

MAGGIE'S ORDEAL

By Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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MAGGIE'S ORDEAL

By **SALLY WILD**

Chapter 1

The overhead lights in the small basement room cast a harsh glare off the mirror that covered the entire wall that Mel faced. He was having problems focusing his mind on the image that was reflected back at him. His drink sodden brain refused to accept the fact that he was suspended from the ceiling dressed as a lowly housemaid. No matter how many times he closed his eyes the same image was always there when he opened them.

Once again he started from the top of his reflected image in an attempt to analyze his present dilemma. His wrists were tied together with a leather strap and attached to a chain suspended from the ceiling. The chain was pulled taut so that he was almost forced to stand on his tiptoes and a dull ache was building up in his arms and legs from the strain of maintaining such an uncomfortable position. A frilly white maid's cap was placed on top of his head with a shoulder length blonde wig which framed his face. His face was fully made up with eye shadow, mascara, foundation, blush and lipstick. In his mouth was a penis gag secured tightly with a leather harness. Long, silver clip-on earrings dangled from each of his ear lobes.

His black, knee length, taffeta dress had white lace around the high neckline and the wrists of the full length sleeves. Setting off this lacy froth was a white bib apron with ruffled straps disappearing over his shoulders to be attached to the waist ties which were secured in a large bow at the small of his back. The front of the apron was adorned with a small pocket and the bottom portion was covered with several layers of lace that ended three or four inches above his dress hem.

His legs were encased in sheer, black stockings and he was perched on black pumps with three inch heels. His ankles were tied together with another leather strap which in turn was secured to a ring in the concrete floor. As a result he was strung tightly between the ceiling and the floor of the room and found it impossible to move.

In an effort to distract himself from the growing discomfort in his aching feet and strained arms and legs, he pushed aside the alcoholic mist pulsating through his brain and made a concerted effort to remember how the day could have disintegrated so quickly into personal disaster.

It had started in the usual manner that had become the daily household routine over the last few years. He slept in late in an attempt to recover from a night of drinking and carousing on the town and it was almost noon before he managed to rouse himself sufficiently to ring the buzzer mounted on the wall beside the bed. On his second impatient ring, the bedroom door was quietly opened by a woman dressed impeccably in the traditional uniform of the housemaid.

“About time you got here you stupid bitch,” he groaned through the pain of his throbbing headache. “Get me a glass of water and some aspirins.”

“Yes Master,” she replied with a full curtsy before slipping gracefully into the adjoining bathroom to accomplish this task. As she left his presence he appreciatively eyed her trim figure and wondered how many other husbands had such a well trained wife in this age of sexual equality.

Their marriage had started off on a more conventional footing almost ten years previously, but when he won a considerable sum of money from a lottery more than five years ago their life together had taken a dramatic turn. Great for him but not so pleasant for his little wife, Suzy, as he slowly turned her into a menial servant to carry out his every command while he enjoyed the life of the idle rich. He was no longer even sure why he had decided to take this rather unusual step in their relationship, other than time had seemed to stretch endlessly before him after the initial euphoria of quitting his mediocre job and enjoying the good life.

His boredom was compounded by the fact that Suzy was not keen on leading anything but a quiet existence and looked on with growing disapproval at his increasingly debauched lifestyle. Her attitude and the challenge of changing someone against her will made an irresistible combination to tempt him. As a result he threw himself into a campaign of coercion, bribery and outright force to transform her from an independent, vibrant and loving wife into the docile and dependent maid who now tended his every need.

It had not been easy as she fought a determined battle to oppose his twisted desires, but in the end he had worn her down until she quickly carried out any order he gave her, no matter how humiliating, rather than face the painful discipline he did not hesitate to impose. In truth he had to admit he was becoming increasingly tired of her as she now rarely gave him an opportunity to vent his smoldering anger with life.

Suzy returned to the bedroom and with her usual fixed smile stood beside the bed holding out the glass of water and two aspirins while Mel struggled to a sitting position before accepting the medication. After handing the empty glass back to her, he ran his hand up under her dress and along her leg until it rested on her pantied crotch.

“Well slut, limber up those lips and get down there and suck me off. Maybe it will take my mind off my headache,” he growled as he removed his hand after giving her a painful pinch with his fingers.

“Yes Master,” she replied, dutiful smile still in place, as she drew the bed covers back to reveal his naked body. A body once lean and hard but now rapidly turning puffy and soft from the depraved life he insisted on leading. Climbing on the bed she knelt between his legs and fondled his balls and penis before inserting his shaft between her glossy, full lips gleaming with the dark red lipstick that Mel insisted she wear at all times.

In spite of her skilled ministrations with her tongue and lips, Mel did not respond to her efforts. He tried in vain to relax and allow his body to be swept away in the old rush of erotic joy that used to come so easily to him, but all he could feel was the increasingly familiar sense of impotence and anger. Finally, after more than ten minutes

had passed, he angrily pushed her off the bed with a vicious kick so that she fell heavily to the floor before struggling to her feet.

“Stupid little whore, you can't even get me interested anymore. Go and get me a drink!”

“Yes Master,” she replied with a graceful curtsy before leaving the room.

In a few minutes she returned with a silver tray bearing a large glass of straight bourbon and the day's mail. As she curtsied, he snatched the glass and took a deep swallow that almost emptied the glass.

“All right wench, don't be so stupid in future - bring me the rest of the bottle and when you get back, sort this mail out and be prepared to read it to me,” he commanded as he allowed the warm glow of the alcohol to soothe his shattered nerves.

Suzy quickly complied with his instructions and soon he was holding the bottle by the neck and indulging his thirst in a much more direct manner after throwing the useless glass to one side. It did not take her long to sort through the letters as most of them were bills or junk mail.

She held out one letter and said, “This is the only one that seems important, Master. It is from your accountant.”

“Don't be such a bimbo, Suzy. Open it up and read it to me.”

“Yes Master,” she replied as she quickly slit open the letter with her long, dark red fingernails. Scanning the letter she suddenly raised her head to cast a knowing look at him as he guzzled yet more bourbon, slopping a generous portion of it down his naked chest.

Sensing her eyes on him, he glared at her until she had lowered them to the appropriate downcast position while maintaining the simpering smile that he had beaten into her so long ago.

“Well? Read it to me,” he snarled, reaching out to give her plump but firm rear end a hard smack.

“Yes Master. It is quite a long letter and I know that you don't like to hear financial details. Do you want me to just give you the highlights?”

“Yes, yes - just get on with it,” he slurred.

“Well to be extremely brief it would appear that with the exception of this house, which you own outright, you are bankrupt with no money left to your name.”

Her words took a few moments to penetrate his alcohol fogged brain but when they did he reached over and snatched the letter from her hand. As he struggled to focus his eyes on the text of the document he failed to notice the look of triumph that appeared briefly in Suzy's eyes as she watched his growing sense of disbelief and misery.

With a groan he threw the pages down on the bed and closed his eyes in an attempt to make this latest dose of unwelcome reality disappear. However when he opened them, Suzy was still standing quietly beside the bed with her hands folded in front of

her apron while keeping her eyes demurely cast down and the letter was lying on the bed where he had thrown it.

His mind raced to try and find an answer to the problem that threatened to finish him. He needed money and a lot of it if he wanted to keep up appearances. Maybe he could sell the house but the market was not good right now and where would they live if he did? How the hell was he supposed to find an answer when his head hurt so badly? He looked at his wife still standing quietly before him. Stupid harlot was no good to him as she obviously didn't have an original idea in her pretty little head. Maybe he could get her to earn some money as a call girl, hell she had the looks and body for it and he had trained her well.

"Well Suzy dear, it looks as if we are in for some hard times unless we both do our part to get some money back into the kitty. I think it is about time I called my old buddy, Winston, to see if he can fix you up with a few tricks. Only the best paying of course, but I know that you will enjoy the chance to spread your legs for a good cause."

As she listened to him speak, panic flashed momentarily through her mind at the mention of the pimp's name that she associated with some of her more degrading training in the first years of her forced servitude, but she quickly composed herself and picked up the accountant's letter from the bed.

"I think if you read the last page of the accountant's report you will find that taking that sort of action will not be necessary," she said in a firm, controlled voice.

Mel was so astonished by her unusually forthright manner of speaking that he glanced at the last page without taking her to task for not addressing him in the appropriate manner and tone. What he saw made his head spin as it stated quite categorically that Suzy had invested some money over the last few years and now controlled a considerable sum. Unfortunately, other than the house, it was all that remained of the large fortune he once possessed.

"Where did you get this money?" he spluttered in indignation. "I kept you on a very limited household allowance and there is no way that you should have this much."

"Well, you know how it is, I scrimped and saved and put some aside as you let me control the household money without any supervision," she said, knowing full well that she had been taking increasingly large amounts from his accounts over the last two years. He was so drunk most of the time that he never noticed and if the truth be known she had played a large part in ensuring he had gone bankrupt. "Anyway you should just be pleased that we have some money put aside for these troubled times."

A cunning look came onto his face as he said, "You are quite right, Suzy. I think you should write a quick letter giving me full control of those funds."

For the first time in many years she looked him in the eye and said, "No Mel, I don't think we should be too quick about this. You own the house and I have some money so I think we should be equal partners in our future endeavors."

Mel bit off a furious retort to remind her of her appropriate place in the household as he saw the determined look on her face.

To hell with it, he thought, I'm going to have to trick her into giving me that money. It shouldn't be too hard as I've dominated her too many years for her to get away with this shit for long.

“OK Suzy, we can be partners but how are we going to look after this place - or do you want to carry on being the maid?”

“No Mel, I'm ready to move up in the world and I think we should hire a young girl to be the maid. I'm sure you would like to have a hand in training her to the appropriate standard.”

Suzy's words caused Mel to shiver in anticipation as his penis rose to a semi-erect state. *My God what he wouldn't do to get his hands on some young innocent thing and put her through her paces.*

All thoughts of forcing Suzy immediately back into the role of his personal maid slipped from his mind as he concentrated on what he could do with some fresh flesh to mold into his idea of the perfect servant. After all he could always ditch Suzy once he had regained control of the money that was rightfully his.

Suzy smiled quietly to herself as she saw the gloating look come over his face as he obviously contemplated the joys of breaking in a new girl. She was becoming increasingly convinced that she could manipulate him to do anything she wished. He was so easy to predict, particularly in his present drunken state.

Giving her ruby red lips a nervous lick, she prepared to move on to the next step of her plan. Judging the moment right, she intervened as Mel took another slug of bourbon straight from the bottle. Stepping forward, she waited until he lowered the bottle before taking it from his unresisting hands and placing it on the bedside table.

Before he could protest she said, “Now Mel, let's get down to some serious planning. I know you want to get your hands on some young filly as soon as possible so that you can train her, but I want you to know up front that I want to participate in the training as well. I'm tired of being the underdog around here and, excuse the pun, want to get my licks in as well. So understand that I want to be the mistress of this little bitch as much as you want to be her master. Is that clear?”

Mel could hardly believe what he was hearing. The idea of both of them breaking some young bimbo and molding her into a perfect sex slave was almost more than he could bear. His cock sprang to attention just thinking about it.

Suzy's rather impatient second query about his understanding of the arrangement brought him back to reality and he signaled his concurrence with a vigorous nod of his head.

“Good,” she cooed, giving him her hand to shake in formal agreement before she continued, “Now how do we go about getting ourselves a suitable candidate?”

“That's easy,” he said with a sly grin, “we put an ad in the paper for a maid and after we interview the applicants we hire one. Or at least we say we are going to hire one. Once we start our little program the last thing she is going to have on her mind is money. She'll be too busy begging for mercy to worry about such a minor point. Of course we will have to make sure that she doesn't have any close family, or friends, in

the immediate area as for all intents and purposes once she is in our grasp she will disappear from the face of the earth.”

“Oh, Mel,” Suzy exclaimed with a little laugh, “You're so clever, I would never have thought of all that so quickly!”

Mel lay back with a smile luxuriating in her praise while thinking that her years of being treated as a mindless little doxy would make her easy to sort out as soon as he had his new love toy in hand. Life was starting to look up!

Suddenly Suzy tittered with a cute pout, “But there is one little problem we haven't discussed Mel and I so want this plan to work out well.”

“What's the problem now Suzy?” Mel asked with a condescending air. “I'm sure we can come up with a solution.”

“Well, I'm embarrassed to say this, but I want some practice in ordering a slave around and in how to train her before we get a new girl in here. I mean I don't want to look stupid in front of her do I?”

Mel gave Suzy a hard look and asked, “ And just what did you have in mind?”

“I know you are probably just going to laugh, but I would really like to get you to agree to just pretend to be the slave for a few hours and train me on how to be a good mistress... I mean you're such a good teacher and you certainly know how to be a dominating master. I know it sounds kinky but would you do it for little old me?”

Mel grabbed the bottle of rapidly diminishing bourbon and took a healthy swig as he tried to fathom her thinking and what was really behind her request.

She reached out and slowly started to stroke his still erect penis as she gazed pensively into his eyes and cooed sexily, “Oh, please, pretty please, just for me, master!”

Before his befuddled brain could intercede, Mel found himself sighing, “ All right but only for a few hours, Suzy. After that you are on your own.”

“Oh Mel, you're the greatest!”

Taking the nearly empty bottle from him, she looked into his eyes and said with a nervous giggle, “Up on your feet, slave, so that you can attend your mistress' needs.”

Grumbling good naturedly, Mel staggered to his feet and stood swaying before her as she instructed him to stand still and to close his eyes until told to open them. As he carried out her order, his curiosity grew as he heard the rustle and swish of her clothing as she quickly undressed and threw her clothes on the bed.

“OK, open your eyes, slave.”

When he opened his eyes Suzy was standing in front of him wrapped in one of his velour bathrobes which fit extremely well as, at five foot eight, he was only an inch or two taller than she was.

She reached down to the bed and picked up the white, lacy panties she had just taken off. Holding them open she commanded him to step into them.

“Oh, no. I'm not doing any such thing. Do you think I'm queer or something!”

“Now Mel, you promised to follow my orders for a few hours and if I want to dress you up as my maid for that time you had better comply. After all how can we proceed with our plan to get a new girl into this role if I can't convincingly play the role of mistress? Anyway you might find you enjoy this for an hour or two - after all we are about the same size and I have warmed up these clothes for you so it shouldn't be too uncomfortable. Or are you too much of a coward to follow through on your promise?”

Against his better judgment Mel found himself stepping into the nylon panties which fit snugly and even erotically around his cock and balls.

“There, that wasn't so bad was it,” Suzy whispered as she stroked his erect manhood through the slinky material of the panties. “Let's see if we can get this corset to fit as well.”

On her command, Mel held his arms away from his torso as she took the white satin spandex, wasp waisted corset and pulled it gently around his body after slipping the shoulder straps into place.

Continuously running her smooth hands around his stomach and crotch, she lulled him into a sexually induced state of pure pleasure before stating, “Now hold still, dear slave, as this is going to hurt you more than it's going to hurt me!” as she rapidly fastened all the hooks and pulled the laces as tight as she could.

Mel winced as the wire reinforced material was pulled relentlessly in, forcing four or five inches from his waist and pushing them up into the breast cups of the corset and down into his hip area. He felt as if his ribs had been crushed and he could hardly breathe but he stoically resisted a strong urge to complain about this rough treatment.

Suzy could hardly contain her delight as she reached down into the corset cups and pulled up his flabby chest until the chubby flesh filled the B sized cups quite nicely.

“Why Mel, your figure is quite cute, almost hour glass in appearance and with a little dieting you could have quite a nice little waist to go with it,” she teased him.

“Don't piss me off, bimbo,” he snarled. “I think I've had enough of this crap.”

Quickly realizing that she had pushed him too far, Suzy adjusted the corset shoulder straps while stroking his pseudo breasts, stomach and penis which still throbbed in the silky prison of his panties.

“Oh Mel, please don't get mad at me. I'm sorry I annoyed you and if you agree to carry on I'll make it up to you later,” she whispered huskily in his ear.

Surrendering to the feel of her skillful hands, Mel nodded his head in agreement although it was against his better judgment. Shaking off his fears, he grabbed the bourbon bottle and took another drink although the tightness of the corset caused him to take more genteel sips than his usual manly gulps.

Taking advantage of his renewed acquiescence, Suzy gently pushed him down on the bed and rolled a pair of black stockings up his legs before attaching them to the six garter tabs hanging down from the corset. She almost made a remark about how his legs really should be shaved before he wore nylons but decided it would be better to say nothing at this stage of her plan. Instead she contented herself with running

her hands up and down his silk encased legs until he was squirming in pleasure at this novel but sensual feeling.

Before he could become too excited, she slipped her three inch high heeled, black pumps on his feet. They were a bit tight but not a bad fit so she helped him to stand by laughing and pulling on his hands after placing the bottle on the bedside table one more time.

Mel swayed slightly from side to side as he adjusted to the unusual feeling of the high heels and the taut pull of the garters on his stockings.

Suzy continued to caress his body through the soft, slinky clothing and asked him to hold his hands over his head as she dropped a white satin slip, encrusted with lace at both the bodice and hem, down over his feminized form.

Mel closed his eyes as he inhaled the scent of her perfume lingering on this article of clothing as it settled gently over his newly acquired curves before it finished its slow, erotic slide down his body. The lacy hem sat just above his knees, tickling his legs through the stockings as it swayed exquisitely back and forth in time to the growing trembles in his legs.

Suzy regained his attention as she ran her hand gently over his cock and balls now enclosed behind a double barrier of nylon and satin and announced it was time to zip him into the black taffeta maid's dress still lying on the bed.

Obedying her command to once again raise his arms over his head, he felt this third layer of sensual material slide in a rustling rush over the slip before she pulled up the back zipper in one deft pull.

Even with the corset, the dress was a little snug but Suzy rejoiced in how the black dress with its white laced high neckline and wrists gave Mel an appropriately maidish look although she was still not finished with him - not by a long shot!

"Now for the apron," she stated as she held up the frilly bib apron, covered with lace at the waist and hem, and slipped the ruffled straps over his shoulders before crisscrossing and buttoning them to the waist ties which she tied in a large bow at the small of his back.

"Let's make sure you look presentable, my dear slave," she giggled as she stood back to admire her handiwork while making sure the apron hem sat three or four inches above the knee length dress and that his slip didn't show.

"So far so good but now it's time for a bit of bathroom work, my lovely, so let's go," she whispered enticingly as she took him by the hand and led him to the adjacent bathroom.

With short hesitant steps in the unfamiliar heels, Mel struggled to keep up as Suzy pulled him along. The tight corset caused his breath to come in short almost painful pants which made his taffeta encased bosom heave in a most convincing female manner as the full skirts of his slip and dress danced around his knees.

Pulling down the toilet seat, Suzy pushed him into a sitting position before lathering his face with shaving cream and using a wicked looking straight razor to give him a close shave.

Closing his eyes he could almost imagine he was lying in bed as Suzy, his faithful maid, carried out this duty in a professional and comforting manner as she had so often done in the last five years.

Unfortunately, his day dream came to an abrupt end as Suzy tapped the end of his nose with the razor handle and asked in a honeyed voice if he was enjoying his enslavement so far. Eyeing the razor blade she held firmly in front of his face, he decided that it would be appropriate to tell her that he thought she was doing a great job as a new mistress.

Reaching down and sliding her hand under his dress and apron Suzy grasped his still throbbing shaft before stating, "That's sweet of you, slave, but I didn't ask you how I was doing. I asked if you were enjoying your time as a servant!"

Feeling her hand firmly around his penis and seeing the razor still held in front of his face he managed a rather strained, "Oh yes, it's OK."

"Shouldn't that be a little more appreciative slave and shouldn't I be addressed as Mistress," she demanded.

Feeling her grip intensifying and seeing the razor being lowered toward his lap, Mel gushed, "Oh yes Mistress, I really enjoy being your little girl slave."

After he had blurted out these words he almost choked over his answer, particularly that part about the girl slave. Where had that come from he wondered as he drifted in and out of his alcoholic haze.

As he squirmed in embarrassment on the toilet seat, Suzy sensed his unease and quickly defused the situation by stepping away from him and saying coyly, "Oh Mel, that was very good. You had me fooled there for a moment with your kidding around. Do you really think I'm learning to be a dominant mistress? I want you to be proud of me when we start training our new little wench."

Relaxed by her words, Mel gave a grin and assured her that he thought her training was coming along very well and they could soon finish this stage of their proposed project.

