

MAID FOR REVENGE

By Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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MAID FOR REVENGE

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Bert Lambert allowed himself a small sigh of satisfaction as he lay back on the bed in the ornate guest bedroom he and his wife had been assigned in his boss' mansion. After years of hard work on behalf of his employer, things finally seemed to be going his way. Starting as a callow youth doing odd jobs for an only *slightly* older Frank Lannatto, he had slowly worked his way up as Frank had risen ever higher in the hierarchy of their company, **Trilateral Enterprises, Inc.** - a company that dealt in more than its share of shadowy activities and whose slimy tentacles extended everywhere.

Bert allowed himself to fantasize that this unexpected invitation to spend the weekend at Frank's country estate was the first signal that he was going to move further up the ranks. Up to where the big money was. Sure he made a reasonable amount now but not nearly enough, even with the little extra he managed to skim off the top here and there. Never too much, of course, as he knew all too well what happened to people toward whom Trilateral took a dislike.

Shaking his head, Bert turned his mind towards more comfortable matters as he glanced at his wife, Joyce, sitting at the makeup vanity. Clad only in her lingerie, she studiously applied makeup to an already extremely attractive face. Her good looks combined with a lush, well-formed body made her a joy to behold.

Rolling off the bed, Bert padded over to stand behind his wife and possessively stroked the silky smooth skin of her shoulders as he looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Be careful, honey," she cooed in her soft soprano, "you don't want me to make a mess of my lipstick. After all we want to impress your boss, don't we?"

Grinning devilishly, Bert ran his hands down over her large breasts which were nestled provocatively in the cups of her lacy bra and slip. "Don't worry about that, babe. As always you look good enough to be seen on my arm anywhere."

Suppressing a flash of annoyance at his macho attitude, Joyce rolled her eyes in exaggerated feminine exasperation and tittered convincingly at his feeble wit. Years of putting up with his often-savage outbursts and selfish behavior had made her a master at appealing to his vanity and at wheedling every concession from him. Bert would have been amazed and appalled to know what his supposedly subservient wife really thought of him and his bullying ways. She often berated herself for not having the gumption to strike out on her own and to find someone who could really provide her with all the important things in life. Too timid to do so, she played him like a virtuoso, extracting the last penny from his not inconsiderable earnings in an effort to make him pay for his shortcomings. If Bert had been a wiser man he would have realized

that his wife's incessant spending was in fact generating the financial pressures that caused him to appropriate money illegally from Trilateral Enterprises.

Ceasing his teasing caresses along her bosom; Bert abruptly pulled Joyce from the vanity stool, pushing her to her knees in front of him as he took her place on the small cushioned seat.

"Seeing that you haven't finished with the lipstick job anyway, give me some satisfaction, slut," he growled in his usual arrogant way.

Joyce, without the slightest hesitation, pulled down his zipper and bent her head to the task, moaning appreciatively as she did so. ...Long experience had taught her that argument would be futile and an appropriately sluttish response would make this rather distasteful act end more quickly. Even as her head bobbed up and down on his erection, she schemed on ways to make him pay for this enforced humiliation... *There was a rather pretty dress at her favorite exclusive, and so expensive, boutique downtown that would make a good start.*

Grasping his wife's long, golden tresses in his hands, Bert groaned in appreciation as her talented mouth quickly brought him to a shattering climax. Leaning back on the stool, he casually watched her seductive tongue clean his rapidly shrinking penis before she neatly tucked it back in his trousers.

Patting her on the head he stood up and strutted off to use the bathroom adjoining their bedroom, completely unaware of the venomous glare directed at his retreating back.

Recomposing herself, Joyce retook her position in front of the vanity and after carefully wiping them clean, redid her lips with sure and sophisticated strokes indicative of many hours of practice. Finishing this task, she applied a little of her expensive perfume before taking a moment to study her face in the mirror. Perfect makeup, but that fool of a husband had mussed her hair. Muttering dire threats under her breath, she used a brush to repair the damage. *And I'll have to brush my teeth now before we go down to dinner, she thought. It's definitely going to be that dress and the matching heels in order to make up for this.*

Taking several deep breaths, Joyce noted with satisfaction that her usual cool, calm demeanor was once again reflected in the mirror. Taking advantage of Bert's continued absence; she spent several minutes practicing a simpering, little-girl smile and an adoring, wide-eyed look that had served her so well in the past.

The noise of the bathroom door opening caused her to gracefully slide from the stool, smooth down her slip and glide over to her husband as she adopted the look she had just been practicing.

"Out of my way, you horny stud. It's my turn and we don't have much time before we have to go down to dinner," she breathed in apparent obsequious awe as she slipped into the bathroom and closed the door.

Humming quietly to himself, Bert stood in front of the vanity mirror while he adjusted his tie, fussing until it looked just right. Moving to the bed he sat down to place his shiny black oxfords on his feet before lacing them tightly into place.

Just as he finished this task, Joyce returned to the bedroom and took a black silk dress from the closet. Stepping into it she reached behind herself with a smooth, graceful motion to pull the back zipper fully closed. Pushing her feet into her black pumps with the two inch heels, she took a moment to make sure the dress hung properly to just above her knees and that her black stockings were shining perfection on her well shaped legs.

Bert slid into his dinner jacket as he watched her sit once again at the vanity to place a pearl necklace about her slender neck and long dangling gold chain and pearl earrings through her pierced lobes. In seconds, she placed a small gold watch on her left wrist and a matching bracelet on her right. A final look in the mirror and she turned to her husband with a small smile of triumph to indicate that she was ready to accompany him downstairs for dinner. It didn't pay to make him wait too long!

"About time you were ready," he grumbled (although *this* time it was in a good-natured way without his usual rancor if he became impatient).

Letting her smile blossom into a full-fledged look of adoration, she flowed gracefully over to his side as he opened the bedroom door. Joyce was conscious of the striking couple that they made. Particularly herself of course! After all, Bert was only an inch or so higher than she was and his build was on the slender side. He didn't like her to wear shoes with more than a two-inch heel as he had some sort of masculine hang-up about looking shorter than his wife. Yet another reason to be annoyed with him as she really liked the way a higher heel made her legs look even longer and more shapely than they already were. ...*Maybe it should be the dress, heels and a matching handbag on her next shopping trip!*

Chapter 2

Frank Lanatto gave a hearty chortle as he turned off the monitor in his den. It had been a most interesting half-hour of entertainment as the hidden camera in the Lambert's bedroom had faithfully recorded everything that had gone on.

Show time, he thought as he locked the door to his den and quickly walked toward the large living room where the Lamberts and a few carefully selected junior executives of Trilateral Enterprises were gathered for pre-dinner drinks.

Frank was one of those people who dominate a room as soon as he enters. Tonight was no exception and the gentle buzz of conversation ceased as soon as he stalked into the living room. A quick glance around the five assembled guests indicated that all was well and he graciously accepted a glass of whiskey from the tray of his trusted butler and effortlessly launched into his usual method of working a group so that every individual felt at ease.

Within minutes he had circulated around the room, talking to everyone present in a manner so sincere and jovial that they all had the impression that he considered them the most important person in the group. Joyce had initially been uncomfortable as she was the only woman in the small gathering, but this impression was quickly replaced by a feeling of enjoyment at being included in such an intimate atmosphere.

Joyce basked in the obvious admiration being accorded to her feminine beauty even as Bert allowed himself to once again dream of being made a permanent member of this upper end of the hierarchy for Trilateral. Surely the presence of the three junior executives was a good sign that he was being seriously considered for such an honor.

As if on cue, Frank interrupted the ongoing general conversation that had grown around the room as he finished his circuit of pleasantries with each individual. Smiling at Joyce, he announced, "Lady and Gentlemen, let me have your attention please, I have an important matter of business to discuss."

Bert took an appreciative gulp of the drink he held and waited with bated breath for the good news that he had anticipated for so long. Glancing at his wife, he slowly crossed his fingers behind his back and mentally prepared himself for the appropriate show of modest gratitude that Frank's imminent words would require. Joyce, in turn, knowing at least something of Bert's aspirations, couldn't help but feel some anticipation with regard to his imminent promotion although she knew that he would never be more than a partial success compared to somebody like Frank.

"Now, Jenkins, Smith and Carter," Frank stated as he nodded to the three junior executives, "may be wondering why they are here for dinner tonight. And my guests for the weekend, Bert and Joyce may also be wondering what is going on as I have taken the liberty of keeping the details of what I will now announce entirely to myself. However, I think that you will all find the remainder of the evening most entertaining."

At this point, Frank had the rapt attention of all five of his guests. None knew what he was going to say next, although the Lamberts were rather disposed to thinking it was going to be good news for them.

Casually slipping his hand into his pocket, Frank further tightened his absolute control over the group by pulling out a handgun. Swiftly cocking it, he pointed its gleaming black barrel directly at Bert who gasped in shock and only barely managed to hold onto his glass as his hands began to tremble at the implications of this action.

Observing the sudden pallor of Bert's face, Frank allowed himself a cynical chortle as he noted how everyone else, including Joyce, moved as surreptitiously as possible out of the line of fire. Bert could only stare in rapt fear at the end of the barrel that appeared to balloon to an unnatural size of deadly menace as his frenzied mind raced to understand the implications of Frank's behavior.

"Bert, Bert, Bert," Frank chanted slowly, "what am I going to do with you? Skimming money off the top when you know that Trilateral Enterprises takes a very dim view of such proceedings. What ever possessed you to do such a thing? Do you really have the desire to die so young?"

Every word hit Bert like a massive blow. As his world flipped over from one of great expectations to shattering fear, he couldn't look any longer at the business end of the gun, instead staring fixedly at his feet. His hands were now trembling so badly that his drink started to slop over the edge of his half-filled glass.

Casting a contemptuous glance at Bert's huddled frame, Frank turned to the three junior executives who were looking around with a mixture of apprehension and anticipation about what was going to happen next. Joyce stood to one side in splendid isolation while her mind raced with the implications of what was happening. As in Bert's case, fear and an overpowering feeling of helplessness held her frozen in one place.

"So, gentlemen, you now know why you have been called here. Not for dinner but for a further step in your education with Trilateral," Frank intoned to the three young men. "What do you think we should do with this unscrupulous swine? A man I have known for many years and yet one so greedy that he has bitten the hand that feeds him."

Jenkins blurted out, "Make an example of him, sir!"

Frank's eyes swiveled toward him in a hard stare. "And just what would you recommend to achieve that, my young friend?"

"Well, you could shoot him..." Jenkins began to stammer - but seeing the look of disdain in Frank's face he quickly plunged into a different proposition. "Or of course you could make life very unpleasant for him, strip him of everything he holds dear and make humiliation his constant companion."

Frank nodded approvingly, "Not bad Jenkins. Quite good, in fact. I know that you have no idea about how to achieve that particular objective with Lambert here, but I do." Frank's gaze encompassed the group of three, "Remember that you must know an individual's weaknesses before you would destroy him or her - a lesson that will always stand you in good stead at Trilateral Enterprises, if you can apply it. If you can't, then be forewarned that someone will probably use it against you!"

Turning his baleful stare back to Bert, Frank continued, "Little Bertie here, has several weaknesses in addition to the obvious one of greed. First, he is very macho and second, he thinks very highly of his lovely wife, Joyce. Or maybe that last part should

be restated. He thinks very highly of the fact that he has a lovely wife who he can parade around on his arm and that he can dominate. But he will pay a high price for this conceit as it has undoubtedly played a part in his downfall. A beautiful woman can be very expensive — too expensive for the likes of *you*, Bert!”

Frank was not a particularly big man but Joyce could feel the force of his personality projected toward her in the moment before he said, “And what do you think of all this Joyce? What do you think of a lowlife worm who can’t even look after you properly and has even put your safety in danger by his stupidity?”

Joyce could only look at him in trembling incomprehension, her feminine wiles completely overcome by the gravity of the situation. Her lower lip twitched as she retreated into the final bastion of womanly refuge and began to quietly sob in despair - a tactic not entirely lost on Frank, although his stern visage gave no sign of his true feelings for her plight.

“Now, now my dear,” he soothed. “Bertie may be a useless degenerate not worthy of your love, but in recognition of your beauty I am willing to give you both a fighting chance to leave here alive. Would you wish to partake in a small contest? I warn you, it will be demanding, maybe even demeaning - but you could win a reprieve.”

Bert slowly looked up from his feet, the hope beginning to blossom in his eyes clearly visible to Joyce. Still in shock, tears running down her mascara streaked cheeks, she could only stutter out to Frank, “W...what m...must we d...do?”

“Simple, my dear, you will have to make it to the small cabin that I showed you earlier when the three of us took that little walk around the estate. It must be.... I don’t know, just under a mile from here. You and Bert will have a one-minute head start, and then I will unleash the three young hounds from the executive branch here to come after you. If you can reach the sanctuary of the cabin, then I promise that you will be allowed to leave here alive. If you don’t, ...well, let’s not dwell on that issue until we have to deal with it.”

Joyce felt that she already knew the answer but forced herself to choke out the obvious question, “W...when?”

Frank chortled again, “No time like the present, baby! After all, Trilateral Enterprises has a reputation for getting things done quickly.”

Having listened to the conversation in ever-increasing confidence, Bert felt compelled to jump into the conversation. “But you can’t expect us to run across country with Joyce dressed like that. We will be caught within minutes!”

Frank’s cold stare caused Bert to flinch away as soon as he had spoken. “I don’t recollect asking you to join the conversation, Lambert!” his stern voice cracked like a whip throughout the room. “However, you bring up a good point. It wouldn’t be fair for Joyce to have to try and outrun this athletic group while wearing her dress and heels. To give her a better chance to reach the cabin, you can both exchange clothing! Thank you for allowing me to come up with this refinement to the plan. Most generous of you.”

Bert could only whimper in dismay, “N...no, that’s not what I meant. That’s not fair. I can’t run in high heels...let Joyce wear them!”

Frank shook his head sadly, “And here I thought you were only thinking of Joyce, instead it is obvious that you were only thinking of your own miserable hide. Now shut up and do as you were told. Get all your clothes off, now!”

Trembling with fear and shame, Bert slowly removed his clothes until he stood in abject nakedness in front of the assembled group.

Once he had finished, Frank turned to the three young executives. “Gentlemen, I’m sure that you will understand when I ask you to go and wait in the library until I call you back. After all, Joyce deserves a bit of privacy for the next step.”

Nodding sagely at his comments, although they would have dearly loved to see Joyce’s lush body fully displayed to their eager, lustful stares, the three young men quickly filed out to the adjoining room to await their summons. The evening was indeed turning into an entertaining one.

Chapter 3

As soon as they had departed, Frank turned to Joyce with an expectant stare. “Off with your clothes my dear, quickly now,” he rasped in a hard tone that indicated he would not tolerate any hesitation on her part.

“All right, but, at least turn around for goodness sake,” she purred in a sultry voice as her strongly ingrained feminine wiles began to cut back in.

“Sorry love, I can’t turn my back on you but I will allow you to turn your back as you disrobe,” Frank answered with a semi-sympathetic smile. “And don’t forget your jewelry either.”

Joyce realized that she would gain nothing further by arguing so turning her back on their captor, she quickly removed her clothing. Once she had done so, Frank allowed her to dress in her husband’s discarded clothes. Most of them fit surprisingly well although the shoes were a little big for true comfort. Once she had tied their laces as tightly as possible, she stood up and looked inquiringly at Frank.

“Very good, my dear,” he grinned. “I must say that you fill out those trousers and dinner jacket much better than your rather puny husband ever did. Now you better help him to put on your clothes – something that is undoubtedly well past his capabilities.”

As Joyce bent to the task, Frank gave a call and soon the three young executives had all returned and watched with keen interest as the first steps were taken to strip away Bert’s macho image.

Bert flushed a fiery red as his wife wrapped the black, lacy garter belt around his waist and secured it tightly. Once this had been done, she rolled up the first black stocking and pulled it over his pointed toe and up his leg until she clipped it in place with the three garters. As she repeated the procedure with the second one, Frank made a sarcastic comment about the fact that Bert’s hairy legs certainly detracted from the effect but unfortunately there was no time to rectify the situation. The resulting laughter from the three executives made Bert flinch with humiliation but the sight of the gun still firmly pointed in his direction convinced him that discretion was the wisest course of action.

Kneeling in front of Bert, Joyce indicated that it was time to pull the full-cut, lace covered black satin panties up his nylon-encased legs. Timidly he slowly stepped in to them and let her slide them up and into place around his groin, and worse, fastidiously push his penis down between his legs to minimize the unsightly bulge that would otherwise occur. By this time Bert was in such a state of shock that he didn’t even notice her actions let alone respond to the snide comments his four tormentors were still heaping upon his bowed head.

The black satin bra followed as Joyce first guided his arms through the straps and then fastened the clips at the back. Unfortunately, the sagging empty lacy cups only accented how ludicrous he looked with this totally unnecessary piece of clothing. Frank and his three minions were almost beside themselves with laughter.

Tears of humiliation rolled down Bert's face as his wife lifted up his unresisting arms and proceeded to drop the full, black satin slip over his head so that its lacy hem fell to mid thigh. Minutes later the black silk dress was zipped firmly into place although it was a little tight through the waist and the two inch high heel pumps had been crammed onto his protesting feet.

By this time Bert had withdrawn into an almost catatonic state of shock. He only watched with a numb state of disbelief as Joyce fastened the pearl necklace around his neck before placing her dainty lady's watch on his left wrist and the bracelet on the other.

"Very good my dear," Frank gasped as he struggled to control his hilarity at the image of his treacherous friend reduced to such a pitiful, effeminate sight. "But you forgot to apply the makeup. While you were dressing little Bertie, here, I took the liberty of having some brought down from your room upstairs. Please take a moment to apply it to this sorry excuse of a man."

Without a word, Joyce accepted the few articles of cosmetics handed to her by the widely smiling Carter. In spite of the serious predicament that she found herself in, she couldn't help shaking her head at the odd assortment of makeup that he had obviously brought down in a rush of masculine incomprehension.

Sighing, she did the best she could with a bit of mauve eye shadow, red blusher and pink lipstick. Nothing matched and she had no brushes to apply it properly but Bert was already such a sight that this last ignominy was really of little consequence.

"Joyce you have outdone yourself, particularly when you take into account the poor excuse of humanity that you have to deal with," purred Frank. "Now one last thing and we can get on with the fun and games! Smith, my fine fellow, do you have the needle and wood block that I sent you for? I'm sure that you do, so get on with the next step in Bertie's transformation."

Grinning maliciously, Smith stepped over to Bert and slid the small block of wood behind his right ear before he roughly jammed the large needle he was holding through the quaking captive's earlobe. Bert whimpered at the flash of pain but once again the sight of Frank's gun ensured his continued obedience as the procedure was repeated for his left ear. Tears of agony, mental and physical, flowed down his roughly rouged cheeks as Smith then forced Joyce's dangling earrings through the newly created lacerations.

Finally it was done and Bert stood in abject shame as the shouts and laughter of cruel torment showered down around his bowed head. He barely felt the tightness of the bra digging into his chest, the snugness of the garter belt around his waist or the toe crushing fit of the pumps that were at least a size too small for him.

He stood in numb silence, slowly withdrawing deeper into himself to avoid the mental humiliation that he was suffering. Even this feeble effort ended in abject failure as Frank tiring off the verbal abuse grabbed him painfully by an unresisting arm and dragged him over to a full-length mirror.

"Look at yourself, you whore. See what prostituting yourself has caused you to become, you stupid bimbo," he rasped angrily into Bert's ear.

The reflection was all too cruel to Bert's tear filled eyes. A crude caricature of his elegant wife stood there, obviously a man trying to mimic her refined appearance with no curves in the right place and short, unruly hair in place of her immaculate tresses. He looked like a puny, little sissy with nothing of his masculinity preserved. The bizarre sight thrust him deeper into despair and he collapsed weeping onto the floor.

Joyce inwardly cringed at this mere effeminate shadow of a man that she had so recently relied upon to support her in the custom that she had come to expect. He may have been an ignorant fool and a macho bully at times but surely that was far superior to this sniveling sissy who had shown no resistance at all to the crude attempts to unman him. *Where was his pride, his fortitude? Hadn't they been told there was a chance to win their freedom?* Yet place a few feminine garments on his pathetic frame and he was reduced to a crying, whining pantywaist in character as well as appearance.

Frank gave her a knowing glance as she tried valiantly to stop her true feelings from being reflected on her face. "Joyce, you have five minutes with her and then we are going to start. We won't leave the room but we will give you a bit of breathing space so that you can get organized before I explain the game that is to follow. With such a weak sister on your team, I think it only fair that you get a bit of a break."

Joyce nodded her thanks as Frank led the other three off to one side of the living room where he engaged them in an earnest but quiet conversation without ever losing sight of his two captives.

