to give Tiffany time to get him, let's say, all heated up.

After I made my entrance he said, "Your maid is quite a delectable sight, I must say."

Chapter -25 Putting my maid on display.

"Yes, isn't she. I only have her dress in her special uniform for special guests. Actually the girl is a bit of a show off I'm afraid. Really, I hired her, in large part, for her quite ample assets. Which, as you can readily see, are substantial. I'm sure you've noticed how overly endowed she is, but then there's her ass, which she really enjoys showing off whenever you bend over don't you girl?" I asked.

"Yes Madam," She all she could get out, hanging her head.

"Well then turn around and show it to my guest," I ordered, and as she bent over I remarked, "I'm almost jealous it's so much bigger than mine."

"Oh, I agree, it's quite an ass, I love how prominently what she's wearing shows it off, even more so what she's got up front. Of course, I'm sure yours is just as remarkable," He commented.

"Well, play your cards right you just might get more than a glimpse," I said, coyly.

Poor Tiffany she had to endure Frank's feasting eyes as she served dinner. Seemingly distracted which I reprimanded her for.

"I don't know what's gotten into you girl," I said sternly, "Stop your fidgeting this instant." Which was amusingly difficult for her to do knowing her pussy was undoubtedly stiffly excited. I loved the image of her serving her best friend with her pussy throbbing.



To her relief the dinner finally came to an end, but her relief wasn't quite over.

Chapter -26 The final revenge.

"Clear the table and after you do the dishes bring a bottle champagne up to my bedroom," I ordered.

When she arrived I quite enjoyed her crestfallen, defeated expression seeing Frank in bed with me.

Pointing to a pile of his clothes, shoes and socks I said, "while I'm occupied with my guest I know he'd appreciate it if you ironed his wrinkled shirt and pants. Then you can hand wash his underwear, socks and t-shirt. When you've finished leave them neatly next to the door, then you can put yourself to bed,"

But then there was my ultimate revenge. I had installed speakers in the laundry room so she could hear us going at it.

As soon as we did I lightly pushed the lowest setting on the remote. I'm sure it came as a shocking and devastating surprise. She now not only the indignity of ironing and polishing his shoes but doing so with a quaveringly stiff pussy which, of course, she couldn't get to as she was forced to listen to us fucking upstairs.

And then there was my brutal comments she couldn't shut out.

"Oh my god, Frank you're huge. It has to be twice the size of Tom's. It makes his look like a nub compared to yours," I gushed.

"Jesus, I've never felt a cock so hard, it feels like a hard piece of wood."

Then finally, "Ram it in, harder, harder, I'm cumming," I screamed, and as I did I turned the remote up to the highest setting. Making certain that Tiffany's pussy climaxed at the same time that I did. Could revenge ever be sweeter?

Chapter –27 An impulsive decision.

The following morning when she served me my breakfast in bed I saw the relief on her face that Frank was already gone.

Very quietly, yet firmly she said, “I will never wear that obscene outfit or go through another night like that again,”

“No, you won’t have to. At first I was going to keep you as you are for the two miserable years you put me through. But, I’ve had my revenge. Take off your clothes,” I told her.

When she had I first took her corset off, then unlocked her heels. After that, with the right solvent, I removed both her tits and pussy, and unlocked her pussy ring.

“So, as I said, I’ve had my revenge in full. Here’s your old clothes, you’re free to leave.

If you go down to Barbara’s she’ll take off your eyelashes and glue fake eyebrows on until yours grow out. She’ll also cut your hair to a more manly style.”

“Finally here’s \$10,000 cash in this envelope along with the ownership papers to that old 2003 Honda that’s been sitting in the garage. You’re free to go,” I said.

Obviously stunned at this totally unexpected development she got dressed, looking totally ridiculous in them, and without a backward look left.

I didn’t wish her well because I knew what would transpire. I actually felt a bit sorry for her.

Epilogue

As I expected a little over two months later the doorbell rang and there he was. Sobbingly asking me to take him back.

"It was horrible. I tried so hard to act manly but I just couldn't remember exactly how. A-And everyone guy I ran into thought I was gay, and they all kept hitting on me," he cried.