"Well, at least let me finish getting you dressed and order you around a bit more," she replied, "but you're right I think I'm getting the hang of this. Maybe in another hour or so we will be able to get on with recruiting our little whore. Won't that be fun?"

Without waiting for his answer Suzy started to apply some foundation to his face and then penciled in his eyebrows to make them look thinner. As he sat quietly, almost dozing off as the alcohol he had consumed started to catch up with him, she quickly applied dark blue eye shadow, heavy black eye liner and mascara, bright red blush and ruby red lipstick. The overall effect was the same cheap, tartish look that he had forced her to wear for the last long five years.

She gleefully thought that it looked better on him than it ever did on her.

Grabbing his hands, she pulled him upright and led him back into the bedroom where once again she seated him on the bed. Going quickly to her own small, dingy room just down the hall from the master bedroom, she picked up a handful of jewelry

and a wig that were lying pre-positioned on her little single bed. Taking a quick look around she sighed in satisfaction knowing that she would not be sleeping here any longer and thinking of someone who would be much more suited for living in this particular accommodation. Shaking her head, she reminded herself that her plan was still far from complete and rushed back to the master bedroom to discover Mel still sitting on the bed, but almost ready to fall over and go to sleep.

Shaking his shoulder, she said, "Come on slave, there will be time for sleep later. Let's get on with our training program like you promised."

Ignoring Mel's glare for being so rudely interrupted from a well deserved rest, she placed a heavy, silver choker necklace around his neck and long, dangling clip-on earrings on his ear lobes. These articles of jewelry were followed by a thin chain bracelet around his right wrist and a small silver lady's watch on his left.

Finally to finish her new creation off, she placed a long, blonde wig on his head and brushed the bangs into place so that they hung down by his eyes before perching a perky, little frilly lace maid's cap on top of his new bimbo hair style. As she looked down at him, she found it difficult to stop herself from clapping her hands and dancing for joy with the success of her efforts.

Her late, unlamented master didn't look very dominating now!

However, caution learned the hard way caused her to conceal her glee and to press on with the final steps of this charade.

Chapter 2

Suzy reached down and pulled Mel up by his hands one more time and led him to the full length mirror doors on the master bedroom's closet.

"Well there you are, dearest," she exulted as she stood beside him, "What do you think?"

Mel stared at the reflected image of himself without being able to say a word in reply. He did not make a beautiful woman by any stretch of the imagination, but Suzy had managed to make him at least a presentable replica of a real house maid. Staring at his reflection from make-up enhanced eyes, he started to have serious doubts about this whole experience.

But before he could state his intention of unilaterally stopping the whole training session his befuddled brain had switched to registering the pleasurable feelings the unfamiliar clothing and his appearance generated deep in his innermost thoughts. The slinky feeling of his dress and lingerie against his skin and the tightness of the corset combined with the taut feel of his stockings were causing him to remain powerfully erect, a feeling he had not experienced for some time.

Suzy studied the look of sudden horror, quickly followed by pleasure that slipped across his face. She knew that she was almost there, but had to be very careful about these last few steps in her plan.

Deciding that it was best to keep him off balance by keeping him busy she briskly stated, "Come on slave, stop admiring yourself. Now that I have something that looks

like our ultimate sluttish victim, I want to practice being a good mistress. Go over to the bedside table and get the bourbon and bring it to me.”

Before he could stop himself from responding, Mel found himself swaying tipsily over to retrieve the bottle as requested. His alcohol impaired brain was trying desperately to warn him to stop this nonsense but for some reason his feminine appearance was inducing a feeling of submission deep within him which he could not control. Bending down to pick up the bottle, he almost fell onto the bed, but managed to retain his balance before making a wobbly turn in his high heels and retracing his steps to where Suzy patiently waited.

Taking the bottle, she raised it and gave him a hard look before taking a short swig of the smooth liquor before handing it back to him while telling him he could have a drink as well. She was torn between her desire to have him immediately jump to her every command and the need to quickly finish this business before he balked and refused to continue.

As she watched him take several small sips from the bottle, she sensed that he was confused and vulnerable at the moment but still quite capable of becoming uncooperative in an instant. Following her instincts, she resolved to finish things quickly rather than dragging them out any longer.

“Slave, you were very unlady like in your movements and you did not curtsy at all. What am I to do with you?”

Mel, almost comatose from all the bourbon that he had consumed, struggled to understand what she was saying. Finally, he understood that she was asking what kind of punishment should be administered for such disgusting transgressions from acceptable behavior.

“You should take your maid down to the punishment room in the basement and give her some appropriate discipline,” he blurted out, “but I don't think we should get into any of that sort of stuff right now. When are we going to call this quits and get on with procuring ourselves a little love toy?”

Smothering her annoyance at his growing reluctance to cooperate, Suzy once again ran her hands expertly over his body, knowing from long experience where he derived the maximum pleasure.

A physical pleasure that she enhanced psychologically by whispering in his ear, “Come on Mel we are almost finished. You have already taught me how to be convincingly bossy, now we can concentrate on some simple skills such as bondage so that I don't look like a complete fool in front of the little hussy we will soon have in our power. You're such a good teacher and a dominant hunk with a cock that never stops, I know that you can't wait to finish off these lessons for silly little me so that we can get started on the real event.”

Giving his hard penis a final gentle rub through his skirts as she finished speaking, she took one of his hands and led him from the bedroom and down the hall through the living room and into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, she stopped long enough to place the bourbon bottle, after prying it from his clutches, onto the counter before opening the door leading down to the base-

ment. Fully realizing that his intoxicated state and unfamiliar high heels were a potentially lethal combination on the stairs, she took considerable care in ensuring that he navigated this obstacle without incident.

No need for an accident now, when I'm so close, was the thought running through her mind as she took his weight on her shoulders until they reached the bottom of the stairs.

Not giving him a chance to rest, she then hustled him through the large family room and down a short hall before stopping only long enough to open the door to a small room in the corner of the basement. As they entered, she flipped on the light switch so that the harsh overhead lights came on revealing a Spartan interior. The floor was concrete with metal rings set into it at irregular intervals while chains and pulleys with attached ropes hung from several rafters in the unfinished ceiling. The only bright spot in the otherwise cold and damp feeling room was a mirror filling the entire width and length of one wall. On the opposite wall was a large cupboard that Suzy knew from bitter experience contained an extensive collection of bondage and discipline equipment.

As soon as they entered, Mel stood quietly remembering appreciatively some of his more memorable exploits that had taken place in this very room as he broke Suzy to his will.

My God, that was grand, he thought. *I can hardly wait to get going with the next little whore when we get her in here.*

Impatient to finish this stupid training for Suzy he said, "Well let's get on with this. I don't have much patience left for this dumb training so tell me what you want to know and let's proceed with more important things."

Realizing that she had only one chance to finalize her own plan, Suzy carefully replied, "Now Mel, please be tolerant with me. You have to realize that this is all second nature to an expert like you, but I don't even know how to tie someone up for punishment. Could you be a sweetheart and talk me through it?"

Although he was soothed by her complimentary words, Mel sighed heavily before he pulled his hand from hers and swaying slightly moved over to the cupboard and fumbled one of the doors open. Inside was an impressive collection of chains, gags, masks, cuffs, leather straps and ropes of different lengths and sizes. Grabbing two buckled leather straps, both about two inches wide and three feet in length, he staggered back to Suzy saying, "You really are a bimbo, Suzy. I mean how many times have I tied you up in this room? You should know what it entails by now you stupid, little tart! I'll keep it simple so that even you can understand my instructions. See these straps, you can buckle them around somebody's wrists and ankles and then use the chains and pulleys to hoist them up in any position you want. Hell, you should remember some of the contortions I put you through in here."

Suzy remembered very well some of the degrading acts he had committed on her body in this room, but she continued to play the empty headed servant wench by simpering apologetically, "Oh, I know I should know these things Mel but perhaps it would be easier if you let me tie you up as you talked me through the various steps. That should make it simpler for me to see what you really mean and as soon as we have

done it once, you can get changed out of those clothes and we can get on with our little plan.”

In his eagerness to get on with the procurement of a new dolly maid, Mel ignored the warning bells, muted by the alcohol, ringing in his barely functioning mind. Thrusting out his arms in front of him, he instructed Suzy to wrap one of the straps around his wrists until they were held tightly together and the buckle could be closed off.

Hardly believing her good luck at such an easy acquiescence on his part, Suzy quickly did so. Once she was finished he told her to lower the chain over his head in the center of the room down to chest level and then attach the snap on the chain into the clip on the buckle. As soon as she had finished this step, he indicated that she should pull on the pulley rope until his arms were held securely above his head and then to tie the rope off in one of the floor rings.

Suzy quickly finished this task and he was left hanging from the ceiling with his high heels barely touching the floor.

“Now hurry up and finish this stupid game off by using the other leather strap around my ankles and buckling it off just like you did my wrists,” he said, “and speed it up, Suzy, my arms are starting to hurt.”

Giving him an enigmatic smile, she did so and then attached the strap to the floor ring immediately under his feet before stepping back to examine her handiwork.

“Come on Suzy let me down now. I'm tired of this and my arms and legs are starting to hurt... I need a drink and we have to get on with calling for...”

His words were cut off as Suzy planted her fist solidly into his soft stomach!

As he hung there gasping for breath, she quickly grabbed a penis gag from the cupboard and roughly crammed the three inch rubber cock-like apparatus into his gaping mouth before running the straps under his wig and fastening them in the back of his head. Giving his protruding rear a hard, proprietary smack with her hand she then walked triumphantly around to face him.

“Keep sucking on that cock like a good, little transvestite slut,” she sneered in exhortation, “because that's what your going to become - a whore in the bedroom and a servant wench in the rest of the house. My whore and my wench! Did you really think I would let you get your disgusting hands on another woman after the way you treated me for the last five years? I've waited a long time for this moment and I'm going to enjoy every minute of my reeducation of you but I can assure you that you won't. To paraphrase some late, unlamented, dominant master you're going to be too busy begging for mercy to worry your pretty little head about being comfortable in your new role.”

Ignoring his contorted face and bulging eyes as he tried to scream at her through the gag, she reached down to feel his still rock hard penis.

“Hum, you may enjoy this more than I thought,” she purred before walking out of the room but leaving the door open.

Mel was in such a frantic state that he did not even notice her departure, but he soon realized the futility of attempting to communicate his displeasure with her through the too efficient gag. He could not believe what she had just said to him... it was obscene... it was unnatural. Hell, he wasn't a lowly woman, how could she think she could turn him into a maid? What was wrong with her anyway? He had tried to help her out and she had turned on him like the bitch she was.

Suddenly he noticed that Suzy wasn't even in the room as the mirror clearly showed that only he was still there and a quick but exhausting struggle to free his hands or feet demonstrated that he would be hanging here until she decided to untie him. Clear and unadulterated panic coursed through his mind momentarily pushing aside the alcoholic fog that dominated his thought processes.

He was at her mercy!

With sudden absolute certainty he knew that there would be none!

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Suzy entered the room with a camera and took a whole roll of film of him hanging in all his finery with his painted face and obscene gag all too predominantly displayed.

"There, those should be of great interest to all your so called friends and the other fine members of your social circle," she crowed. "Don't worry I'll keep them in a safe place unless you decide to get uppity with your new mistress.

"Now Mel dear, hum, I suppose we can't continue to call you that in your new role as my lady's maid can we. What would be a good name for such a lowly wench as yourself. How about 'Maggie', yes, I think that will be a fine name for you. All right Maggie, I'm going to leave you here to dry out for a while. I don't think that you are in any sort of condition for me to explain the new household rules and to have you remember them. So I'll just leave you with this one instruction - don't forget you are Maggie, the lowly maid, and from now on you will call me Mistress.

"Got that harlot?" she snarled as she grasped his still erect penis and balls through his skirts, pinching hard. Shaking in agony, Mel nodded his head vigorously in assent until she withdrew her hand. "Have a good time, sweetie," she tittered as she left, leaving the lights on but slamming the door closed behind her.

Moving briskly through the family room, Suzy started to laugh, almost hysterically, at the success of her plan. No need to worry about Maggie hearing her either as the soundproof room he was secured in kept all sound out just as well as in.

My God, what a stupid bimbo he was to believe that ridiculous story about bankruptcy she had concocted with the assistance of his accountant. Thankfully he was a man who had little time for the wife abusing husband that Mel, no Maggie, had become. He would have to be thanked properly for his help but that could wait.

First there were many things that had to be done!

Chapter 3

As he slowly sobered up and recollections of the day's events surfaced in his mind while he stared at his reflected image, Mel realized that he was in big trouble. How had he let that little doxy fool him so completely into such helplessness? Struggle as

he might there was no way he could free himself and even if he had wanted someone to discover him dressed in drag, he couldn't even call for help through the gag or the soundproof walls of the punishment room.

A small tear rolled down his rouged cheek as he swayed slowly in his tight bondage. There wasn't a damn thing he could do but wait for Suzy to return and he knew without a doubt that what she would do to him would not be pleasant. He only had one option and that was to play along and hope that he could overpower her as soon as she was stupid enough to free him. Small comfort as this thought was, it was the only plan he could come up with and it gave him at least the pretense of hope.

Mel lost track of the time he hung there with his body slowly starting to become a source of acute agony. His hands lost all feeling as the straps continued to cut into his wrists and his arms and legs throbbed with the effort of staying upright in an attempt to support most of his weight. As a result his feet were burning and aching in the too-tight high heels with his ankles locked together so that he couldn't even shift his shoes around to relieve some of the pressure. What he wouldn't do for another drink so he could return himself to the numbing bliss of the alcohol.

But there was no relief and the more sober he became the greater his despair at his predicament. Not only was his body becoming more and more painful in every limb but he could only breathe in short pants through his nose as the gag and corset conspired to make even this act difficult.

And worst of all, he was becoming dreadfully aware of the ever increasing need to have a pee. It was becoming so bad that he had to press his thighs together as tightly as possible to avoid embarrassing himself.

Just as he had almost given up hope, the door swung slowly open to reveal Suzy entering with a video camera and tripod. But it was what she was wearing that caught his eye and make his heart sink even further, if that was possible.

She wore excessive make-up and was dressed as a hard bitch mistress completely in black; leather corset, satin panties, sheer, seamed stockings and knee-high leather boots with heels at least five inches high.

Catching his look of terror at her appearance she gave a cynical laugh and purred, "What's the matter, Maggie? Don't you like the outfit I've got on? I think it's going to be just right for our next discipline session!"

Turning on the video camera, she proceeded to take shots of him hanging there like a little baggage, zooming in on his face at the end.

He tried to hide his features by tucking his chin on his chest but she kicked his ankles until he followed her instructions to look up like a good little girl so she could take a nice picture of his pretty make-up.

Once she was satisfied, she turned the camera off and placed it on the tripod so that it was centered on his pitiful figure of pseudo womanhood before returning to stand in front of him as he peered fearfully at her.

"Now Maggie, I want you to know that the pictures I took earlier are in a safe place and they will stay there unless I give instructions that they be made public or if some-

thing should happen to me, in which case they will be released within twenty-four hours of my disappearing or dying. I know you are a simple minded, little wench, but even you should be able to understand that this means that you had better make sure I'm extremely well taken care of. Do you understand?"

With an increased sense of despair at this latest news, Mel could only slowly nod his comprehension of the ramifications that would befall him if anything happened to Suzy.

She seemed to be staying one step in front of him at every turn. What was she going to do next?

Unfortunately, he did not have long to find out as she turned the video camera back on and walked over to the cupboard and opened the other door. Removing a leather bound paddle and several clips, she then returned to a position just behind him. In dreadful anticipation, he watched her every move in the mirror as she pulled up his dress and slip and clipped them out of the way before running a gentle hand over his pantied ass.

"Now then young lady, you were disobedient earlier and couldn't even give your mistress a proper curtsy. I think that fifty of the best on your little virgin buns will be just what the doctor ordered, don't you? Oh, nothing to say? Then I guess that you agree with my prescription," she said as she laid the first solid blow on his right cheek, quickly following it with another to his quivering left.

In rapid succession, she alternately carried out the allocated fifty swats to his fleshy buttocks as Mel squirmed vainly against his bonds and screamed his indignation and pain into the gag.

Running her hands over his violated mounds, she released the clips holding his dress and slip



out of the way and brushed them back down into place before replacing the paddle in the cupboard and strutting back in front of him. As she stood there watching the tears of pain and humiliation streaming down his cheeks he could no longer restrain himself and urine trickled and then gushed down his legs, soaking his panties, stockings and the skirts of his slip and dress.

Taking a dainty step back to avoid the growing puddle at his feet, Suzy said disdainfully, "What an utter slattern you are, Maggie. Don't you have any pride? You are going to have to learn a lot more control than that if you want to be my maid slave."

Mel could only respond with more gasping sobs as the tears continued to stream down his face causing his make-up to run as well. In spite of his best efforts, he just couldn't seem to stop as Suzy stood there looking at him as if he was a pathetic, little trollop who couldn't contain herself.

Finally she gave an exasperated sigh and pulled up his sodden clothing to expose his pantied crotch. Using the clips one more time to hold up his skirts, she pulled his now shriveled-up penis out of its wet nylon confines. Gently stroking it she slowly revived it to a state of erection as Mel ceased his sobbing and responded to her sensual ministrations.

"It would appear that you like being my little whore, Maggie, you haven't been this hard in a long time," she whispered huskily as she pressed herself up against him.

To his dismay he had to privately agree with her as his body continued to betray him by its actions.

As her hand motions increased, he could feel the pressure building up inside of him until he erupted in excited release all over her panties as she held his throbbing cock against her crotch while he finished pouring forth his bounty.

Quickly stepping to the floor ring that held the rope suspending him from the ceiling, she untied the slip knot and allowed him some slack. As soon as she did, his legs gave out from under him and he crumbled to his knees. Not letting him drop any further, she retied the rope so that he was held in a kneeling position in the middle of his puddled waste.

She then came over and removed the penis gag, throwing it over in the direction of the cupboard before grasping his chin and lifting his face up so that she could look into his eyes.

"Maggie, you have made a mess all over my panties. Now be a good, little slut and use your tongue to clean them up. I'm going to time you and for every minute you take, I'm going to leave you here for another hour. I'm starting the clock now... do you understand?"

Mel could only croak out his assent as she released his chin and thrust her pelvic area into his face so that he could carry out her command. Shivering in disgust at his allocated task, he tentatively reached out his tongue to do her bidding.

"Times a wasting, sweetie," she stated flatly, "if you want to get out of here sometime soon you had better start licking."

Spurred by her comments he began to lap at the moist satin material of her panties until every drop of his sperm was gone, but when he tried to withdraw his head she grabbed it and pushed it back into her crotch until he started to slavishly tongue her sex through the wet fabric.

Only when she had two quick orgasms, did she let go of his head and step back to look at her watch.

“Too bad Maggie, I really needed that, but you were a bit slow, it looks like you will be here for another ten hours,” she stated casually as she moved over to the video camera to turn it off.

Mel suddenly realized that it had been on all this time, recording his humiliation and misery in every sickening detail.

“Wait, you can't do this to me,” he pleaded as she walked over to release the clips holding up his skirts and then over to the floor ring and once again loosened the rope so that he fell from his knees onto the side of his sore buttocks before she refastened it.

“Shut up, slave,” she snapped. “The first thing you are going to learn is that I mean what I say and unless you want another paddling you had better remember to address me as Mistress. Is that clear?”

Even though he hated himself for saying it, Mel managed to choke out, “Y...Yes, Mistress.”

“Good, then I'll leave you to sit in your own filth like the little hussy that you are. Maybe you'll be in a more submissive mood when I see you tomorrow. I'm going up-stairs and will enjoy a good night's sleep in that nice big king-size bed in the master bedroom. I don't think you will be as comfortable, but sweet dreams anyway, dearest Maggie.”

Mel tried to call after her, but she was gone taking the video camera and closing the door firmly behind her but once again leaving the lights on so that he was forced to look at his wretched reflection in the mirror. Soaked clothing, which was becoming increasingly uncomfortable to sit in, and smeared make-up produced a very unflattering portrait for him to stare at as the long hours ticked so slowly by.

At one point, he tried to stand, but found it impossible to do. There was no alternative but to remain sitting in his puddle of waste and the room seemed to become increasingly cold as the night wore on.

Finally, as he shivered in misery and tears of self-pity trickled down his cheeks he dozed off in absolute physical and mental exhaustion.