Dropping to her knees, Joyce roughly pulled Bert's head up



into her lap before giving him a hard slap across the face. “Stop your sobbing, you stupid bitch,” she blazed furiously as anger at his absolute collapse ran rampant through her. “How can you be doing this to me? You should be helping me, not the other way round. Your stupidity got us into this and, by god, I won’t let your stupidity keep me from getting out of it.”

Stunned by the savagery of both her blow and her hissed commands, Bert shook his head in bewildered confusion as he tried to pull himself out of his self-imposed state of surrender.

Seeing rational thought slowly returning to his eyes as his frenzied crying ceased, Joyce held his made-up face firmly in her hands as she attempted to pump some resolve back into his shattered ego. “What they have done to you is nothing. Nothing to what *real* women have to put up with all the time. A man like you should be able to persevere if mere females can do so! Now pull yourself together and listen to me. Can you understand what I am saying?”

Bert blinked his eyes to clear them of tears and gasped out a weak affirmative answer to her query. Sudden shame for his complete abdication of his masculine role and responsibilities flooded through him. Joyce was right, the others may have forced him to dress like a woman but only he had allowed himself to act like one.

“Sorry girls, but your time is up,” Frank called brusquely from the other side of the room as Joyce slowly pulled Bert up to stand, albeit unsteadily, on his tight fitting, black pumps. “Come over here and I will explain the facts of life to all.”

Giving Bert an encouraging smile, Joyce took his hand and pulled him over to the other group, happy to see that he tried to stand straighter even though he still kept his eyes fixed firmly on the floor as a sign of his continuing overwhelming humiliation.

“Now people, the game is simple. We have a boy’s team and a girl’s team and I don’t think I have to tell you who is on which,” chuckled Frank. “As I said earlier, the girls get to leave here exactly one minute before the boys. You all know where the cabin is and if the girls get there without being caught, they will be allowed to leave this estate alive. If they are caught, they will be brought here and justice will be done. To make the game a little more interesting both teams will be unarmed. Any questions?”

Bert felt a surge of further hope as he heard Frank’s comment about no weapons. Maybe there was still a chance to win through to the cabin if they weren’t going to be shot in the attempt. If nothing else the pursuers would have to physically catch them to stop them from doing so. And if it came to a fight, well, he knew a trick or two that these punks probably hadn’t seen in their executive offices.

“No questions from anyone. It must have been a good briefing,” exclaimed Frank with a large grin. “Well, Joyce and Bert, no that doesn’t sound right, hum, ...let’s see, “Barbie,” yes *Barbie*, are you ready?”

Joyce, still holding tightly to Bert’s hand, slowly nodded her head in agreement as Frank added with an ominous tone to his voice, “And what about you, Barbie?”

Hating to acknowledge being called by such a ridiculously feminine name, Bert slowly nodded as well.

Frank walked to the living room's patio door and slid it open. "Then it's time you left, girls. Once you step through this door, I start the clock and exactly one-minute after I do, the three amigos here will be on your heels. I, of course, will stay here. After all, I have to remain apart from the game if I'm to be the ultimate referee of the outcome. Come on now, you two wenches, or I'll start the clock running before you go through the door!"

At these last words, both Joyce and Bert stumbled hurriedly towards the door. It was obvious that Frank was going to have his fun and they needed every advantage if they were going to win. Still holding hands, they pushed by him and stepped out onto the lighted patio.

There was a fine mist-like rain drifting down and a light breeze that caused a whisper of cool air to slide under Bert's skirts causing him to feel the touch of moving air on his nylon clad legs for the first time. Beyond the patio lights the dark gloom of the evening was already settling in around the wooded areas just past the manicured gardens immediately surrounding the mansion.

"Come on you stupid girl," snarled Joyce as she pulled him toward the edge of the patio, "we can't stay here all night or we will be caught before we start."

Recognizing the truth in her comment, Bert bit back a sharp reply even though he had only hesitated a second as they first came out of the door. Wincing at the pain in his poorly shod feet, he valiantly stumbled after her as she broke into a quick trot around to the back of the house and to the dim opening in the tree line that marked the start of the trail leading to the cabin.

Within seconds their clothes were already damp and Bert's silk dress clung tightly around his shivering body while his pumps were squelching with every step. Joyce, better protected in her heavier male clothing, plowed ahead pulling Bert along as he frantically tried to keep up in spite of his movement inhibiting garb. They had barely reached the path leading to the cabin when a loud yelping signaled their pursuer's excited departure through the patio doors.

"Oh shit," rasped Joyce as they plunged into the damp, dank tunnel of a path that led deeper into the increasingly dark woods. She had hoped to be even further ahead by the time their precious minute was finished. They would need every foot of lead that they could gain. Digging deeper into her resolve to survive, she clung determinedly to Bert's hand and upped their pace as they doggedly stumbled along in spite of not being able to see more than a foot or two ahead.

Bert was lost in his own world of torment. His breath came in short gasps as his chest fought to expand beyond the limits set by the tight bra strap binding his rib cage. The garter belt was already rubbing what felt like great chunks of flesh from around his waist, as it had never been designed to be comfortable while its wearer was attempting to run through a damp wood. The soaking fabric of his dress and slip slopped and slithered over his wet thighs and dripped maddeningly down his legs into his soaked pumps while his pinched feet felt every stone, of which there seemed to be thousands, through the thin soles of his shoes.

“Damn it,” screeched Joyce as Bert lost his footing and went down in a tumbled heap almost wrenching her arm out of the socket as his fall brought her to a jarring halt. “Get up you stupid slut, we can’t stop. Come on Barbie, for god sakes, come on!”

Groaning at the pain in his skinned knees, Bert heaved himself to his feet and lurched into a shambling run hissing, “Don’t call me Barbie, you stupid cow!” He would have liked to say more but wisely conserved his breath for further movement. A quick glance over his shoulder had shown the stabs of light given off by their pursuer’s flashlights were disturbingly nearby.

Joyce had heard their hunter-like shouts slowly getting closer for some time. *They had not even gone a third of the way to the cabin.* Success was starting to look less and less likely but she refused to give up. Putting her head down and gripping Bert’s hand even more tightly, she plunged ahead in an effort to stave off the inevitable.

For several more minutes this extra effort seemed to gain them a bit of breathing room as the gap between the two groups appeared to remain relatively constant. By now both Joyce and Bert were literally staggering with the demands of the pace, their chests heaving as they gasped in short pants to supply yet more oxygen to their bodies. Heads hanging on their chests, hearts pounding, leg muscles screaming with pain and feet stumbling on unseen obstacles, they mindlessly hurried on towards the promised sanctuary of the cabin.

“Noooo...,” Bert screamed as the ground suddenly disappeared from under their feet and they both fell forward into a tumbling, bone-jarring roll down a steep incline of a small ravine with a creek running through it. Even as they came to an abrupt stop, feet splashing noisily into the brook, he realized that he remembered crossing over this particular landmark on their earlier walk to the cabin.

By some miracle they had stayed on the relatively soft and clear path during their rolling descent and the pumps had stayed on his feet. For the first time, he was thankful that they were really too tight. Struggling to his knees, he looked around for Joyce and saw her dim form just in front of him slowly pulling herself to a sitting position. “A...are you all right?” he hissed.

“Yes, just shaken,” she groaned. “Let’s...”

Joyce’s comment was abruptly interrupted by the sudden appearance of flashlight beams at the top of the step but short incline. Bert glanced up in horror as the three beams swept down towards them until they converged on the two cowering figures by the creek.

“There they are lads, come on!” screeched one of the pursuers, the excitement of finally seeing their prey obvious in his voice.

Bert gibbered in panic and lurched to his feet. Kicking Joyce aside he bolted across the stream and scrambled up the other side, ignoring her shouted pleas for his help. Summoning up his last reserves of strength, he broke the crest of the small ravine and scuttled quickly down the trail as Joyce’s calls abruptly ceased. The only sounds he could hear were the rasping of his laboring lungs, the drip of countless drops of water and the soft breeze in the treetops.

A sudden lightening of the sky in the distance announced the opening in which the cabin was located. Heartened by this sign of success, Bert pushed forward even faster only to trip once again and to sprawl forward onto the path in a gut wrenching spill that left him breathless on the ground. Dizzily he shook his head and fought to refill his lungs with air. Finally succeeding, he reached back along his bruised and cut legs to see if any further damage had been done. Nothing, but his hands closed around the short but sturdy piece of wood that had caused him to trip in the first place.

Even as he pulled the two-foot length of wood up to his chest in preparation for standing, he saw a beam of light bouncing towards the bend in the path that he had just come around before tripping. Bile raised its ugly acidic taste in his mouth as he realized that the bend was only a few feet from where he lay. He wouldn't even be standing, let alone running before his pursuers would see him. Fighting down a reckless sense of abject fear, Bert rolled quickly off to the right of the path and lay quietly under the cover of low lying pine tree branches. By lying on his stomach with his left arm stretched over his head and holding the stick, he was able to peer back under his armpit and see along the path in the direction he had just come.

The beam of light exploded around the bend and he was able to tell immediately that his pursuers now numbered only one, obviously the fastest runner of the three. The sound of heavy breathing reached his ears as the man pounded towards him the flashlight beam bouncing wildly from side to side on the trail. Steeling his nerves, Bert lay absolutely still, praying that he wouldn't be seen. Thankfully his pursuer seemed more concerned with catching up with him than looking for anybody lying in the underbrush alongside the trail. The light flickered over his hiding place and then danced on ahead to the clearing that was so tantalizingly close.

It was just as the dark form drew level that Bert realized that it would not be wise to allow anyone to get into position between him and the cabin. Instinctively he rose to his feet in one fluid motion as the runner started to pass and holding the stick in both hands brought its heavy tip down on the right shoulder of his pursuer. It hit with a satisfying thwack as he had swung it from above his head and all the fear and misery of the last few hours were telescoped into the strength of the blow. The flashlight flew from nerveless fingers as a startled scream pierced the night and the dark form slumped to the ground with a muffled groan.

Throwing away the stick, Bert ran forward and grabbed the flashlight as fear once again coursed through his body. In spite of his quick victory, there was no fight left in him as he ran out into the opening and used the light that was now his to quickly find the small cabin. Feeling as if the hounds of hell were at his feet he let all rational thought escape from his reeling brain and raced for the promised sanctuary.

Rushing up to the door, he banged it open and slumped across the threshold. He had made it! With trembling legs he turned and slammed the door shut, firmly dropping the wooden security bar in place. Placing his back on the closed door he slowly slumped into a sitting position on the hard floor gasping for breath, his whole body twitching from exhaustion and fear. Without warning he retched down his front, the stink of his vomit and the taste of bile mixing in a noxious assault on his senses as he blessedly lost consciousness.

Chapter 4

It was the cold that brought him to his senses. He was still sitting with his back against the door; legs sprawled open with his soaking wet skirts bunched up around his upper thighs, the flashlight lying on the floor where he had dropped it. The beam of light it projected was the only light in the dark, cold cabin.

His whole body felt as if it had been beaten with large sticks and the soggy bodice of his dress reeked of his earlier retching. Wrinkling his nose in disgust, he used the flashlight to probe the dark recesses of the cabin. It appeared to consist of one room with a small wood stove in the far end. Its furniture was simple – a wooden table and a few chairs in the center of the room and a rustic wooden cupboard in the end not containing the stove. All in all a room of not more than 10 by 12 feet, about the size of the guest bedroom in his own house. There was no sign of any other doors than the one on which he rested his back and only two small windows, one at each end of the cabin.

Not much to look at, he thought as he eased himself to a standing position. But still he had made it, he had done it, he had beaten bloody Frank and his minions. He could leave the estate alive. *Eat **that** you bastards, you can't touch me now!*

As quickly as it started, his self-satisfied gloating ended and the second thoughts began. *What had happened to Joyce? She hadn't made it. Still, better her than me. I'm no bloody hero, I'm just a survivor. Always have been and always will be. I can get by without her if Frank did her in. But what is going to happen now? Do I dare go outside or am I only safe in the cabin? Where is that bastard, Frank? He didn't explain it properly. It's so cold. What can I do?*

Struck by a sudden thought, Bert hobbled over to the stove and opened the door. Empty! Slamming it shut, he rushed over to the cupboard and wrenched open the doors. Nothing! Damn it, no heat, no food, not even water. Sobbing in self-pity he slumped in one of the chairs while wrapping his arms about himself in a futile attempt to get some warmth into his wet, battered body.

A small noise at the front door jerked him awake. In spite of the cold, his exhausted body had dragged him into an uneasy slumber. Shivering, he looked frantically around and noticed that a dim light was coming through the two small windows. It was obviously early morning. He strained to hear but the noise at the door was not repeated.

Shaking his head to clear the torpor from his mind, he staggered to his feet, yelping at the pain shooting up through his bruised feet and aching legs. The flashlight lay on the table where he had dropped it. Picking it up, he noted in dismay that he hadn't turned it off earlier and the batteries were now quite dead. With a muffled groan at his own stupidity, he dropped it back on the table.

The diffused light coming in through the windows was getting stronger but it was still too dark for him to pick out any details in the gloomy cabin. Doubts began to assail him again. What could he do? He was hungry, he was freezing cold, he was afraid and he had even let his sole possession, a flashlight, become useless because of his own stupidity.

Finally his sense of curiosity overcame his dread sufficiently for him to shuffle slowly over to one of the windows and peer out. The rain had stopped but black clouds were still evident in what he could see of the sky through the surrounding trees. No wonder it was so dark inside the cabin. Taking his time, he looked around the clearing observable from this side of the cabin but there was nothing moving.

Moving like an old woman with severe arthritis, he crept over to the other window and repeated the process. Still, nothing moved.

Fear gnawed at his guts like a hungry dog on a bone but he forced himself to skulk as quietly as he could over to the door. A cold sweat broke out on his brow as he eased the security bar up out of its brackets. Slowly, ever so slowly, he eased the door open while his eyes darted nervously through the widening gap. Nothing, there was nothing. And the only sounds he heard were rustling branches stirred by the light breeze and the call of some small birds chattering unseen in the trees.

The door was now completely open and still he could see nothing but he felt an ominous menace in the air. He knew that he wasn't alone and suddenly he felt terribly vulnerable in his light, formfitting feminine clothing designed to accent rather than hide his body. Taking care to keep his bloodied legs with their tattered stockings tightly together and using one hand to cover his damp, vomit and mud-spattered front, he slowly began to close the door as the feeling of being watched grew to intolerable levels.

It was only at the last minute, just before the door was fully closed that he saw the small, white envelope lying on the doorstep. Gasping at the pain, he hesitantly knelt to pick it up, instinctively bending at the knee while forcing his legs together so that no one could see up his skirts. Reaching between the gap in the door and the frame, he plucked the piece of paper up and slammed the door shut.

Dropping the security bar back into place, he breathed a deep sigh of relief. He was trembling and shivering and it wasn't just the cold but a numbing sense of fear and loneliness that continued to eat away at his self-respect and resolve. Forcing himself to his feet, he hurriedly scuttled over to the window down by the wood stove accompanied by the womanly sound of his high heels echoing off the cabin's wooden floor.

He held the envelope up to the light coming in through the window. It was addressed to 'Barbie'. Stifling a muttered curse at the nonsense of continuing to use a feminine name for him, he eagerly broke open the envelope's flap and pulled out a folded sheet of paper with a shaking hand. Taking an intense breath, he opened the paper and blinked his eyes to read the message.

It was simple. 'Stay in cabin. Further instructions to come. Obey or pay the consequences.'

The paper fluttered down to the floor. Staggering back to the table, he flopped into one of the uncomfortable wooden chairs. His mind swung back and forth between relief at having been told what to do and despair at continuing to be imprisoned in this drab, cold building with nothing to do but wait for further word on what would happen to him next.

As the light slowly grew stronger in the cabin, he took the time to examine himself more closely. His dress was almost dry but still clung in clammy folds around his legs. Its delicate material was covered in a mixture of dirt and vomit stains. His stockings were filthy, badly run and ripped in numerous places while his pumps were irreparably blemished and worn from being so wet the previous evening. The bra and garter belt still rubbed and irritated his skin but he was so cold that he didn't dare remove any article of clothing, even the toe-crushing pumps. Although his lacy lingerie and light silk dress were not designed for warmth, they were still better than nothing.

The day passed very slowly. He alternated between huddling on the chair and pacing slowly around the table in a feeble effort to keep the cold from settling too far into his chilled body. Nothing really worked. If he sat for too long his body began to cramp from the cold and his uncomfortable sitting arrangements. Walking made his tired legs and feet ache relentlessly, with his pinched toes feeling as if they were being worn down to raw and bloody stumps.

By the time dusk had brought almost full darkness back to the dim cabin interior he was becoming increasingly despondent. His thoughts became blacker and blacker. It was extremely unfair. He had reached the designated safe haven but he wasn't being accorded any recognition for his achievement. Why was he being treated like this? Damn it, he was cold, hungry and thirsty. Worse, he had to pee in the worst way. What was wrong with these people?

As full darkness descended he was reduced to hopping from one foot to the other and squeezing his thighs together as the urgency of his full bladder became increasingly demanding. Finally, he could stand it no longer. Grunting with pain he waddled to the door and pushed up the security bar. The door squealed loudly on its hinges as he heaved it open with one desperate pull and stepped into the opening. His fears for the unseen dangers outside were momentarily eclipsed by his need to go to the bathroom.

Eyes darting fearfully in all directions, he stepped cautiously onto the doorstep before stopping to listen. Nothing! Another cautious step and then another. The oppressive silence became too much for him to bear so he stopped and fumbled up his dress and slip in preparation for a much-needed piss. Just as his unoccupied hand was reaching into his panties a shot rang out. The bullet cracked by his ear and thumped into the log wall of the cabin behind him.

Screeching with fear, Bert dropped to the ground and on his hands and knees scuttled back into the cabin as quickly as he could move. No further shots followed his frantic progress so the meaning of the signal was clear.

Slamming the door and dropping the security bar into place, Bert collapsed in a heap on the floor. It was only after he regained control of his ragged breathing and wildly pounding heart that he realized that he wouldn't need the bathroom again for some time. The panic generated by the shot had caused him to void his bladder in a most humiliating way. Now he was sitting in once again soggy skirts and the reek of urine had been added to the unsavory smell of dried vomit on his dress' bodice. Tears of self-pity and fear once again streamed down his cheeks as he was left with rapidly dwindling stocks of hope and determination.

He finally dragged himself back to one of the chairs and slumped over the table where he cried himself into a fitful sleep for the night. A long night of broken slumber and disturbing dreams as the cold and his growing hunger pangs continually pulled him back from the blessed tonic of uninterrupted rest.

When the dawn once again announced its presence by sending in the signs of diffused light, Bert was a shattered shadow of his former self. Broken physically and mentally he was ripe for the plucking. A shivering, smelly apparition who trembled and jerked at the slightest noise or provocation and had no more fight left in him than the humiliated little sissy that he had been dressed to represent.

A loud knock on the door caused him to start in abject fear from his dark brooding thoughts and for another uncontrolled squirt of urine to saturate his now dry but smelly panties and to trickle down his nylon covered legs.

“W...who i...is it?” he stammered before succumbing to a frenzied fit of coughing as he huddled listlessly on one of the chairs at the table. He was so far-gone that he didn’t even notice that he had wet himself again.

“Open up, Barbie, it’s me, Joyce,” came the faint answer through the heavy wooden door.

Deafened by his own coughing, Bert couldn’t believe his ears. “W...who?” he asked incredulously.

“It’s me, Joyce, you stupid girl, now open up,” was the bellowed reply. A reply that he had absolutely no trouble in hearing although he still found it difficult to believe.

“Joyce, it’s really you Joyce,” he cried in astonishment as he knocked the chair over in his haste to stand and scuttle over to the door.

“Yeah girlie, it’s really me. Now enough of this idle chitchat and let me in. If you want my help that is.”

“Oh, yes. Please help me. I’m so frightened,” he squealed in a frenzied tone of helplessness as he pushed the security bar out of the way and started to open the door.

Joyce indeed stood there in the dim early morning light, clad in a long, gray cloak that covered her completely from shoulder to ankle. For somebody that he assumed had been brutally killed several days ago she looked remarkably well, although there were lines of strain and fatigue drawn into her beautiful face. Still, she looked one hell of a lot better than he did.

Imperiously pushing the door open the rest of the way, Joyce brushed by him before turning and closely examining him in the gloomy light. Her haughty eyes appraised his slovenly appearance while her nose wrinkled in disgust at his odor. “God, Barbie! You look like shit - and worse, you *smell* like it. And what have you done to my lovely silk dress and my pumps? They are ruined, you silly bitch!”