So I took "her" back. I didn't do all the things I swore I would. I didn't double her punishments. I didn't force her into wearing eight inch heels, nor make her sign a ne year renewable contract. There really was no need, and I made it clear she was free to leave any time she wanted.

I did still want my maid to be attractive so I glued her tits back on and put her into a corset. Although since her natural waist had shrunk to twenty-six inches I only had her keep it laced to a bearable four inches, giving her a quite striking twenty-two inch figure.

She'd cut her hair short so I got her a page boy, black wig which I thought fitting for a maid's style. Her uniforms are now more conservative yet attractive with her skirts falling to just above the knees.

I reduced her daily work hours to twelve, giving her, when I didn't need her two hours off per day and all day on Sunday. I'm sure to her surprise I even paid her an hourly wage slightly above the minimum.

I did, however, reinstall her pussy and vibrating pussy ring simply to keep her mind on her work. If she's been good, or pleased me in some way I'll turn on the remote or even let her borrow it.

I do see a rather mournful expression when she trims and perfumes my pussy and dresses me for a date. But she knows it's expected of her as just one of her duties.

So now I have a very attentive, diligent and hard working maid that other women are so envious of. Life is good, at least for me, and sort of good for Tiffany. A woman couldn't ask for more.

##

Anniversary Nightmare

It was six months ago that my marriage took a dramatic turn. Much to better for me, all the worse for Mark.

Now it's the night of our first anniversary. Mark, now maid Mitzi, is dressing me for the big evening. Mitzi's dress is the most scandalous maid's outfit I could dream up. A skin tight black latex uniform. She cringed and her eyes pleaded with me when she saw herself not to make her appear in front of my hot date. I couldn't have cared less about her feelings. It wasn't just scandalous it was hopelessly revealing. Where her mellon shaped, giggling tits were fully on display as they could clearly be viewed thru the sheer, polka dotted cutouts. Her ass also was just as on display thru the sheer, see through, polka dotted cut out. However I just couldn't stop it at that, oh no. First there was the quite substantial, blow up butt plug that made her ass wiggle like two gyrating pistons. Then I locked her poor excuse for a dick in a stainless steel chastity tube. And, of course, there were the six inch heels that locked on her feet and I so enjoyed seeing her mincing, wobbling so treacherously in. I could just imagine how heated up my stud was going to be as Mitzi served us drinks before a wild night of sex. Not being able to stop myself I found, online, the absolute perfect earrings

for her. Heart shaped earrings with no less than five dangling, silver bells. I couldn't help laughing as the bells announced, "here comes the maid, there goes the maid." Hysterical!

Making it as humiliating as I could I first made her shave my legs, then, on her knees so carefully trimming my pussy. After she polished my nails and toes I had her take out one of my favorite, "fuck me" outfits I made her dress me in. All the time she was begging me with her eyes. But I showed absolutely no sympathy for her. After all it started with her fantasy, and she, unfortunately was now living it.

"Oh dear, I do hate to see you looking so distressed. After all it's our first year anniversary, and I haven't forgotten you. I have a very special treat for you," I said.

Y-You do Ms. Carlson? Y-You mean..." she asked, remembering to use my maiden name.

"Oh yes, tonight you'll get the fucking of your life, what you haven't had in six months, but, after all it is our anniversary," I stated. I had to laugh to myself at the pathetically eager look on her face. Since I discovered what her fantasy was six months ago I really didn't think I'd ever want to put that miserable excuse for a dick in me ever again.

"Now please call Brad and confirm when he's coming," I instructed.

"B-Brad, b-but I thought..."

"Don't argue with me! It's our anniversary, don't you think I deserve the best?" I demanded to know.

Brad was my latest tennis teacher. Everything Mitzi wasn't. Six foot, four, the tightest muscles, and while he wasn't much between the ears, his nine inch cock made up for it, and God did he know how to use it. What was so amusing is that several of my dates had seen my maid in full display, drooling over her, but Brad never had. I so enjoyed the humiliation of Mitzi displaying all her charms in front of a new stud.

"P-Please Ms. Carlson, please don't make me wear this," She begged.