Chapter 4

Mel woke to find himself shivering violently as the cold and dampness permeated his body. His hands and arms were numb from being held above his head for so long and his breathing was even more restricted by his semi-seated position that caused his corset to bite deeper than when he was standing. But at least he didn't have to contend with the gag as well. This small consolation was more than offset by the fact

that his lower body was encased in soggy, wet clothing emitting a foul smell of urine and his cramped legs were still securely fastened at the ankles.

God, what he wouldn't do to get out of this situation! He even looked forward to seeing Suzy again in spite of his dread of what she would do next to him. Nothing pleasant that was for sure. He had to find some way of getting free and finding out where she had hidden the pictures. *But how? Oh hell, what a horrible mess this was. If I get out of it, I'll never drink again,* he promised himself.

Time dragged by and with the unvarying brightness of the harsh overhead lights, Mel had no idea of what time it was. He tried to look at the small wrist watch on his left wrist but it was covered with the leather strap that held his arms locked above his head.

All he could do was wait as patiently as possible, nursing his hangover and his aching body. It was a new experience for him and he knew that he did not like it.

Finally after what seemed an eternity, the door to the room was once again flung open and Suzy strode confidently in to confront him with her latest revelations in his ongoing reeducation. Fearing the worst, he still almost blubbered in appreciation at her arrival. Revengeful she might be, but she was his only salvation from his present untenable position.

Hope also fluttered in his breast as he noted she was dressed casually in a blue denim skirt and white blouse with flat shoes and taupe colored stockings. Her hair was pulled back in a pony tail and she wore minimal make-up. It would appear that there would be no vengeful, dressed-to-punish mistress present on this visit. Or at least he sincerely hoped not!

"Maggie, so good to see you still here," she giggled, "but what a sight, not to mention smell, you are. I see that we have a lot of work to do to make you even slightly presentable as my maid. I hope you are ready to start?"

Remembering all too well the one lesson that she had imprinted on his brain the night before, Mel stammered, "Yes..s M..Mistress."

"Oh, I'm so glad you remembered at least part of your lesson, little girl and what is your name?"

"Ma...Maggie, Mistress."

Clapping her hands in glee Suzy exclaimed, "What a sweetie you are. I think we will get along famously today, as long as you continue to remember your new status in this household!"

"I..I promise to be good, Mistress. Will you please let me up?"

"Now Maggie, you should know better than to talk out of turn. Rule number two will be do not speak unless spoken to and rule number three will be to keep our eyes demurely downcast when addressed by our superiors. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," he replied while lowering his eyes to look at the wet, concrete floor to his front.

“Much better or at least a start. Now before we go any further, I have to tell you I've been to see your lawyer, or should I say my lawyer, as he is not interested in dealing with a pauper, and he has drawn up three papers for you to sign. One of them grants me full ownership of the house; the second, control of all of your financial accounts; and, the third is an agreement whereby you authorize me full powers to conduct a proper education for your future gainful employment.”

Before he could stop himself, Mel yelled, “Are you mad? Signing those papers would put me completely under your control and you're a certified maniac! There is no way I'm going to sign anything, you little two-timing whore!”

“Suit yourself, Maggie. I'll just leave you here to stew in your own juices until you change your mind. Of course when you do, I'll have to punish you for that last outburst. You should know by now that it's not me, but you, who is the whore. I'm so disappointed that your promising start didn't pan out, but there is always tomorrow.”

Mel watched in disbelief as she turned and walked towards the door. There was no way he could be left in his present state for another twenty-four hours. He would go mad with the misery.

Being careful to keep his eyes downcast he cried, “Wait Mistress, I'm sorry. I promise to sign the papers when you let me go.”

Standing with her hand on the door knob, Suzy looked down at him and replied in an imperious tone, “There are no conditions, slave, either you sign the documents now or you stay here until tomorrow. Take it or leave it.”

“I...I'll take it, Mistress”, he stammered while keeping his eyes on the floor.

“Good, you're finally getting some sense in your little bimbo brain. I'll get the letters.”

As she left the room, Mel almost pleaded for her to stay, but managed to hold his tongue in spite of his fears that she would not return until tomorrow. The only thing that allowed him to hold back his tears of frustration was that she had left the door open. Even so, the minutes seemed like hours until she came back into the room carrying a covered clipboard and pen which she placed just inside the door.

Instead of walking directly to him, Suzy walked over to the cupboard, picking up the penis gag she had thrown in that direction yesterday. She then took out a pair of handcuffs before returning to stand in front of him and to snap the cuffs on his wrists just below the leather strap.

Mel winced as she roughly tugged his arms in the effort to carry out this maneuver but wisely refrained from saying anything.

Suzy then proceeded to untie the rope from the floor ring and let it go, watching in amusement as he fell forward from his semi-seated position to an ungainly sprawl on the floor.

As he lay there moaning softly in pain, she quickly unhooked the chain from the rope and strap securing his wrists and placed it on the handcuffs before unbuckling the leather restraint and taking it back to the cupboard.

As she did so, Mel lay on the wet floor with tears streaming down his cheeks as the blood returned to his hands in an agonizing rush.

Knowing from bitter experience the sensations that he was feeling, Suzy stood watching him for several minutes until she finally helped him into a sitting position.

All of Mel's hopes of overpowering her once freed died stillborn as he could barely move with her assistance let alone attack her even if his ankles and wrists had still not been secured.

Once he was sitting without her help, she took the penis gag and forced it back into his mouth and buckled the straps as tightly as she could.

Mel could only let her do what she wished as he was too weak to resist.

“Now, Maggie, I've put that back into place as there is no need for further talk at the moment. You either sign the papers now, or suffer the consequences.”

With these words, Suzy walked over and picked up the clipboard and pen before placing the former in his lap and the latter in his right hand. She then opened the cover of the clipboard and told him to sign the first sheet of paper in the designated spot and not to worry his pretty little head about the other details as she would take care of them.

Although he was still in considerable pain, Mel could not help but notice that there were no particulars, or signature of the witness, that should have been co-located beside his.

As he knew that Suzy could not sign as a witness, he decided to take a chance that the document would be invalid without this important counter signature and penned in his own as best as he could.

As soon as he had signed the first one, Suzy presented the second and third papers and he inserted his signature on both once he had ascertained that neither had that all important witnessing signature.

Grabbing the pen and clipboard, Suzy gave him a shove so that he fell onto his back. Before he could move, she then snatched the chain hooked to his handcuffs and pulled it taut behind his head and secured it into another floor ring. As a result, Mel was now lying strung out along the floor on his back with his arms pulled straight out behind his head and his ankles still secured to the original floor ring.

“I have some important work to do, Maggie, and you owe me some punishment time for your impertinent outburst earlier. You just rest here until I get back. I hope I don't get delayed too long.”

With these words Suzy flipped off the lights and closed the door, leaving Mel shaking his head in the darkness and begging her to come back even though no noise could pass through the gag.

Chapter 5

Mel found it impossible to sleep because of the cold but he continued to slip into periods of semi-consciousness so that he rapidly lost track of time.

Even so it seemed like days before Suzy reopened the door and turned on the lights, causing him to squint against the painful dazzle after being in the darkness for so long.

“Still here and still a stinking little trollop, Maggie,” she boomed, looking down at him, causing his hangover headache to flare back into prominence.

“Now before I let you go, I have to tell you that the video you so enjoyed me taking of you the other day has been put into another safe place. And just like the pictures, it has specific instructions for its release if anything happens to me.”

Pausing to see if he understood the significance of what she had just said, Suzy was gratified to see that his eyes mirrored the fact that he understood only too well.

Now for the finishing touch, she thought.

“In addition, I had those papers counter signed by your accountant. He was more than happy to do so as he thinks that you are a real bastard and have treated me abysmally for years. He also agrees it's about time you got your just reward. And as he is single and really a magnificent specimen of manhood, in more ways than one, I really enjoyed giving him an appropriate thank you for all his assistance. But then I don't have to elaborate on how I did that to a little slut such as yourself, do I Maggie?”

As she said these words, Suzy stared hard into Mel's eyes and rejoiced at the pain so clearly reflected there as her verbal barbs hit home. *I wonder what hurts more,* she thought, *my rewarding his accountant or the fact that the papers are legal?*

Tiring of taunting her little slave, Suzy decided to move on to her next carefully calculated step in reducing him to a pathetic semblance of his previous overbearing self.

“All right you lazy cow, it's time you stopped lying about like a lady of leisure and started to earn your keep around here. I'm going to release you, but be warned that one iota of stupid behavior will have you back in here in an even less comfortable position. Got that, Maggie?”, she demanded in a malicious voice as she prodded him with her shoe.

Mel nodded vigorously as the prospect of being untied outweighed the agony of her earlier words. He couldn't believe that she had those papers legitimized and then screwed around with the traitor who signed them while he had been left lying here in his own filth. There was a score to settle with two of them now...if only he could think of a way to do it!

Suzy bent down and unbuckled the ankle restraint before moving around and undoing the chain securing the handcuffs. While he struggled slowly to a sitting position, she replaced the leather strap in the cupboard and put the chain back on the rope still dangling from the ceiling.

As she carried out these tasks, Mel remained seated on the floor slowly rubbing his ankles and wrists in an attempt to get his circulation moving.

Seeing his feeble attempts to pull himself together, Suzy sharply demanded that he get to his knees as she had a chore for him.

Mel exerted himself to comply as he truly dreaded the consequences if he did not carry out her order. By a superhuman effort, he managed to turn over and struggle

into a kneeling position just as Suzy returned to the room with a pail of soapy, hot water and a large cloth.

Placing the pail in front of him and handing him the cloth, she abruptly snapped, "It's good to see you in an appropriate wench-like position, Maggie. Get used to it, you'll be spending a lot of time on your knees. Now get to work and clean this filthy, wet floor. And make sure you do it properly, or I'll have you cleaning it with your tongue instead!"

Spurred on by her words, Mel bent to his task and forced his aching, complaining body to industriously wash the floor thoroughly, even though he was hampered by the handcuffs, while Suzy maintained a close watch on his efforts. Although it felt almost good to be moving again, even in a very limited way, Mel was grateful to finally be told that he could stop and to wait on his knees for the next command.

It was not long in coming as Suzy returned with an empty pail and unlocked Mel's handcuffs before telling him that all his wet clothes were to be placed in it but he was not to remove his wig or jewelry nor was he to move from his kneeling position until told otherwise. Accepting her order, Mel reached behind himself and untied the apron strings before pulling the once pristine garment off and dropping it in the bucket. Then, after a long struggle, he managed to unzip his dress and remove it before adding it to the pail as well.

Finally, he remained clad only in the corset which he found impossible to remove in spite of his best efforts.

"What's the matter, Maggie? Are you so attached to your corset that you can't bear to part with it? Or are you just an incompetent bitch who can't even undress herself? Probably a bit of both if the truth be known, but I'll take pity on you this time and help you out of your predicament," Suzy taunted him, knowing full well he couldn't respond with the gag still firmly in his mouth.

Reaching down she unlaced the ties and the corset joined the rest of the clothing in the slop pail. The high heels that she had told him to lay to one side were forced back on his feet and then he was told to stand.

This feat proved almost impossible for him to carry out and it was only when Suzy moved over to the cupboard and took out a riding crop that he managed to stagger to his feet in a state of near panic at the possibility of her using it on him.

Strolling back to stand behind him, she instructed him to pick up the pails and to carry both of them out of the room. He bent forward from the waist to do so, only to gasp in pain as the crop landed forcibly across his buns leaving a vivid welt across his already bruised buttocks.

"Maggie, even you should know that young ladies do not bend at the waist but at the knee when they have something to pick up. Now do it properly."

Mel bent gingerly at the knee and lifted both buckets by their handles and stood passively waiting for the next instruction of what to do.

Suzy noted his docile response with delight and then told him to take the buckets to the laundry, situated in the basement just across from the punishment room. As

soon as she had told him where to go, Mel scuttled off as quickly as possible in an attempt to stay ahead of the crop and its vicious bite.

Once in the laundry room, Suzy directed him to pour the soiled wash water down the drain and to place the wet clothing in a sink filled with warm water so that they could soak.

Spurred on by the presence of the riding crop in her hand, Mel managed to get both of these simple tasks completed in record time.

As soon as he was finished, Suzy replaced the handcuffs on his wrists and ordered him upstairs to the bathroom - not the en suite, which was no longer his to use, but to the one located beside her old room.

Mel hustled off as quickly as he could in the still unfamiliar high heels, swaying slightly with the handcuffs clinking softly in front of him and sucking dutifully on his penis gag, well aware of Suzy following closely behind with the crop.

As soon as he entered the small but well appointed bathroom, she ordered him to remove his wig, shoes and jewelry while she placed a pair of latex rubber gloves on her hands.

Once he had complied, she took a tube of pungent smelling white cream and applied it liberally to his body, covering every inch of his skin from the neck down. He was then told to stand quietly while she slowly and thoroughly removed his ruined make-up, by which time the cream had his skin tingling with a slight burning sensation. As a result when Suzy told him to turn on the shower and to wash his smelly body, he was quick to respond even though he was still gagged and manacled.

The jet of hot water felt like a soothing balm on his battered body as he used generous amounts of soap to wash away the cream and residue of his ordeal.

God, it felt good. If only he could get some of that water into his mouth to relieve the unrelenting thirst he felt. However, he dare not touch the gag for fear of making Suzy even more angry. What was he going to do? There must be some way out of this disaster. Maybe she would relent and let him off the hook if he continued to play along for a bit longer. And if not, there was a good chance he could overpower her as he was only wearing handcuffs and his body was starting to limber up enough to allow him to move freely. *But what about those damn pictures, video and papers? Oh hell, his headache was getting worse just thinking about it.*

All too soon Suzy's loud order to turn off the shower penetrated even the drumming noise of the water.

Reluctantly but quickly he did as he was told and slid the shower curtain back so he could step out of the tub.

As soon as he went to wipe down his body with the towel, he noticed that all his body hair was gone and he was now as hairless as a little child. Other than his short but unruly hair on top of his head he had nothing left. Although he never had an excessive amount of body hair, except on his legs and crotch, he now felt totally naked in a way he had not since he was a small boy.

Suzy cut short his distressed deliberations and told him to hurry up and to finish drying himself.

Holding in his mounting anger, Mel did so, still in shock at this latest indignity that she had forced upon him.

Sensing his growing rage, Suzy determined that she had to reassert control over him. Luckily she had thought of this and while he was in the shower had removed his shoes, wig and jewelry before bringing several other items to the bathroom.

As Mel straightened up from toweling his now hairless legs, Suzy reached over and quickly placed a heavy, metal collar around his neck.

By the time he realized what was happening the device that looked much like the silver, choker necklace he wore earlier was firmly locked into place. He reached up in a vain attempt to remove it before taking a step toward Suzy with repressed anger blazing in his eyes.

His movement was cut short as she pushed a button on a small device that looked like a miniature TV remote control. Instantly the collar tightened around his neck crushing his vocal cords and strangling him with its vicious grip. He fell to his knees, clawing at the dreadful contraption, but no air was reaching his lungs.

Suzy watched his bulging eyes and mottled face in delight before she giggled and pushed the button one more time. As quickly as it had tightened, the device loosened and Mel thankfully drew a snorting breath through his nose and into his lungs.

“Maggie, you had better watch yourself. One more outburst like that and you will be back in the punishment room. Understand, little girl?” she taunted him.

Still trying to ease the pressure on his neck, Mel managed a weak nod of his head.

“Good. Now listen carefully to what I have to say. The collar around your neck can be triggered by two means. The first is this controller which I’m going to have with me at all times. The second is by an invisible fence-like barrier that I have had erected around the five acre lot that our, or should I say my, house sits on. If you try to cross the property boundary, the collar will instantly be activated. The only way you can turn it off is to get back onto my property immediately. Do you understand that you little, brainless doxy? You can’t leave my property without strangling yourself!”

Appalled at what she had just said Mel still managed to nod his understanding before Suzy really became annoyed.

My God, it was getting worse. He couldn't take a chance on trying to overpower her or to even run away without being in grave danger of being choked to death. *Where was this going to end?*

Suzy gloated over the success of the collar necklace. It worked as well as she had been told it would. What a sense of power she felt at this moment. Mel, no Maggie, was totally under her command. She couldn't think of a nicer person for this to happen to. *Let's see how he likes being on the receiving end for a change,* she thought.

As Mel gingerly got to his feet, still rubbing his throat, Suzy told him to put his hands on top of his head and to spread his legs as she prepared to fit one more device to him. This time it was a small, cylindrical stainless steel tube that fit tightly around

his testicles and penis by means of locking its two hinged halves together with a tiny padlock. Its size guaranteed that while he was wearing it, it would be impossible for him to become erect, or to masturbate.

The bottom end had several drainage holes and a short metal chain, which in turn was attached to another heavy, solid cylindrical tube that had a rounded, screw-on cap at its furthest end.

Telling Mel to bend over and to put his hands on the toilet seat, Suzy viciously pulled the solid tube and chain back so that his encased penis was forced between his legs. She then applied a little cream to the rounded end of the tube and rammed it quickly up his anus and pushed another button on her little controller.

A faint click announced that two rotating arms had been activated outwards and downwards about half way along the tube so that it was now held securely in place.

With an amused smile, she pulled the taut chain to see if she could dislodge the tube. It was with great satisfaction that she noticed nothing happened except Mel started to squirm in great discomfort and bleat into his gag.

Having him stand straight and turning around to face her, she closely examined his smooth crotch with its new, hairless, feminine lines.

“There you go Maggie, you will look much better with no unsightly bulge to ruin the lines of your skirts and you will be able to go to the bathroom, as long as you sit down like the womanly creature you now are, as the holes allow passage of liquids.

“At the same time of course you no longer have control of your sexual desires while you wear this little steel chastity belt. Your cock now belongs to me and only to me. If, and only if, I want you to experience pleasure will you get any joy. You had better understand very clearly as my little whore that your main purpose in life will be to please me in anyway I direct you to. Understand, slut?”

Seeing Mel's tearful nod of the head Suzy continued, “And if you are wondering about that tube up your ass, its not only there to reinforce your harlot status by providing a constant reminder of what it feels like to have something the size and shape of an erect penis inside you, but it plays two other important roles as well.

“First, as you have already experienced, once it is armed you cannot remove it without me freeing you with the aid of my little controller here. This is going to make it extremely difficult for you to go to the bathroom other than to take a pee unless you get express permission from me. If you behave yourself, I will probably allow you to remove it as part of your daily toilette, but if you annoy me, you will soon find it extremely uncomfortable when you can't go to the bathroom for more than a day or two.

“Second, the tube up your butt also contains a powerful battery. Why you might ask - well let me demonstrate.”

As she said the last few words, she pushed a fourth button on the controller.

Mel felt a quick shock ripping through his penis and balls imprisoned within the metal tube.

As Suzy held the button down the pain intensified until he doubled over writhing in agony while his hands impotently grasped his groin.

Seeing the effect, Suzy immediately released the button and stood looking at Mel as he slowly stopped trembling and straightened up although his hands were still clasped protectively over his crotch.

The look of absolute fear in his eyes before he looked demurely at the floor was like a powerful drug to her.

God, she was almost coming in her panties, it was so strong.

Ordering him to his knees, she reached down and removed his penis gag. She then pulled up her skirt and slip and commanded, "Lick my pussy, slut. As you are not worthy of the honor of touching my skin, you can do it through my dainties. As you used to love saying, limber up those lips and get to work you little tart."

Beside himself with fear, Mel did not hesitate to slavishly tongue her vagina through the moist cloth of her pink, satin panties. Fortunately she was so hot that she came quickly and within five minutes had three violent, but rewarding orgasms before pulling back from him.

"You don't know how much I enjoyed that, Maggie. For the last five years you never cared about how I felt or if I was getting any sexual satisfaction. You only cared about yourself and getting your load off. I lost count of the number of times that you left me feeling unsatisfied - not to mention dirty, humiliated and embarrassed. Now it's going to be your turn as the shoe or should I say the high heel is on the other foot. You are going to learn what it is like to be treated like a servant and whore day in and day out and ironically enough will probably be a better man for it."

Dropping her skirts, Suzy pushed the fourth button on the controller for an instant. The quick, sharp shock through his testicles and penis made him look up with abject fear coursing through his body.