Unnerved by her frank stare and crude comments, Bert nervously wrung his hands and hung his head in overwhelming shame. He knew that he looked and smelt like a flaming pansy that couldn’t even control his bladder.

“So Barbie, are you ready to leave this cabin?” Joyce demanded.

“Oh yes, Joyce! Get me out of here! I’m so cold, so hungry and so dirty. I need to get out of here. I beg of you, get me out of here before I go raving mad.”

“Don’t you fret your pretty little head about that, Barbie. I can get you out of here but remember what the note said. It said that you had to obey further instructions. Are you ready to do that?”

Something in the tone of her question made Bert hesitate to give an unambiguously affirmative answer to the question. “*What* exactly do I have to agree to?”

Shaking her head sadly as if mourning his inability to understand the simplest notion, Joyce snapped, “It means that you will obey me in every order that I care to give you. Nothing more and nothing less.”

“But what about Frank’s promise that whoever made it to the cabin would be free to go. I made it and you didn’t and now I have to obey your every order. I don’t understand.”

Joyce gave him a withering look that caused him to once again drop his eyes to the floor. “Yes you did make it and because of your cowardice, I didn’t. We will settle that little matter later. But you are wrong in what Frank said. All he said was that if we made it to the cabin that we would leave his estate alive. As for obeying me, you will do so because Frank has ordered it. Now, I ask you again, are you prepared to obey my every order? Yes or no?”

Bert shivered at the snarl implicit in Joyce’s demands. Even so, he couldn’t bring himself to agree without further argument. “I’m not sure...”

“Very well then,” Joyce bitingly interrupted. “Good riddance to you. Obviously you aren’t worth the effort.”

Seeing her turn to leave, Bert grabbed her arm. “Please no, please don’t leave me here,” he wailed in anguish.

Joyce stared into his face until he felt compelled to let go of her arm and his eyes fell once again of their own accord toward the floor. Through his feeling of unworthiness and helplessness, he couldn’t help wonder what had happened to his previously submissive wife. She had turned into a determined and demanding woman who he could not stand up to in his present demoralized state.

“Get on your knees, you little sissy piece of shit,” Joyce hissed furiously at him. “And keep your eyes downcast like a useless pantywaist should.”

Stunned at her vehement words, Bert did not hesitate, but sank to his knees in front of her while keeping his face down in burning humiliation at his capitulation. He already knew that he would abase himself completely to avoid another minute alone in the cabin.

“Now beg me sincerely and pathetically to help you, Barbie. And if I don’t like your efforts, I’m out of here.”

“P...please Joyce, I beg of you, don’t leave me here. I will do anything that you say. I will do anything that you want. Please, please, don’t leave me.”

“Not bad, hussy, but not good enough. Try calling me *Ms Joyce* and don’t refer to yourself in the first person anymore. Instead refer to yourself in the third person, *Barbie*. You aren’t important enough to be considered as a real person anymore.”

“Y...yes *Ms Joyce*. Please, don’t leave *Bar...Barbie* here by herself. *Barbie* will do anything that you tell her to do. *Please, Ms Joyce, Barbie* begs you to tell her what to do. *Barbie* only wants to make you happy!”

“Not bad, *girlie*,” *Joyce* gloated. “You seem to have a real talent for sniveling and whining in an obsequious, subordinate role. You may do well after all. Get up and place your hands behind your back.”

Without hesitation, *Bert* did exactly as he was told, not even flinching when he heard the handcuffs click into place on his wrists as *Joyce* fumbled ineptly behind his back. When she had finished that task, she reached back into one of the large pockets of her cloak and pulled out a dog’s collar and leash. Smiling enigmatically she proceeded to buckle the leather collar around his neck and then attached the leash to the collar’s ring that she had centered over his adam’s apple.

Holding the leash in one hand she pulled him closer so that they stood facing one another with about eight inches between them. “A nice collar and leash for my little bitch,” she grated. “Do you know what happened to me after you left me back there, you filthy harlot?”

Keeping his eyes firmly on the floor and with a growing sense of unease at how much he had placed himself in her power *Bert* groaned, “N...no *Ms Joyce*.”

“Well slut, luckily for you, not much. The three young men were most gentlemanly in their conduct. Sure they gagged me and tied my hands behind me but then one of them took me back to *Frank*. And *Frank* had a *most interesting* proposition for me once he heard that you had made it to the cabin in one piece. He told me that I wouldn’t be harmed if I agreed to work in his household as part of the agreement to work off your debt. I not only agreed to do that, dear, but I then explained in detail how he could have an even slower, but oh so sweet, revenge on you. He liked it so much that we came to an even more amicable arrangement than I had originally hoped forbut I won’t bore your airhead mind with such petty details.

Joyce stepped back from *Bert* and dropped the leash so that it slapped down along his front. Using both hands she pulled her cloak open to reveal that she was wearing a gray, knee length dress with white collar and cuffs and a white bib apron. “Do you know what this is, *Barbie*?”

“I...it looks like a maid’s uniform, *Ms Joyce*,” he bleated in confusion as his fatigued mind struggled to understand what his bitchy wife was talking about.

“Very good, *Barbie*. You are right, it is a maid’s uniform. A scullery maid’s uniform to be exact. And that was going to be my starting position in *Frank*’s household but I now have an agreement with him that if I can find someone to replace me, then I can move up to a better position. Can you *guess* who is going to replace me, *Barbie*?”

Realization burst upon *Bert*’s consciousness like an exploding rocket. Before he could stop himself, he blurted, “Are you mad, you stupid cow. I can’t...”

Joyce violently kicked him in his unprotected groin, stopping his indignant protest in mid sentence. With a high-pitched squeal, he fell to his knees in writhing pain. Joyce left him to squirm for several minutes until she used the leash to pull him gasping to his feet.

“I said that you weren’t to refer to yourself in the first person, bitch. And you did say that you would be obedient, didn’t you Barbie. Or would you rather that I left you here as you are now?”

“Oh no, Ms Joyce. Barbie will be a good girl and do as you tell her,” gasped Bert as he fought back further tears at the thought of being left handcuffed in the cabin.

“I thought you might see it my way, girl. Come on then. It’s time to get you back to the house and your new station in life.”

A sharp tug of the leash and Bert was stumbling out of the hated cabin. The pain in his groin kept him hunched over as Joyce roughly pulled him towards the path leading to the mansion. *As they retraced the steps that he had fought so hard to gain several nights ago, he couldn’t help wondering if he had jumped from the frying pan into the fire.*

Chapter 5

The trip back to Frank's palatial house was hell. Bent over in pain, faint from hunger and thirst and staggering on trembling legs, Bert shambled from one side of the path to the other as he desperately attempted to keep up with the fast pace set by Joyce. The fact that his hands were locked behind his back and his high heels sank into the soft, uneven ground made his balance all the more precarious as they negotiated the short but steep side of the ravine where he had abandoned his wife.

Stopping at the shallow, fast running creek, Joyce turned to him. "Kneel in the creek, you piece of pansy crap."

"W...what?" stammered Bert as he struggled to regain his breath after the rapid move from the cabin to the creek.

Joyce jerked on the leash so that he stumbled forward off balance and using her right foot swept his supporting leg from under him so that he fell awkwardly onto his side in the creek. The cold water rushed over him as he screamed from the shock of being immersed in the biting frigid flow. He struggled to stand up but Joyce used her foot to push him back down.

"You stink, girlie. You need to wash. Now roll over onto your back and when I tell you, roll on your front. Until you do, I'm keeping you here so if you find it cold, you'd better get on with doing what you are told. Is that clear, *bitch*?"

Shivering in a combination of fear and the cold, Bert squeaked "Yes, Ms Joyce," before easing himself onto his back wincing as he put all his weight on his arms pinioned behind him. As soon as he had done so, he then attempted to roll over onto his front but Joyce placed her right foot on his chest and effortlessly pinned him in place.

"Oh no you don't, Barbie," she chortled. "Lie there until I tell you to move and not a moment before - you filthy wench."

Bert lay there for what seemed like hours although it was probably only a minute or two as the cold water sluiced underneath him. It was only four or five inches deep but it was freezing and he began to shudder uncontrollably.

"Do you want to roll over, sweetie?" cooed Joyce with false sincerity lacing her voice as she glared down at his shaking form.

"P...please, Ms Joyce," Bert answered through chattering teeth and a growing sense of powerlessness.

"Well beg like the good little Barbie that you are! And you had *better* make it good, girlie, or you'll be here for quite a bit longer."

"Please, Ms Joyce, Barbie b...begs to be allowed to turn herself over so that she can be clean for her mistress."

"All right then Barbie. As you asked so nicely, I will let you turn over. But don't take too long or I may change my mind!"

Groaning with the effort, Bert slowly rolled over onto his front, gasping as the cold water washed down his front and along his battered body. He could literally feel his

aching penis and testicles attempting to shrink back into his crotch in a futile effort to escape being frozen.

Laughing cruelly Joyce used her foot to push his head down into the flow and held it under until he began to thrash about in terror. As she released him, he threw his head back gagging for breath. Snickering at his plight, his wife rasped, "Do you think that it's time to get out, Barbie?"

"P...p...please Ms Joyce. Barbie would l...like to g...get out now. S...she is so c...cold."

"All right, you little sissy. Stand up and let's see if you are clean enough to leave your bath!"

Sobbing in fear and humiliation, Bert hesitantly struggled to his feet, terrified that he might be pushed back into the creek for another round of cleansing. As he staggered dizzily in the middle of the creek, Joyce made him turn completely around before announcing that he was clean enough to proceed.

Tugging at his leash, she pulled him up the steep incline as he began to allow himself a small measure of relief at leaving the creek behind. They had almost reached the top when a savage pull by Joyce on his leash caused him to fall heavily forward. Unable to break his fall as his hands were locked behind him, he crashed face first into the mercifully soft but muddy path. As he lay there semi-stunned, Joyce ran past him and back down the incline using the leash to bodily pull him up and into a running, staggering gait back to the creek.

"Back in, girlie. Get yourself cleaned off again. I should have known that a dirty slut like you would need more than one attempt to get acceptably clean."

Without a word the cowed Bert dropped resignedly to his knees and eased himself back into the cold creek so that he was lying first on his side and then on his front. Once again Joyce made him repeat the process of lying in the water and then begging to be allowed to change positions. Finally she pulled him to his feet and pronounced that he was clean enough to carry on one more time.

This time they made it over the lip of the ravine without incident.

As he plodded away down the path, Bert heard Joyce exclaim, "That was just a taste of things to come, slut. You abandoned me at the creek so it's fitting that your lessons in terror and abject humiliation begin there. Do you understand, girl?"

"Y...yes Ms Joyce. B...Barbie understands," moaned Bert in growing realization that his wife was not going to show him the slightest mercy in the days to come.

The rest of the trip seemed to take an eternity. His wet clothes slipped and sloshed around him as his battered feet slid painfully in the soaking wet pumps that squelched with every step. He was now so cold that his teeth chattered incessantly while shuddering shivers coursed through his body although they were walking at a brisk pace. Trying to maintain his balance was another major struggle as his stiletto-like heels sank into the soft soil and his shackled hands further encumbered his progress. But visions of being marched back to the creek for another of Joyce's baths kept him upright no matter how close he came to falling.

Finally - thankfully - they came to the end of the path as the woods ended and the manicured gardens for the mansion began. Stepping out even more quickly, Joyce led him around to the back of the large house.

“No more going through the front door for you, wench. The likes of you will now only enter through the servant’s entrance. Is that quite clear?”

“Y...yes, Ms J...Joyce,” gasped Bert as he struggled frantically to keep up without completely losing his balance.

“Good,” growled his tormentor. “If you forget your new - and I must say well-deserved - status, I will be more than happy to make sure that you are appropriately punished. And let me *assure* you, the pleasure will be all *mine!*”

Stopping at the back door that lead into the kitchen, Joyce reached up and casually hooked the end of the lead over a bracket just above the door. It was located at a height guaranteed to pull the lead taut enough to severely restrict Bert’s movement.

“You are soaking wet, girlie. Stay here and drip-dry for awhile. The way you are shivering, you should soon be dry enough to be permitted to enter the house. While you are doing that, I think I’ll go in and have a nice breakfast and some lovely hot coffee. See you in a bit, *Barbie.*”

Casting him a final contemptuous glance, Joyce quickly opened the door and was gone before Bert fully realized that she meant to leave him here to freeze while she was in the warm house stuffing her face with food. The very *thought* made his empty stomach rumble in anguished protest while his body continued to shake almost uncontrollably from the cold. He feared that if he was left here for any length of time that he would surely perish in frigid agony. However, there was nothing that he could do except stand in a growing puddle as his sodden clothes continued to drip relentlessly down his nylon covered legs.

Time passed slowly and he was reduced to shuffling his feet in a small circle in a feeble effort to keep warm. The play in the leash allowed no more and his confined hands precluded him from rectifying the situation. As the water gradually drained from his ruined clothing so did his hope - or any consideration of putting up some sort of resistance. He was quickly being reduced to a pitiful creature who would do anything to alleviate the misery he was being subjected to, to survive physically even if his masculine pride and self-respect did not.

Bert was almost hysterical by the time Joyce returned to pull his leash from the bracket. Lack of proper sleep, no food and being exposed to bone chilling cold for a lengthy time had caused him to lose any rational thought. He could barely comprehend the fact that she was finally leading him into the warmth of the house.

No one was in the kitchen, but even if there were their presence would have made no impact on Bert. He was too far-gone in a remorseless crushing depression to even notice his surroundings. His body moved like some sort of robot, following the pressure applied by Joyce through the leash. His conscious mind had to all intents and purposes shut down.

Realizing that she may have pushed him too far, Joyce quickly moved down a short hallway to the maid’s quarters. Ignoring the bedrooms, she took him into the small but

well-appointed bathroom situated at the end of the hall. Fumbling with haste, she removed his handcuffs and collar. Then muttering quietly to herself, she rapidly stripped him of his still wet clothing and all off his jewelry except his earrings immediately after turning on the taps to fill the tub.

Adding some lavender scented bath oil and checking the temperature of the water to make sure it wasn't too hot she guided Bert into the bathtub even before it was completely full. It was an indication of how badly he was affected when he only stood there shuddering with cold until she physically pushed his pale body down first into a sitting position and then to a reclining one.

As the heat of the bath washed through him, Bert gradually stopped shaking with cold and his eyes slowly lost their dull, lifeless look. Seeing that her husband was recovering, Joyce brusquely ordered him to stop lying around like a lazy slut and to wash himself thoroughly. "And don't forget to shampoo your hair as well, Barbie," she snapped before picking up the ruined clothing he had been wearing and disappearing from the bathroom.

Enjoying the heat after being so cold for so long, Bert languidly washed himself using the scented soap that he found on the side of the tub. Still feeling exhausted and hungry, he allowed himself to luxuriate in the feeling of washing away the mind numbing chill, stench and filth that had been inflicted on him over the last few days. At least he was making some progress in reducing his misery, a very important consideration for someone in his position. He had not recovered enough to allow his mind to consider anything more challenging than that simple fact.

He had just finished rinsing the shampoo out of his hair with the hand-held shower head when Joyce came bustling back in. "Come on, wench. You are slower than molasses in January. You can't lie around in that tub enjoying yourself all day. There are things for you to do. After all you are a working girl now. Pull the plug, get out and let's move to the next step."

Groaning with the effort of standing up and the thought of leaving the warmth of the bath, Bert grudgingly pulled the plug and struggled to his feet before stepping out of the tub. As soon as he was standing compliantly on the bath mat, Joyce ordered him to stand still as she covered his body in a white cream with her rubber gloved hands. Only when she had every nook and crevice of his body from the neck down completely lathered with the strong smelling lotion did she stop.

"Now Barbie, I want you to stand here until I come back. You might feel like you are getting hot and itchy but I don't want you moving an inch. Understand me, girlie?"

"Y...yes, Ms Joyce," squeaked Bert as he pondered what this latest treatment would entail. Certainly nothing as pleasant as the hot bath but something that was beyond his comprehension, as he had never been exposed to such treatment before.

"Good. Now remember that any disobedience will cost you dearly. I'm going back to try and salvage what I *can* of those clothes you were wearing. There's no hope for the shoes, dress and stockings but we might be able to save the lingerie. You really didn't take very good care of my things. You will have to do much better in the future!"

With this parting shot Joyce was gone, and Bert was left standing despondently on the bath mat trying to rally his flagging spirits. The joy of the hot bath had been uplifting but this latest treatment did not promise any such solace.

The cream soon began to irritate his skin causing it first to tingle, then to itch and then to burn. Not too badly at first but the feeling slowly became worse as the minutes dragged by. It was a sign of how much he feared Joyce and the punishment she would undoubtedly administer that he stood on the mat stubbornly, refusing to give-in to the urge to rid his body of the maddening lotion.

He was fidgeting in a vain effort to allay the aggravating itch when his tormentor returned. "Stop dancing around like a moonstruck tart and get into the bathtub and rinse yourself with the shower head. *Now, Barbie, not tomorrow!*"

In spite of Joyce's stream of snapped commands, Bert really needed no encouragement to get back into the tub and rinse his body in a cooling, refreshing torrent of water as quickly as possible. He was not entirely surprised to see his body hair disappear along with the bothersome cream as he flushed every square inch of his burning skin. He had begun to suspect it was a depilatory soon after it had started to irritate his skin. He felt ridiculous and exposed without his light furry covering but at this particular moment in time it seemed a small price to pay to gain some relief from the burning itch.

"All right enough already, girlie," shouted Joyce as he continued to direct the stream of invigorating water over his abused body. "Turn that off and we will get some nice lotion on you to relieve the irritation."

Reluctantly Bert turned off the tap and stepped back onto the bath mat beside the tub. Joyce threw him a full, fluffy towel and showed him how to pat himself dry. "No more rubbing for you missy, you will have to take better care of your skin. Pat and blot, not rub. OK that's good. Now hang the towel up and put some of this moisturizing cream on. You will soon learn that it's a girl's best friend. And you sure need all the help that you can get. There's no doubt that we have a lot of work to do before you will be halfway acceptable - *even* as a scullery maid."

Bert stoically applied the floral scented lotion over his body. He balked at the thought of applying something so feminine to his body but at the same time he delighted in the soothing feel of its creamy texture on his tortured skin.

"That's good, Barbie. You might be making faces but I bet you really are enjoying the sensation of that moisturizer soaking into every pore. You can't fool me. Now get that bathtub cleaned up before we leave the bathroom. There are some rags and cleaner in the cabinet under the sink. *Hop to it, girlie!*"

Feeling ridiculous at being forced to do a woman's work while stark naked, Bert still did exactly as he had been told. His crushed macho ego was not yet recovered enough for him to do anything but act like a little submissive sissy. There was no way that he wanted to feel any more of Joyce's obvious wrath which had made her delight in punishing him severely at every opportunity. Industriously applying himself to the task at hand, he soon had the tub sparkling.

“I see that you are going to make a splendid scullery maid, Barbie. You certainly have the aptitude for it. Keep up the good work and I’ll be impressed enough to give you a break even if you don’t really deserve it, you pathetic little hussy. But, give me just one excuse and I’ll be more than happy to make you a very sorry Miss. Get my drift?”

“Y...yes, Ms Joyce. Barbie understands. She will be a good m...maid,” whimpered Bert in an effort to appease his mentor. He had already reconciled himself to mentally humiliating himself to any level of vile depravity if it meant that he would escape further physical misery or injury.

“*That’s my bitch.* Obsequious and simpering to her betters, as she should be if she wants to keep her little bottom from being well whipped. But don’t think you are going to get away with that act if you don’t do exactly as you are told. Some firm discipline will do you the world of good and I’m going to make sure you get it. Now turn around while I put these handcuffs back on you. ...*That’s the lass.* And now face me again so that I can put the collar around your neck. There we go, let’s snap the leash into place. Right, follow me, wench!”

Joyce then marched Bert out of the bathroom and into the smallest of the three bedrooms located in the maid’s quarters. It was almost completely filled with a narrow bed, small bedside table and a mirrored dresser. A closed closet door took up part of one wall. The room was clean but dowdy, particularly as there was no window so the only illumination came from an overhead light. A bright pink comforter on the bed gave the only splash of color amongst the uniformly dark, drab furniture.

“Sit on the bed, Barbie while I have a look at what I have to work with.

“Hmm, not much really. In fact it’s pretty bad, especially since you have stubble all over your face. Stay here a minute while I get something.”

Joyce bustled out of the room and returned a moment later with a glass of water and a pill. “You look just about worn down to nothing, girlie. Would you like to take this sleeping pill and get some sleep so that you will be refreshed enough that I can make an honest evaluation of what can be done to make you suitable for your new position in this household?”