"Oh absolutely. It makes you look so hot. I couldn't believe John's reaction to it last week. Why you so heated him up by the time we left, well you could see what was so prominently sticking out of his pants. In fact I'm

making it a new rule. If you haven't given my dates a raging hard-on by the time I make my entrance you stay locked up for another month," I declared, thoroughly gloating over the horrified look on her face.

But, let me go back to our six month anniversary dinner in a swanky restaurant.

More than a little tipsy I said I wanted to make the night special.

"Come on now, tell me your most hidden, secret fantasy and I'll make it come true," I prompted.

When he finally did I was so shocked. He wanted to watch me make love with another man! I was speechless, disgusted and revolted. But alright I'd grant my pervert of a husband his wish.

"I'll do it, but then if you want to watch you'll have to be in the room, wouldn't you? I just think with most guys having a husband watching would be a turn off. So, if you want to watch I'll have to dress you up as my maid and you'll have to act like one," I stated, thinking that would be the end of it.

Two days later, to my further disgust, he said, "A-alright, I'll do it."

So that Saturday Mitzi stood in the corner, behind a plant, in our bedroom watching me get my brains fucked out by a real man. I had gone online and found an immodestly sexy maid's uniform, a corset to give her a more girlish figure, a brunette, page boy wig, fake, breasts that gave her an alluring C-cup, black, seamed stockings and four inch, black, patent leather shoes with bow on the toes. Then I made her face up, with cherry red lips, all too bright blue eye shadow, and long fake eyelashes. I was sure after she saw herself that she'd finally back out. But, no, I couldn't believe it but I caught him, or her, actually admiring herself when she thought I wasn't looking. Well, pervert, it's your fantasy.

I gave her one last chance. "I'm sure Doug will really enjoy the sight of my new maid,"

But, she didn't take it.

So, she got her wish, her fantasy come true, but the one thing I didn't want was her enjoying even one second of it.

"Oh my God, Doug, it's huge! So much bigger than my husband's. Christ how can you keep it this hard this long, 45 minutes, that's about 43 minutes more than my husband ever lasted, and you're still going. Oh my poor pussy!" I screamed.

"Finally you're shooting your load, aren't you ever going to stop, it feels like gallons," I grasped.

"What, you want to go again? But it's only been fifteen minutes and you're hard as a rock again. Well, turn me over and fuck me in the ass, my pussy will never recover," I swore.

Later I asked Mr. Pervert if he'd enjoyed it as much as I had. "No, it's not how I imagined it would be," She admitted, crestfallen from experiencing her fantasy live.

"You mean it didn't excite you?" I asked.

"I-I couldn't, I mean I didn't watch. Please, lets never do this again," She pleaded.

"Yes, in fact we're going to do it again, this Monday. It's your fantasy, but now it's mine. Just one more time I promise," I pretended to plead, and like a dummy he reluctantly agreed.

"However I think you need to look and act a bit more convincing. You got some odd stares from Doug. I mean you don't want some guy suddenly asking why I have a man dressed as a maid,, do you?" I asked, innocently.

"Oh god no." She cringed.

So I started with a pair of the most realistic D-cup tits that I glued on. Then a new corset, not laced just three inches like I first put her in, put putting my foot in her back tugged it viciously five inches tight ignoring her begging that it was too tight.

Then came much more slutty makeup. Eye liner, gobs of mascara even longer fake eyelashes and thinning her eyebrows. Her lips I made even fatter. Then after going over everything with a sealer in dyed her hair a trashy blonde. After gluing on the longest fingernails I could find I got him into his new uniform. When he saw himself in it that's when he started pleading in desperation not to let my stud see her in it.

When Brad saw my slut of a maid his mouth literally dropped to the ground. And he couldn't help salivating as Mitzi was forced to serve us drinks as I sat on his lap showing off her tits and ass.

As before she couldn't stand to watch and was obviously sagging in relief when lover boy finally left.

As expected she pleaded with me never to do it again.

"Oh it's hardly over, I'll got some real men all lined up. I had no idea what it felt like to be fucked by a real man with a real cock. I hadn't realized just how, well, under endowed you really were," I stated.

"You-you can't, and I won't do this any longer," she bellowed.