"Now that I've got your attention, slave, let me also tell you that you will feel that little shock anywhere within a hundred foot radius of this controller. I can use it to summon you from anywhere in the house and if you don't scurry to me as quickly as possible the shock can be amplified to hurry you along - much better than that silly buzzer system you used for me, don't you think?"

"Yes, Mistress," whimpered Mel.

"Good, now stand up and take this pill with a big glass of water, I'm sure you are thirsty with all your trials and tribulations over the last few days. And when you are finished your water, sit down on the toilet and have a little girlish tinkle as I'm going to put you to bed for a good night's sleep before we start your serious training."

Mel was so happy to finally get something to drink that he guzzled down the water without even thinking to ask what the pill was for. And embarrassing as it was to sit like a woman for a pee, it was still a relief to empty his bladder. As soon as he had wiped himself with a piece of toilet paper to sop up the last drops of his urine, Suzy had him flush and then directed him into the small maid's room which had belonged to her.

Mel looked around the plain, dingy room as if seeing it for the first time. It was clean enough but had an air of neglect from lack of timely maintenance and redecorating. A far cry from the opulence of the master bedroom he was so used to occupying.

Suzy pointed out the long, red satin nightgown on the little single bed and told him to put it on after she removed the handcuffs from his wrists. It had long sleeves and a high neckline with heavy lace at the cuffs and bodice. As it slithered down over his smooth, hairless body, he could not help but feel a stirring in his loins but this sensation was quickly extinguished as the steel chastity belt crushed his growing organ. Even so, the feel of the soft material caressing his body from neck to ankles was a source of great pleasure to him.

Suzy helped him into the bed, pulling down the covers and making sure his nightgown did not bunch up as he gratefully slid onto the hard, little mattress. He was feeling extremely tired and could hardly keep his eyes open.

Indeed, he hardly noticed as Suzy plunged a hypodermic needle into the side of his buttocks and he crashed over the edge of consciousness.

Chapter 6

Mel gradually became aware of a light shining through the mists that floated gently around in his mind. Struggling to reach it, he slowly realized that he was lying on his back in a strange bed which was not particularly comfortable due to its small size and firm mattress. His eyes fluttered open and the light in the ceiling of an unfamiliar room glared down upon him.

Squinting against the harsh light, he looked around the little room noting the cheap bedside table, alarm clock and reading light, a large, five drawer dresser along the wall opposite the bed and a vanity with attached mirror that sat against the far wall near the bedroom door. There was a closet, with its door closed, beside the dresser.

For a moment his mind struggled to comprehend what was wrong with the bedroom until he suddenly saw that the door was missing so that he could see into the hall.

It was not open or ajar but missing completely - *where was he?*

He felt weak and hungry, although there was something tight around his neck and his anus appeared to be stuffed with something long and hard while his penis and testicles were throbbing as if encased in an unrelenting grip - *what was going on?*

As he tentatively pulled his right arm from under the covers, Mel saw the sleeve and lacy cuff of the red satin nightgown. In an instant, the terrible events of his falling under the revengeful control of Suzy and what she had done to him crystallized in his mind. Letting his arm fall back on the covers, he closed his eyes and tried to blot out the hideous realization that he was lying in her bed, in her bedroom, in her nightgown and expected to carry out her role as the house maid.

Despair washed over him as he remembered the absolute power she now had over him and her promise to make him suffer as her feminized sex slave and servant.

The tightness around his neck and the feelings in his groin were now all too clearly explained. The only consolation was the soft, slinky feel of the nightgown's satin material against his hairless body.

Feeling flushed, he lifted his hand to wipe his brow only to stop and stare in consternation at his fingers. They now ended in long, false fingernails painted a glossy, dark red to enhance their pretty oval shape. He tried to push the index fingernail off with his thumb but it was too strongly attached for him to manage to remove it. He brought his left arm out from under the covers and confirmed that his other hand had received a matching set of nails to help elongate and feminize the fingers of both his hands.

Gradually, he pulled himself together and decided that he could not lie in bed any longer. He slowly pushed the bed covers down and then swung his legs over the side of the bed, trying to ignore the look and feel of the long satin nightgown clinging to his body.

A quick glance down was enough to reveal that his toenails had received a pedicure and were painted with the same dark red polish as his fingernails. Easing himself to his feet, he stood swaying for a few moments as he adjusted to standing without support. The earlier feeling of weakness throughout his body persisted as if he had been in bed too long and had not eaten properly for days.

Taking a tentative step, and then another, he reached up to pull back the curtains of the window located behind the bedside table. Sunlight poured into the room and from its angle, he guessed that it must be early morning. He also could not help but notice that there were bars set solidly into the outside of the window. A not surprising fact, as he remembered having them installed when he first set about enslaving Suzy so many years ago. How ironic that they now served the same purpose of denying escape to him as he suffered a similar ordeal.

Slowly turning around, he caught a glimpse of himself in the skirted vanity's mirror and felt compelled to stumble forward on his trembling legs until he collapsed on its



stool. His astonished eyes took in his face, a face that had been changed at least partially into a much more feminine one!

His skin was absolutely smooth, but had a painful, reddish burned look as if extensive electrolysis had been carried out on him.

But, it was his lips that drew his immediate attention. They were full, pouting, sensual and a deep red to match his fingernails. Tentatively he reached up and felt them. His worst fears were realized when it became apparent that they had been enhanced with collagen injections and the bright red color was not lipstick but a permanent tattoo. They gave him a sensuous, sultry appearance and were an obvious symbol of the new sexual role he would be expected to fulfill in Suzy's household.

As his mind grappled with this latest blow to his male ego, he suddenly noticed his eyes. Dark eye liner had been applied above and below, and long, full eyelashes fluttered from his lids. He knew even before he rubbed them with his fingertips that it was all tattooed on or permanently implanted and not just make-up. His eyes now appeared much wider with the classic soft, round look of coy, girlish innocence and to further enhance the illusion his eyebrows were shaped into thin, arched lines.

The rest of his face had not been touched and as a result he looked neither entirely male nor female. He could be taken for a male with feminine lips and eyes or a manish looking woman with a rather large nose and short hair.

What had that bitch, Suzy, done to him? He only partially resembled the reasonably handsome, but definitely masculine, man that he had been before she had exerted her power over him.

She was going too far, it was time to sort her out once and for all!

Springing to his feet he rushed through the doorway of the room and into the hall, only to feel the collar dig deep into his neck, cutting off the air to his lungs. Staggering to a stop, he looked wildly around but did not see any sign of Suzy.

Remembering her comment about invisible fences, he stumbled back into the bedroom and to his great relief the pressure on his neck stopped immediately. Gasping for breath, he fell on the bed and as the implications of his helplessness crashed upon him, he burst into impotent tears of humiliation.

His sobs were cut short as he was jolted by a short, sharp shock. In frantic fear, he rolled over and looked around the room to see Suzy standing near the vanity, holding the controller and smiling happily.

“Ah, Maggie, it's good to see you up after your long sleep. Why, I declare, it's been at least three days since I tucked you into bed. But, as you obviously have noticed, a lot has been accomplished in that time. Now before you start jabbering like the empty-headed, little bimbo that you are, let me remind you about the rule of being quiet unless allowed to speak. And don't forget to keep your eyes down while I'm addressing you!”

Mel quickly lowered his eyes before she could trigger the controller. He was bursting with questions but knew better than to ask any. Galling as it was, he had no choice but to go along with Suzy's wishes.

“That's better. A proper young maid keeps her eyes demurely down, doesn't she, Maggie?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he dutifully replied in a low voice.

“Good, now before we do anything else I want you to plump up your pillows and to get back under the covers in a dainty sitting position so that you can have something to eat. And while you are eating, I will explain what has happened and what you can look forward to in your future reeducation. Now move, girl!”

Mel quickly jumped off the bed and rearranged the pillows before sliding under the covers into the required sitting position while keeping his eyes down so that he would not antagonize Suzy who was watching his every move with an appreciative grin.

Once he had settled himself, she picked up the breakfast tray that she has placed on the vanity when she entered the bedroom. Keeping a careful eye on his seated figure, she walked over to the bed and placed the tray on his lap before stepping back and sitting on the end of the small bed.

“Don't think this is going to happen again, Maggie. In the future, it will be you who will be making and serving breakfasts in bed to me. But as we have much to discuss and you have even more to learn, I thought it was appropriate for me to do this humble service one last time. And it also underlines the fact that although you are going to be trained and disciplined to an exacting standard, I will not inflict pain upon you just for the sake of hurting you. I will be firm but compassionate when the situation dictates. In other words I will be a far better Mistress than you ever were a Master. Now drink your juice and eat your toast while I explain the new facts of life to you.”

Mel was too famished to argue, even if he had been in a position to do so. His only regret was that his breakfast was so small. It was obvious that Suzy did not intend to overfeed him.

Indeed, her first words confirmed this very fact.

“Now Maggie, as much as it pains me to say it, you have let yourself go and become fat and flabby. Your uniforms will certainly not fit properly, even with the able assistance of your corsets, if you don't rectify your behavior. You have lost a couple of pounds over the last few days but there is a long way to go, so it's a strict diet for you, girlie! Now take your time eating your toast and sipping your coffee and juice because that is all you are going to get until lunch time. And you will only be feed if you do exactly as I tell you. Understand!”

Ignoring the growls of protest from his empty stomach, Mel meekly muttered, “Yes Mistress,” while keeping his eyes down on the tray positioned on his lap and taking only small ladylike bites of his toast.

Watching his submissive manner with delight, Suzy took great satisfaction in relating in detail the happenings of the last three days.

“As I said earlier, Maggie, you have been under sedation for the last three days, so its been almost a total of five days since you were relegated to your proper status in this household. While you have been lying around doing nothing, I have accomplished a great deal. As you already know, all the finances and house are in my name. Your

lawyer, who works for me now, and all your friends, those who give a damn, think you have left everything to me and have gone off to try a different lifestyle - if only they knew how different! The only people who know what has actually happened are your accountant, his sister, Wilma, who happens to be a nurse and a very good friend of mine, and Barb, who is a highly qualified cosmetologist.

“Barb and Wilma have been a great deal of help in your transformation over the last three days.

“Wilma managed to supply me with the drugs and instructions necessary to keep you safely sedated and also did the wonderful job of making your lips look so plump and sexy with collagen injections.

“Barb did her magic with your eyes and enhanced lips by applying permanent cosmetics and eyelash implants. And of course she did the electrolysis on your face. She assures me that you should lose that reddish burn look in another week or so. Luckily for you, I decided that there was no need to eradicate all your body hair while she was at it. After all, I have to keep myself looking dainty and feminine by removing it on a regular basis, so why shouldn't you? Needless to say both of these ladies are really looking forward to seeing you again once you have been turned into a proper little maid. You will be able to thank them for all their help when they come by, won't that be nice?”

Mel cringed to hear that other woman had been helping to feminize him and even worse were going to be invited back to see the results of their efforts once he was carrying out the menial duties of a maid. However, seeing the controller in Suzy's skirted lap, he wisely refrained from saying anything and continued to slowly eat his breakfast.

“As you are now going to be employed in your appropriate role in this household, you obviously get to stay in this bedroom which befits your new status. The door has been removed as your lowly position in life does not entitle you to even a modicum of privacy. I have left all of my old uniforms and a few casual dresses, skirts and blouses hanging in the closet for your use. And most of the lovely lingerie that you obsessively showered me with over the years is still in the dresser drawers. Instead of leering at me modeling it, you can have the pleasure of wearing it yourself!

“The rest of my clothes I have removed to the master, or perhaps in our case I should say mistress, bedroom which by right is now mine to enjoy. As there wasn't much of a wardrobe left after providing you with your new necessities in life, I have bought a few nice things for myself and look forward to buying a lot more - it's so nice to have pretty, new fashions don't you think?

“As for your male clothing, they have all been sent to a local charity who was most grateful to receive such an abundance of high quality goods. Being a rather unremarkable wench, you probably haven't noticed that I have not begun to wear pants since my liberation from your miserable clutches. Nor will I in the near future and as a result there will be no clothing in this house that bears an even remote resemblance to that normally worn by a man. So if you were thinking of finding something a little less feminine to wear either to escape or even to just lounge around in, forget it, there is none.

“And speaking of running off, I would seriously advise against it. First, there is your appearance which is decidedly bisexual to say the least. Then there is the matter of your little chastity belt and collar, both of which can only be removed by me with the use of this wonderful controller. In case you were thinking of getting your hands on it, I should tell you that it needs a special code input to work properly and if you attempt to just push buttons at random the consequences could be dire. As would be your feeble attempts to leave my property without it, as you well know.

“Finally, no one, except the three people I have mentioned, know that you are still here. As you have no assets in your name you are totally dependent upon me to provide even the basic necessities. Because you are penniless and will remain so, your so called friends would not be interested in hearing from you even if you could contact them. And to make sure that you don't, the household phones can only be used for outgoing calls if you know the correct code to punch in first.

“Nor will you have access to my accounts, or even household money, as I will be doing all the shopping and will not allow you to leave this house and property without strict supervision. As a result, you will not have the opportunity to put even a little cash aside or to meet anyone I don't want you to. Having been the house maid before you has taught me how to control you completely and thoroughly and make no mistake, I will do so without making the same errors you committed as a drunken, ineffectual master. Of course having said all that, I'm not sure why you would want anyone, especially your old cronies, to see you in your present pitiful state!

“So, Maggie dear, resign yourself to the fact that you will be my sex toy and docile servant with no chance of leaving this property without my express permission. I will expect you to cheerfully carry out the same role that you assigned to me for the last five years. This means being properly dressed and made up at all times, presenting a picture of submissive, simpering femininity to all who behold you. Anything less and you will be punished severely, but in turn prompt obedience will be lovingly rewarded. Do you understand, my little effeminate slave?”

Mel who had finished his meager breakfast although he had quite lost his appetite while listening to Suzy's monologue could only reply with a despairing sigh, “Yes, Mistress.”

Suzy with a malicious gleam in her eyes, pushed the controller button that sent a quick shock through Mel.

“A little more perkiness in your tone, Maggie and what do you agree to?”

Mel, pasting a dutiful smile on his crimson lips, simpered, “Oh Mistress, I agree to be your little effeminate sex slave and humble maid servant. I understand that I am completely under your control and must do anything you tell me to do, no matter how humiliating!”

“Much better, Maggie. Just remember those words and what I have told you and we will get along just fine. Screw up and you will wish you hadn't been born. Even a little, empty-headed floozy like yourself should understand such a simple arrangement. Enough of this pleasant chit chat, let's get on with your long overdue training. Out of bed, girlie, and into the bathroom with you!”

Leaving the tray on the bed, Mel slid out from under the covers and walked unsteadily towards the bedroom door. Reaching it, he stopped, afraid to go through to the hall as he remembered the consequences of his last attempt to leave the room.

Seeing his hesitation, Suzy gave him a violent shove which catapulted him through the doorway and into the opposite wall. Stunned by the force of hitting the wall so hard, Mel still breathed a sigh of relief as the collar continued to rest benignly around his neck. Not wishing to incur any further retribution from his mistress, he scuttled quickly into the bathroom to await her next command.

“Take off your nightie, Maggie and then put on these disposable rubber gloves.”

Mel quickly complied and then heard the whir of the arms retracting in his anal plug before Suzy instructed him to remove it. He did so with great relief although he strangely felt a sense of loss as its fullness was withdrawn from his body.

She next told him to sit on the toilet while continuing to hold the awful device in his gloved hands.

“You may now go to the bathroom, dearest. And make sure you do, as this will be your only chance to do so until tomorrow,” she purred.

After he had carried out her instructions, she also unlocked the penis restraint and had him carefully clean the complete emasculating contraption.

Once he had finished she showed him how to remove the battery from the anal tube and to replace it with a newly charged one before fitting the old one in the charging unit in the bathroom. Thankfully, she then allowed him the opportunity to dispose of his rubber gloves and to take a quick but hot and blissful soak in a scented bubble bath. The pleasure was so intense that he found it hard not to literally swoon from the delight he felt as the water lapped about his much abused body.

All too soon, he was ordered out of the tub and dried himself before reluctantly, but passively allowing Suzy to replace both parts of the devilish chastity belt device. She then showed him how to apply a perfumed lotion to his hairless body. Effeminate as it was he had to admit it felt lovely as it soaked into his dry skin.

Suzy then had him sit once again on the toilet as a prelude to her next step in further feminizing him. First she placed clamps on his nipples, clamps with long, key stem-like rods which protruded three or four inches. The reason for the rods was not readily apparent but Mel just sat without saying a word, realizing their purpose in life would soon be apparent and knowing full well that it would be another trial for him to endure.

Suzy then picked up a plump, realistic looking B-cup sized, silicone filled breast complete with a large aureole and nipple. Generously applying a clear glue to the breast and its feathered edges, she smoothed it onto his left chest after ensuring the nipple clamp rod slid through a corresponding tunnel in the breast so that the rod end fit into the breast's false nipple.

As soon as it was in place, she quickly attached the right breast in a similar fashion so that Mel was blessed with two perky mounds that blended in so well with his skin that it was impossible to see that they were not a natural extension of his own body.

“There you go, Maggie. A lovely set of tits just for you. I would have loved to make them even bigger, but as all your uniforms and clothes are designed to accommodate B-cup breasts, it would be silly to cater to your male desire for even bigger titties. You will be happy to know that the glue and material that the breasts are made from allow your skin to breathe so they can stay on indefinitely. They also react to the heat of your body and bond so convincingly that you will not be able to detect where they join your skin, let alone remove them without a special solution which I didn't bother to order from the manufacturer.

“In addition they have a lovely feature that will allow you to really appreciate the sensitivity of a real woman's breasts. Their nipples have a spring which in turn controls the screw adjusting the pressure exerted by the clamps attached to each of your own useless masculine nipples. Here let me demonstrate.”

With a leering smile, she reached out and grabbed both of his tits and pulled them gently. Immediately Mel felt the clamps tighten their grip on his nipples. Even when she let go and gently caressed his boobs instead, the pressure continued to mount. As he started to moan quietly, she gave him a final condescending pat on each breast and stood back.

“Every time you touch your little titties or someone else does the pressure on your redundant male nipples will be increased and it can only be relieved in one way. And if you haven't figured it out in your silly bimbo mind you'll be happy to know that it's done electronically through my lovely little controller, but I don't think you deserve a demonstration of that particular feature at this time. If you annoy me in any way, I might just not use it for days on end, letting you suffer the slowly mounting agony of ever increasing pressure. Now get your sissy body back to your room!”

Mel tottered to his feet and walked back to the bedroom. As he swayed along, he was very aware of his new breasts. His arms brushing against them and their jiggling, naturally caused by his movement, had the effect of causing friction on his nipples that highlighted a constant throb from a part of his body that had never demanded his attention before.

It was obvious that Suzy had been busy while he had been soaking in the tub as the uniform and lingerie that he had been wearing on his first day of enslavement were lying on the bed.

Clean and neatly pressed, there was no sign of the filth that had encrusted them when he dropped everything into the basement sink to soak after finally being released from the punishment room. He knew instinctively that she had purposely chosen to dress him in these clothes as a reminder of that experience. Even thinking about it sent a shudder down his spine. He knew full well that he would submit to almost anything to avoid being subjected to such treatment again.

On Suzy's order he quickly slipped on the nylon panties noting how well they fit with his penis and testicles pulled out of the way. Looking in the vanity's mirror he could not help but gasp at the entirely feminine appearance his body presented with upturned breasts sitting proudly on his chest and the lacy, nylon panties covering an all too smooth, flat crotch.

Ignoring his bemused look, Suzy carefully fitted the corset straps over his shoulders and made sure his breasts were properly seated in the cups before starting the remorseless tightening of the laces to force him into the hourglass figure so appropriate for his feminized body.

Mel winced at the suffocating feeling of the corset but at the same time found the support it provided his new tits a welcome restraint from their unfettered swinging while he was moving about nude. And the cleavage it created was very sexy to his male eye even if in a rather twisted way since after all it was his own cleavage he was staring at.

The black stockings attached to his corset garters, white frilly slip, maid's black dress and white bib apron were all soon back in place, rustling and swinging about him whenever he responded to another of Suzy's orders.

Thankfully the too small black pumps that he wore earlier were not in sight. Instead a pair of black leather ankle strap shoes with three inch heels were produced for him to put on as he sat on his bed. Although his long fingernails caused him a great deal of trouble as he was trying to do up the ankle straps' small buckles, he was more than grateful to note that the shoes fit him extremely well.