Bert was so exhausted, he didn’t think that there was any need for a sleeping pill but the thought of getting into a bed was so enticing that he happily nodded his head. “Oh yes, Ms Joyce. Barbie would like that.”

Joyce slipped the pill into his mouth and gave him a mouthful of water. He was so thirsty that it tasted like the nectar of the gods. Trying not to gulp with obvious greed, he managed to drink the whole glass in a reasonably decorous way as she continued to hold the glass to his parched lips.

As soon as he was finished, Joyce placed the empty glass on the bedside table and went over to the dresser. Pulling out one of the middle drawers she removed a pink nightgown and placed it on the bed.

“Here, Honey, let’s get these handcuffs off you and that leash. You can keep your lovely collar for now. Now hold up your arms over your head while I slip this pretty gown on you. Stand up while I pull the comforter and sheets back.”

The nylon nightie was knee-length and swirled gently around Bert's hairless body when he rose from his seated position. It's light touch felt soft and comforting as he stood there in an almost comatose state.

As soon as she had finished positioning the bedding to her liking, she allowed him to climb gratefully into the bed as his fatigued mind threatened to shut down completely even before he could lay his head on the pillow. Within seconds he was gone. Gone down into a deep and restful slumber.

Bert dreamed of knives and masks and bright lights...hands poking and prodding...people talking. Light...then dark..then light again... it was a very long and frightening dream, indeed.

Chapter 6

Consciousness returned slowly.

Bert felt as if he was swimming through clinging, cloying maple syrup as his mind hesitantly began to register the signals given off by his surroundings. He recognized the slinky feel of his nylon nightie and the cool touch of his sheets. His body felt as if it had been lying in one position for a long time and there were dull aches and pains in his groin, chest and face. His mouth was dry and his throat was sore.

Gradually his eyes fluttered open and he took in the dim outline of the furniture arranged around his gloomy room. It was exactly as he remembered it. Small and drab and not just a figment of a terrible nightmare as he had so fervently wished as he hung suspended in that peaceful world of half unconsciousness, half awareness that you experience after a long, restful sleep.

Every movement an effort, he tentatively turned his head to see that the door to his bedroom was open. Indeed with the overhead light off, this was the only source of light coming into his room. A clock radio that he hadn't seen earlier on his bedside table brightly proclaimed that it was seven o'clock. ...He had no idea if that was in the morning or the afternoon.

It was warm and comfortable in the bed, so much so that he didn't really want to move but his body seemed to be crying out for him to at least change his position. Unfortunately, he felt extremely weak. Almost as if he had been bed ridden for days if not weeks. *How could that be*, he wondered. *Surely he had just fallen asleep a few hours ago.*

Girding his mind to make the attempt, he tentatively moved first one arm and then the other. Eventually he succeeded in placing them on top of the comforter and sheets that covered his supine form. Redoubling his labors he managed to push the bedding down to his waist so that he could push himself into a sitting position.

Preoccupied with his struggle to achieve this simple task, he at first failed to notice the pulling sensation of swaying, heavy lumps on his chest. Only as he came up to a full sitting position did his mind finally transmit to his conscious thoughts the fact that there were two alien forms attached to his body. A startled glance down confirmed that his nightgown's top was being pushed out in a most feminine way. In fact, even in the dim light, he could make out a definite cleavage below the nightie's lacy, plunging neckline.

In utter disbelief, he brought shaking hands up to his bosom to confirm without a doubt that two large orbs were now attached to his previously slight but definitely manly chest. He attempted to verbalize his wonderment but his sore throat only produced a breathy whisper, "Oh shit, what's going on?"

Resisting the effort to collapse back onto the bed, Bert decided to further assess the damage. Slowly he pushed the bedding away from his hairless legs and eased them over the side of the bed in a bid to examine the rest of his body.

Dread of what he would find caused him to hesitate before he pulled the nightgown up so that he could examine his groin. It appeared terribly flat with no sign of his

bulging male genitalia that should be pushing out the nightie's soft, nylon material. There was a dull ache down there so he thought that perhaps his cock and balls were just pushed down between his thighs. At least he fervently hoped so as the alternative was too much to even think about but he could not resist a burning desire to know. Now that the thought had been planted in his mind, it demanded an answer. In a perverse way, not knowing was even worse than discovering what could be an awful truth.

With desperate hope, he grasped the delicate material of the pink nightgown and yanked it up to his hips. He recoiled in surprise as he saw that he was wearing a matching pair of pink nylon panties. A pair of panties that lay tight and snug against his crotch. Was that a shadow of a very feminine cleft that he could see hiding behind the thin, nearly transparent material? It was hard to tell in the gloomy light.

Sliding trembling hands down under the waistband of his panties, he only encountered a smooth surface as he felt between his legs. Actually not completely smooth as to his astonishment he felt a small tangle of pubic hair just above the junction of his thighs. Astonishing as he was sure that he had lost all his body hair below his neck to the effects of Joyce's earlier depilatory treatment. How could this little triangle of one or two inch long hair have made such a quick return?

Finding an answer to this question suddenly lost its importance as his questing hands finished moving through this unexpected bush of short hair and encountered not the familiar lump of male genitalia but a woman's mound. Two of his unimpeded fingers slid over the slight raise of vaginal lips and into the tight slit that lay under them. Just a few stitch lines were all that was left of this massive surgery effort.

Crying out weakly in shock, he snatched his hand back from underneath the panties as he fell back on the bed. Tears began to roll down his cheeks as he sobbed uncontrollably at the loss of his manhood. *What had they done to him?*

He *now* had tits and a pussy. His macho ego or what was left of it went into complete denial as he lay back and bawled hysterically.

Several minutes passed before he could gain sufficient control of his wildly oscillating emotions to gradually bring to an end the shuddering sobs that were racking his cruelly altered body. Even then silent tears continued to trickle down his face as he contemplated the fact that he had been emasculated and turned into a convincing facsimile of a female. *Was **this** going to be Frank and Joyce's revenge against him?* he wondered as his mind continued to whirl in shocked confusion at his sudden and unexpected transformation.

A sudden thought lanced through his growing sense of self-pity and abject fear of what would happen to him next. Surely surgery to castrate him and replace his penis with a vagina would have left him in severe pain that would last for a long time. Granted, he didn't know how long he had been under sedation but it didn't feel as if it had been months. Days or weeks at *most* but certainly not months. If it had been that long wouldn't he have been so weak that he would have had trouble raising his head from the pillow let alone sitting up? No, something was wrong here, he decided. *I ache down there but I'm not in acute pain. It feels more like I'm tightly constrained than pieces have been cut off or surgically altered.*

Hope blossomed like desert flowers after a rare rainfall. Struggling with the effort, he eased himself up into a sitting position again and pulled the nightie over his head. The soft hiss of the nylon sliding over his new breasts accompanied the exciting sensation of the slinky material caressing the tips of his engorged nipples. Suppressing a groan of sexual delight, he dropped the garment on the bed beside him.

Ignoring the proud cones of flesh that thrust out from his chest, he deliberately turned his attention to solving the mystery of what had been done to his previously masculine crotch. "These panties have to go," he whispered in his now weak and husky voice.

Taking his time, he pushed himself off the bed until his feet tentatively touched the floor. Ever so slowly he put more weight on his legs, fighting to compensate for the terrible weakness in his trembling limbs. Gritting his teeth, he persevered until he no longer rested his rear on the bed but stood, albeit wobbly, on his own two feet.

"Damn these boobs," he muttered as he tried to peer past the mounds on his chest to get a good look at his panty covered crotch. Glancing around the room in frustration, his eyes lit up with anticipation as he saw the large mirror on the dresser. It was the obvious solution to his problem.

"OK, now I have to get over there," he exclaimed in excitement at this small victory in taking some sort of control back in his demolished life. Groaning with frustration, he forced first one foot and then the other to take small, hesitant steps toward his objective. It couldn't be more than six feet away but it would take him a minute or more to get there at his present rate of progress. Gasping with the effort, he finally stopped in front of the dresser and reached forward to rest his hands on its top to help alleviate the strain on his weakened legs.

Taking long, shuddering breaths he stared at the reflection in the mirror as another series of shocks whipped through his reeling mind. For the first time, he saw the large breasts that graced his chest: Firm mounds of silicone-generated femininity tipped with silver dollar sized, brown aureoles and jutting nipples. Shit, they had to be C cup at least he thought, as he surveyed his new acquisitions.

But it was his face that caught his attention next. The features were still his but they were more feminine than before. His eyes looked bigger and more open, his nose smaller, his cheekbones higher and his lips fuller. There was no doubt that somebody had been carrying out unauthorized - at least by him - cosmetic surgery while he was away in dreamland.

Nor was there any trace of stubble on his face. Lifting one of his hands he ran it over his chin and the area above his upper lip. Smooth as a baby's bottom! The light was a bit too dim to be absolutely sure but his facial skin looked a little red and irritated but other than that it was unusually clear and unblemished.

And what about his hair? It looked as if it was an inch or two longer than he remembered and lighter in color. Had somebody styled it into a short but feminine blonde bob cut? God, this was getting too much!

The collar was gone but there was something else that was different about his neck. What the hell was it he pondered. Something wasn't quite right. Wait, there was no

sign of his previously fairly prominent adam's apple. Shit, his neck and face now resembled a woman's more than a man's. She wasn't particularly attractive, especially without makeup, but there was no doubt that his reflection looked like a female. He shook his head in an attempt to clear his rapidly swirling mind.

A swinging movement suddenly caught his eye. Large dangling earrings were hanging from his pierced earlobes. Not the ones that had been forced in so crudely on the night that he and Joyce had made that futile flight for the cabin but a different pair. They consisted of a long silver chain ending in large, plastic coated orbs that nearly brushed his shoulders every time they moved. They looked strange, almost sinisterly so, but he couldn't make out their details in the gloomy light.

Tearing his eyes away from the lewdly swaying earrings, he turned his attention back to his pantied crotch. After all, wasn't that why he had made a trip over to the mirror in the first place? Straightening up slowly, he lifted his hands from the top of the dresser and hooked his thumbs into the pink panties' waistband and pushed them down until his groin was fully exposed.

A gasp of shock escaped his newly plump lips as he saw for the first time that his earlier suspicions were indeed true: His dangling genitalia were gone to be replaced by a void between his thighs. A void containing a split mound nestling just below a triangular bush of pubic hair. Still not believing that he had been so completely sexually altered, he used his shaking hands to open up the half-hidden slit in his crotch. As it yawned open into that all too familiar feminine hole, he could no longer pretend that it was just a misunderstanding on his part. Tears once again flowed down his already wet cheeks.

How could he have so badly misjudged his dilemma? *It still doesn't feel right. I can't believe that this has really been done to me.* Refusing to give-in to the evidence that was so clearly revealed before his teary eyes, he slid the forefinger of one of his hands into the gaping hole that he was holding open. All too easily it slid in and out as he manipulated it back and forth.

Oh, it feels so good, his treacherous mind told him. With a curse, he stopped the obscene movement of his finger and reaching down savagely, pulled the panties back into place in a feeble attempt to hide the damning evidence of his feminization.

Even as he snugged the frilly garment up to his crotch, he couldn't help thinking that his waist appeared smaller and his hips and rear end bigger - more shapely, more feminine! And was his skin smoother and softer? Shit, was his *whole body* turning into an effeminate piece of flesh or was it just his imagination? Squealing in indignation, he turned so quickly that he almost fell and staggered back to the bed as quickly as his feeble legs would carry him.

Grabbing the nylon nightgown, he slid it over his head in a halfhearted attempt to cover up the rest of his disfigured body, particularly his protruding breasts. Climbing back under the sheets, he surrendered to the horrifying thoughts roiling through his mind and broke down into pathetic sobs of overwhelming fear and misery. His body shook with the force of the emotional storm racing through him until mercifully he slipped back into the darkness of exhausted sleep.

Chapter 7

Joyce chuckled as she snuggled closer to Frank in the luxury of his king-size bed. He clicked the remote control to turn off the monitor, which had been showing the action in Bert's room, via a hidden camera. They had removed the IV drip inserted into the back of his right hand earlier that afternoon and knew that he should regain consciousness by six or seven o'clock that evening.

In anticipation of the delightful show that her feminized husband would present to them, they had retired to Frank's bedroom immediately after an early dinner.

Joyce considered that she had much to be thankful for as she caressed Frank's strong shoulders and chest. She had managed to improve her situation considerably since that dreadful night when she had been captured and dragged back to the mansion.

As she told Bert at the cabin, she had indeed been treated well and told that she would serve as a scullery maid to help pay off Bert's considerable debt to Trilateral Enterprises. It was even true that she had managed to convince Frank that a perfect revenge would be to turn Bert into her replacement. What Bert did now know, however, was that Joyce had been seeing a therapist provided by Frank... Nor did he know that his wife had become Frank's lover.

Of the two events, the sessions with the therapist had been the most significant. She only had



two meetings with Doctor Eddington before she had gone to collect Bert at the cabin. Building on her unexpressed but considerable hostility toward her husband, the doctor had turned her into the cold-hearted tigress that had manhandled Bert so savagely and efficiently while returning him to the mansion.

As for becoming Frank's mistress; that had been a decision made freely by Joyce - the evening before her morning foray to pick up Bert and bring him back to his well-deserved fate. On her own initiative she had gone to Frank's bedroom and allowed him to satisfy his long held desire to seduce her.

In the two weeks that Bert had been sedated after his numerous small operations, she had kept her word and worked during the day as the maid in the mansion: Washing the dishes in the kitchen, scrubbing the floors and doing all the other menial tasks that being a scullery maid entailed. It was hateful work and the only thing that kept her going was the thought that her labor would be repaid many times over by the fact that her macho husband would soon be replacing her and would suffer far more than she did. Just knowing that she had intimate experience of the miserable life that he would be forced to lead gave her indescribable pleasure.

In addition to her maidly duties, she also went to see Doctor Eddington - Doctor Ed as she now called him - on a regular basis. Under his able guidance she increased her powers of assertiveness a hundred-fold. She found it deliciously ironic that she had become so much more assured and dominating as a person while employed in the supposedly humble position of maid.

And of course, she didn't neglect Frank. No matter how hard and long her day, she made sure that she took the time to prepare herself properly and then report to his bedroom for an evening of blissful sex before returning to her bed for a deep, untroubled sleep.

Frank had been kind enough to suggest that she was not required to carry on as the scullery maid and could just enjoy being his mistress while training Bert to his new station. In her newfound determination, Joyce insisted on sticking to the original agreement that they had developed. It gave her great satisfaction to do so and she also knew that Frank would respect her all the more for sticking to the letter of the contract. And of course it didn't hurt to deny Frank complete control over her. After all if she wasn't working during the day he could bed her whenever he pleased.

Joyce's thoughts were interrupted by Frank's query, "What are you thinking about, honey? How you're going to put it to Barbie tomorrow?"

Giggling coyly, Joyce affectionately stroked Frank's cheek. "You better believe it, lover. Did you see her face as she tried to figure out what had been done to her? Make sure you get some video coverage tomorrow when I tell her exactly what has been done. She thinks it's bad now, wait until I give her all the bad news!"

"Don't you worry about that. I've had every minute of Barbie's education video taped and will continue to do so. Once it's completed and edited, it will make an excellent record of her ordeal. I'm sure we will enjoy watching it again and again"

"Oh Frank, you are so clever. Can you imagine what Barbie will think when I confirm that her face has had cosmetic surgery, her facial and chest hair have been re-

moved with laser treatments and her adam's apple has been shaved down. Not to mention, her vocal cords have been tightened to give her a delightful bimbo voice to go along with her voluptuous breast implants and female hormone treatments started to enhance the whole effect. Somebody as macho as Bert was will find all of this completely overwhelming. It's lucky we have Doctor Ed standing by to lend a hand. If we didn't Barbie could flip right out on us permanently and escape the slow revenge which will be so sweet for us to behold.”

Frank grunted with satisfaction at the thought of the exceedingly cruel, long-term justice being handed out to the traitor that he had once considered a friend. “I'm glad you're on my side, love. You are living proof that there is nothing more dangerous than a woman scorned. Just make sure that you do a good job with Barbie, you know what I want. After people see what you have done to good old Bert, there aren't too many who will want to cross Trilateral in the future. None with any regard for their *balls* at least!”

“Why Frank, what a thing to say to a lady. You just make sure that you keep on my good side, that's all I can say! Now why don't you let me remind you what pleasures a loving woman can give her man? After all I have an early day with Barbie tomorrow so I'll have to be getting back to my room soon for my beauty sleep.”

With these words, Joyce slid down Frank's supine body until her talented mouth captured his half-erect penis and started to work its magic.

Chapter 8

“Come on, Barbie, you lazy slut! It's time to get up and start earning an honest living rather than spending all your time on your back.”

Joyce's bellowed order cut through the last vestiges of cozy slumber that were still cocooning Bert from reality. Shaking his head to clear his thoughts he peered with barely comprehending eyes at the clock radio on his bedside table. *Six o'clock!* Damn, what was this crazy woman trying to do to him?

He tried to burrow back into the warm security of his comforter but Joyce pulled it violently from the bed leaving him uncovered except for his nylon nightie and panties. “Up, girl. I know that you are just a dozy wench but you have to get used to getting up at this time. Now sit up before I have to beat some sense into you!”

Bert forced himself into a sitting position as the miserable facts of his present situation came flooding back into his rapidly coalescing perception. All the horrible discoveries that he had made when he had first regained consciousness washed over him, threatening to bury him in a sea of remorse. He peered up at his wife standing there immaculately dressed in her gray maid's uniform and began to sob as he realized that she intended to have him take her place in that menial, feminine position.

Seeing his teary eyes and sagging shoulders, Joyce slapped him hard across the cheek. “Oh no you don't Barbie, there is no time for feeling sorry for yourself. No way are you going into a crying jag right now. Your feelings aren't important, only your complete obedience means anything to your continued well being. Do you remember how to address me and refer to yourself?”

Caught completely by surprise by this unexpected display of his wife's violent temper, Bert could only stammer out a whispered, "Y...yes Ms Joyce. B...Barbie remembers." His obsequious answer revealed nothing of his confused thoughts on what had happened to turn this woman into such a harridan. *Where had his submissive, little wife gone?*

"Very good, Barbie. You may prove to be more than a completely useless piece of baggage yet. Although I have my doubts! But enough of this idle prattling that you servant girls seem to delight in, get those clothes off so that I can see what your little operations have managed to produce."

Shaking with repressed rage at being spoken to in this manner by his wife, Bert still could not overcome his even greater fear of what injury she might inflict on him if he did not comply. Feeling an overwhelming sense of humiliation and vulnerability that brought a bright blush to his cheeks, he hesitantly pulled his nightgown over his head and set it unwillingly beside him on the unmade bed. As he felt Joyce's fierce stare on his exposed torso, his trembling hands involuntarily crept up and covered his swaying breasts.

"Don't be so coy with me, you little tart. You don't have anything that I don't have. Now get those panties off as well," she snapped at him.

Sliding off the bed, Bert pushed himself erect grateful that his legs seemed a bit stronger than the first time he had tried to get up from the bed to examine, in stunned disbelief, the changes made to his transformed body. Swaying slightly with the effort, he hooked his thumbs in the panties' lacy waistband and pushed them down his legs until they slid of their own volition to his ankles.

"My, my, what a change you have undergone, Barbie," Joyce chortled as her husband squirmed in embarrassment at her appraising stares. In spite of his intense shame he managed to keep his hands at his sides, as he knew that any attempt to cover his exposed feminine charms would only lead to another rebuke from his tormentor.

"I imagine that you can see most of the changes for yourself, dear girl, but let me have the pleasure of describing them to you. Where to start....hmm..well, why not from the top and work our way down to the best part last? ...So, your hair first. Doesn't that blonde coloring and feminine cut suit the new you? We will be able to do so much more with it when it grows a bit longer. Of course, the little procedures for your face are fairly self-evident so I won't bore you with the details. But I must say your eyebrows add so much to your new feminine look now that they are plucked into thin arches and your lips look so much sexier with that collagen plumping them up. Proper cocksucking lips, if you know what I mean. Mind you, everyone will still recognize you as Bert - just a much feminized version of that poor individual. Hmm, I still see a bit of bruising and swelling here and there but it has really improved in the several weeks. Did you know that you had been under sedation for that long, Barbie?"

"No, Ms Joyce," Bert squeaked dutifully although he had already worked out that he had been bedridden for quite sometime. Much to his chagrin he was already falling into the habit of saying what he thought people wanted to hear rather than what he really thought. Still, he intuitively realized that it was a rather good practice for some-

one in his lowly position to adopt. Even so, he couldn't help wonder how he had missed the fact that his eyebrows had been so radically reshaped when he had examined himself earlier.