"You pathetic loser. How are you going to get those huge tits off they're glued on nothing's going to get them off. And when you stupidly let me apply sealer you thought was just gloss to your make-up it made everything permanent at least for the next four months, hopefully longer. And forget about trying to file or cut those ridiculously long nails, they're steel," I gloated.

"No, I won't do it," She adamantly said.

"You're now up to five months. Want to try for six?" I asked, sneering as I saw her hang her hopelessly hang her head.

The next time I forced her to watch in the most humiliating ways I could think of. I created, "Mitz's Stud Book" which she had to make entries in as I fucked one hunk after another. She had to write down the precise minute we started fucking and the exact minute we stopped. She had to note the minute I first orgasms and for how long. How many orgasms I had and how long each lasted. The minute my stud came and for how long. She had to write down the size and description of his cock as I described it, any nickname I gave it, and so on. At first, of course, she refused.

"Tell me Mitzi how do you like that butt plug up your ass that makes swish so madly back and forth?" I asked, sternly.

"You know I hate it," She said, angrily.

"Well if you don't do as you're told think about how this one is going to feel up your ass? The one up your ass now is a modest four inches, this one is a full seven inches," I said showing her what she was threatened with.



As I thought she capitulated.

At the same time I decided that as she was now my maid she should more act like one. So I gave her a long list of chores to do every day. For each one not done perfectly she gets paddled ten times and twenty if she hasn't completed them by the time I get home. However, and this is going to kill you, if she did get them all done perfectly and in time I rewarded her. I'd unlock her little thing just before my hot date would arrive and without her knowing I'd mash up a Viagra in her meal. So all the time she was shamelessly flaunting herself in front of my date, and while we fucked, her thing was stiffly excited. She couldn't believe it, of course.

"You see, you obviously love getting my studs all excited and watching us fuck," I proclaimed laughing to myself.

Naturally I just couldn't let it go at that. So, for fun, if I unlocked her I put a remote, vibrating cock ring on her dickette . When my stud exploded I turned it up full blast and her dickette would spurt at exactly the same time in her panties, until she was dripping on the floor. She was, naturally, crushed. Me, I thought it was hysterical.

Now back to the present. "Now, for your anniversary present. Bend over Mitzi," I ordered, and to her surprise I removed the butt plug. Only to replace it with another also remotely controlled, but not bigger than the one before. However this one vibrated and I swear her knees nearly buckled when I turned it on. Pressing another button and it rhyimically started getting bigger, then smaller, then bigger again. I thought her eyes would bug out of her head when I turned on the rippler, then the thruster.

Later as fucked my latest stud I turned them all on at once. So that she being fucked at the same time I was. Well, I did promise her a fucking on our anniversary, and I never go back on a promise.

##

Addicted To Heels

Chapter-1 "Girl you hit the jackpot."

So why did I marry Mark? Well, for one he was fabulously wealthy. For another he absolutely adored me. He'd leap to do anything I asked. He pampered and catered to my every whim, almost slavishly.

There was only one fly in the ointment. I'm five foot ten inches, while Mark is just five foot six inches. So, for him I wore flats. Until one night going out he said I didn't have to wear them just for him. I could wear my heels, he didn't mind. Obviously we got a lot of stares with me in four inch heels. I didn't understand it, it had to be embarrassing, if not humiliating for him. But, he didn't seem aware of all the not so quiet giggling.

"Girl, you hit the jackpot, it's easy," my girlfriend Connie said. "He has a high heel fetish, and with you in heels I'd say it's pretty far advanced. Test him, next time you go out wear even higher heels with stiletto heels, dagger pointed heels and make sure they're patent leather.

I was frankly shocked when I saw the huge bulge grow in his pants when he saw me in my five inch heels.

"Do you like my shoes Mark, they're my fuck me shoes," I whispered, and I swear that bulge didn't go down all evening. Later when we made love he begged me to leave them on.

I really hoped I was wrong about Mark. So I went on line and googled, "high heel fetish." What I read shocked me. No way Mark could be so perverted. I decided on one more test hoping he wouldn't go for it. It was a particularly disgusting thing I'd read about. Wearing my fuck pumps I said, "I read something in the latest Cosmo about different ways to well, get a man off. It quite kinky. It's called, "The Shoe Jerk Off," or "Shoe fucking Your Man." But, well I'm sure it's not something for you."