Recognizing his look of happy relief, Suzy informed him that she had kept all her old shoes for herself and had bought him a collection of properly sized ones in various styles and colors as further evidence of her benevolent nature. In fact she was so sure that Mel was appreciative of her generous gesture that she felt it only appropriate that he drop to his knees and kiss her shod feet in fitting gratitude.

Not hesitating for a moment, Mel found himself on his knees and leaning forward to smother the top of her red high heels with wet kisses.

With a gloating look on her face, Suzy lifted one foot and forced the four inch heel of her shoe between his lips so that he was forced to suck on this ultimate feminine phallic symbol.

“Enough of this you little slut, get off your knees and sit on the stool of your vanity so that I can show you how to apply the few cosmetics that you are going to have to wear on a daily basis.”

Scrambling to comply, Mel was soon seated and shown how to choose from the collection of make-up sitting on the vanity top and how to put it on in the correct manner. The permanent cosmetics made this a simple task and it did not take him long to master the proper application of the dark blue eye shadow and the dark red blush. The foundation helped to cover the reddish burned look of his skin and a small amount of clear lip gloss made his crimson lips shine in a sensual manner.

“You look like a right proper little tart, dear Maggie, but that's the way you should look as you are taking my place. After all, these were the same cosmetics you forced me to wear. Now let's get your lovely blonde wig into place - ah very nice. We'll just brush it out a bit. There. Now for your lacy little maid's cap and we are almost finished. You've already got your choker necklace on so we just need to get you some earrings, a bracelet and wrist watch. Here is the bracelet and wrist watch - put them on while I get some earrings.”

Before he could react, Suzy using the crude implements of a large needle and an ice pack, quickly punched a hole in each of his earlobes and then soaked the wounds with rubbing alcohol. Threading and securing two gold studs through both of the punctures she said, "I only had one or two pairs of clip-on earrings and it was a shame to waste all those great, but cheap, dangly earrings here in my jewelry box so I decided to pierce your ears. Once they have healed up we can use the heavier, long earrings that you used to love seeing me wear. I'll buy myself some nice new ones and rest assured they won't be quite so tacky, but after all I'm the mistress of the household and you are only the lowly bimbo maid."

Selecting a bottle of perfume from the table top, Suzy showed Mel how to apply a few drops of the scent at his temples, neck, wrists and the back of his knees.

"Don't apply too much, Maggie, there is no need to smell like a brothel, even if you do look like you belong in one! Now put that away and stand up and let's have a look at the new you."

Mel stared in fascination at the reflected image of himself in the mirror. Looking back at him was a creature that appeared more female than male although some of his features were still too large to allow him to be really pretty.

The long blonde wig with its bangs draped over his forehead, the make-up enhanced eyes and the pouting red lips combined to make him at first glance appear all woman but he feared that closer scrutiny would eventually reveal his true sex.

His corset bound, hairless body also presented an illusion of femininity with full breasts, smooth groin and long, shapely legs but once again the effect was ruined by a rather thick waistline and comparatively slim hips in spite of the foundation garment's remolding of his masculine form.

And as soon as he opened his mouth to speak it would be obvious that he was not what he pretended to be.

But, all in all, he was shocked at the amazing transformation that had been accomplished against his will in such a short time. And he really enjoyed the soft, sensual feel of the lingerie combined with the tight, restrictive grip of the corset.

How could I be such a wimp?

Sensing his growing resentment, Suzy brought him back to reality by triggering the controller to give him a sharp, painful jolt.

"Maggie, you look quite respectable, not beautiful by any stretch of the imagination, but passable and I strongly suggest you adapt to your new image and status.

"Don't forget it will be a lot easier for you if you cooperate and really you have no alternative but to do so. After all I have a myriad of controls to keep you submissively in place. Any macho delusions to the contrary will only lead to you being subjected to a considerable amount of pain. I don't think you want to end up in the punishment room again so soon, do you?"

Mel could only shake his head and whisper, "No, Mistress"

"Good, then get up and get your fat little ass into gear as we have a lot to cover before the end of the day. It is almost lunch time so we will start in the kitchen - a room

you are going to spend a lot of your working hours in, so pick up that tray and move it, wench!"

Chapter 7

Once in the kitchen, Mel was shown how to prepare a quick lunch of tuna fish sandwiches, some fruit salad and a pot of tea.

He served this meal to Suzy who sat at the kitchen table and as instructed he stood attentively near by with his hands folded primly in front of his apron ready to instantly cater to any requirement she might have.

Only when she was sipping her first cup of tea did she allow him to stand at the counter and eat the small amount of food she had left on the plates. She then permitted him to have a quick drink of water before telling him how to clean up the dishes and kitchen while she sat back and enjoyed her second cup of tea.

Mel couldn't help but note how her short red dress rode up her thighs as she crossed her stockinged legs, but had no time to enjoy the sight as she remorselessly kept him scurrying about carrying out his assigned chores.

As soon as he was finished, Suzy marched him into the living room and announced that his first lesson of the afternoon was going to be on feminine deportment and manners.

“As you are such a slovenly little baggage, it is going to take a lot of work, Maggie, but I'm sure you will learn quickly or it will be back to the punishment room sooner than you thought. Now the first thing you are going to learn is how to curtsy properly - until you do, there is no hope of you presenting yourself as a respectable maid. After all, everyone you are going to meet in this house will be your superior and will be entitled to this sign of respect.

“You will curtsy when you enter, or exit a room, in which one of your superiors is present or when they enter or exit a room you are already in. You will also curtsy to acknowledge an order or to request permission to speak. In short, if in doubt, curtsy when anyone else is in your presence. Any questions so far?

“No, Mistress,” Mel responded as he attempted to keep track of all the times he would be required to submissively curtsy to anyone he encountered.

“Good, now listen carefully, to curtsy you keep your back straight and your head held high but your eyes lowered as a proper sign of respect. Grasp the hem of your skirts between your thumb and fingers and hold it out gracefully while you place your right foot behind and past your left foot, bending gently but deeply at the knee. Here, let me show you. Now you try it, Maggie. Not bad, but your motions are jerky and clumsy. Do it again. No, no, let me show you again you silly little tart!”

At first no matter how hard he tried, Mel could not seem to satisfy Suzy with his efforts. It was only after almost thirty minutes of repeating the motions that he finally managed to meet her stringent standards for at least a reasonable curtsy.

It was going to be a long afternoon!

“Enough of that, you will have the opportunity for a lot more practice in curtsying. Let's move on to sitting and walking. First, to sit keep your knees together and sweeping your skirts to smooth them against the back of your legs with your hands, place your behind gracefully into the chair. Sit with your back straight and keep your

hands folded in your lap. Watch me and then you do it. Not bad but try again and make sure you keep your legs together unless you want everyone to see up your dress. I know that you are a little slut but if you are going to be my maid you will curtail your natural instincts to flaunt your body and behave with a bit of decorum.”

Sitting in a ladylike fashion seemed to come more naturally to Mel than curtsying so he only had to suffer Suzy’s instruction on this skill for ten minutes before they moved on to the subject of how to walk in an appropriate feminine manner.

“Now, Maggie, you don't just slouch around like some sort of house ape when you are collared and cuffed in my service. You will walk proud, with your back straight, head up and breasts thrust out. Swivel your hips as you move and walk from your hips so that you have a swaying gait while swinging your hands from the shoulders. I want you to walk in a swishy, mincing style so keep your stride short while placing one foot directly in front of the other, heel and toe, heel and toe as if you were walking on a narrow plank. Here let me show you and then you try it.”

Mel tried his best to carry out her instructions but it was difficult to walk in the manner she indicated as it seemed completely foreign to him. He never realized that such a simple act could be so complicated. Although the high heels helped, no matter how hard he tried he just couldn't seem to shorten his stride sufficiently to satisfy Suzy. Finally, in a vexed tone, she told him to stop and to practice his sitting again until she returned.

Nervously sitting and standing in the manner he had been shown, Mel waited for her come back. He did not have long to wait as she swept back into the room carrying the riding crop and a pair of manacles. Mel froze at the sight of them.

“Don't just stand there you stupid trollop, what are you supposed to do when I enter a room?”

Mel dropped a belated curtsy, shuddering in fear at what was likely to happen next. Nor was he disappointed!

“Come over here, Maggie. You are a great disappointment to me. Put on these leg manacles, their short chain should curtail your stride to the proper length. Good. Now then, bend over at the waist and grasp your ankles.”

Quickly complying, Mel was rewarded by Suzy lifting up the skirts of his dress and slip and giving him two vicious slashes across his pantied ass with the riding crop.

“The first one was to remind you to curtsy properly and the second was for causing me all the trouble of having to go down and collect these items. Maybe your sore buns and the manacles will help keep your mind on the business at hand.”

Dropping his skirts, she told him to stand up straight. When he had done so, she used the riding crop to lift his chin so that she could look into his tear blurred eyes.

“Now thank me properly like the little tart that you are and then drop a prim and dainty curtsy before recommencing your walking exercises.”

Choking back his sobs, Mel whimpered, “T..Thank you for p..punishing me, Mistress. I know I deserved it a.. and will try to do b..b..better,” before he fluttered down into a deep, painful curtsy.

“Good start, my little slave, now get your red, welt covered rear into motion and let's see a lovely, feminine walk this time.”

Galvanized by his fear of further punishment and appropriately controlled by the manacles' short chain, Mel managed to finish another thirty minutes of walking exercises without incurring another outburst of violent punishment from Suzy. Thankfully she did not insist on him practicing sitting again as he did not know if his inflamed backside could take any more pressure.

“Enough deportment training for now, Maggie. It's time you started to earn your keep. I'll show you where the vacuum cleaner is and you can get on with giving the house a thorough going over, both upstairs and downstairs. And make sure you do a good job as I will be checking for any faults.”

Mel was soon hard at work under the watchful eye of Suzy.

She did not spend all her time following him around, preferring to spend some time reading quietly in the living room. However, she checked the results of his vacuuming on a regular basis and when she found it unsatisfactory, he received a stinging blow across his rear from the riding crop and was directed back to the area requiring more effort.

Suzy made sure that she was present in the master bedroom when he arrived to vacuum that room. Throwing open the closet doors and the dresser drawers, she stated, “Look at this Maggie, there is no sign of any of your old clothes. Only my rather depleted wardrobe is here. Take a good look as I want you to understand that I was serious when I said that there was no male clothing left in this house. Is it clear, even to a silly, little bimbo like yourself?”

Mel could only reply with a curtsy and a sorrowful, “Yes, Mistress.” before she escorted him back to his new bedroom and threw open the closet doors and dresser drawers there as well to prove beyond a doubt the validity of her statement. Mel could only look despairingly at the drawers full of ultra-feminine lingerie and the maid's uniforms neatly hung in the closet. In the back of his mind, he had hoped against all odds that he could manage to get his hands on a least a few articles of his masculine wardrobe.

Now there was only an endless succession of days wearing feminine finery stretching before him.

“Stop moping about, wench and get back to your duties before I speed you on your way with a well deserved smack.”

With a curtsied acknowledgment, Mel hurried back to the master bedroom with his skirts rustling and swaying about his legs while the chain of the manacles jerked his ankles unmercifully if he tried to lengthen his stride.

Feeling Suzy's eyes on his back, he worked diligently to make sure that he left not even the smallest speck of dust to mar the pristine finish of the magnificent carpet. As he vacuumed the thick rug, he couldn't help compare the spacious and well maintained room to his new small and dingy quarters.

It just wasn't fair that he had been evicted from this marvelous domain to his present hovel. But what could he do?

His ruminations were cut short by the sting of the riding crop on his much abused rump as Suzy curtly told him to get on with the job instead of day dreaming. Holding back his tears, he acknowledged this latest order with a quick curtsy and redoubled his efforts to avoid any further demonstrations of her displeasure.

As he worked his way through the basement rooms, he found that his most immediate concern had become his feet. After many continuous hours of standing and walking he was beginning to understand why women were reluctant to wear high heels even if they did make their legs look wonderful. All his weight was forced not only on to the balls of his feet but onto the space immediately behind his toes which in turn were pinched together by the downward pressure caused by the sharp angle inflicted on his feet. And to compound his misery his calf muscles and the front of his thighs were feeling taut and strained.

As the pain in his legs and feet increased, his corset became ever more uncomfortable and restrictive, and his nipples continuously throbbed from the bite of the clamps, Mel found his progress becoming slower and slower.

If it hadn't been for the threat of Suzy's riding crop, he would probably never have finished vacuuming the house from top to bottom.

As it was it was almost dinner time before he limped dejectedly into the living room and with a tired curtsy announced to his mistress that he had completed his task.

"You look like a poor excuse for a hard working girl, Maggie. Toddle off to your room and get freshened up and then report back here for some more instructions on kitchen duties."

"Yes, Mistress," he replied with his by now automatic curtsy and swished off as quickly as he could to his bathroom and bedroom to relieve his bladder and to tidy up his make-up and appearance. *God, it felt good to sit down even if it was only on the toilet and the stool in front of the vanity in his room.* He loitered as long as he dared before returning to the living room for his next set of orders.

"About time you got back here, you useless little baggage," Suzy snapped as he curtsied respectfully, "Get your sorry butt into the kitchen and stand there until I come in to give you further direction."

Mel gave a quick curtsy and fled to the kitchen and stood by the counter until Suzy arrived ten or fifteen minutes later. As soon as she had, he received an intensive hour of instruction on how to cook and serve a simple but delicious dinner to her.

Once again, he had to stand attentively by as she ate and was only allowed to drink a glass of water and eat the scraps she left for his consumption while she appreciatively sipped a glass of wine at the end of her meal.

Once he had cleaned up the kitchen, Suzy gave him precise instructions on how to prepare breakfast in bed for her the next day before leading him down to the family room to watch some television for the evening.

Snuggling up in what used to be his favorite recliner, she had him kneel on the floor in front of her so that he could massage her legs and feet. An activity that Mel found extremely erotic but frustrating as every time his penis started to become erect it was crushed by the steel chastity belt. Even so, there was something sexual about running his hands up her long, slender legs, under her dress and above her stocking tops. Her obvious enjoyment of the sensations caused by his stroking fingertips led him to reach further up to touch her panties.

“What in the hell do you think you are doing you little tart?” she snarled, “I’m the only one who initiates anything around here. You’re to confine yourself to doing exactly what you’ve been told!”

Furiously, she held down the controller button causing him to double up in agony as the current flowed through his metal encased penis and testicles. Jumping up, she pulled him to his feet and pushed him over the chair she had just vacated, shoving his face and upper torso into the cushion so that his rear end was left protruding up in the air. Yanking up his skirts, she gave his already sore buttocks a blistering series of swats with her hand, only stopping when her palm was as red and painful as his ass.

“Now get up Maggie and stop your sniveling before I give you something to really cry about. After all the punishment room is not far from here, would you like to spend some time in there?”

“O..Oh no, M..Mistress,” he sobbed, “not that, an..anything but that! Oh, p..p..please I didn't mean to upset you.”

Suzy gave him an evil look and grabbed him by the top of one of his ears and hustled him over to the corner of the family room by the stairs and forced him to face the wall.

“Hold up your dress and slip so that your red little bottom can be displayed for all to see and stay here until I tell you that you can move. If you make a sound, I’ll have a gag in your mouth so fast that your tiny, empty head will be spinning.”

Standing close behind him, Suzy rubbed her body up against his and reached around to caress his groin and breasts. As her hands roamed over his body, the clamps increased their pressure on his already tender nipples and his frustrated cock and balls repeatedly surged against and retreated from the steel walls of their prison.



“As I said, Maggie, I'm the only one who starts anything around here and you had better remember in future that you are a subservient little wench who will only do what she is told. Understand?”

“Yes Mistress,” he groaned in a mixture of sexual excitement and excruciating pain as he remembered to execute a painful curtsy.

“Good, now you stand here and make sure you hold your skirts up so that your hot ass can get a bit of air”, she gloated as she gave him a final smack before returning to her seat to watch another program on the television.

As his feet and legs become increasingly tired and sore, Mel could only wonder how long he would be left in this childish punishment position.

After what seemed like hours, Suzy finally turned off the television and ordered him to follow her back upstairs. Struggling to turn around and drop his skirts, he responded with a stiff curtsy and then hurried after her as quickly as his leg manacles allowed.

In the bathroom, Suzy showed him how to remove his make-up before he brushed his teeth and used the toilet. While he was finishing his evening toilette, she laid out some clean clothes and jewelry for the morning on his dresser and on the bed, a dark green, silk baby doll nightie with lavish lace at the plunging neckline and hem.

“Get in here Maggie and undress. It's been a long day and I think we will both get to bed early tonight as there is much more to do tomorrow. I will expect breakfast at eight sharp so you are going to have to be up well before then to do your morning toilette and get dressed in the lingerie I have laid out on your dresser and one of your pink uniforms. Here let me unlock your leg manacles”

Acknowledging her commands with a quick curtsy, Mel stripped off his clothes. Suzy showed him how to fold them up neatly before putting them in a laundry basket for washing the next day. The corset proved difficult but she insisted that he remove it himself as he would have to put on a similar one unassisted tomorrow and it was time he learned to do such a simple task himself. Finally after a frustrating struggle, he succeeded and placed it on top of the other clothes. He then removed his bracelet and watch, placing them in the jewelry box before he took off his wig and placed it on a form standing on top of the dresser.

Suzy then had him lie on top of the bed and rubbed some cool lotion onto his welt covered rear and then massaged his fatigued legs and feet. The soothing feeling helped to take some of the burning pain from his battered body and once again threw him off balance as she showered him with care and concern after being so violent earlier.

Once she had finished, he sat up as commanded and slipped the lace encrusted green silk panties up his legs and adjusted them around his waist before pulling the short nightie over his head and letting it slide smoothly over his tired body. She then tucked him into bed after showing him how to set the alarm for six thirty in the morning. Finally, with a condescending smile she triggered the controller and he instantly felt the relaxation of the pressure on his throbbing nipples.

Bidding him good night she also assured him there would be no problem leaving his room in the morning to use the bathroom and to prepare her breakfast in the kitchen.

Mel hardly heard her last comments as she switched off the bedroom light. In spite of his tender nipples and aching body, he was asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Chapter 8

The alarm blasted out its wake-up call at the appointed time and brought Mel out of a deep, restful sleep. Peering out from barely open eyes, he finally found the clock radio and turned the persistent noise off. After so many years of sleeping late and not having to worry about pulling himself out of bed to answer the summons of an alarm, he had great difficulty in throwing off the covers and starting the day.

But the ache of his encased body parts and the soreness of his butt reminded him of the consequences of doing something as stupid as ignoring Suzy's instructions.

With a sigh he pulled himself out of bed and after a moment of apprehensive hesitation stepped through his bedroom door and into the bathroom to have a quick pee and shower. After drying himself, he dutifully applied the perfumed lotion over his body and supplemented it with a floral scented feminine antiperspirant to his hairless armpits.

Suzy had made it quite clear that he was to take particular pains to ensure that he was always surrounded by a lovely, effeminate scent.

It was only as he was brushing his teeth that he realized that he was humming quietly to himself. Although he was an enslaved, feminized creature, he had not felt so good in years. For the first time since he could remember, he was not drunk or hungover or somewhere in between. Nor did he have to worry about maintaining a macho image or competing in a dog-eat-dog world. He was now told what to wear and what to do. There were no longer any decisions to be made about anything even remotely important. His one and only task was to make Suzy happy. Something that even an empty-headed wench like himself could understand.

Wait a minute! What was I thinking? With a shudder he realized that Suzy's relentless physical and mental abuse was starting to wear him down and causing him to consider himself an unworthy, sissified bimbo.

Shaking his head, he walked back into his room and quickly looking at the clock radio determined that he had better get a move on if he wanted to meet his mistress' deadline for serving breakfast by eight sharp. The punishment for being late did not even bear thinking about.

He put his baby doll nightie away and hurriedly made his bed. Turning to the dresser he sorted out the lingerie that Suzy had laid out for him the previous evening. The pink panties were trimmed with an abundance of delicate, white lace and made of a rich thick satin. He slowly slid them up his smooth legs and adjusted the waistband adorned with a small bow around his middle, luxuriating in the sensual feel of the material nestling around his crotch.