"And your voice, Barbie. Unfortunately, it hasn't completely recovered from the operation on your vocal cords, so it's still low and husky. But when you can speak properly it will be in lovely high bimbo-like tones that will give me absolute delight every time that I hear them. And we got rid of your ugly lump of an adam's apple so that your throat can be nice and smooth, as a young lady's should be. Isn't that just *too* exquisite for words?"

"Yes, Ms Joyce," rasped Bert in dismay. Now he knew why his voice was so unfamiliar, so weak. But to be condemned to sound like a girlie airhead every time he opened his mouth was a cruel and unpleasant punishment. *Shit, this was getting worse by the minute. What would this mad woman be revealing next?*

"My goodness, Barbie, your shoulders and chest. With the obvious exception of your titties, they seem to have shrunk even further than your previously slight build. And your waist is a bit smaller, although it needs some more figure training I see, but your hips and rear are filling out nicely. In fact, there is a nice smooth layer of fat developing all over under your soft skin especially around your developing curves. That must be the result of the female hormones roaming around in your body. Did you know that you have a nice little implant tucked away in your increasingly plump butt to dispense just the right amount of estrogen into your bloodstream for the next six months?"

Bert could only stare at Joyce as tears slowly dripped down his cheeks at this latest revelation. Although he tried to answer, nothing passed his trembling lips.

A cynical smile on her crimson lips, Joyce patted his hand in a condescending manner, "There, there, little girl. I know that one of the side effects of the hormones is to make you much more emotional. I'm sure that you have been wondering about your wild mood swings and crying spells but don't worry you will soon develop a more balanced, feminine outlook on life."

Bert took some comfort from her words, as he had been worried about his constantly oscillating emotions. Now, even if it wasn't good news, he knew what was causing him to react so unpredictably to every minor incident. It wasn't his fault if he was turning into a whimpering sissy; he was being drugged into that pathetic state.

Noting his slightly calmer demeanor, Joyce carried on with her monologue. "However, you will be happy to know that your lovely boobs will continue to benefit from your ongoing treatment. They are a little hard and unnatural looking at the moment but as the hormones continue to do their work, they will soften up and become even more alluring in appearance. They must be almost a C cup now and by the time the process I am talking about is finished they will be that size for sure. Of course, they will keep their nice perky look and retain the sensitivity that I am sure you have already discovered, you naughty little tart. You have been fondling them, even taking a perverse pride in their size, haven't you Barbie?"

Blushing at Joyce's accurate reading of his earlier thoughts and actions, Bert had to reply, "Yes, Ms Joyce."

“No, no Barbie, tell me what you did and thought. I want details. Now what were you doing, you little strumpet?”

With a flushed face and downcast eyes, Bert mumbled, “B...Barbie liked the feel of her nightie on her t...tits when she took it off. And she felt herself there and, and she thought it was nice to have such big boobs.”

“Oh, you mischievous missy, I knew you would react like that. Being a woman isn’t all bad, as you will find out! Now, where was I in telling you what has been done to your previously macho body? Hum, I guess the only thing left is what I think is the best part, although you probably won’t agree. I’m sure that you are dying to know about those precious balls and cock of yours. You always seemed to take such pride in them although I don’t know why. Frank’s are so much bigger and he is more virile than you ever were, even on your best days.”

Joyce’s scathing comparison rocked Bert to the core. Not only was he being maliciously maligned about the size of his male genitalia but his wife was also making it abundantly clear that she was having sex with Frank. How else would she be in a position to make such a horrific statement? However, her next statement proved even more shattering to the tattered remains of his masculine ego.

“I know I shouldn’t make such mean comparisons, Barbie. You can’t help it if you are undersized in the manly attributes department. Particularly now! Do you want me to give you the good news or the bad news first?”

Stunned by her unanticipated question, Bert managed to spit out, “Uh, hum, the good news, Ms Joyce.”

“Good choice, Barbie. You will probably need all the morale boosting news you can get. Simply put, you still have your cock, puny as it may be, it is *still intact*. Well hidden under that artificial vagina, mind you but still there. Isn’t that a relief?”

Bert could only nod his head in tearful joy as he realized that he hadn’t been turned into a complete woman after all.

“But don’t be getting any ideas about removing that little piece of marvelous silicon engineering. It was custom built for you so that you can’t even find the seams where it’s attached to your skin - and it is held in place by strong glue that needs a special solvent for it to be removed painlessly. It’s so perfect that it has a bush of pubic hair and a man could penetrate your pseudo pussy without ever knowing it wasn’t the real thing. And your penis is positioned so that you can pee, sitting down of course. Even better, you will definitely feel some pleasure if some well-hung stud is screwing you. Won’t that be something to look forward to?”

Bert felt absolute nausea at the very thought of submitting to a man’s thrusting, rampant dick, but as usual he carefully hid his true thoughts and whispered, “Yes, Ms Joyce, whatever you say.”

“You’d better believe it, girlie, it is whatever I say! But don’t get your whorish hopes up too much. You have some woman’s work to do before you will have enough time to hop into bed with a real man. Now let me finish with the last of the good news. Your ears have been pierced properly. The oaf, who did them on the night you deserted me while saving your own butt, didn’t do a very good job. Luckily it was easily enough rec-

tified and now you have these lovely earrings permanently attached. Aren't they the most amazing things you have ever seen?"

Not in the least sure where Joyce's ramblings were going with this strange conversation, Bert replied woodenly, "Yes, Ms Joyce."

"I'm glad that you like them, Barbie. After all they are part of your good and bad news. You see you still have your balls but now they are encased in your earrings. They couldn't stay where they were as they would have been putting out too much testosterone and would have interfered with your hormone treatments. And you don't really need them to properly fulfill your new maidly duties, so we decided to make some absolutely divine earrings with them. Don't you just love the way they dangle there to serve as a constant reminder of what you once had?"

Joyce laughed heartlessly as Bert stared at her in stunned amazement, his mouth moving wordlessly as his mind tried to absorb the unspeakable horror that had been perpetuated upon his violated body. Everything else had probably been reversible by any competent surgeon but *this*, this mutilation could *never* be rectified.

They had turned him into a ball-less pansy. It all became too much for him so he did what any self-respecting sissy would do and dropped down into a dead faint. Luckily the bed was immediately behind him and he fell like a heavy sack of potatoes on its forgiving surface.

"Come on wench, get up, don't lie there like the pile of useless crap that you are," snarled Joyce as she slapped his face and breasts until he began to come around. Fighting to stay in the protective fog of unconsciousness, Bert could not help responding to the pain being inflicted on his body.

"P...Please stop, Ms Joyce," he squealed as he vainly struggled to escape the unceasing blows.

Mercifully they stopped - but Joyce did not relent in her savage assault on her feminized husband. Instead, she cruelly twisted his sensitive nipples until he cried in anguish. Only when tears flowed copiously down his burning cheeks did she step back and impassionately watch him squirm in agony on the bed.

"Let that be a lesson to you. You can't feel so sorry for yourself that you cease to function or I will increase your pain to untold levels. Losing your balls is nothing compared to what I can inflict on you and the sooner you realize that simple fact, the better it will be for you. Now let me hear you beg for mercy or I will give you another demonstration of what I am talking about."

"N...No Ms Joyce, Barbie begs you. Please show mercy to your poor, unworthy maid. Barbie didn't mean to annoy you."

"You're right about being unworthy, you little hussy. You are lucky that we put up with you and your useless whining. You will learn to pull your weight in spite of your petty, self-serving attitude and limited ability. Now get up and let's get on with the day."

Shuddering, tears of dismay and fear running down his face, Bert pulled himself to his feet and swayed gently in front of his mistress while waiting for her next command.

Joyce viewed his submissive attitude with gloating satisfaction. He was hers to rule and she was going to make sure that he would pay for being such a useless wimp.

“First things first, Barbie. Let’s get you dressed for your initial day of female servitude. Get over to the dresser so that I can show you where your lingerie is kept. Come on, come on, girl, you are moving like an old woman. You can’t be that tired after spending most of your time sleeping for the last several weeks.”

Bert tried to move more quickly than the slow shuffle his weakened legs allowed but the long bed rest and the stress of the feminizing treatments he had endured had completely sapped not only his will to resist but his physical strength as well. Even with Joyce’s glare fixed firmly on him, he could only advance with tiny, mincing steps.

“About time that you got here,” she hissed at him. “Now pay attention if you can focus your small, pea-sized mind for more than ten seconds. The top drawer on the left contains your panties and bras. The right hand top drawer has your garter belts and stockings. Your slippers are in this middle drawer, while your nightgowns are in this one. And the bottom drawers contain your foundation garments – corsets, waist cinchers and girdles. Your uniforms and shoes are in the closet and your cosmetics are here on top of the dresser. Any questions so far, bimbo-brain?”

Thoroughly resenting Joyce’s continual slighting of his intellectual powers, Bert managed an impassive, “No, Ms Joyce.”

“Don’t be so sullen, girl. Here, put on some deodorant. We don’t have time to get you into the shower. Tomorrow you will be standing by your bed already showered when I come in at seven o’clock. Understood, wench?”

“Yes, Ms Joyce,” muttered Bert as he contemplated the requirement to rise from his bed everyday at the same barbaric hour as this morning in order to accomplish this new requirement.

“Make sure you do, girl. Now let’s start you off relatively easy. I’ll put this waist cincher around you. As I said earlier your middle is still a bit thick and you will need some serious figure training.”

Bert watched with trepidation as she pulled a heavily boned garment out of one of the bottom drawers. Its gleaming white surface was adorned with pretty lace and bows but in spite of these feminine decorations, it still promised to be fiendishly tight. And indeed it was as he soon found out when Joyce wrapped it around his lower torso, pulling its front laces tighter and tighter until she finally tied them off grunting with the effort while Bert moaned with the pain of being so severely restrained.

“Oh, stop your bleating, Barbie. You won’t know what real figure training is until I lace you into one of your corsets. This is nothing. Now, let me get you some gray stockings from this top drawer. As you can see there is no need for a garter belt as your waist cincher has garter straps built in to it. I’m going to let you put these stockings on. They are not too sheer as they are working hose so you shouldn’t be able to put a run in them, no matter how clumsy and ineffectual you are. Here is the first one. Don’t try and put it on that way you stupid girl, gather it up like this so that you can slide your toes into the end. That’s better, now smooth it up your leg and then attach it to your garters by doing this. Good, now do the other one all by yourself.”

Tongue tucked beguilingly in the side of his mouth in a most feminine gesture; Bert concentrated on repeating the process he had just been shown with the stocking on his right leg. For some reason it seemed important to be able to show Joyce that he wasn't a complete idiot when it came to doing something without her constant assistance or criticism.

"Very good, Barbie, there may be hope for you yet," Joyce burred sarcastically as he finally succeeded in securing the stocking on his right leg. Flushed with his small victory, Bert heard the words of praise without noticing the underlying tone in which they were delivered.

"Oh, thank you, Ms Joyce," he gushed much to his mentor's amusement. She continued her task of dressing him with a wide grin and a growing sense of power over her once dominant husband.

"Silly girl, here put on these panties next. They are only nylon, like the rest of your lingerie, I'm afraid. But then again, the likes of you can't expect satin or silk. Always remember to put them on over your garter straps. It makes life so much easier when you have to sit down for a pee."

Bert accepted the frilly, white panties and carefully stepped into them before sliding their cool fabric up his nylon-encased legs and into position around his tightly compressed waist.

Running her hand over the silky nylon material covering his smooth crotch and rear, Joyce announced her satisfaction at his effort before handing him a white, lacy bra.

"Not bad, Barbie, but let's see how you make out with fastening this in place. We can't have your big boobs swinging and swaying all over the place while you are working."

Having seen his wife putting on a bra many times before, Bert slid the shoulder straps up his arms and leaning forward placed the still unfamiliar weight of his breasts in the cups before straightening up to fasten the clips at the back. Unfortunately, he found this seemingly simple process more difficult than it appeared. It took almost a minute of increasingly frenzied fumbling to finally succeed.

Joyce almost reduced him to tears of frustration when she announced that he was a pathetic piece of baggage and undid the clasp before making him repeat the process. He could only offer up a silent prayer of thanks when he amazingly managed to do it properly on his very first attempt.

Ignoring his smug look of satisfaction, Joyce quickly handed him a nylon full slip that gleamed in its white perfection and was decorated with frilly, white lace at its bodice and hem. "Get this on and quickly, girl."

Raising his arms over his head, Bert let the slick material slide down over his body, coolly, sleekly, caressing his skin until it finally settled gracefully into place with its lacy hem dancing gently just above his knees.

As Joyce turned to the closet to get his dress and shoes, Bert couldn't help looking at himself in the mirror. The image of a shapely woman in her lingerie was projected

back at him even though he had no makeup on and his hair was in tousled disarray. Nor could he escape the foreign sensations of his feminine clothing. The tightness of his waist cincher, the tug of the garter straps on the stockings that enclosed his legs in a silky embrace, the support of the bra as it firmly restrained his large breasts and the gentle touch of the cool slip on his hairless, smooth skin.

His initial euphoria at managing to dress without too much harassment from Joyce evaporated as he realized that his treacherous mind was betraying the tattered remains of his male psyche. *Damn it*, he was starting to like the feel of his feminine attire. *How could this be*, he wondered. *Surely he was more of a man than that?*

“Wake up, you dim bitch,” snapped his wife as she saw him staring at his reflection in the mirror like deer caught in a car’s headlights. “We aren’t finished yet and we have a lot to accomplish. Take this dress and put it on.”

Bert took the dress and seeing that the back zipper had already been opened, slipped it over his head and down into place. Before he could do anything further, Joyce apparently tired of his slow progress, quickly zipped him up so that he was left looking at the reflected image of himself standing in a gray, nylon dress. It was knee-length and had white cuffs and a matching high collar at his wrists and around his neck. A white pinafore apron’s straps were then placed over his shoulders and criss-crossed over his back before being attached to the garment’s waist strap and tied off in a large bow by his demanding trainer.

“Hell, look at your messy hair, Barbie. This will never do. Lucky for you it is easy to take care of. Hand me that brush on top of the dresser. Now watch how I do your hair. There, much better. Let’s put your pretty lace cap in place and you will look most maid-like. Shoes, where are your shoes? Put them on, girlie”

Bert did as he was told, only swaying slightly as he straightened up after sliding the three-inch high black pumps on his feet. Before he could even get a quick glance in the mirror, Joyce grasped his chin and turned his face toward her.

“Hmm, your face needs a bit of work. As you can see, there are some cosmetics here on your dresser. As your face is still a little bit bruised we will put on some foundation. Don’t worry how it’s done right now. You will be given some lessons later today.

“Enough of that, we’ll add some blue eye shadow, blush and lipstick. You don’t need to be too dramatic in the cosmetic department when you are a mere scullery maid. Let’s add a bit of perfume, even a servant girl needs a bit of nice scent. There, I’m impressed. Now you can indulge yourself and have a look in the mirror.”

Bert tried to look unaffected when he finally saw his image staring at him from the dresser’s mirror. But in truth, he was awed by the transformation wrought by Joyce’s skilled hands. You could still recognize Bert lurking in the depths of Barbie’s made-up face, but there was indisputably a *woman* staring back at him. ...A woman with an average face but a voluptuous body wrapped seductively in the simple but figure-enhancing maid’s uniform. His wife had already succeeded in making him at least look like an acceptable replacement for herself. Sheer terror coursed through his trembling body as he realized how quickly and thoroughly he had been cut off from his macho

past. He looked exactly like a woman, and he had always considered women to be second-class citizens. *Now he was one!*

Even if he could escape from this nightmare situation, who would believe him? If he tried to tell anybody he was really a man, they would probably have him committed to an asylum.

Joyce chortled quietly as she saw the range of emotions being experienced by Bert reflected on his strained face. Oh, slow revenge was indeed sweet.

“All right, girlie, stop admiring yourself,” she admonished the still inwardly cringing Bert. “It’s really time that you started to earn your keep around here. But first I better explain the facts of life. Are you listening to me, you little floozy?”

Snapping out of his growing despair, Bert whispered in his still weak voice, “Yes, Ms Joyce.”

“Good. Now where was I? The facts of life for a sissy servant girl, that’s you Barbie, are important. If you don’t get them right, you are punished. You won’t like that so you had better listen carefully. Tell me what you are going to do, wench.”

“Yes, Ms Joyce. Barbie will listen carefully.”

“Very good, girl. A little attention now will pay big dividends later. I know you aren’t the brightest spark in the fireplace so I will keep things simple. Initially you will spend part of your day working, and the rest being educated in your new role. A new maid like you needs to be taught everything and as you aren’t very clever we will try to be patient with you. But don’t think that we will tolerate less than your best effort to learn quickly. Have I made myself clear so far?”

“Yes, Ms Joyce,” Bert whimpered in dull acceptance of what was sounding more and more ominous to his future well being.

“There are four people on the indoor staff here at present. There is Mr. Radcliffe, the butler, Mr. Thompkins, the chef, Ms Wilma, the maid, and of course me - the scullery maid. *You* will replace me. Needless to say you will be inferior to everybody in the house, including the other staff members. Clear so far, Barbie?”

“Yes, Ms Joyce,” he trilled dutifully, even though his initial thoughts about the untenable position he was being enmeshed in were being confirmed with every word that issued from his wife’s pretty but vindictive mouth.

“Glad to see you have been able to keep up so far, girlie. Now that you understand your status, it should be obvious that your first lesson will be to do with reinforcing your subservient station in life. As a sign of your recognition that everybody is superior to you, you will curtsy whenever you enter or leave a room with anyone else present, you are spoken to or you wish permission to speak. Do you know how to curtsy, Barbie?”

“No, Ms Joyce,”

“How can you be a proper maid if you don’t know how to curtsy? Silly tart. It is simple, let me demonstrate. Left foot behind your right, thumbs and forefingers holding your skirt and apron hems like this and bend the knees. Don’t forget to keep your back straight but eyes demurely downcast. Watch me. All right, now you do it.”

Bert recoiled from carrying out such a submissive, feminine gesture - but one look at Joyce's stern face made him rush to carry out her order. Unfortunately, haste made him clumsy and his first attempt was about as graceful as an overweight trucker doing a pirouette for the first time.

"Again, you awkward baggage," rasped Joyce.

Fighting to focus his mind on the task at hand, Bert managed a much more credible curtsy the second time. Even so, Joyce berated him on several minor flaws and made him repeat the movement yet again. Only on the twentieth try did she express satisfaction.

"Not bad, Barbie. Give me five good ones in a row and then we must really get on with your chores. Come on, come on!"

Bert had to grit his teeth to suppress his growing annoyance at what he considered an absolutely useless exercise but he managed to execute five smart curtseys in a row. The fact that his legs were starting to tremble with the effort made him aware of the need to quickly finish the repetitive motion and of the fact that he was still extraordinarily weak.

"That will have to do, Barbie. You will have lots of opportunity to practice all your feminine deportment skills over the next few weeks. Let's get on with your first chore."

Relieved that he was at least earning a respite from the seemingly endless drill of executing obsequious curtseys, Bert happily replied with a tentative smile, "Yes, Ms Joyce."

His smile rapidly evaporated as his wife reached over and savagely twisted his still tender nipples. Even the multiple layers of material covering them did not seem to afford any protection as an intolerable pain shoot through his breasts. "Aie...aieh," he screamed in his new falsetto voice.

"Stupid slut," snarled his tormentor as she released her cruel grip. "Didn't I tell you that you should curtsy when you were spoken to, like now when you received an order?"

"Y...Yes, M...Miss J...Joyce," he stammered hoarsely as he flung himself into a hurried curtsy.

"Terrible, just terrible. Now give me a better one than that or I will give you another taste of the sheer misery I can inflict on your useless body, you stupid girl."

Biting his carmine lips in an effort to distract him from the agony of his freshly violated nipples, Bert managed to execute a satisfactory curtsy. He was rapidly finding out, the hard way, that pain was a powerful motivation in ensuring he performed to an acceptable standard.

Chapter 9

Turning her back on the trembling maid-in-training as he finished executing his curtsy, Joyce strutted out of the room, leaving him to scuttle behind her. Serious doubts about whether he was doing the right thing assailed his reeling mind. Was he supposed to stay where he was until ordered to move or was he supposed to follow her last command before she had so casually, yet savagely, hurt him? Praying for the best, he did his best to keep up as she moved swiftly to the servant's bathroom just down the hall from his room.

"Do you need to use the bathroom, Barbie?" she demanded imperiously with a patronizing smile.

Although he had been on a catheter and drip during his weeks of unconsciousness, Joyce's words made Bert realize that he not only needed to use the toilet but was dreadfully thirsty as well.