Chapter-2 How to shoe fuck your man.

Maybe we could try it. You know, spice things up," he said, obviously trying hard not to sound excited.

"Let's see, first you take off all your clothes. Then while I sit in a chair you kneel with your legs spread as far as they'll go and put your hands on top of your head and leave them there." I said.

"L-Like this?" He asked.

"Exactly. Now what I do is squeeze your cock tightly between my heels and jerk you off with them," I said, hoping he'd object, but he didn't.

It disgusted me as I sat there jerking him off with my heels. I could have gotten him off in a few seconds, but I wanted to torment and frankly punish him. So I prolonged it until he finally shot his load all over my shoes.

Thinking to punish him further I said, "One of the rules is that if the man cums all over your shoes he has to lick it up." Surely he wouldn't, but he did. It was the most pathetic sight I've ever seen a man do.

"Oh my, it seems you really enjoyed that. I'm wondering did you ever fantasize about trying on a pair of high heels?" I asked the question Connie suggested I ask.

"T-Try on, oh no, I-I couldn't," he protested weakly.

"That's too bad, the maid I had before I met you left all her uniforms including her shoes here. She was petite so she always wore very high heels, some at least five inches. Your feet look about the same size," I remarked, although I'd never had a maid.

I let it sit and as expected a few days later he hesitantly said, "I was thinking it might be fun to try on a pair, of heels I-I mean."

"Great, although you'd have to wear nylons, and as she might come back you'd have to shave your legs so you wouldn't ruin them." I said, another test. Well he flunked it shaving his legs.

Another test he flunked, pink, satin panties.

"No boxers, you'd bunch them up around your garters," I said, although it was actually a stiff waist cinch with four suspenders to each leg. Then I took up the laces and started yanking them.

"R-Really Karen, its gotten awfully tight," He gasped.

"It has to close in back or it won't fit right," I giggled, really pulling with all my strength.

Then came the five inch stiletto heels.

"Wow, these are really high," He proclaimed, wobbling around, although his dick never stopped straining against his panties.

When I suggested shoe fucking him in his panties and heels I thought he'd cream in them then and there.

A couple days later truly sealed his fate.

"Alright, you've had your fun, now how about some for me?" I asked.

"Well, I owe you, what did you have in mind," He said.

"I really miss my maid. I'd like you to dress up in one of her uniforms and pretend to be my maid for the next week," I proclaimed.

"A week, yes, okay," He said reluctantly.

"Now, I want it to be like you really are my maid. You'll precisely do what Maria did and perform all her chores and duties," I said firmly.

A few hours later there "she" stood dressed in the most immodest French Maid's uniform I could find. The short skirts and petticoats stood nearly straight out just covering her panties. On her legs were slutty fishnet

stockings. Her make up was done just as slutty and had permed her hair into a page boy style and instead of a brunette she was now a blonde.

I'd looked for a uniform with a huge top, for a reason. "Maria's boobs were, let's say very ample, so I got these to full out your top," I said, removing the adhesive of the huge, D-cup breasts and gluing them on."

"She" stood there barely able to stand because on her feet were staggering high six inch heels with ankle straps that I secured with padlocks to keep them from falling off, I told her. Stupidly she actually believed me.

When she said she'd never be able to duplicate her make up I lied and said, "Not to worry it's semi-permanent, it'll last about a week."

For the next couple of days I had her doing typical maid things, including serving me. I discovered the reason she wasn't getting her chores done when I caught her jacking off when she thought I was out.

"That is going to stop. I can't have you jacking off when you should be doing your chores," I said coldly.

"I-I know, I just can't stop myself," She shamefully admitted.

So, you'd think I'd lock her "pussy" as I made her call it, in a confining chastity sheath, instead I did just the opposite. Feeding her Viagra in her food it kept her pussy hard nearly all day and as I expected she just couldn't stop jacking off whenever she thought I wasn't looking. But, of course, I did catch her when she thought I was out of the house, but I wasn't.

"Well if you can't stop it, I can," I declared.

Chapter-3 I have a special shoe for you to wear.