The pink corselette was made of a satin and spandex-like material reinforced with a multitude of vertical steel stays. Slipping the straps over his shoulder and ensuring his pseudo breasts were seated in the cups, he sucked in his breath and closed the foundation garment with a series of hooks running from the top of the corset to the bottom which ended just below the top of his hips. He then pulled up the zipper that hid the hooks from sight while tightening the grip of the corselette even further. Although he had been extremely careful, he still felt the clamps tighten down on his nip-

ples as he adjusted his boobs to ensure the corselette fit properly. He breathed a deep sigh of relief when the lined cups finally held his tits firmly in place once the garment was fully zipped up.

Sitting on his vanity stool, he rolled up the first of his white colored stockings and leisurely smoothed it up his hairless leg before attaching it to three of the tabs that hung from the corselette's hem. The second soon followed and he stood up enjoying the taut, so feminine feel of the stockings as they were pulled tight against his legs by the lacy garter straps.

The slip was of the same pink satin as the panties with the hem and bodice profusely trimmed in identical delicate white lace. He held it over his head and let it cascade sensually down over his arms and body to hang by its delicate shoulder straps. Its skirt was very full and caressed his nyloned thighs with a dainty whisper as it slid into place.

Remembering Suzy's instructions to wear a pink uniform, he opened the closet door and took out a nylon dress of that color. He dropped it over his head and allowed it to slither into place before pulling up the back zipper. The full skirts floated just above his knees and the white lace cuffs on the long sleeves and the lacy white high necked collar gave him the undeniable appearance of a lowly serving girl.

He flipped the straps of his ruffled bib apron over his shoulders before attaching them in a crisscross manner to his waist straps which he tied in a large bow that hung at the small of his back. Slipping on the white, three inch high heel pumps that were placed beside the dresser, he took a moment to look in the mirror to ensure that his dress and apron were sitting properly and his slip did not show. He knew that Suzy would not tolerate any signs of sloppiness on his part.

Sitting once again at the vanity stool, he turned his attention to quickly applying his make-up and perfume, thankful for the fact that the permanent nature of most of his cosmetics made this an easy task. Retrieving his blonde wig, he hurriedly brushed it into some semblance of order before pinning his perky, little maid's cap into place.

Aware that time was rapidly slipping away, he followed Suzy's earlier instructions to regularly turn his earring studs to inhibit the holes in his earlobes from closing. Then it was chunky, silver bracelets on each wrist and a delicate ankle chain on his right leg to complete his morning ensemble as dictated by his mistress.

A final glance in the mirror as he stood up and a quick practice curtsy and he swished daintily down the hall, through the living room and into the kitchen. As he set about the simple tasks of making coffee, pouring orange juice and making toast for both himself and Suzy, he once again had to admit to himself that he really enjoyed the sensuous feeling of his feminine clothes and the sense of satisfaction he obviously derived from carrying out menial but essential work around the house.

He smiled to himself as he realized with a glow of pride that, although he had never done this chore before, his timing had been impeccable. He was able to drink his juice, eat his two pieces of buttered toast and have an enjoyable cup of coffee at the kitchen table and still organize the breakfast tray for Suzy with a few minutes to spare. It also felt good to have his own food without being relegated to scrounging through the scraps that his Mistress had left for him after finishing her own meal.

His only regret was that he was still hungry after such a small breakfast, but he was much too timid to even contemplate eating any more. Suzy had made it quite clear how much he could have and what would happen if he over indulged. And to tell the truth, he did want to get his waistline down to a more reasonable size so his uniforms would fit more comfortably. He could tell, that even in the few days since his enslavement, definite progress had been made as his flabby body responded to his new, enforced lifestyle.

Picking up the tray, he swished proudly to Suzy's bedroom door and tapped gently on the door until she commanded him to enter. Smiling brightly, he minced over to the bed and while still holding the tray, gave her a quick curtsy-like dip and a cheerful, "Good Morning, Mistress."

Sitting in bed against the plumped up pillows, Suzy indicated where he was to place the tray and said, "I'm glad to see you projecting an appropriate maidly attitude this morning, Maggie. Remember to keep that subservient smile and perky manner pasted in place no matter what happens to you. I'll buzz you when I want some more coffee. Now get out and clean up the kitchen."

Deflated by her obvious taking him for granted approach, Mel dropped a deep, submissive curtsy and scuttled out of the room before she thought of another way of stripping some more of his fragile pride away.

Her malicious chuckle at his retreat did little to help his state of mind.

He stomped around in the kitchen, putting on a pair of rubber gloves to wash the few dishes he had used while making breakfast.

Who did she think she was anyway? All my hard work and she gave me a cruel brush off as if I was mere chattel who counted for nothing! With a nervous gulp, he realized that she was just treating him as he had treated her for so many years. God, it was humiliating but what can I do but paste on that simpering smile she wanted and take it like a man, or should that be like a woman?

His thoughts were rudely interrupted when a short but painful shock shot through his crotch. Stripping off his rubber gloves, he scurried towards her bedroom as fast as he could while wearing high heels. He was in a near state of panic with the fear that she might increase the jarring pain if he did not respond quickly enough. As he rushed in, he instantly knew by the dirty look that she gave him that he was once again in trouble. Taking small, trembling steps he advanced to her bedside and fluttered down into an especially obsequious curtsy.

"What a stupid tart you are Maggie! I told you why I would buzz you. Can't you remember back that far with your dim, little bimbo brain? Why was I going to get you to return here, girl?"

"To..to bring you m..more coffee, Mistress?" Mel stuttered with an obedient curtsy in dread of what was going to happen next.

"Exactly, you dumb blonde slut. Get your mind on the job and out of the gutter where it is undoubtedly wallowing in disgusting and pointless sexual thoughts. Get your fat ass over here, now!"

Tentatively Mel moved closer to the bed while Suzy pushed the tray out of the way. As he stepped up to the bed, her right hand reached up under his skirts and grasped the steel chastity belt between his legs. Mel writhed in agony as she pulled and twisted the device in a cruelly reckless manner. Holding him in place with a painful, vice-like grip, her left hand shot out and repeatedly slapped his false breasts, causing the nipple clamps to bite down with ever increasing pressure as she lectured him.

“Not only did you not listen to what you were told but you came in here like a bull in a china shop. I spent a lot of time showing you how I wanted you to walk in an appropriate swishing, mincing gait and you can't even do that right, you mindless harlot. Get your mind on your one and only purpose in life which is to keep me happy, wench! Before you do anything else you will put the leg manacles on as you obviously can't walk properly without them. Once you have done that, you will go and get the coffee pot and refill my cup. Is that quite clear, even for a brain dead floozy like yourself?”

Tears streaming down his cheeks, Mel managed a curtsy to blubber out, “Y..y..yes, Mistress.”

Suzy released him and smiling evilly said, “Stand up straight and stop clutching your groin like some overexcited little girl who has to pee. Now tell me what you are and how you can improve.”

Stifling his urge to hold his aching crotch and nipples, Mel stood straight and keeping his eyes submissively down tittered in a shattered tone, “I'm an unworthy slut who can't even do as she is told... a truly unremarkable wench who spends her time thinking about disgusting sex instead of concentrating on the only job she has, which is to keep her mistress happy. In my own feeble way, I must make every effort to do better so I don't make my mistress unhappy for any reason. I'm not very bright so I will just have to work harder to ensure that my mistress is proud of me.”

“Well said for a mere serving wench, Maggie. Keep those words in mind and we shall get on well. When you were engaging in your sexual fantasies I know very well that a slut like you was dreaming about going down on a nice big juicy cock, don't deny it!”

Knowing that she fully expected him to answer in the affirmative, Mel stammered, “Y..Yes M..Mistress,” even though her words caused him great distress.

“Well say it then dear, Maggie. Don't pretend you aren't getting damp in your little satin panties just thinking about it,” she demanded remorselessly.

Trapped by her insistence, Mel could only curtsy and reply with a grimace, “Yes Mistress, I was dreaming of sucking off a nice big juicy cock when I should have been thinking about looking after you.”

Unable to contain her satisfaction at having crushed him so completely, Suzy gloated, “Wipe that petulant look off your face and get on with what I told you to do, Maggie. While you are in your bedroom, take a minute to tidy yourself up. I will not tolerate a maid with sloppy make-up. Now paste on that happy smile and get your chubby buns into gear!”

Curtsying as low as he could with a simpering smile on his tear stained face, Mel left the room making sure that he did not take any long, manly strides.

Once in his room, he placed the hateful manacles about his ankles as he sniffled in self pity about the way the morning had deteriorated after such a promising start.

Suzy wasn't being fair! But what could a helpless sissy like myself do about it? I will just have to try harder to make up for the fact that I'm obviously not very bright.

Looking in the mirror, he forced himself to stop crying and hastily repaired his make-up. Luckily most of it was permanent and as a result had not run as the tears flowed down his face.

Fearing another shocking buzz if he took too long, he swished as quickly as he could to the kitchen and took the half full coffee pot into Suzy's bedroom.

Looking up from the magazine she was reading she imperiously told him to fill her cup and as she would require nothing further to take the tray away and to finish cleaning up the kitchen before returning for further instructions.

He did so with the obligatory curtsy, smile and cheerful reply and managed to make his escape before anything else could happen.

It did not take Mel long to clean up the kitchen, but he returned to the master bedroom with slow, hesitant steps, trembling at the mere thought of what further degradation and humiliation could be heaped upon him by his revenge driven mistress. As he entered and dropped his usual curtsy, Suzy surprised him by smiling warmly and telling him to sit at the end of her bed.

Mel hurriedly complied but did not forget to smooth the back of his skirts with his hands before setting his rear daintily on the bed.

As soon as he was settled, Suzy looked at his downcast eyes and his hands folded primly in his lap while his knees were held tightly together.

“Very good, Maggie. You're sitting just like a proper lady instead of the wanton tart you tend to be unless you are strictly supervised. We may salvage something out of this day yet.

“Speaking of the day, I want to give you some idea of the routine you can expect around the house. To begin with you can be sure that you will spend most of your time on duty as my maid and as a result will be wearing your uniforms almost constantly throughout the day. The only exception will be if I decide to let you leave the property for any reason and on Sunday afternoons when you can have a few hours off. At both of those times you will be allowed to wear some of the more casual dresses or skirts that I have left in your closet. At night you will wear nighties or baby dolls. There will be no sleeping in the nude as you might be called to tend me at any time and I will insist that you are appropriately attired in something feminine and frilly.

“Your working day will be broken down into three parts. In the mornings you will wear your pink uniforms and tend to your mistress' needs and do any light housework that I might assign to you.

“After serving me lunch, you will change into a more utilitarian, gray uniform with practical shoes and lingerie so that you can carry out the heavier household chores during the afternoon.

“In the late afternoon about five o'clock you will ask for permission to remove your chastity belt, go to the bathroom and shower before you change into your black taffeta uniform for the late afternoon and evening - assuming of course that you have earned that right. During that time you will prepare and serve me dinner and tend to any other needs I might have.

“Is everything clear so far, dearest? I know you aren't too bright so I'll explain everything again if you don't understand what I have been trying to say even though I have kept it in very simple terms.”

Blushing at her sneering comment, Mel could only nod and state that he understood what she was dictating. In fact he not only understood, but was aghast at what she was saying. He would be so busy changing clothes and scurrying around to carry out her bidding that he would be lucky to have five minutes to himself on any given day except Sunday.

Suzy broke into his thoughts, “If you understand, Maggie, why are you sitting there with such a vacant look? Snap out of it you silly, little doxy and listen to what else I have to say.

“You treated me like dirt for five long years and tried unsuccessfully to break me to your perverted will. Now its my turn and I will not fail to truly remold you! You are a weak, pitiful creature who loves to dress up in woman's clothes. And you know deep down that you are best suited to be a serving wench and whore to a strong, dominant female like myself. Don't try and deny it as I can see through your feeble attempts to pretend it's not true. It will go a lot easier on you if you have the courage to admit it to yourself. But even if you do, I will still punish you severely when its deserved as you are an unworthy bimbo who will have to learn most things the hard way.”

Suzy's words filled Mel with dread as for the most part he felt, deep down, they were indeed true. He did like wearing feminine finery and making serious decisions appeared to be beyond his limited abilities. And in spite of the scorn and humiliation that she showered upon him, he did enjoy in a perverse way the complete control she had over his life.

After all, as she said, he was an unworthy, stupid tart richly deserving of any punishment she deemed fit to inflict upon him.

“Admit it, you are a little prissy sissy who loves to be dressed up and to be ordered around and totally humiliated, aren't you my dear pansy Maggie?”

As he listened to her cutting remarks, Mel blushed and felt his lower lip start to tremble while tears formed in his eyes.

“Yes, yes...it's all true. I'm a useless sissy who loves to be dressed up and humiliated,” he whined. “I admit it. I'm only suitable to be a maid and slut for a dominant woman like yourself. I hate myself for being so weak but I can't help...”

As his voice trailed off into a series of heartbreaking sobs, Suzy threw off the covers and pulled him onto her bosom so that he could cry out his frustrations and self-pity. Finally the soothing influence of her arms around him caused Mel to calm down and he slowly ceased his noisy weeping.

Suzy held him at arms length and smilingly said, "Now we really know who wears the pants around here if only figuratively, Maggie, and it isn't you! We both understand what you are and what you need to be kept under control within your rather limited capabilities. This is getting rather boring but once again your make-up is a real mess so go and get it cleaned up and then report back to me. Move it, girlie."

Mel climbed off the bed as Suzy laughingly gave him a friendly but proprietary pat on his backside.

Taking a moment to give a deep curtsy he minced from the room to carry out his latest order, feeling an almost peaceful acceptance of his new status in life after having divulged his deepest feelings to his mistress.

Watching him go, Suzy exulted in the progress she had made in further reducing him into her subservient servant and sex toy, but knew that he would undoubtedly bounce back to a more aggressive frame of mind if she didn't keep the pressure up.

He was not truly and utterly broken yet, but he would be if she had her way!

Chapter 9

As soon as Mel returned to her bedroom, Suzy ordered him to draw a bubble bath for her and then showed him in some detail how to do so, including testing it for a suitable temperature.

While she slipped into the tub and enjoyed a nice long soak, he then scurried around to carry out her bidding to make the bed and to put her elegant, white silk nightgown and peignoir away properly as she had casually tossed them on the floor while walking to the bathroom.

Emerging from the bath like a regal empress, she commanded him to dry her with one of the large, fleecy blue towels hanging from the racks on the bathroom wall. As she stood still to allow him to carry out this intimate task, he was forced to his nylon clad knees to dry her legs. Kneeling at her feet and looking up at her magnificent body, he felt a flash of lust but it was quickly suppressed by his steel chastity belt.

Leaving him to clean the tub and to put the towels away, Suzy swept into the bedroom to pick out her wardrobe for the day. Laying the clothes on one side of the large bed, she noted with some annoyance that Maggie had not yet finished in the bathroom. Picking up the controller, she sent a shock through him so that he scuttled out as quickly as he could to drop her a curtsy.

"Maggie, you are going to have to pay more attention. Don't be carrying out chores when I'm waiting for you. You can always go back to them once you have served my requirements. I have laid out the clothes that I want to wear today. When you are more fully trained I will expect you to get them out for me but today I will be satisfied if you can learn to help me dress. After all it takes a lot of work to be a good lady's maid and you aren't all that clever to begin with as we both know. But before we get me dressed, I must admit I need an even more intimate service from my little wench and her sluttish tongue. Come over here, now!"

Mel curtsied and approached her rather apprehensively, not knowing what to expect. As he stopped in front of her, Suzy moved so that she was standing behind him.

Taking both of his arms, she pulled them back and then snapped the two chunky silver bracelets together so that his wrists were held securely in place in the small of his back.

Climbing onto the bed, she lay on her back and spread her legs and pointed to her crotch and said, "Come and get a midmorning snack, my little whore. It's low cal so it will be good for your diet and besides I'm extremely horny. Now get down between my legs where you belong and make it fast!"

Mel scrambled to obey, all too aware of the controller still in her hand. It was difficult to move with his arms imprisoned behind him but he managed to climb on top of the bed and shuffle over to her on his knees before letting himself fall face down between her legs. He was soon lustily licking her wet sex while Suzy directed him where to position his tongue, the best way to move it and how much pressure to apply to obtain the best results. His efforts and her overcharged sexual lust soon produced the desired results as she had three strong orgasms in quick succession.

"Stop, Maggie. You may get up. Oh, that was good. With a little more practice you will be a well trained harlot when it comes to satisfying your mistress with that luscious tongue of yours. If I'm not careful, I'll turn into a nymphomaniac, but who cares as you have nothing better to do than to keep me happy. You should be proud to have been allowed to touch me with your tongue instead of having to perform cunnilingus through my panties. Tell me how proud you are, my little tart."

Mel, who had just struggled into a kneeling position, blushed at her unbridled sexual description of his role in her bed but replied with a dutiful smile, "Oh, yes Mistress, it was a great pleasure and honor to be your whore and to be allowed to lick your succulent vagina directly with my unworthy tongue."

"Enough, Maggie! Let's not get carried away with such slatternly talk. Now that you have put me in a relaxed mood we will proceed with dressing me for the day. Let me release you and then you can get my clothes from the other side of the bed and we will proceed with your next lesson."

Mel had to carefully slide off the bed and then walk up to its head before Suzy would reach over and unlock the bracelets. As his hands were released, Mel brought them forward and looked at them closely, but could see no sign of the cleverly concealed locking mechanisms that had automatically retracted when Suzy had released his wrists.

His preoccupied examination of the bracelets was brought to a sudden stop as Suzy angrily slapped his rear.

"Don't stand there with your back to me and your fat, little ass protruding into my face, you slovenly wench. Get on with your duties."

Whirling around quickly so that his skirts flared out, Mel dropped her a deep curtsy and said obsequiously, "Yes, Mistress. Anything you say, Mistress," before he scurried around the bed to pick up her clothes.

As he returned with them, Suzy stood up and commanded him to place the clothing on the bed beside her and to go over to the dresser where he would find a container of

moisturizing lotion. Before he dressed her, he was to bring the container over and massage the lotion into her body.

Once again, Mel was tortured with continuously truncated erections as he smoothed the cream onto every inch of her well endowed feminine form. Kneeling and concentrating on her legs and feet was almost too much to bear, a confusing mix of complete degradation and sensual thrill.

“Enough, Maggie. Put the lotion back and then you can start dressing me.”

As Mel returned to her side, Suzy said, “First, you will place this lovely satin garter belt around me. As with all my clothes, you will ensure that you do not touch me directly anymore than absolutely necessary. After all you are a lowly servant and it will not be your place to lay your hands or tongue on me unless I specifically request you to do so. Is that quite clear, Maggie?”

Dropping a quick curtsy, Mel responded, “Yes, Mistress,” as he picked up the garter belt and carefully clipped it behind her without touching her skin directly with his fingers.

“Very good, girl. Now the stockings. Roll them up as you have been taught and then smooth them up my legs to get any wrinkles out before you attach them to the garter belt tabs. That's it, take your time and get them just right. There is no need to rush. Finish clipping that one and do the same with the other one.

“Good, Maggie. You were a little rough but I'm certain that you will get better with practice. Now my panties, hold them open so I can step into them, one foot at a time and then slide them up my legs, slowly and gently.”

Kneeling at Suzy's feet as he slid her lacy, satin panties up her long, shapely legs made Mel tremble with repressed desire but he knew better than to let his feelings distract him from his assigned task. He breathed a small sigh of relief as he adjusted the panties' waistband around her stomach without having once touched her skin.

“Not bad, girlie. Now my bra and make sure you don't touch my breasts, or I'll reciprocate tenfold!”

Mel gulped as her earlier pummeling of his false breasts had put enough pressure on his nipples to make them throb constantly ever since. He slid the bra straps up her outstretched arms very carefully and as she bent forward to settle her breasts in the garment's cups, he stepped behind her and closed the back clips as she straightened up.

“That was good, Maggie. So good that you deserve an instant reward. Here,” she purred as she triggered the controller and released the pressure on his nipples.

Mel gave a small groan and closed his eyes with relief as the pain dissipated but he was quickly brought back to his senses as she slapped him twice on each breast. Wincing as the clamps were reactivated, he heard her say, “Don't just stand there like bimbo when I do you a favor, Maggie. Instead of focusing on your feelings, what should you be doing?”

Mel instantly dropped her a deep curtsy and cried, “Thank you Mistress,” in a desperate attempt to forestall any further retaliation from Suzy.

Thankfully she accepted his belated appreciation and didn't touch his tits again. He was pathetically grateful as the pressure her quick blows had reapplied was still much less than the bite imposed earlier by the clamps.