"Yes, Ms Joyce," he tittered while remembering to execute a passable curtsy. "A...And Ms Joyce, could Barbie...could Barbie..."

Laughing humorlessly at his embarrassed attempt to ask something, Joyce chor-tled, "Spit it out, girl. What do you want?"

"Please Ms, Barbie would like a drink, too."

"Oh you would, would you, my little hussy? Let's not get too demanding. However, under the circumstances I think that a nice, long drink of water is just what the doctor ordered. Use that glass on the sink and help yourself to some tap water."

"Thank you, Ms Joyce," Bert enthused as he bobbed his obligatory curtsy and grabbed the glass to fill it before his demanding wife changed her mind. Greedily he guzzled it down, enjoying every last drop of the cool, refreshing liquid.

"Hell, girl, you slurped that down like a beer-swilling oaf. Don't forget that you are a dainty sissy now and you will have to remember your manners. No more of that behavior or I will have to tweak your boobies again. Would you like that?"

"Please no, Ms Joyce," gasped Bert with a panicked curtsy. "Barbie will do better. Please give her another chance!"

"Hmm, I not so sure. A trollop like you probably wants somebody playing with her tits. But we don't have time for that right now. You have to use the toilet. A new experience it will be, too, as you now have slightly different plumbing down below. Let me talk you through it. First pull up your dress and slip and while holding them up out of the way with one hand, push your panties down.

"OK, now sit on the toilet, don't forget to make sure the seat is down. Men are always leaving them up, inconsiderate bastards that they are. Come on, just do what comes naturally."

Sitting on the toilet, Bert found it difficult to pee as everything, at least in his mind, was *far* from natural. Finally, as he grew increasingly nervous at Joyce's obvious impatience, he just relaxed and let the inevitable happen. It didn't feel like the strong

flow of urine that he was used to when he stood to relieve himself. More like an uncontrolled gush which spattered down into the toilet bowl, but it got the job done.

Smiling indulgently, Joyce then showed him how to use some toilet paper to wipe himself dry, lecturing him on the importance of a woman keeping clean 'down there' to stay infection-free.

"All right, rearrange your clothing — that's a good girl. And wash your hands. Good maids make sure they are always hygienic in every way. ...There, all finished are we?"

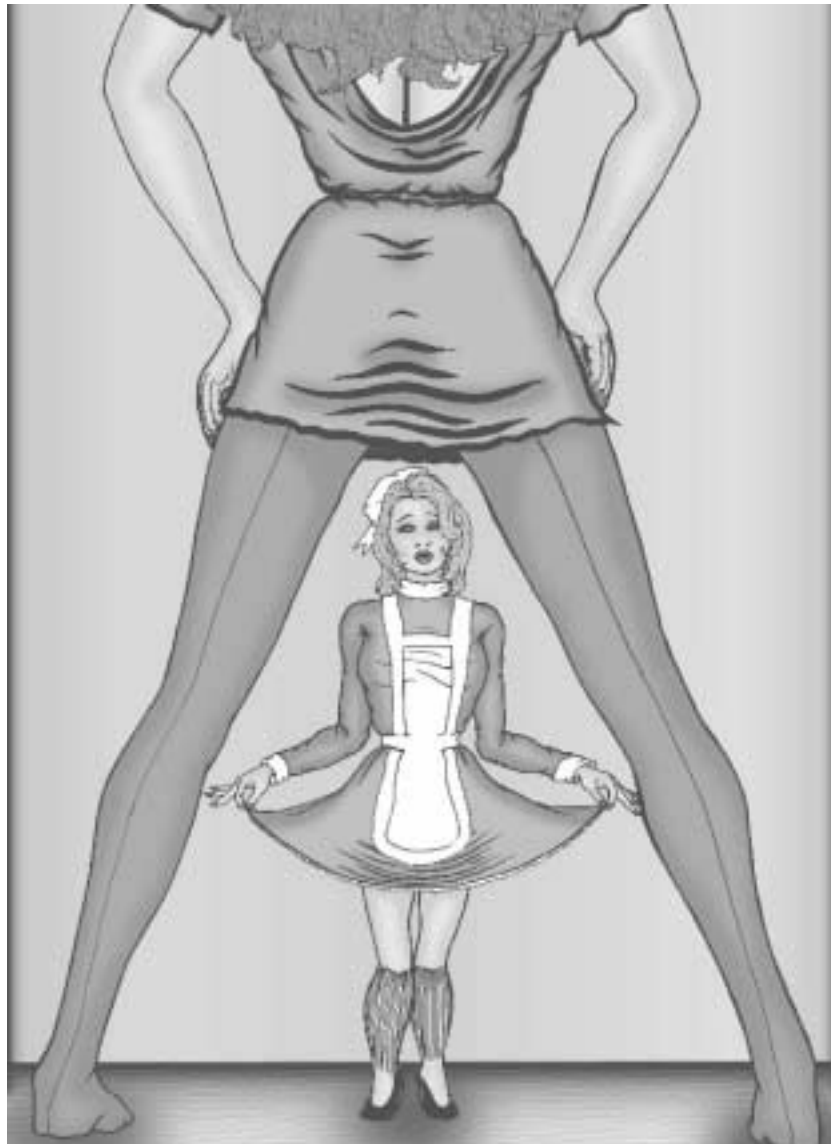
"Yes, Ms Joyce," replied the curtsying Bert as he continued to blush with embarrassment at being treated like a small child just learning to use the toilet.

"And about time, I must say. We have spent much too much time getting you ready for your first simple chore. Let's get you down to the laundry room."

With these words, Joyce was gone, leaving Bert to struggle after her as quickly as his tired legs would allow him to mince along in his high heeled pumps. Down the hall, through the kitchen and down another short hall to a brightly lit but windowless, damp smelling room containing a large washer and dryer set, an ironing board and an enormous laundry sink. Shelves and cupboards lined the walls and gave the room an air of organized efficiency.

"Over here by the sink, Barbie," snapped Joyce as he struggled to catch up, obey her command and curtsy all at the same time.

As soon as he stood in the indicated position, she pulled out a leg manacle and chain from one of the cupboards. Attaching the manacle to the astonished Bert's right



ankle, she quickly locked it in place and then secured the other end of the chain to a pipe under the sink.

“There you go, girlie. You may have seen Chef, or Mr. Thompkins, no make that *Sir* to you, working in the kitchen as we went through but before you have earned the right to anything to eat you will do some laundry work. See this hamper? It contains, my and Ms Wilma’s dirty lingerie. You will hand wash it in the sink using this special soap. After it's clean, you will rinse it thoroughly, wring it dry and then hang it on the rack just over there. Any questions?”

Although his mind was full of unanswered questions, Bert could not bring himself to ask any and only numbly replied, as he curtsied, “No, Ms Joyce.”

“Do a good job, floozy. Enjoy. I’m sure you won’t run off so it’s time for some breakfast for me.”

As Bert curtsied to the rapidly disappearing back of his less than beloved wife, he couldn’t help but shudder at the thought that someone had seen him scuttling through the kitchen while dressed as a scullery maid. Even worse, he hadn’t been aware that anybody had been there. Was he loosing his ability to be switched on to his surroundings? Becoming totally immersed in his new role of a simpering servant girl without a rational thought in her head except on how to please her superiors? As these dreadful thoughts continued to ricochet around in his increasingly agitated mind, Bert couldn’t help surrendering to another crying spell. Shoulders shuddering, he huddled over the sink and let the tears run down his rouged cheeks.

Eventually he managed to bring his unsettled thoughts under some semblance of control and sniffing loudly started to consider how best to carry out his assigned task. He most definitely did not want Joyce to come back and find out that he had not accomplished what he had been told to do. If nothing else, his growling stomach was indicating that it was past time to get something to eat and he was sure that she had promised him some breakfast after he had earned the right.

As quickly as his untrained hands allowed, he filled the large sink with lukewarm water, dumped in some of the soap that had been pointed out to him and emptied the soiled lingerie from the hamper into the water. Seeing some rubber wash gloves on the shelf above the sink, he put them on as an afterthought before he started the job of hand washing the dirty underclothes of his fellow maids.

Scrubbing and swirling the lingerie in the sudsy water soon became a dull, monotonous task that allowed his mind to wander off on a number of different tangents. What was happening to him, why was he reacting the way he was, why couldn’t he show a bit more resistance to the mean treatment he was receiving? Who had changed his previously compliant wife into a domineering bitch, what was going to happen to him? It rapidly became a strangely disturbing rhythm of unanswerable questions that threatened to drive him mad. Clawing his way back from the brink and resisting the urge to break down into sobs yet again, he concentrated on the menial nature of his chore and took comfort in its repetitive, simple nature. Even the sounds of the sloshing water and the clinking of his leg chain as he moved in a slow, relaxing rhythm took on a soothing quality as he bent over the sink.

Draining the soapy water, he rinsed each delicate garment carefully before wringing it out gently and then hanging it on the rack near his enforced workstation. Luckily everything he needed was close enough to be within the limited reach allowed by the chain on his manacled ankle. If they hadn't been, he felt sure that he would have gone over the edge in his present mercurial mental state.

Finally it was done — rows of panties, bras and stockings in a multitude of colors and fabrics pegged up neatly on the rack. Slipping the gloves off, Bert gazed almost reverently on his accomplishment. He had done something. He had been in control. With a start he realized that he had almost enjoyed his work – a maid's work! Damn, what was he thinking? His feet hurt, his legs ached and he wanted out of here!

"Well, well, what have we here? A little, panty slave hard at work," exclaimed an unfamiliar female voice.

Stunned at this unexpected intrusion, Bert spun awkwardly on his high heels and timidly dropped into a quick, almost reflexive curtsy. With his downcast eyes he could only see a pair of black pumps with four-inch heels and black stockings. The nylons seemed to climb up and up on long, shapely legs until they reached the hem of a tight, black dress or skirt that ended at least four inches above the speaker's knees.

"So the little sissy has been learning some rudimentary lessons in maid etiquette has she? I'm Ms Wilma, Barbie. Hold your head up so that I can see your face."

Reluctantly Bert did so as he curtsied obsequiously yet again and mumbled "Yes, Ms Wilma."

As his eyes rose, he took in the rest of the seductive figure standing before him. She was wearing a short black taffeta maid's uniform complete with a frilly, white pinafore apron and cap. Her long raven black hair cascaded around a pretty face but there was a hard look in her eyes and her luscious, red lips were compressed in a tight line. Bert remembered seeing her briefly when he and Joyce had first arrived at the mansion. Indeed, he had enjoyed openly ogling her captivating body at the time. Other than that he hadn't given her a second thought but now he had a very bad feeling about what she could prove capable of while he was an emasculated underling.

"Not bad for a sissy, wench. Unfortunately you have managed to make a bit of a mess of your makeup with your little baby tears but other than that I'm quite impressed. Joyce has done a good job so far. I told her that I would check up on you as she is busy cleaning up some pots and pans in the kitchen as benefits a mere scullery maid. I'm sure she is looking forward to getting you trained so that she can move on to better things. Did she tell you what your status was in this house with regards to the other staff?"

"Y...Yes, Ms Wilma. Barbie is inferior to everybody," whimpered Bert in growing fear of this obviously shrewish woman. Treated as a mere servant by everyone else, she was undoubtedly going to love having somebody else to order about.

"Good. And make sure you never forget it, bitch. Look at you. You're a man for god sakes and there you stand all dolled up as a maid, a scullery maid at that. Don't you have any pride? Well, I for one will treat you, as you deserve to be treated. Like the

weak, useless whore you are! If you want to act like one, then I'm more than happy to oblige. Get my drift, girlie?"

Trembling with fear and fatigue, Bert bobbed down into a curtsey and wailed in growing despair, "Y...Yes, Ms Wilma. Barbie understands. P...Please don't be mean to poor Barbie."

"Poor Barbie, my ass! I'll do what I want and you will be happy to serve me in every way. Won't you, dearest!"

Curtseying frantically, Bert whined in a futile effort to appease his superior, "Oh yes, Ms Wilma. Barbie will be happy to serve you in every way."

"Is that right," chortled Wilma with a hard edge to her voice. "Well let's see you put your actions where your mouth is. Get on your knees, whore!"

By this time Bert was completely dispirited and could only do exactly what he had been told by this obviously tough-minded woman. A few weeks ago, he would have hardly noticed her; today he was like putty in her hands. He obeyed her order without hesitation. He just could not seem to bring himself to resist his increasingly subservient manner to anybody and everybody who showed the least amount of authority. The previously macho personality was rapidly disappearing and what was left of his psyche was becoming the obsequious sissy, Barbie.

Wilma's stern voice broke through his defeatist thoughts, "Crawl over here like the bitch in heat that you are, Barbie."

Dejectedly Bert inched his way over on his knees until his face was almost touching Wilma's crotch. He could not bring himself to look at anything except her shoes while he remained there for what seemed like hours as a long, poignant silence developed until his tormentor chuckled loudly. Reaching down she lifted her short dress and slip and pulled them down tautly over Bert's bowed head forcing his face hard into her perfumed groin.

"You know what to do, harlot. Use your tongue and give me some woman-to-woman pleasure. If you don't please me, you will be a sorry little piece of baggage."

Bert had never performed cunnilingus. He had always considered that oral sex was something that females would enjoy doing for him but a real man would never stoop to such an unnatural act with a woman no matter how much pleasure she gave him with her talented mouth. Now, he lapped lustily, if not happily, in an effort to stimulate Wilma through the thin material of her silk panties. What he lacked in experience he more than made up for in fearful enthusiasm and she soon began to moan and part her legs even further although her fierce grip on the tight material encompassing his head never slackened.

"Oh, yes, my little nymphet, do it harder! Yes, yes, yes! Do me, do me," screamed Wilma as her passions rose higher and higher. Her guttural screams rose in a growing crescendo until she stiffened in orgasmic release and moaned softly while Bert continued his frantic efforts to make her happy. Her musky scent permeated the close confines created by the soft fabrics wrapped around his upper body and he began to feel faint from the warmth and excitement of the sensual act he was carrying out.

“Enough you little sexpot,” growled Wilma as she pulled up her skirts and pushed him away. “That was very good, you little minx, you may be a useful sissy after all. A bit more training and you will be an acceptable pussylicker and don’t worry, you will get lot’s of practice!”

Grinning widely, Wilma patted Bert’s bowed head as if he was a dog who had just carried out a clever trick. The excitement of her dominance over this wimp had brought her to a quick and satisfying climax. It was so much more fun to be in charge, she thought to herself, as she bent to unlock the manacle around his ankle.

“Would Barbie like something to eat now that she has done such a good job on the laundry and made Ms Wilma happy,” she purred.

The still kneeling Bert had been sinking into a renewed pool of self-loathing at his latest capitulation but her words cut through the cloak of his growing shame like a hot knife through butter. Food! Hardly believing that she really meant it, he gushed, “Oh yes, Ms Wilma. Barbie would like something to eat.”

Reaching down condescendingly, Wilma pulled him to his feet and gave him a small hug and whispered into his ear, “See what making Wilma happy can do for you, Barbie. But remember, don’t make Wilma mad or you will be a very sorry girl!”

Relaxing into her embrace, the first sign of human tenderness that anyone had shown him in weeks, Bert simpered, “Yes Ms Wilma, Barbie will always make you happy.”

Stepping back, Wilma gave him a hard look. “Make sure you do, girlie. Now let’s get your makeup fixed and then we will go to the kitchen to meet chef and get you something to eat.”

Reaching into her apron pocket, she pulled out the same lipstick and blush that Joyce had used earlier in applying his makeup and adeptly repaired the worst of his smudged cosmetics.

“All right, wench. Come with me and for goodness sake don’t dodder, we haven’t got all day!”

His fatigue momentarily forgotten, Bert happily dropped into a curtsy and pranced after Wilma as she bustled back down the hall to the kitchen. As they entered the room, he saw a large man, dressed in whites, sipping coffee at a small table and Joyce busy washing dishes in a large sink. He dropped an apprehensive curtsy as Wilma approached the man and ran one of her immaculately manicured hands over his bearded, smiling face.

“Hi Jeff, this is our latest staff member, Barbie, scullery maid-in-training. You might remember her as Bert Lambert. Doesn’t she look much nicer now? Barbie, this is Chef, or Mr. Thompkins to you.”

Chef gave the blushing Bert, who was still holding his curtsy, a strange look combining incredulity, loathing and lust. A look that reflected the disparate thoughts running through his mind. How could a man allow himself to be transformed into such a pitiful, feminized sissy? But she did look rather hot in that tight uniform!

“Hello, Barbie,” he rumbled gruffly from behind his cup as he debated how he should respond to this repugnant, yet delightful looking creature.

Feeling the need to respond, Bert tittered, “Good morning, sir,” as he straightened up and shivered at the staring, male eyes that seemed to be undressing him as he stood there feeling exposed and vulnerable in his revealing feminine clothing.

Smiling maliciously, at the evident embarrassment of the two males in meeting under these particular circumstances, Wilma winked at Joyce who has ceased her labors at the sink to watch the unfolding saga.

“Jeff, do you think that we could give poor, little Barbie a bite to eat? She hasn’t eaten for a long time and is feeling so tired and hungry,” cooed Wilma as she ran her hand through Chef’s short but curly locks.

“Sure, whatever, Wilma. Take care of it, will you? I’m thinking about lunch. The boss is having in eight people and I have to get a menu planned out.”

“No problem, big guy. You get on with your work. Joyce do you have any preferences on what Barbie gets to eat?”

Turning back to her sink of dirty pots and pans, Joyce called out, “Something light. She hasn’t eaten anything for quite a while. Maybe some juice and toast. I assume she did a good job on our lingerie or you wouldn’t be asking about breakfast for her.”

“Oh, she did a good job,” chuckled Wilma. “A very good job and she will only get better with practice. I’ll show her where the bread and juice are so that she can get on with making something.”

Bert, who had been rather hoping that he could sit down at the table and be waited on, was clever enough to keep this particular desire to himself. Still, he was going to get something to eat and he was almost comatose from thirst and hunger. Juice and toast weren’t much but they were better than nothing. Right now he was hungry enough to eat or drink anything that was put in front of him.

“Come on Barbie, over here,” called Wilma as she saw him standing quietly with a distant look on his face. Probably thinking about what we just did in the laundry room she thought to herself. *We are sure going to be doing some more of that, my dear little sissy! It was one hell of a way to start the day.*

Curtseying quickly Bert rushed over to Wilma and was soon sitting down at the table with a large glass of orange juice and several pieces of toast thickly lathered with butter and jam. He didn’t know what was better, getting the weight off his legs or digging into the food. Both Joyce and Wilma had joined Jeff for a cup of coffee so he kept his head down shyly and tried not to stuff the food in too quickly. After all the longer he took to eat, the longer he could sit here in comfort.

He had just finished his food when Joyce interrupted her conversation with the other two to say, “We need some more coffee here, Barbie. Get us some.”

Scrambling from his chair, he hurriedly bobbed a curtsey and scuttled over to the percolator to bring the pot of steaming, aromatic coffee back to the table. Refilling the three empty cups he hoped that he would be asked to join them in enjoying a little of the tasty black beverage. The smell was making his mouth water in anticipation.

“Good, Barbie. Now take that pot back, clear your dishes, put them in the dishwasher and then dry those pots and pans I left to drain by the sink. After that, give the draining board a good wipe down. Move it, girl.”

A pouting Bert curtsied and did exactly what he was told. He might be new at the game of being the lowest individual in the pecking order of the household but he wasn't entirely stupid in spite of what Joyce thought of his mental capacity.

He had just finished wiping down the counter when a deep voice boomed, “My, my, it must be nice to have time to sit down and do nothing but drink coffee at this time of the morning. Wench, bring me a cup.”

With a start, Bert realized that the last comment had been directed at him. Turning to face what could only be Mr. Radcliffe, the butler, he dropped a quick curtsy and scurried to carry out the order. Although his eyes were appropriately downcast, he could still see enough to confirm that it was indeed the butler. A fastidious man with his appearance, he was of average height but had a strong physique and a commanding presence. Definitely not a man to be trifled with, particularly when you were the lowest slut in the local whore house.

Trembling slightly, Bert tentatively approached the man who dominated the household staff. A man who could make his life an even more miserable existence than it already was by making a quiet suggestion or merely by giving his tacit approval to the other servant's more abusive behavior. He felt, and probably rightfully so, that much would depend on the next few minutes.

Placing the cup in front of the great man, Bert dropped as graceful a curtsy as he could muster and squeaked obsequiously, “There you go, sir.”