'How can you do that," He foolishly asked.

"Well, I got a special shoe for you to wear," I said, grinning to myself.

"How is a shoe going to stop me, and did I hear you say shoe, not shoes?" He wondered.

"That's right, just one. Now stand very still," I ordered and slowly started jerking him off until he was ramrod stiff.

"Is that as stiff as you can get it?" I asked.



"Oh god, yes. Finish me off, please," He moaningly begged.

"Not quite yet, its time for your shoe," I said, producing a shoe I'd found on a fetish website. If it was a normal woman's shoes it might be a size two, if that. I held the red, patent leather, sling back, open toed shoe up so he could see it. The unique aspect of the shoe is that it laced up across the in-step just like a corset.

"That's unbelievably small, I could never get my foot into it," He stated the obvious.

"It's not for your foot," I said, looping a cord around his nob and pulling it through the shoe until the head of his stiff dick popped out of the open toe. Then I proceeded to tightly lace it up until his entire dick was trapped in the tiny shoe that wouldn't release it from the quivering hard on, and with the aid of a substantial dose of Viagra I was fairly sure it would stay that was all day while he tried unsuccessfully to concentrate of his maid chores. To make sure I applied padlocks to the laces and the sling back buckle.

"Now get to work," I ordered sternly, then added, "Just be warned I won't tolerate sloppy work and work not finished within the time I give you to finish it. That will take care of your obvious laziness. Oh yes, if your work doesn't improve wait until you see the next pair of shoes you'll be wearing."

Naturally her work didn't improve even though I could see her trying her hardest. But how fast can you work in six inch heels with a perpetual hard on.

I let a week go by and then as she stood in front of me I berated her for mostly chores not done on time. Admittedly her actual work did improve but it was taking her much longer to complete each one.

"This is totally unacceptable, do you hear?" I barked.

"I can't move very fast in these damn six inch heels, besides I can't concentrate when I have to wear that shoe on me all the time," She protested.

"It would simply fall off if your dick wasn't so excited and stiff. Obviously you're in love with your high heels," I observed, leaving out the daily dose of Viagra she was getting.

"Not being able to concentrate is absolutely no excuse so you just earned these. I'm sure with your addiction for high heels you can't wait to try them on. Hold out your feet," I ordered.

Chapter-4 When she saw what I was holding her face deathly pale.

"Oh God, p-please, I'm begging you I'll never be able to walk in them, I swear," He pleaded.

What I buckled and then locked on her feet were the most outrageous shoes I think I've ever seen. They had ridiculously high, six inch platform soles, a seven inch arch and thirteen inch stiletto heels. To top it off each shoe weighed six pounds! I couldn't help smirking and she fearfully tried just standing in them. When she finally got to her feet, terrified, she swore again she'd never be able to walk in them.

"Well, you're standing, try baby steps," I suggested, laughing to myself, when she discovered how heavy they were.

"How do you expect me to finish any chores, I already can't finish them in six inch heels," She stated the obvious, which, of course, was why they were on her feet.

"I'll tell you what, I'll give you an extra five minutes to finish each chore," I offered.

When she still protested, peeved, I said, "It's now four minutes, would you like to try for three?"

"No, no, why are you doing this?" she pleaded.

"Contrary to what you might think I find your addiction to this high heel fetish of yours disgusting. I thought I'd married a man. What I get is a pathetic pervert who gets off having his dick shoe fucked. So now you can live your fantasy. I get a maid, which frees me up to find a real man. So, while you're scrubbing floors, ironing or polishing my shoes that you're so in love with, I'll be out getting my pussy reamed by a real man who knows what his dick is really for. Now get the fuck to work. Oh yes, you have a



new more appropriate name. From now on you answer to Sissy Dick," I gloated, seeing the shock on her face as she understood just what I thought of her and her perversion.

Naturally even adding four minutes to each chore, she actually took even longer as she stumbled, mincingly dragging her shoes with her. As can imagine by the end of a day in six pound shoes it was an effort just to put one foot in front of the other.

I couldn't have cared less, frankly. Most nights I was out with some stud having the time of my life.

As to Sissy Dick she gradually adopted to her torturous footwear. But, naturally, I just couldn't leave it at that.