The command, "Now get on with my slip, you silly little baggage," had Mel dropping the satin delight over her upraised arms so that it floated down over her body until it settled into place with the lacy hem at mid thigh.

"My dress next, Maggie."

Mel picked up the blue, shirtwaist dress which had small buttons down the front of the bodice and a short, flippy skirt. It quickly followed the slip in drifting down over Suzy's fantastic body so that he could do up the front buttons as well as those at the long sleeved cuffs.

"And finally my shoes, Maggie. You'll find a pair of blue, flats in the closet. Get them and bring them over here so that I can put them on. Yes, that's them. Come over here and kneel at my feet and slide them on. Very good, wench. You did much better than I expected for a first effort. Be assured, it won't be your last!

"Next time I'll get you to help with my jewelry and brush out my hair as well but I think we have taxed your little brain enough for one day. I'll do those things and you finish up in the bathroom. Move!"

Mel curtsied and with his usual, "Yes Mistress," pranced back into the bathroom while Suzy finished her morning toilette at the bedroom dresser. Although he was proud of doing so well with his mistress' dressing, Mel could not help but be annoyed that she didn't think he was capable of doing even more.

Am I really such a bimbo air-head?

As soon as he had finished cleaning the bathroom, Suzy had Mel back into the bedroom to learn the gentle art of hanging her clothes properly and how to carefully fold and put away her lingerie.

"There isn't much here at the moment, Maggie, but rest assured that I will be buying lots of nice things so you have to learn where everything is kept and how to look after it. Take some time to memorize which drawer holds what items as I will expect you to put my clothes away after you wash and iron them. And of course I will want you to know where things are when you dress me for the day."

It felt as if she had him take every item out of the drawers and refold it and put it away again at least a hundred times. When Suzy tired of this, she moved onto the two large closets and demonstrated how to hang her dresses, skirts and blouses as well as the storage of her shoes. Mel soon felt as if he knew the precise location of every article of her wardrobe. Thankfully as she had stated earlier, it wasn't that big, at least not yet.

"All right, Maggie, I think that's enough for now. It's almost lunch time but before you make me a nice sandwich, there is time to learn all about dusting. There is a duster in the kitchen closet. Swish your way down there and bring it back."

Mel quickly complied, not forgetting to curtsy as he left and returned.

Suzy took the duster and showed him exactly how she wanted the bedroom dusted, before setting him to the task under her watchful eye.

After he had finished, she pointed out any mistakes he had made using the collar control to emphasize her displeasure and told him that he would be expected to do the rest of the house tomorrow morning.

Lunch was the same as the previous day with Mel standing attentively by as Suzy ate and then being feed the scraps while she enjoyed a leisurely cup of tea. However, the meal preparation and kitchen clean up were done much more quickly as he grew increasingly accustomed to his new duties.

The first half hour after lunch was spent doing a short review of ladylike deportment but unlike yesterday, Mel had few problems with his curtsying, sitting or walking. The constant practice and the leg manacles were rapidly making his every movement more and more feminine.

Expressing her satisfaction with his progress, Suzy marched Mel back to his bedroom so that she could supervise his changing into the practical afternoon uniform that she had described earlier.

“It has to be utilitarian because you are going to do the heavy housework in the afternoons,” she reminded him. “Strip everything off and put it neatly away or in the laundry basket and place your wig on its form.”

Mel rushed to comply, after she allowed him to remove the leg manacles, so that he was soon standing almost completely nude with only his steel chastity belt and little stud earrings still in place. Suzy took a knee-length, gray cotton twill dress from the closet and placed it on the bed before she told him that he should open the bottom drawer of the dresser to get out his accompanying lingerie.

“As you are going to be working so hard in the afternoons, I have bought you some special underwear to fit in with your plain uniform. I know you won't find it as exciting to wear as your usual frilly, sexy lingerie but it will be a good reminder that hard work is required from you. And as you will need to wash it on a daily basis by the time I'm finished with you, it needs to be strong and practical. Now girl, get these panties on first!”

Mel took a pair of plain, white, cotton panties from the drawer and pulled them quickly into place. Next was a basic, white cotton, long line bra which gave him some trouble as he fumbled with the half dozen clips at the back after he carefully placed the straps over his shoulders and bent over to ease his breasts into the cups. In spite of his care, he still managed to disturb his boobs enough that the nipple clamps increased their unrelenting pressure even more, so it was with a small sigh of happiness that he felt the unfamiliar garment snug everything into place as he did up the last clip.

The next foundation garment was a sturdy girdle made of white cotton and spandex. It covered his body from waist to mid thigh and laced tightly up the front so that its heavy, elastic material pulled his stomach in and his upper thighs together. To this torturous device he clipped the practical, gray, cotton and nylon elastic support stockings that Suzy handed him.

His slip was in keeping with the rest of his undergarments as it was made of white, starched cotton and its only decoration was a skimpy bit of lace at the hem and bodice.

Once it was in place, he slipped on the gray dress that had been pre-positioned on the bed. Maintaining the utilitarian theme it was simple and plain with only a little white lace at the cuffs and neckline to signal his menial servant status. The cotton bib apron was also unadorned with only a small ruffle around its hem and along the shoulder straps but its heavily starched surface gleamed with a pristine whiteness.

Finally there was the Oxford style black, lace-up shoes with chunky three inch heels and rounded toes to complete his so very practical looking maid's uniform. They were not particularly attractive but Mel appreciated the fact that they were considerably more comfortable than his usual high heels.

If only he could say the same for the bra and girdle which were already starting to feel tight and constrictive even though he had not yet started his afternoon chores. Trust Suzy to make it look as if he was dressed in a sexless, plain manner and still find a way to inflict considerable discomfort on him as a constant reminder of his new station in the household.

“Stop daydreaming, Maggie. You are almost ready to commence your duties so let's finish off. You don't need your wig, but even though your hair is short I will insist that you wear this white cotton snood style hair net and your perky little maid's cap. As your hair gets longer we will color it blonde and give it a more appropriate feminine style, but for now you will just have to go around looking rather butch with your short, brown tresses. Here have a look in the mirror and see what you think.”

Mel gazed at his reflection and was appalled to see such a plain creature staring back at him. Except for his make-up, everything was so practical and sexless. He hated to admit it but he missed the sensual feel of the satin or nylon lingerie that he had been wearing earlier. And his short hair held by the white cotton snood made him look like a caricature of some butch lesbian trying to look as masculine as possible. Or, a rather plain scullery girl wearing garish make-up...

A hard smack on his painfully girdled bottom brought Mel back from his gloomy thoughts. “Come on girl, stop admiring your new look and get the dirty clothes from here and my bedroom and take them down to the laundry room where you are going to learn your next essential lesson in housekeeping. But before you go, replace your leg manacles and be quick about it.”

“Yes Mistress,” Mel dutifully replied with a simpering smile and a rather stiff curtsy as the rigid girdle refused to let him move with any ease at all.

Chapter 10

In the laundry room, Mel was introduced to the joys of the proper washing and drying of a woman's intimate clothing. Although some could be placed in the machine, the majority of the dainty lingerie had to be washed by hand. Wearing rubber gloves, he was soon elbow deep in suds as he washed and rinsed item after lacy item under the watchful eye of Suzy who had brought her riding crop along to ensure his complete

attention. After gently rolling the garments in an old towel to absorb the excess moisture, Mel put them in a laundry basket and at Suzy's direction went upstairs and out the back door to hang the lingerie on the clothes line. It was a glorious, sunny day with a slight breeze and it felt good to be outside after being confined in the house for so long. As much as he enjoyed the opportunity to breath in some fresh air and to feel the wind playfully tug at his skirts, Mel was extremely thankful for the privacy that the five acre lot afforded him as he went about his chore of hanging up the clothes.

It would have been mortifying beyond belief for anyone to see him in his present attire and carrying out his maidly duties. He felt particularly naked without his wig's long, blonde tresses.

Once he had completed hanging up the laundry, Suzy had Mel on his hands and knees for the rest of the afternoon as he was taught how to thoroughly clean the bathrooms and to scrub the kitchen floor. A meticulous supervisor, she was quick to point out any fault by first gaining his attention with a sharp swat across his buttocks with the riding crop. For the first time, Mel found a reason to be grateful for the heavy girdle as it protected his buns from much of the viciousness of the blows. If only it wasn't so tight and uncomfortable, particularly when he was bent over scrubbing while down on his knees!

Finally as the afternoon started to wan, Mel was sent out to retrieve the clothing from the line and then taken to the laundry room and shown how to fold it neatly so that it could be ironed and put away the following day. By this time, he was hot and tired and his once pristine apron looked like it had been the target of a bucket of filthy water.

"Maggie, you are a disgusting sight. But then, that's why you are wearing your practical uniform for the heavier housework. There are only three sets so tomorrow you will have to make sure that you get this one properly washed and ironed. I will show you how to do that in addition to some other new duties so it will be another



busy day. Now get your chubby ass upstairs so that you can strip down and do your normal afternoon toilette.”

“Yes, Mistress, right away Mistress,” Mel replied with a tired curtsy before scuttling off to his bedroom to thankfully carry out this last order.

Once he had stripped down and gone into the bathroom, Suzy supervised the removal and cleaning of his steel chastity belt.

“This will be the last time I will be here to watch you carry out this disgusting function. From now on I will retract the anal tube arms before you come in here and will reset them once you report back to me. I can remotely monitor if you change the battery so make sure you remember to do so. I will not unlock the penis tube as we wouldn't want you playing with yourself, little tart that you are. There is no need to do so anyway unless I want to make use of your love toy for my own pleasure! Now get your sorry butt in the shower and when you are finished you will put on your beautiful chastity belt yourself. After all you are getting to be a big girl now and should be able to do these things without my help.”

Freshly showered with his old make-up cleansed away and his body soothed by a new application of perfumed cream, Mel gingerly replaced both portions of his steel chastity belt and a giggling Suzy reactivated the tube's arms.

“There you go, Maggie. You can do all this without any further supervision from me. I will now show you what to wear for your evening duties and then you will be fully conversant with what to wear on a daily basis and how to carry out your feminine toilettes. Any errors or omissions will be severely punished. Do you understand, you silly, little hussy?”

Although he felt ridiculous trying to curtsy with no clothes on, Mel was still quick to do so with his usual simpering smile and, “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good, get into your bedroom and put on the clothes I have placed on the bed. I'm hungry and will expect dinner sooner rather than later. Move it, missy!”

As promised, the maid's uniform was black taffeta and its accompanying lingerie consisted of white, thick silky satin encrusted with lavish lace of the same color. Mel almost panted with delight as the panties slid into place around his crotch. Unfortunately, the white, lacy but well boned corset was not as enjoyable. After sliding his arms through the straps and settling his breasts gently into the cups, he had to endure the suffocating feel of the foundation garment being relentlessly tightened as Suzy pulled the back laces ever tighter. His nipples, already suffering from the effects of being touched or hit all day, especially as he showered, screamed for release as the pressure continued to build up from the manhandling required to encase him in the corset. Finally, it was in place and he felt as if he was encircled by a series of iron bands from his breasts to several inches below the top of his thighs. The only way he could breathe was by taking little panting gasps that made his bosom heave in a girlish way. As for his thighs, they were pressed together so tightly that he knew he would only be able to walk by swaying his hips in a mincing side to side motion. This was even worse than the heavy girdle he had endured all afternoon!

Sheer, black stockings were next, although he had great difficulty in bending over far enough to roll them up his smooth, hairless legs. However, they attached easily to the six garter tabs that hung down from the thigh hugging hem of the corset. A lovely slip and the taffeta dress, which ended several inches above the knee, soon slid in succession down over his corsetted body as he delighted in the sounds and sensations that they imparted to his growing sense of feminine daintiness. The black leather high heels that he had worn yesterday were his foot wear and he found that his long crimson nails still gave him problems with the ankle strap buckles. He was slowly getting used to working with his feminized fingers, but any task that required him to manipulate small objects remained a difficult challenge. The obligatory pristine, starched, white bib apron was tied tightly into place, followed by his blonde wig and little maid's cap. Mel truly felt grateful to have his long tresses once again in place as he felt much less convincing in his feminine servant role without them.

“Now put on this darling little watch and charm bracelet. And don't forget to put on your ankle bracelet. Oh, I can hardly wait until we can give you some nice, long, dangle earrings to wear. You'll look so cute in them. Your make-up next and let's see some bright red blush and dark blue shadow to make everything more dramatic. We've done your perfume already so just some lip gloss to give you those shiny, plump lips that the men adore and we will be all finished.

“It's too bad that you are so fat, Maggie. Once you have lost some weight I'm going to put you into a sexy little French maid's uniform with short petticoats, frilly panties and a garter belt rather than a corset. You'll look divine as you bend over and show everybody what you're wearing underneath your dress. I think we'll do just that when Wilma and Barb come over for dinner in a couple of weeks. Won't that be fun?”

Although his heart sank on hearing of her plans to have friends over for dinner and to use him as the main entertainment while dressed as a frilly, little French maid, Mel knew better than to let her see his true feelings. Pasting his dutiful smile in place, he curtsied and cooed, “Yes, Mistress. It will be a pleasure to be of service to you and your friends.”

“All right, enough of this small talk, girl. Down to the kitchen with you and I'll show you how to make dinner. God, I'll be glad to have you properly trained so that I don't have to teach you how to do every last thing. Don't bother putting on the leg manacles. The corset is tight enough to restrict your stride and besides I'm so hungry I can't wait any longer. So move out and rotate those sexy hips as you walk, bitch!”

After serving Suzy an after dinner glass of white wine in the family room so that she could watch television, Mel was sent back to clean up the kitchen and to eat the dinner scraps that Suzy had left for him.

Then as instructed he went to the master bedroom, turned down the bed and laid out a pair of blue silk pajamas and matching robe for his mistress. Once he completed these simple chores, he followed his last order which was to stand at the foot of the bed and wait for Suzy to arrive. It seemed like an eternity and his feet were almost as sore as his nipples from the lengthy standing in place but she eventually swept through the door.

As he curtsied deeply, she snapped, “Undress me, Maggie and be quick about it.”

Seeing the riding crop that she was carrying, Mel knew that he would have to be as careful in undressing her as he had been in dressing her this morning. She pulled off her jewelry and handed it to him so it could be put away. Then, sinking to his nyloned knees, he removed her blue flats before standing to disrobe her of her dress, slip, bra, panties, stockings and garter belt.

After helping her into the silk pajamas and robe, he scuttled around putting her clothes away or in the laundry hamper as she used the bathroom for her evening toilette.

Chapter 11

“All right you little whore, I want you lying on your back with your legs spread before I can count to three,” Suzy barked as she strode back into the bedroom.

Mel yelped with pain as she gave his rear a quick slash with the riding crop to send him scurrying to carry out her command. In a flurry of lace, he jumped on the bed and rolled on his back while spreading his legs as wide as he could so that his skirts slid up past mid-thigh exposing much of his nyloned legs to view.

“An appropriately sluttish position for you, Maggie. Now put your hands above your head and close your eyes until I tell you to open them.”

Mel quickly complied and dared only to gulp nervously as he felt her tie his wrists with leather straps to the bed's headboard posts and his ankles to those at the footboard so that he was spread-eagled in a most vulnerable position.

“A most appetizing sight you make, Maggie. A true tart ready and willing to look after her mistress' every desire. It does my heart good to see a male chauvinistic swine reduced to his true position in life. Now let's see if you are as good at taking it as you were at dishing it out. Open your eyes.”

Mel blinked his eyes open as Suzy slowly climbed onto the bed and threw her leg over his stomach so that she knelt astride him. Smiling maliciously, she reached out and stroked his pseudo breasts causing him to groan softly as the nipple clamps began to increase their pressure.

“Stop your whining, girl. The fun is only beginning,” Suzy said as she slid forward so that she was actually sitting on top of his boobs with her crotch area close to his face. As she came down on his tits, Mel thought he would faint from the agony of the initial pressure but it quickly passed once her weight had been absorbed by his twin mounds.

Suzy fumbled with her robe and pajama bottoms and much to Mel's consternation pulled out a fully erect realistic penis, bobbing eagerly in her hand barely inches from his face! Stroking its fully engorged, throbbing shaft and the heavy ball laden scrotum, she sneered tauntingly, “You were always having me suck you off like a little bitch in heat so now you can return the favor. Limber up those lips, you stupid harlot.”

Mel shuddered in disgust, but couldn't take his eyes off the all too realistic looking cock that was threatening to batter its way into his mouth. The large red head was so

close that he could clearly see its meatus which appeared to have a drop of blue white creamy liquid oozing from it.

As he lay frozen, unable to respond to her last command, Suzy slapped him across the face snarling, "When I tell you to do something, you had better do it, Maggie. If you don't, it's the punishment room! I know you day dream about sucking on a nice big juicy cock because you have told me so. Don't be ashamed of something so natural, after all every hot blooded girl likes to do it. Now get on with it!"

In spite of his intense embarrassment, Mel felt his lips and mouth open to accept the head of the penis. The rubbery dong slid in further and further, nearly gagging him as its damp bulbous mass pressed against his uvula, only to be thrust past it still deeper.

Suzy began to move her hips back and forth while whispering, "I can feel every move of your tongue and plump lips, bitch, make me cum with your sissy cock sucking mouth."

Mel desperately moved his mouth back and forth as Suzy started to bounce up and down in near ecstasy. He didn't know how much more agony his nipples could take as her movements pummeled his breasts. His only hope was to make her orgasm as quickly as possible so he licked and sucked the cock with complete sluttish abandon. Even through the mounting pain, he was acutely aware of the feminine role he was being forced to submit to and the effect it was having on his increasing sense of femaleness.

Finally, Suzy orgasmed as she thrust her cock down his throat screaming, "Aaaaah, I love fucking your pretty, little mouth you slut. Oooooohh!" Her hand squeezed her scrotum and her penis throbbed its cum into his throat in gushing spurts of warm, sticky fluid.

Fearing her anger if he spilt even a drop, he dealt with the deluge by holding it in his swelling cheeks until he could dutifully swallow it all.

Watching the tears of humiliation and pain slide down his rouged cheeks, she grinned viciously and patted his face as she pulled the still hard prick from his mouth before rolling off him. Lying beside him, she dropped a casual hand on one of his breasts and demanded, "Did you enjoy the taste of that cum, Maggie? You'll be so happy to hear that it's a special concoction that I made specially for your eating pleasure. It consists of equal portions of powdered milk, egg white and your very own refrigerated cum that you pumped into my mouth or vagina over the last year. I took particular delight in retrieving the last ingredient once out of your sight and freezing it until it was required for the tasty mixture you have just enjoyed. I'm sure that you will be thrilled to hear that there is a lot left for the numerous future sexual adventures I have planned for us. But why am I telling you all this as I'm sure that you were so turned on that your panties are damp aren't they, Maggie?"

Feeling her hand tighten on his breast and reeling in shock from her description of the bounty he had just gulped down, Mel blubbered, "Y..Yes, M.. Mistress, I enjoyed sucking your lovely s..sweet c..cock so much that my p..panties are wet."

“What a whore you are, Maggie. But what can we expect from a dim little baggage like yourself. Well, you'll be glad to hear that we aren't finished for the evening yet!” Pushing herself off the bed, Suzy retreated to the bathroom to remove her pajama bottom and the double dildo while Mel was left tied to the bed to await his fate. Smiling happily to herself, she contemplated her next move in what was becoming a deeply entertaining evening, at least for her. Maybe it was time to allow Maggie a little break and see how she responded. Yes, that would be a good idea but certain precautions would have to be taken. Chuckling quietly at her thoughts, she returned to the bedroom to look with delight at her captive servant girl. “Maggie, you have been a good, little whore so I'm going to let you have some sexual relief, but you had better understand that it will be on my terms. Got it?”

Still trembling from the humiliation of being forced to suck her large, plastic cock and to gulp down its odious load, Mel simpered, “Y..Yes, Mistress,” in the pathetic hope that she was finally going to stop tormenting him.

Suzy quickly loosened his restraints and told him to stand up so that he could hold his skirts up around his waist. Once he had done so, she pulled his satin panties down as far as she could without removing his corset or stockings. Then bending down behind him, she unlocked the steel tube imprisoning his penis and balls and pushed them forward between his legs. Freed from its confines, his cock jutted proudly from his body, standing erect in rock hard splendor, swollen to unprecedented proportions by its delicious freedom and the excitement of the evenings proceedings. Grabbing him firmly by his shaft, Suzy jumped on the bed and positioning herself underneath him, eagerly guided his throbbing member into her.