For his troubles he received a snapped, “Don't speak unless you are spoken to, girl. Lift up your face so that I can have a good look. Yes, quite remarkable what a good doctor can do with a scalpel these days, isn't it? You aren't particularly pretty but quite passable and that's all that counts when you are a scullery maid. Mind you, you appear to have quite a nice figure, good legs, plump ass, reasonably sized knockers, not bad at all for a guy! How the mighty have fallen Mr. Lambert, or should that be Ms Lambert now? No, probably not, after all Joyce uses that surname so you must just be plain Barbie. Isn't that so, wench?”

Shuddering with the weight of the verbal abuse being heaped on him by the very man that he hoped to make an ally, Bert could only curtsy and respond with a meek, “Yes sir, whatever you say, sir.”

“Well don't stand there bleating all day, Barbie. Get back to work and you other girls had better get a move on as well. It's only a few hours to lunch and I have to discuss the arrangements with Jeff. *Hop to it.*”

Curtsying yet again, Bert turned to move back to the counter when he felt a sharp pinch on his well-rounded bottom. Giving a little gasp of surprise, he retained enough sense to ignore the violation of his body and kept moving. He heard Joyce and Wilma giggle so it was obvious that they knew exactly what had happened. Biting his lower lip with frustration, he resolved to keep out of Radcliffe's lecherous reach in the future.

“Come on Barbie, it's time to see Doctor Ed anyway,” chortled Joyce who was enjoying every second of Bert's extreme discomfort. She and Wilma had both been on the receiving end of Radcliffe's wandering hands but they also knew that he wouldn't push his attentions any further. After all, he was the manager of the household and was well aware of the serious problems that sexual liaisons with other staff members could generate. However, her poor excuse of a husband, didn't know this and she was going to make sure that he suffered the delightful torture of feeling he was the target of male lust for as long as possible.

Bert dropped a curtsey and followed Joyce out of the kitchen as quickly as his high heel clad feet would take him. He had felt extremely uncomfortable being the center of attention of two testosterone-driven males. *How did women put up with that sort of thing all the time* he wondered, missing the irony of the fact that he had never worried about it when he had been one of the hunters rather than one of the hunted.

The clatter of Joyce's heels on the floorboards suddenly ceasing alerted Bert to the fact that she had stopped to knock on a door. He had been so wrapped up in his thoughts that he wasn't even aware of where they were in the house.

“Enter,” called a deep, authoritative male voice that was easily heard through the closed door.

Joyce opened the door and sticking her head through the opening announced, “Here's Barbie, Doctor Eddington. I will leave her here and come back to see you when you are finished. Do you know how long that will be?”

“I think about an hour should be enough, Joyce. Send Barbie in, I'm looking forward to meeting her.”

Joyce turned to Bert and indicated that he should enter the door that she was holding open. Feeling acutely embarrassed to meet yet another male while he was dressed so effeminately; Bert still managed to give her a short curtsey and to proceed through the doorway with a modicum of his fragile dignity intact.

The sound of the door closing startled him but he kept his presence of mind and took some comfort in carrying out the by now familiar routine of curtseying. His lowered eyes caught a glimpse of a small man in a dark suit sitting in a comfortable chair and watching him with great interest. Intuitively, he knew that this interest was of an academic nature rather than one of lust.

Indicating another easy chair adjacent to the one he was occupying, the man said in a measured, reassuring baritone, “Sit here, my dear.”

“Thank you, sir,” replied Bert snuggling into the soft support of the chair. As he did so, he realized how good it was to relax and to take the stress of his legs and feet. The unfamiliar high heels were really starting to take their toll. Even so, he managed to keep his legs tightly together in an effort to deny any attempt by this stranger to look up his skirts. For some reason this prim, even prissy, action seemed to be second nature to him already.

“Now, Barbie. Let me have a look at you. There is no need to curtsey or keep your eyes down like that when you are with me in these private sessions. I don't want any secrets between us.”

Reassured by the languid, almost fatherly tones of the small man's surprisingly deep voice, Bert looked across the few feet separating them and observed an ordinary but friendly face with a sincere smile and bright, intelligent eyes. Eyes reflecting their owner's curious, lively nature and his seeming ability to be able to look deep into your innermost thoughts. In spite of his innate wariness, Bert felt that he could trust the good doctor who made him feel comfortable and, for a time at least, forget the horrendous situation that he found himself in.

"Yes indeed, my dear, you look absolutely lovely. No doubt about it, the medical team has surpassed themselves. I'm sure that you are thinking that what has been done to you is most unfair but just think of how much worse it would have been if any of the procedures had gone astray. You could have been left looking quite deformed."

Bert began to nod his head in agreement with this particular piece of logic when he realized that there was still something very wrong with the fact that the surgery had been carried out without his full consent. Did he dare trust the doctor enough to tell him what he really thought?

Seeing his patient's confused thoughts playing across his well made-up face, the doctor hastily interjected, "Come now, Barbie, you can trust me when I say that everything that you tell me is in the strictest confidence. After all I am a practicing psychiatrist and I abide strictly by the rules when it comes to my work."

Deciding to trust the man, as his instincts urged him to do, Bert vented his pent-up feelings at great length. As he spewed forth his disgust at the way he was being treated and his fears of what would happen to him next, the doctor nodded wisely and made occasional notes in the pad he held in his lap. Finally, he held up his hand causing the feminized man to cease his ranting in mid-sentence.

"I think I get the general drift, Barbie. Let me sum up. You feel extremely betrayed, and you fear that the situation is going to get even worse. You resent everything that has been done to you and can't see what you have done to deserve this despicable fate. And if you had the chance you would, what was the phrase you used?Oh yes, 'beat the shit out of everyone who had anything to do with your humiliation and then strangle them with a pair of your panties.' A most interesting approach to solving your problems, I must say."

Bert nodded his head in total agreement with the doctor's summation. That was exactly what he thought and would do if he had half a chance to rectify the situation. Revenge would be swift and final.

"Well, my dear, I can sympathize with your thoughts but I hardly think that you are in a position to benefit from such drastic actions, at least at this time. I'm afraid that the only thing you are going to be doing with panties in the foreseeable future is to be wearing them. Therefore, I have an alternate suggestion for you. First though, do you trust me?"

Annoyed at the doctor's easy rejection of his macho solution to his problem, but intelligent enough to see that it wasn't impractical advice that he was receiving, Bert gave an almost imperceptible nod.

Taking this unenthusiastic reaction to his comments as an affirmative one, the doctor reached out and patted one of his patient's nylon covered knees comfortingly. Bert immediately stiffened and slunk back in the chair in a feeble attempt to escape this unwelcome touch. Sensing the negative reaction that his unthinking action had generated, Dr. Eddington quickly pulled his hand away and sat back in his own seat.

"Sorry about that, my dear, I only meant to reassure you that I will do nothing to harm you. My proposal is simple. I can give you some assistance in managing the worst of your fears and to make it easier to deal with the situation that is confronting you at the moment. Would you like me to do that for you?"

Although not entirely mollified, Bert still couldn't help reacting with another small nod to the doctor's suggestion. The stress and agony of his confused thoughts in trying to deal with the deplorable situation that he found himself trapped in was threatening to drive him quite mad. If he couldn't fight his way out by brute force then he needed some assistance in contending with the issue. Professional help could provide the interim solution that he could use until he discovered a more satisfactory answer to his dilemma.

"Is that a yes, Barbie? Think carefully now before you give me an answer. I want you to be comfortable with any decision we make."

"Yes, sir. Barbie thinks so," pouted Barbie in his still husky but increasingly high-pitched voice.

"Good choice. I'm proud of you for being so mature about this. Now I want you to look into my eyes and listen very carefully to what I say."

Bert did as he was told and quickly found himself sinking down into the comforting depths suggested by the doctor's soothing voice. Within minutes he was in an intense hypnotic trance.

The psychiatrist nodded happily to himself as he looked at his patient's relaxed body. Obviously the earlier commands that he had planted in Barbie's mind while she was recovering from surgery had been at least partially effective. Enhanced by drugs, they had taken root and explained, among other things, why she felt inclined to trust him and found some feminine deportment so natural. Even now, she had her legs held tightly together while reclining in the easy chair.

But all that anger inside of her. ...Quite shocking and conclusive proof that she needed more training to make her more accepting of her new position in life. It was unfortunate that his deal with Bert's boss included the requirement to allow Barbie to remember who and what she had been. It made the job much more difficult. Not like remolding Joyce, that was easy, after all she *wanted* to change. No, it was much more complex to mold Barbie's psyche while allowing Bert's memories to remain intact as well but all the more of a challenge because of it.

"Can you hear me, Barbie?"

"Yes, sir," intoned Bert in the monotone that indicated that he was indeed under the doctor's influence.

“Good, dear girl. You must learn to accept your new status. You are now a mere servant girl and will be expected to conduct yourself as such. You can remember who you were and what you used to do but you must learn to live with the new reality as well. Until you do, you will make yourself sick with worry and embarrassment. Can you understand what I am telling you, Barbie?”

“Yes, sir. Barbie understands. She must remember who she was but learn to be a good girl too.”

“Very good. Exactly! Try and take happiness where you can find it. Enjoy wearing your girlie clothes, their colors, soft textures and restraining but revealing nature. Be happy being docile and take pride in being the best maid that you can be. And you must never, never consider violence against anybody else. Even if you only think such thoughts you will feel desperately ill. You are weak, vulnerable and not very bright. But you can learn to make the most of your assets. Your nice body, delightful girlish charm, sweet smile, graceful movements and sex appeal are just a few. You will have to use your feminine wiles to get what you want. Do you understand, Barbie?”

“Yes, sir. Barbie understands. She likes wearing nice clothes and being a good maid. She isn’t strong or clever but she can try using girl tricks to get what she wants.”

“Barbie, you are such a *delight!* I wish everybody could understand his or her station in life as well as you do. Now, let me repeat...”

And so it went on for another half-hour with the doctor reinforcing the same points over and over again until he was convinced that Barbie had absorbed them all. He knew the programming would have to be done on a daily basis until the main concepts were completely ingrained into this creature’s subconscious but he was satisfied with the progress made today.

“All right, Barbie. Let me see that nice, sexy, little smile again. Excellent! Now remember to keep that pasted in place when you are talking to your superiors and think happy thoughts. You will be a much more content girl if you do. When I count to three I want you to wake up. You will think that you have had a refreshing nap but subconsciously you will remember everything that we have talked about. One, two, three.”

Bert shook his head and smiled at the adorable Doctor Eddington who was watching him with an indulgent grin.

“Gosh, sir. Barbie is really sorry, she must have fallen asleep. She didn’t mean to be so rude.”

“Quite all right, my dear. It will be our little secret. We had a fine chat until you nodded off. You must be extremely tired after all the excitement today. Would you like me to speak to Ms Joyce and see if you can have a small nap this afternoon?”

“Oh no, sir. Barbie feels fine now but thank you for your kind offer. It is so nice to talk to someone who is trying to help Barbie.”

“Good girl, run along then and see if you can find Ms Joyce. When you do, ask her to come and see me.”

Feeling delightfully refreshed, Bert jumped out of the chair and dropped a deep curtsey to the doctor while smiling coyly at him, “Yes, sir.”

Twirling effortlessly on his heels, he pranced to the door, gave the man another impish smile and disappeared in a twirl of skirts, opening and closing the door with graceful ease.

Chapter 10

Joyce chuckled happily to herself as she knocked on the door of Doctor Ed's temporary office. Barbie had breezed back into the kitchen five minutes ago with a sweet smile on her face and curtsying profusely had announced that it was Joyce's turn to see the lovely doctor. It was a real treat to see the simpering, little sissy acting like a love struck bitch. She hadn't even been upset when Wilma had taken her off to clean three of the bathrooms on the main floor. That little chore should certainly keep her busy for at least the next hour or so!

"Come in."

Opening the door, Joyce walked in and gave the doctor a large kiss on his forehead. "I don't know what you did to Barbie but she is a changed sissy. Will it last?"

"Sit down, Joyce. Will it last? Good question but I can't give you a very good answer, I'm afraid. The mind is a tricky thing and every individual is different so I can only speculate on what we can achieve with Barbie."

Grinning affectionately, Joyce interjected, "Cut the crap, Ed baby. It's me, Joyce. I'm your greatest triumph — turning a meek housewife into a mean bitch to her man, or in this case, ex-man. You can be straight with me."

Laughing conspiratorially at her banter, the doctor spluttered, "Come on now, Joyce, cut me some slack here. You can be a bitchy cow to Barbie but surely you can let me indulge in a little psycho babble after all that I've done for you."

Joyce felt that in future her new persona would be strong and assertive to a lot more people than just her poor, transformed husband but didn't pursue that line of thought. Instead she sat gracefully in the empty easy chair and changed the subject. "You seem intent on referring to Bert only by his feminine name."

"Yes, Joyce and you and the others must do the same. Always call him Barbie and refer to him as her or she. We must not allow him to think of himself as a male again. He might keep his memories but in the future he must see himself as female and we can reinforce that idea by referring to him as such. Only in that way can we make the necessary progress in turning him, or should I say, her into the feminized sissy that you and Frank want to create."

"Consider it done, my good doctor. He will be referred to as she from now on. And of course he thinks he is a she as well. After all, as I told you, he believed me completely when I told him he had been castrated and that his balls had been used to make his earrings."

"What a stupid hussy! I mean, we haven't *really* cut anything off, just pushed his testicles up inside him before gluing the silicone feminine mound in place and given him some drugs to block his testosterone production."

"True, my dear. But let's not forget that he would have no way of knowing that and at the moment he is very susceptible to all our suggestions. Now let's forget Barbie shall we? At least for the next hour or so and concentrate on you instead. Look into my eyes, relax, and listen carefully to what I say."

As Joyce fell under the spell weaved by Doctor Eddington; Bert was hard at work in the first of the main floor bathrooms. Wilma had shown him where the cleaning materials were stored and given him explicit instructions on how he was to clean everything to the expected high standard. She would have loved to do more with the effeminate little maid but unfortunately there were some other chores that she had to do herself before the lunch guests arrived.

“Make sure that you do exactly what I said, Barbie. I will be back in twenty minutes to check up on you and if you haven’t achieved the standard that I’ve stipulated you will be a sorry girl. Any questions?”

“Oh no, Ms Wilma. Barbie understands and wants to be a good maid,” Bert burred with an infectious smile as he curtsied.

Shaking her head at the strange change in Bert’s behavior, Wilma sashayed off to do some vacuuming and dusting. She wondered what that runt of a doctor did to people’s minds. First it had been Joyce and now Barbie. It was almost as if he had traded their most prominent characteristics. Meek to aggressive and vice versa. Amazing!

Humming gently to himself, Bert plunged into the task of cleaning the bathroom. For some reason it seemed extremely important that he do a superior job. Partly to make Wilma happy with him but also because he wanted to be a good maid. And good maids would carry out every task, no matter how menial, to a high standard. Wouldn’t they?

His strenuous efforts soon had the bathroom sparkling. He took great delight in the sensuous feel of his slinky lingerie, the restraining compression of his waist cincher and the taut feel of his garter straps pulling on his stockings as he turned and bent in order to carry out the cleaning. Whenever he looked in the mirror, he couldn’t help preening and practicing a pout or gentle smile. As he carried these actions out, his rapidly diminishing male ego ranted impotently in a futile rage over his effeminate behavior. He muttered aloud, “Shut up, stupid. Look where your false pride got us. Let Barbie have a chance to save us. She can’t do any worse than you did.”

When Wilma returned at the end of the allocated twenty minutes, he was kneeling in front of the toilet and putting the finishing touches into making it gleam like the rest of the small room. She licked her lips with a hungry air as she observed the way his dress had ridden up high on his thighs, exposing the tops of his stockings so that you could see the dark band of material to which his garter clips were attached. And the way the thin, nylon material of his uniform pulled tightly around his cute rear! It was enough to give a girl unclean thoughts; not that she needed much encouragement.

Pulling her thoughts back from the lecherous path that they were attempting to follow, Wilma cleared her throat causing Bert to jump up and hurriedly push down his dress into a more modest position while blushing profusely and attempting to curtsy gracefully.

“Are you finished then, Barbie?”

“Yes, Ms Wilma,” gasped Bert as he tried to regain his mental balance after being startled out of the pleasant daydream he had fallen into as he carried out his maidly duties.

Wilma could see at a glance that his efforts had produced excellent results. Still, she made a show of checking the toilet and sink for cleanliness before pronouncing that everything was barely adequate. Even this faint praise made Bert’s lips twitch up in a coy smile.

“Come on then, girl. We don’t have all day. The guests will be here in an hour and there are two more bathrooms for you to do before they arrive. Follow me and I will show you where the next one is.”

Bert bobbed down in a short curtsy and trotted after Wilma who had flung this last comment over her shoulder as she left the room. Scurrying to keep up, he felt some of the initial euphoria he had enjoyed after his talk with the doctor starting to ebb while a growing sense of fatigue began to creep back into his body.

“Here you go, number two. Make sure you give it as good a work over as the last one. I’ll be back to check in twenty minutes or so.”

“Yes, Ms Wilma,” replied a curtseying Bert. His dutiful reply was replaced by a gasp of embarrassment as she groped his right breast before skipping away with a nasty giggle.

With a resigned sigh, Bert entered and stared bleakly at the small powder room, which again, thankfully, only contained a toilet and sink. Shrugging his shoulders, he fought the depressed feelings off and made a valiant attempt to regain his previous equilibrium. The soothing routine of the mundane task of cleaning everything to pristine standards soon worked its magic and he drifted off into another dream world as he toiled away.

His final attempts to clean the room soon had him kneeling in front of the toilet and once again offering a tempting target to Wilma who had returned a few minutes earlier than the allocated time. This time she was not able to restrain her baser instincts and sneaking up behind him, she knelt down, reached around and started to caress his breasts that were straining against the nylon of his uniform’s bodice as he leaned forward.

“W...What? W...Who?” cried Bert in his new, high-pitched voice as he realized that someone was rubbing his sensitive, still unfamiliar tits.

“Shut up, Barbie,” cooed Wilma as she breathed lightly on his exposed neck and continued to gently massage his two mounds. As she did so, his startled and timid protests began to turn to a sensual moan as he slowly began to realize just how good her hands felt.

Maintaining her soft touch on one of his breasts, Wilma slid the other up underneath the bunched material of his dress and began to stroke the tender skin of his thighs just above the stocking tops. When he began to writhe in pleasure at this additional sensation, she slid her hand up even further and began to fondle his feminine mound through his panties and this seemed to drive him even further into panting passion.

Bert surrendered to her continued ministrations and allowed them to drive him higher and higher on a new but exhilarating scale of sexual pleasure. The combined bliss of the gentle caresses on his breasts and genital area was exquisite. Like nothing he had ever felt before but strangely stimulating all the same. Her probing fingers into his pseudo vagina were definitely causing him intense gratification and the feelings in his boobs were unfamiliar but strong enough to send jolts of ecstasy throughout his body.

Suddenly the ever-increasing sensations of pleasure ceased just before he felt he was going to orgasm in a spontaneous burst of sexual relief. Mewing with discontent he attempted to rub himself against Wilma's now motionless hands.

"None of that, my hot little slut," she whispered as she pulled back from him and stood up leaving the kneeling sissy panting in unfulfilled lust as he moaned in frustration against the cold porcelain of the toilet. "If you want to finish this later, then you will have to beg for it like the wanton whore that you obviously are."

"P...Please, Ms Wilma. Barbie begs you not to stop. She must be a whore because she likes it so much," Bert whimpered as he tried to rekindle the wonderful feelings that Wilma had unleashed on his unsuspecting, still developing feminine psyche by frantically fondling himself.

"Enough, you tart. I said *later*. Stop playing with yourself, stand up and let's get you down to the last bathroom. It's the biggest of the three so you have half an hour to finish but no more as that will be barely ten minutes before the guests arrive. Follow me."

Bert unsteadily staggered to his feet and pulled his clothing back into a semblance of order before curtsying and rushing after his tormentor who was already well on her way to his final cleaning job. His face hot and red from a mixture of unfinished passion and utter embarrassment from acting like an unrestrained nymphomaniac, he wondered what had happened to his normal cool masculine pride. How could he have responded in such a weak, womanly manner to Wilma's provocative behavior? He had been so blatant in his need for her caresses. *Did he no longer have any control over his emotions; was he turning into a shameless hussy?*

His internal remonstrations were cut short as Wilma indicated that they had reached the final destination requiring his maidly attention that morning. Once again she repeated her orders, he curtsyed and began the process of bringing the bathroom to pristine perfection. As Wilma had mentioned, this was a bigger bathroom and it had a bathtub as well as a sink and toilet. Groaning from a combination of sexual frustration and growing tiredness, he let his mind fall into the increasingly familiar trance-like state as he applied a stringent measure of elbow grease to finish this larger job quickly. Thankfully this blissful mental tranquillity banished the growing concerns his mind was wrestling with in regard to his abhorrent new emotional state and the fact that he was nearly ready to drop from exhaustion.