"You've finally got the downstairs reasonably clean, not it's time to do the upstairs," I chuckled.

"Up-upstairs, oh god, no," She pleaded, looking at the steep steps to the second floor.

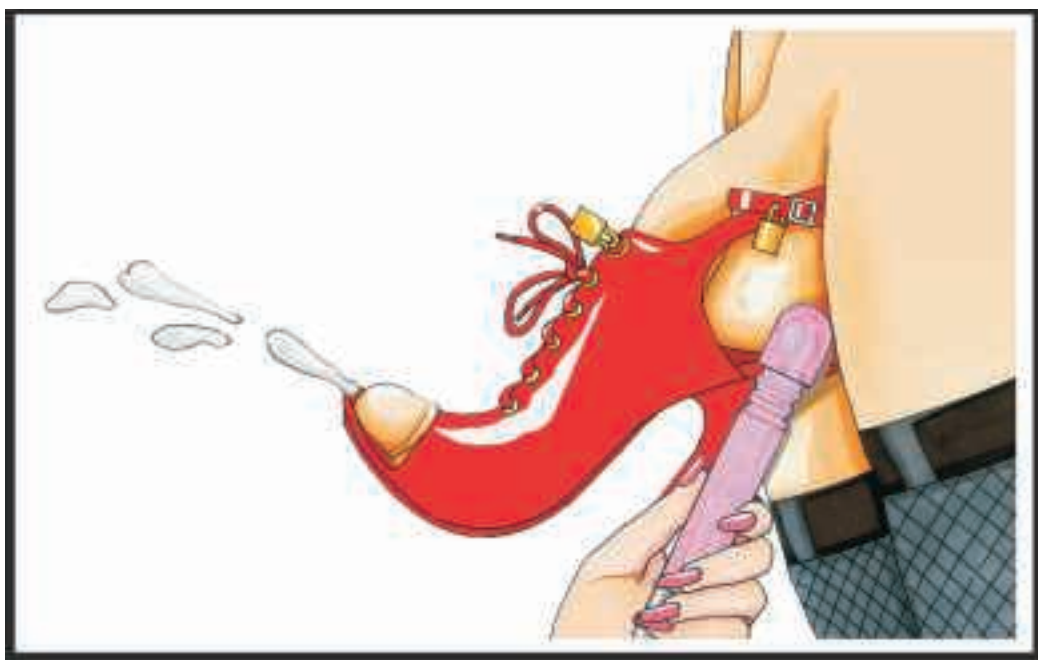
"Up you go. If I'm satisfied with your work I'll give you a nice reward, maybe another shoe fucking, I know you'd love that," I said, watching as she tried crawling up the stairs. Walking, of course, was no option. Which was how I left her to do some shopping, thinking wolfishly of her trying to get back down the stairs.

As planned I declared that I was satisfied with the upstairs rooms, the floors and the toilets. She looked eagerly as I partially unlaced the bizarre shoe on her dick thinking wrongly that she was going to get another shoe fucking. But all I did was loosen the laces.

Chapter-5 Sissy Dick's reward.

"Now for your reward," I declared, as I produced a vibrator, turned it all the way up, pressing it on her balls and holding it there until her dick shot gobs of cum everywhere out the open toe.

When she was fully spent and, of course, hopelessly humiliated, I simply laced it back up before it could get soft.



Looking gloatingly at her crestfallen expression I sweetly asked, "Is that the ultimate shoe fucking, or what?" I declared.

"You're going to be punished for jacking off and not doing your chores," I declared.

"P-Punished"?

"That's right, hold out your feet," I ordered, and proceeded to put a new pair of heels on her. They had two inch high rocker soles with nine inch high stiletto heels, then locked them on her feet. She could barely stand let alone walk in them and as I expected her work suffered even more.

"I won't tolerate sloppy work and work not even done, if your work doesn't improve wait till you see the next pair of shoes," I warned.

Well it didn't, it got worse and as promised her next heels were even more punishing. Five inch platform soles with staggering twelve inch heels.

I almost felt sorry for her, then I remembered how he conned me into believing he was a real man, not a disgusting pervert. Obviously her work got even worse.

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