Mel felt himself going faint with the ecstasy of finally being able to release some of his pent up sexual energy which had been accumulating over the last two or three days of Suzy's domination. As much as he hated to admit it, he was really turned on by the feel of the feminine clothing, much of the humiliation and even some of the pain. Soon, he was pumping away in a state of almost animal like lust!

“Stop, Maggie. I want to get on top now,” Suzy demanded but Mel no longer was in control of his body and continued to thrust back and forth into her body with unabated desire. “Stop you little bitch, I demand you stop immediately,” she screamed loudly.

It was too late. Mel was beyond hearing her commands let alone understanding them. His whole body shook as he ejaculated into her warm, receptive pussy. His orgasm seemed to last forever as he shoot copious amounts of sperm into her while gripping her body firmly in a tight hug that kept her arms pinned to the side of her torso. Only when he finally finished climaxing did he relax with a shuddering sigh and roll off her ominously still body.

Suzy, who had barely got into the first stages of her own orgasm before Mel had lost control and flooded her with his love juices, was furious. Reaching over, she yanked hard on the chain that still hung from his anus. “You stupid whore, you are supposed to do as you are told! Who do you think you are? You are going to pay big time for those few minutes of self-indulgence, Missy,” she snarled vehemently.

Writhing in pain as she pulled on the chain, Mel wisely kept silent as she gave him a blistering tongue lashing and quickly dove between her legs and lapped her vagina at her cryptic command to give her pleasure and to clean up every drop of his filthy semen in the process. His head firmly held between her strong, supple thighs he tongued her lavishly while lapping up the warm, sticky seminal liquids he had so enjoyed depositing into her a few minutes earlier.

Sated by her multiple orgasms from Mel's increasingly skilled tongue, Suzy pushed him away, but knew that she could not let his act of disgraceful insubordination go without further, more dire punishment.

"That's a start, girlie, but I'm not finished with you yet. Lie face down on the bed and make it quick!"

Mel scrambled to obey, all too aware of the fact that he had badly overstepped the acceptable bounds of his new station in life by not making sure that he subserviently followed every wish of his mistress. Suzy took his arms and once again tied his wrists to the posts at the head of the bed.

"Now keep your head down, but get on your knees so that your fat butt is up in the air where it belongs, you little slut." Once he had assumed this submissive position, Suzy pushed his legs apart and lifted up the skirts of his dress and slip so that she could unclip his stockings at the back which allowed her to roll his corset up higher on his buttocks and to pull his panties down even further. Running her hands up his inner thighs, she pushed the appropriate controller button and pulled out his anal plug. "Now keep that adorable position of worship to your mistress, Maggie and I'll be right back."

Daintily holding the complete steel chastity belt at arms length she deposited it in the bathroom while retrieving the double dildo. Picking up a tube of cream, she returned to the bedroom and knelt between Mel's spread legs to spread a generous portion of the cream into his rectum.

Silent tears of humiliated outrage trickled slowly down Mel's face as he felt Suzy's hands gently caressing the back of his thighs and his fanny. He knew what she intended to do and the very thought was almost too much to bear. Bracing himself for the worst, he was surprised to feel her kissing his rear end and then her tongue poking around and into his anus. In spite of his best intentions, his penis began to respond to the stimulation this newly discovered erogenous spot was receiving.

"Does that feel good my little whore? This strawberry flavored warming sex cream is making your virgin pussy more than delicious to eat. I know that I'll want to do this again so you make sure that you keep it free of hair and douche it every day like the lovely little tart you know that you are," purred Suzy.

Spurred on by the erotic sensations of her nimble fingers and tongue as well as her words, Mel could only gasp and cry in ecstasy as his cock sprang to full attention although it had received no direct stimulation.

"Your little pussy is just so sweet, Maggie, but it won't remain virgin for long as I think its time to fill it up for you," Suzy rasped as she placed the glans of the plastic prick against his puckered opening. She slowly slide the length of the shaft into him

with one hand while the other slipped around to his groin and softly stroked his erect penis.

Absolutely mortified by his utter helplessness as she ravished his anus, Mel could only kneel submissively as he felt the manly rod enter his portal and slide inch by inch into the depths of his body. Its passage caused pain but nothing compared to his feeling of shame as his own penis continued to swell as he surrendered to the female joy of being penetrated by such a masculine organ.

Suzy began to rock back and forth, moving the dildo slowly in and out of his anus. She was fucking him as he had so often fucked her and the sensation of rightful revenge brought a satisfied smile to her face as she knelt behind him sodomizing him in ever quicker thrusts as the pressure of the double dildo brought her increasing gratification.

Mel began to feel a growing sensation of being completely womanized as the pain faded and his body continued to respond to the friction of Suzy's assault on his virgin passage. Even though she now had both of her hands firmly holding his hips in place, his cock still throbbed to the joy of this new passion of being screwed like a woman. He no longer resisted and instead pushed up to meet her thrusts.

Suzy screamed out in ultimate satisfaction as she orgasmed again and again while Mel simultaneously bleated out his pleasure as his untouched organ responded to his own feminized delight by spurting out his seed onto the bed cover. Sighing with satisfaction, Suzy abruptly withdrew the plastic cock from him as she enjoyed the after effects of the most stimulating orgasm she had ever experienced.

Mel whimpered with a mixture of joy and fear as he came down from his own male soul shattering thrill. It had been so good and he felt as if his very psyche had been touched but it bothered him that he had surrendered so easily to the joys of womanhood and his strong feeling of complete fulfillment was terribly unsettling to his rapidly diminishing sense of maleness.

Giving his bare bottom a hard but not unfriendly smack, Suzy rolled off the bed and untied Mel's hands so that he could climb off the bed. "Now before we go into the bathroom to clean up, Maggie, I notice that you have made a real mess on the bed. Get back on there and lick it up before it stains the covers, you stupid little trollop!"

Mel scurried to obey and for the second time that night found himself lapping up his own bounty. Fortunately, he found the taste quite appealing, or was it that he was just so hungry that anything tasted good?

"Enough of that you lusty doxy. Get into the bathroom so I can show you what young ladies do to keep themselves nice and clean for their superiors," Suzy commanded.

Once in the bathroom Mel was shown how to use a feminine douche kit. Sitting on the toilet, he felt another wave of shame as the small plastic nozzle penetrated his battered rear passage to release its cleansing fluid. As soon as he had finished, Suzy had him clean and replace his steel chastity belt but did not allow him to reconnect his stockings to the back garters or to pull up his panties. Instead she unzipped his dress and jerking the slip up and out of the way unfastened his corset ties.

Handing him the douche kit, she said, "Take this with you and keep it in your bathroom. I will expect you to use it daily to keep your sweet little pussy clean and ready for me. Now get your pathetic body out of here, Maggie. I've had enough of you for one day so get back to your own pitiful bed and unless I call for you sooner I don't want to see you until you serve me breakfast in bed tomorrow morning. Move, slut!"

Mortified at her casual dismissal, Mel could only give a deep curtsy and still clutching his newly acquired kit, scuttle back to his bedroom in his half undressed state. One glance in his vanity mirror was enough to cause him to cry out in distress as he took in his streaked make-up, tangled hair and disheveled clothing. Collapsing on his stool, he stared in the mirror and couldn't help think that he was exactly what he looked like, a poor servant wench who had just been raped and then thrown out of the master's bedroom. Tears slowly fell down his cheeks as he examined his reflected image in pitiful detail. Was it only a week since he had been reduced to his present lowly position? How was he going to cope with this nightmare ordeal which threatened to go on for ever?

Even as his dark and disturbing thoughts threatened to engulf him, he could not help but also think of the joys he was deriving from his new status in his mistress' household. The naughty thrill of wearing feminine clothing, the freedom of having somebody else make all the decisions, the delicious feeling of humiliation in surrendering to his mistress' every desire. No, in all truthfulness, he could not say that he was completely thrown into despair by everything that had happened since his enslavement had began. And if that meant that other people would consider him an effeminate sissy, then let them think their worst!

Taking a deep breath, Mel decided to make the best of the situation and to take everything a day at a time. He had made it through his first week without serious injury unless you counted his male pride. Surely it would get better as he became more skillful in his maidly duties.

Humming quietly to himself, Mel finished taking off his clothes and put them away or folded them up in the laundry basket just as Suzy had shown him. Then he placed his wig on the form before brushing it out and finally he took out his pink lingerie and uniform and carefully laid it out for the next morning.

In the bathroom, he carried out his evening toilette including the removal of his ruined make-up before returning to his bedroom and slipping on a lovely, lace encrusted, ankle-length, pink silk nightgown. Luxuriating in its sleek, sensual caress against his smooth skin, he set the alarm and slid into his small bed. It had been another busy day and Mel hardly felt his throbbing nipples and sore rear.

Snuggling down under his warm covers, sleep swept over him as he thought of how he could make Suzy proud of him in the coming weeks even though he was only an undeserving little slut who didn't really deserve her loving attention.

Chapter 12

Mel scurried around cleaning the house for the dinner party that was to be held tonight. Suzy had told him yesterday that her two friends, Wilma and Barb would be coming over for the evening to enjoy a lovely meal as she had mentioned earlier. And

as promised he was to be attired in a scrumptious French maid's uniform which would allow the ladies to see the new him at his scanty best.

For the last two weeks, Mel had adjusted to his new role as Suzy's feminized servant but the fears and delights of having to perform for someone else tonight made him nervous and overcome by shame. He was well aware that each day he had become more effeminate in his every movement and action as the daily routine forced him to adapt to his status of lowly maid. He had rapidly become a simpering, dutiful model of womanhood to avoid the cruel punishments that Suzy was quick to inflict upon him if he strayed from the stringent guidelines that she had set out for her submissive maid.

Even worse, he had developed a strong passion for the ultra feminine clothing that he was forced to wear, not to mention a growing sense of pride in his new found skills. The constant caressing of lingerie against his skin combined with his pleasure of being dominated by Suzy made him all too eager to please her as a little whore in bed and as an ever improving servant wench throughout the rest of the house. With a sigh for his lost manhood, he finished the vacuuming and reported to Suzy to inform her that he had completed all the heavy household work for the afternoon.

Taking in his work and sweat stained gray uniform she commented, “ So it would appear, Maggie. I want you to shower and get ready to change into your cute little uniform for tonight. As it's new and you have never worn it before, come to my bedroom and I will supervise your dressing for the evening. While you are here let me release the arms on your chastity belt so you can carry out a complete toilette. Make sure that you shave your body, particularly your legs. And don't forget to redo your nail polish. There you go, get on with it and report back to me as soon as possible, girl!”

Mel dropped a deep curtsy and swished off to his bedroom to remove his dirty uniform and lingerie before enjoying a hot shower and completing his toilette in the bathroom. Once he was clean inside and out and had applied fresh body lotion, make-up, perfume and his long blonde wig, he hurriedly reported to Suzy in the master bedroom.

“Come in Maggie, I have everything laid out and I'm really looking forward to seeing you all dressed up in this lovely French maid's uniform. But before we do that I have another surprise for you. I know you have been looking after the studs in your ears by turning them regularly so its time to remove them and to replace them with a pair of nice dangly silver earrings. Hurry up and take the studs out, girlie!”

As soon as Mel had removed the studs, Suzy held out a pair of shiny silver hoop earrings that were so large that they brushed his shoulders once he had them inserted in his pierced ears.

Suzy clapped her hands in delight at the sight of her feminized servant standing naked in front of her while held well in check by his chastity belt and sporting a dangling pair of earrings that she used to wear to please the tastes of her late unlamented master. “Oh, you look so cute, Maggie, but you'll look even better when we get this fantastic little uniform on you. Now put on this garter belt.”

Without hesitation, Mel took the white satin garter belt and secured it around his waist before slowly and sensually rolling a pair of black, seamed, silk stockings up his freshly shaven legs. As he clipped the stockings to the garter belt's tabs he luxuriated in the feeling of the silk on his soft, slender legs. A sensation which caused his penis to throb unashamedly but impotently in its steel prison. As he finished this task, Suzy wordlessly handed him a soft, ruffled pair of white silk panties. He daintily slipped his feet into them and pulled them up his smooth legs until they rested snugly about his flat crotch.

Nodding her approval, Suzy patted the ruffles covering his rear and said, "I'm sure that they feel lovely and being the slut that you are, I'm also sure that they will be even lovelier to watch as you expose them to our guests tonight. Won't you my little whore?"

Blushing, Mel dropped a curtsy and dutifully replied, "Yes Mistress."

Ignoring his submissive acquiescence, Suzy handed him a white satin bra adorned with extensive lace and watched as he slid the shoulder straps into place and lowered his breasts into the lined cups before expertly clipping the back hooks snugly into place. As always, Mel gave an appreciative sigh of relief once his tits were firmly held in place. "You've lost a lot of weight but you are still too thick through the waist, Maggie. Hold this waist cinch in place and I'll tighten up the laces at the back."

Mel held the lacy, white satin, but well boned, foundation garment around his stomach and suffered through the relentless tightening of the garment by his unforgiving mistress. Slowly inch by inch his abdomen was pulled in until Suzy had pulled the laces as tightly as they could possibly go.

With a grunt of satisfaction, she tied them off in a bow before standing back to enjoy the totally feminine, hourglass figure that her efforts had endowed upon her sissy maid. "Now for your petticoats, girl. I know you are going to enjoy wearing these little beauties!"

Following her instructions, Mel stepped into a full, lacy white petticoat and adjusted its frilly hem inches above the bottom of his silk ruffled panties. He then slipped a second satin petticoat over his head and fluffed it over the first so that its hem hung just a little lower than the first. And before it finished bouncing up and down, he was placing a third one in a similar manner so that he was surrounded in a flurry of lace.

"Let me see you spin around, Maggie," Suzy commanded.

Feeling foolish but too timid to resist, Mel spun around and twirled the petticoats out in a cascade of pretty lace. His mortification was intensified by the fact that he knew that his panties were also fully exposed by this effeminate maneuver.

"All right, enough of your silly, girlish flirting, Maggie. Stand still and put on your dress."

Stung by the unfairness of her comments, Mel quickly took the black, satin dress and dropping it over his head, smoothed out the short, fully flared skirt before pulling up the back zipper.

Suzy then adjusted the white lace trim around the low cut neckline and the short hem before fluffing his petticoats so that the dress sat evenly upon them as if it was floating on a pool of frothy lace. "It looks very pretty, Maggie. Now pull down your sleeves and adjust the lace at your wrists. There, that should do it. Here, put your cap and apron on."

Mel took the little, white lace maid's cap and attached it to his own short golden curled tresses and then picked up the beautiful white, lacy apron with the heart shaped bib top and extremely long apron strings. Throwing the lace apron straps over his shoulders, he crossed them in the back and buttoned them to the apron strings around his waist. As he did so, Suzy stepped forward and adjusted the bib top so that it sat just below the lace trim of his low cut neckline and then turned him around and tied his apron strings into a large bow.

Handing him the two silver bracelets that Mel knew could be used to secure his wrists at her desire, Suzy commanded him to place them on each arm. Then a silver ankle bracelet was placed on his right leg, but thankfully there was no manacles. He had not worn them for almost a week as his mincing female steps had become automatic but he would not have put it past her to make him wear them this evening as a further humiliating torment. Finally, she handed him a pair of four inch high black leather pumps with ankle straps and told him to put them on before he went to the closet door and looked in the full length mirror.

Scrambling to comply, Mel swished over and stood memorized at the image that was reflected back to him. He involuntarily shivered as his lower lip quivered in shame and tears of humiliation threatened to spill from the corners of his eyes. He looked like an absolute sissy with a totally frilly, fluffy and lacy outfit that did nothing to hide his blatant, sensual femininity. The low neckline enhanced his cleavage by presenting the tops of his breasts for all to see and the short skirts of his dress and petticoats exposed his long, slender legs to the top of his silk stockings. He knew with dreadful certainty that the slightest movement would reveal his garter straps and the bottom of his ruffled panties.

Suzy stood behind him and wantonly ran her hands over his pantied rear and silk clad thighs before sliding them up and around to cup his semi-exposed breasts.

"Don't you look lovely my little girl slave? With your newly curled blond curls you are the perfect image of a bimbo. Such a slut to flaunt your sexy body before our guests. What will they think? It's obvious that you will get screwed tonight, but then a whore like you would want that, isn't that so Maggie?"

Enjoying the gentle caresses of his mistress, Mel gave a simpering smile and replied with a breathless whisper, "Oh yes, Mistress, it will be an honor to be a subservient little tart catering to the pleasure of you and your friends."

Smiling in anticipation, Suzy smacked his plump buns and ordered him to get to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal for three. Replying with a nervous giggle, Mel curtsied and swished off to complete the final preparations for dinner. Much of the work had been completed earlier under the watchful eye of his mistress, but there was still a myriad of things to be done.

Humming a tune quietly to himself, he worked quickly but efficiently in the kitchen while Suzy dressed for the evening activities. Even though he was concentrating on his chores, he could not help but think with some apprehension, mixed with a good dose of anticipation, about the rapidly approaching dinner party.

One side of him felt terribly upset by the thought of people other than Suzy seeing him in his present lowly, feminized state but another side, one which was growing stronger every day, looked forward to the mixture of humiliation, pain and sexual ecstasy which undoubtedly was going to be his fate for the night.

Mel's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the doorbell and Suzy's command to answer it.

Removing his pink rubber gloves, Mel scurried to the door, all too aware that he would be judged harshly if he did not comply rapidly and completely.

Opening the door, he saw two woman waiting to enter. Woman he did not recognize, but whom he took to be Wilma and Barb as their heavily made-up faces lit up with anticipation and they giggled eagerly as they took in his frilly appearance.

Curtsying deeply, he asked them to enter before closing the door and asking for their coats.

"Well aren't you the cutest little thing! What's your name, girl," demanded the taller of the woman.

"M..Ma..Maggie, miss," Mel stuttered as softly as he could. Although he knew that they had helped to transform him into his present abject state, he still cringed in unreasonable fear that his voice would give him away.

"That will be Miss Wilma to you, wench. And this is Miss Barbara. Now take our coats and be quick about it!"

Docilely curtsying once again, Mel took their coats and put them in the hall closet. As he turned around to escort them to the living room, he was shocked to see that both woman were wearing short black leather dresses and long black leather boots that ended just above their knees. With a growing sense of dread he led them to the living room to see that Suzy was clad in a similar outfit with her face also heavily made-up as a hard bitch mistress.

Noticing the riding crop she held in her right hand, he quickly dropped into a deep and particularly submissive curtsy to announce, "Miss Wilma and Miss Barbara to see you, Mistress."

Ignoring her apprehensive maid slave, Suzy hugged each of her friends and handed both of them a riding crop so that all three woman now held one. Accepting their congratulations on her fine job of creating such a delightfully sissy servant, she smirked at Mel and commanded, "Down on your knees, bitch!"

Gulping in nervous anticipation, he dropped obediently onto his nylon clad knees and waited in servile silence for the next order. Nor was it long in coming.

"Crawl over her and kiss my boots, slut!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Mel did exactly as he was told as his cheeks flamed with the embarrassment caused by their comments as he slavishly lapped Suzy's boots.

"Isn't she just darling. Its obvious that she is a silly, little bimbo who only has one thing on her mind. What a whore!"

"Look at her ruffled panties. And her boobs half hanging out! It's obvious what she wants this evening."

Suzy basked in the compliments of her friends and then snapped, "Enough, Maggie. Now do it for Miss Wilma and Miss Barbara so that they can see what a feeble, little baggage you really are."

Once again, Mel responded without a murmur of protest and kissed both of Miss Wilma's boots before a quick swat of Suzy's riding crop on his protruding, panty covered ass had him scuttling over to do the same for Miss Barbara.

"Stop groveling around you little harlot. Get your fat buns into gear and get us some drinks," Suzy snarled as she slashed the riding crop against his upturned buttocks for the second time.

Jumping to his feet, Mel curtsied obsequiously and trilled, "Yes, Mistress, what ever you say Mistress," as he beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen. As he swished away he heard Barb exclaim,

"Oh Suzy, you have her so well trained as a little sissy servant girl. I'm really looking forward to giving her a good screwing and a taste of my crop!"

Mel gasped quietly as he heard her words and his heart fluttered wildly in his chest as he realized that it was going to a long, wild night. And it wouldn't be the last!