The fact that he had been surprised twice by Wilma's return also caused him to push himself to the limit in completing the work well within the thirty minutes he had been allocated. As a result, he was standing, facing the door attentively when she returned to inspect the results of his labor.

Annoyed at finding him prepared for her arrival, Wilma snapped at the curtsying maid, "Finished already, are you? Well, let's see what you have managed to accomplish, Barbie."

A hard look in her eyes, Wilma inspected the gleaming bathroom with meticulous care. She found nothing worthy of note but this didn't stop her from finding fault as she was in a vindictive mood from the fact that Bert was obviously not ready to play her game. How dare he be finished quickly so that she wouldn't have the opportunity to fondle him as he knelt in a vulnerable position over the toilet? Didn't he know that she wanted to do that? Maliciously, she decided to show him the hard way that he had better comply with her desires, even those that she had not bothered to express verbally.

"What is this, you little tramp? You missed a spot on the toilet. Get down on your knees and look closely."

Bert scrambled to curtsy and to kneel as ordered. He couldn't see anything but had the sense not to say so. The sound of the bathroom door closing filled him with dread as he realized that he was now in the vulnerable position he had been trying to avoid and that Wilma was obviously not happy with him.

"So you thought you could be smarter than me, did you? Pull your dress and slip up around your waist so that I can see your panties. Move it, girl!"

Shaking from fear, Bert quickly did as he was told even though he felt a burning shame in exposing his lingerie to Wilma. "P...Please, p...please! Don't hurt Barbie," he babbled in mindless terror.

"Shut up, you stupid bitch. Nobody told you to speak. Now put your hands on that filthy toilet and keeping your weight on them, straighten your legs until you are standing on your feet with your lovely butt stuck up in the air. That's right. Now keep that position."

Holding his bunched up skirts in the small of his back with one hand, Wilma stroked his stocking covered legs and pantied crotch with the other until Bert was once again moaning with repressed sexual desire. As his pants of lust became louder and closer together, it was obvious that he was extremely close to orgasm. Timing it perfectly, she suddenly stopped her gentle caresses and slapped his panty-covered buttocks with a series of sharp blows.

Bert's moans of pleasure quickly turned to startled cries of pain as she rained spank after hard spank down on his rapidly reddening backside. Tears began to flow down his rouged cheeks as he squirmed ineffectively in a feeble attempt to get away from her savage attack. He was totally unprepared when she stopped as suddenly as she had started and returned to tenderly rubbing and prodding the front of his groin. Even more unexpectedly, he shuddered to an intense and overwhelming climax almost as soon as she touched him there. Collapsing forward onto the toilet he sobbed in extreme embarrassment as he felt the hot, slimy release of his massive ejaculation soak into the crotch of his panties.

"What a horny slut you are, Barbie," Wilma chortled as she ascertained what had happened. "Even a good spanking hasn't stopped you from acting like a complete and

utter whore. If I had time, I would sort you out right now but the guests are arriving any minute so I'll have to deal with you latter. Wipe up those spots where your crying has caused your blush to run and make a mess on the toilet. Quickly! That's better, now stand up and let me fix your face. This is really getting to be a habit. You will have to learn how to do your own makeup."

A quick application of blusher and lipstick and Wilma once again deemed Bert presentable enough to take back to the kitchen. As he scurried dejectedly behind her, he felt a trickle of his seminal fluids begin to work its way down his legs. The thought that he not only felt like a whore but now smelt and looked like one was almost too much to bare. It was only with a determined effort that he managed not to burst into abject tears. Waves of fatigue swept over him completely replacing his earlier acceptance, no matter how fragile, of his new station in life.

Joyce, who had just returned from seeing the doctor, arrived at the kitchen at the same time as Bert and Wilma. One look at his ashen face and ragged gait stilled the caustic comment she was about to make. Instead she took him firmly by the hand and returned him to his room where she placed his unresisting form on the bed and covered his fully clothed body with the comforter. By this time Bert was so physically and mentally fatigued that he didn't even acknowledge her efforts and had fallen into a deep sleep by the time she had closed his bedroom door.

Chapter 11

“Barbie, Barbie, can you hear me?”

The sound of Doctor Eddington’s voice rang clearly through Bert’s mind as the mists of slumber suddenly lifted. He smiled coyly as he recognized who was calling out to him. His friend, the lovely doctor who took an interest in him and tried to help him. The only person to do so since this whole terrible situation had engulfed his previous life.

Blinking his eyes slowly, he peered out from his lowered lashes and giggled, “Sir, so nice to see you. Barbie is sorry that she can’t curtsy but as you can see you have caught her lying down on the job.”



“Don’t worry about that Barbie. I heard how you had been so tired that Joyce put you right to bed. And quite correctly too, may I add. You are still very weak and we must be very careful that you aren’t pushed too hard for the first few days. You have slept for the last two hours and I’m sure that you will sleep equally well tonight. The lunch guests have come and gone so I thought I should come down and have a little chat before you get up. I will also make sure that you aren’t worked too hard for the rest of the afternoon.”

Tears of gratitude rolled down Bert’s cheeks as he listened to the kind words. The Doctor was such a good man, always doing his best to make sure that he was well looked after.

“Now, Barbie, lie still on your bed, look deep into my eyes and listen carefully to what I have to say...”

A small smile on his wet face, Bert did as he was told and within seconds was once again into a deep hypnotic trance. As he lay there, the doctor once again bombarded his receptive brain with the ideas of submission and acceptance that he had planted

there in the earlier session. Repetition was a powerful tool and Bert slowly slid further and further under their influence as the masterful voice seared into his mind for the next forty-five minutes.

“So remember Barbie, you love your girl clothes, you want to be a good maid, you aren’t very smart or strong and you hate violence. It makes you sick to your stomach to even think about it. When I count to three I want you to wake up. You will think that you have had a refreshing nap but subconsciously you will remember everything that we have talked about. One, two, three.”

With a start, Bert looked up at the smiling face of his protector and benefactor. “Oh, sir! Barbie has done it again. She fell asleep when you were taking to her.”

“Don’t worry about that, my girl. It is more important that you got some rest then talk to me. Are you feeling better?”

“Yes, sir. Barbie doesn’t feel tired any more,” cooed Bert in appreciation for the doctor’s concern. And indeed, he did feel so much more relaxed and refreshed than he had earlier. He vividly remembered what had happened before lunch but it just didn’t seem that important any more.

Nodding his head, the doctor chuckled at the change he had wrought so quickly in Bert. When he had first heard of his near collapse, he had feared the worst but his quick intervention had obviously brought the poor wretch back to a more stable mental state. He made a note to himself to make sure that the staff fully understood that it was better to take this process slowly and not to rush things too quickly. Everything that had been accomplished so far could unravel very quickly if things weren’t kept under control.

“All right, Barbie. I’ll be going. In about five minutes Joyce will be down to see you and help you get sorted out for the rest of the afternoon. Make sure you pay attention to what she tells you.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you for your help. Barbie really appreciates what you are doing for her,” burred Bert as the doctor left the room with a small wave of his hand.

Bert squirmed uncomfortably as he realized that he was lying in a wet spot. With a gasp of disgust he remembered the large wad of seminal fluids that he had deposited in his panties earlier had been leaking. Obviously it had soaked into his clothes as he had lain in bed for the better part of three hours. Moaning in fear of what Joyce would say when she found out what had happened, he slipped out from under the comforter and examined the sheet. Thankfully there was only a small stain so he quickly rearranged the bedding and felt the back of his thighs through his dress. To his dismay, he felt a damp spot. Pulling up his dress, he felt his slip and found it even wetter. Shuddering in consternation, he hauled up his slip and felt the crotch of his panties and found that they were still soaked.

“The slut discovers the downside of inappropriate sexual behavior. Isn’t that right, Barbie?”

Lips quivering in fright, Bert quickly pushed his clothing back into place, turned and curtseyed. Even without looking, he knew that Joyce had entered his room at the most inopportune moment imaginable.

“Y...Yes, Ms Joyce,” he sniveled in his high pitched, bimbo voice. A voice that was already losing some of its huskiness and sounding more girl-like every hour. Bert was rapidly coming to dread the times that he actually had to say anything.

“So much to learn and so little time,” sighed Joyce. “All right, girlie, let it be a lesson to you. You should be severely punished for making such a mess of your uniform but I’m prepared to let you off this time. There are just too many other things that need doing. Have you learned your lesson, Barbie?”

Curtseying rapidly, Bert babbled in relief, “Oh yes, Ms Joyce. Barbie has learned her lesson. She won’t act like a slut again.”

“Somehow I doubt that, wench,” growled Joyce with some asperity. “Now, get those dirty and mussed clothes off and by that I mean your apron, dress, slip and panties. You will find new ones in the dresser or closet. Put the dirty ones in the hamper over in the corner. Move it.”

Curtseying yet again, Bert rushed to comply and was soon standing in front of Joyce for an inspection before she would allow him to leave the room.

“Turn around Barbie, your apron straps at the back have to be tied off in a nice bow. Yours looks like a deranged noodle! There, that’s better. The rest of your uniform looks fine. Wait, tidy up your frilly cap. No, no take it off and brush out your hair and then put it back on. That’s better but your face is a disaster. I have put your makeup back on your dresser but before you use it, go down to the bathroom and wash your face. If you need to use the toilet, do that as well. Go!”

Bert struggled to absorb her flow of orders and to curtsey before rushing down to the bathroom to do her bidding. Now that she had mentioned it, he felt the need to use the toilet so he pulled his skirts up as soon as he closed the bathroom door behind him. With a sigh of relief, he yanked his panties out of the way, lowered himself down on the seat and emptied his bladder, not forgetting to wipe himself after he had finished. Rearranging his clothes, he washed his face carefully and returned to his bedroom and the impatiently waiting Joyce.

“Come on girl, we haven’t got all day. Getting some rest is one thing but there are other things that have to be done before you can replace me in this crap job and I’m not going to wait too long before it happens. Get over here and let’s do your makeup. But this time I want you to do it.”

Curtseying, Bert apprehensively approached the dresser, worried that he would never be able to cope with a task such as applying cosmetics. Surprisingly, under Joyce’s able tutoring he soon had on foundation, eye shadow, blush and lipstick to what she considered an acceptable standard.

“Not bad, girlie. Maybe you have an aptitude for this sort of thing. We will keep it simple for now. You can learn about mascara, eyeliner and lip liner once you have mastered the cosmetics you are using now.”

Bert couldn’t help sneaking quick glances at himself in the mirror. He thought, rather smugly, that he had done a very nice job with his makeup. A little more practice and he would be very good indeed. Probably better than Wilma and Joyce, if the truth be known!

“Stop looking so smug, Barbie. It isn’t that good,” chided Joyce much to his consternation. It was almost as if she could read his mind at times.

“Now that you are presentable, Barbie, we are off to do a bit of deportment training. Your friend the doctor has made it clear that you aren’t to do anything too strenuous for the rest of the day so we will leave your heavier lessons on maid’s duties until tomorrow. Follow me, wench.”

Mentally thanking the good doctor for his intervention, Bert quickly curtsied and scurried to catch up with Joyce who quickly lead him down the hall, through the kitchen and out into the large living room. A living room that thankfully had no one else in it.

“You are already moving quite well, Barbie. It’s almost as if you were a natural for ladylike movements but you need some practice to make you good enough to replace me,” quipped Joyce as she stopped in the center of the room. She didn’t feel it necessary to tell him that his graceful feminine movements owed much to the hypnotic suggestions that had been drummed into him.

Not sure if he should be insulted or gratified at her comment, Bert settled for a quick curtsy as a mute answer to her praise. But over the next two hours as she lead him through a variety of drills in womanly deportment, he found that it came all too easily to him. Sitting, standing, walking, turning, curtsying, carrying a tray and anything else that Joyce thought to teach him and he seemed to master it within minutes. No matter how fast she threw the instructions at him or in what order, he flowed effortlessly from one movement to the next. Half of him was ecstatic at his unexpected ability and the other half fell into abject fear that he was a pathetic sissy with endless talent for this type of dainty deportment.

Trying to conceal her delighted grin at the progress her protégé was making, Joyce decided to give him a final test.

“All right, Barbie, very good. Now follow my instructions one more time. Sit in the chair, smooth your skirts over your rear as you do and cross your legs thigh to thigh at the knee. OK, up in one smooth motion and then walk over to other side of the room, like you are walking along a narrow line, sway those hips, one foot in front of the other and make sure that you keep you weight on your toes. Good! Turn, lightly and gracefully, very nice, and now back to me and stand still. Hands together in front, eyes down subserviently, feet together. Finish with a deep curtsy. Excellent! I think you have it. Make sure I don’t see you deviate from what you have been taught. If you do, you will be punished. Do you understand, girl?”

“Yes, Ms Joyce. Barbie understands.”

“See that you do, Barbie. See that you do. Let’s get you back to the kitchen. Dinner will soon be ready. You can help tidy up after you’ve had a bite to eat and then it’s off to early bed for you, my girl.”

Dropping into his by now habitual curtsy, Bert followed Joyce back to the kitchen which was the scene of ever increasing activity to provide Frank and several guests with dinner. Instead of eating immediately, Bert and Joyce were pressed into service by Chef to clean up some of the mess that he had created while producing another of

his superb repasts. Wilma, who had been standing in for Joyce while she was training Bert, was more than happy to return to her room for a short rest while dinner was finished. She would have to help Radcliffe serve it once it was ready. As was tradition in the household, the servants would eat after the master of the household and his guests were finished.

At least it was normally the tradition, as tonight an exception was made for Bert and he was feed a light meal while the dinner was still being served. Immediately after he had finished, Joyce marched him down to the bathroom, showed him how to do his evening toilette and returned him to his bedroom.

“Take off your clothes, Barbie. They need to go in the hamper and your shoes go in the closet. Tomorrow I will show you how to launder the clothing that doesn’t need to be hand washed and you can have a lovely morning in the laundry room. But for now, put on your nightie and into bed with you. Set the alarm so that you can be standing by your bed at seven in the morning. Standing there having already showered, applied your moisturizer, deodorant on, makeup on and of course dressed in your maid’s uniform. I suggest you get up at six in order to get everything done. Woe betide you if you aren’t ready when I get here at seven. Into bed with your, girlie.”

Holding out the skirts of his pink nightie, Bert demurely curtsayed and gratefully climbed into his small bed. A full day of emotional roller coaster rides and more physical activity than he had experienced in the last few weeks had taken its toll. Once again, he crashed down into a deep sleep almost before Joyce closed his bedroom door.

The strident blare of his alarm seemed to blast out just after he had closed his eyes. Groggily peering at the clock radio, he noticed with a start that it was indeed six o’clock. Where had the night gone? Remembering Joyce’s dire warning, he frantically scrambled out of bed and turned the alarm off.

He trotted down to the bathroom in his nightgown and reluctantly sat down for his morning pee. Then it was a quick shower, not forgetting to use the pink razor that Joyce had left out for him the previous evening when she gave him explicit instructions to make sure his legs and armpits were completely stubble free. A generous lathering of scented lotion over his clean body, a careful application of deodorant and he scuttled back to his room clutching the nylon nightie to his bouncing bosom.

The waist cincher was a devil to lace tightly enough to ensure that his waist was sufficiently reduced to allow his uniform dress to fit properly but Bert finally managed to succeed. A glance at the clock indicated that his precious hour was rapidly slipping away so he wasted no time in donning his white lingerie. Taking a deep breath to steady his fluttering nerves, he then diligently applied his makeup in order to avoid a stinging rebuke from Joyce who would soon be inspecting his efforts.

Taking a clean gray uniform and its accompanying white apron from the closet, he struggled into them, managing to contend with the back zipper of the dress and the long straps of the apron in less than five minutes. But this still left him with barely ten minutes until the clock struck seven. Luckily his hairstyle allowed him to quickly brush it into some semblance of order before positioning his lacy maid’s cap on top of

his tamed tresses. Finally he dabbed some perfume on his temples, neck and wrists before studying his finished reflection in the mirror.

Not bad, he thought. I should be able to satisfy Joyce. Is there anything I missed? I only have a few minutes left. There is something. What is it? Oh, damn my shoes.

Scurrying to the closet, Bert slipped his black pumps over his protesting feet and sighed in resignation as he thought of having to endure another day of wearing the high heels. In spite of his reservations, his body automatically minced gracefully over to the dresser mirror for one last critical look at his image.

His preening was abruptly halted with Joyce's entry into the room. "Not bad, Barbie. Turn around so that I can see if everything is all right. Hum, nice curtsey and your pirouette wasn't bad either. I liked the way your skirt flared out and showed the lace of your slip. But why haven't you got your wrist watch and bracelets on?"

With a sinking heart, Bert realized that he had missed the small watch and two bangle-style silver bracelets that she had laid out on the dresser. Joyce quickly silenced his stammered excuse and glared at him as he curtseyed and put the offending items on. "And what about your fingernail polish? You don't have that on either!"

Her last recrimination almost sent Bert into a catatonic state as he felt his initial success in pacifying his cruel tormentor start to slide away. The foreboding look on her stern face did nothing to calm his shattered nerves.

"Not off to a good start at all, girlie. Stand by the dresser and I will show you how to put your nail polish on. There just isn't time for us to wait while you fumble around like the silly hussy that you are. From now on I expect you to keep them to the same standard, as they will be when I have finished. And tonight you will do your toenails as well. Understand, bimbo head?"

Trembling, Bert dropped into an abject curtsey and whined meekly, "Yes, Ms Joyce. Barbie understands."

Minutes later, his fingernails were a bright crimson red to match his lipstick. Joyce had quickly shaped them, applied a base coat, two coats of the gleaming polish and finally a topcoat. As she carried out each step, she took the time to explain the techniques that she was using so that there would be no excuse for him not maintaining their shining perfection.

"There you go, Barbie. Lovely nails! They are already quite long but I want you to grow them out even further. Make sure that you keep them looking this good from now on. There is nail polish remover here as well as the polish. Now, young lady, I haven't forgotten that you were remiss in your duties this morning so lean forward and put your hands on top of the dresser."

Cringing in fear, Bert fumbled a quick curtsey and assumed the position that he had been ordered to take. Joyce smiled evilly and pulled his slip and dress up so that his pantied ass was exposed to view. Holding the bunched material out of the way, she picked up the heavy hairbrush from the dresser and brought it down with a crack on his vulnerable buttocks. Bert squirmed in pain as he received a total of five burning blows. An idea of taking retaliatory action against his tormentor flashed through his

mind but immediately he felt a surge of nausea at even the thought of using violence. All he could do was sob helplessly at the injustice and indignity of his punishment.

Dropping his skirts back into place, Joyce replaced the hairbrush on the dresser and growled, "Let that be a lesson to you, Barbie. You must learn to anticipate what your superiors desire from you. Now stop that bawling, dry your tears and redo your makeup. We have a long day ahead of us."

And a long day it was. After a quick breakfast, he spent the morning in the laundry room being taught the necessary skills to launder and iron the clothes of everyone living in the mansion as well as all the linens, towels and cloth napkins used in the everyday running of the household. An endless array of items ranging from delicate lingerie to cotton sheets. Some required hand washing and those that did not had to be sorted for different cycles in the large washing machine. And ironing the plethora of materials proved to be more complex than he could have ever imagined before being forced into the world of being a maid.

In the afternoon, after a light lunch, he was introduced to the joys of washing and drying the pots and pans used by chef while the dishwasher dealt with the cutlery and dishes. Then it was a short lesson in where everything went in the vast number of cupboards and cabinets throughout the kitchen. And just before dinner, there was an instructive hour on how to scrub the kitchen floor on his hands and knees until it was spotless.

Immediately after a rushed dinner, he spent forty-five minutes with Doctor Eddington and then carried out his evening toilette, including applying red polish to his toenails, under Joyce's demanding tutelage before collapsing completely exhausted into bed by eight o'clock in the evening.

The next three days became a continuation of this routine, learning and practicing his new personal feminine and domestic skills, coping with an ever-increasing workload and the daily sessions with the good doctor. The only compensation was that, unless he was with the doctor, he was under Joyce's strict control every minute of the day and his interaction with everyone else, including the household staff, was almost nonexistent. And he slept like a log every night, plunging into a deep slumber as soon as he put his head on the pillow and not stirring until the alarm blasted out its strident call in the morning.

Chapter 12

It was on the sixth morning that he realized that something different was going to happen. Just after seven o'clock in the morning, Bert was standing by his bed waiting for Joyce's strict inspection - an inspection which he found easier to pass every day. Indeed he had not been punished since he had received that terrible spanking with the hairbrush.

In retrospect, when he had time to reflect on what had happened, it was almost as if Joyce had been testing his response that morning. But where was she, it was almost five minutes after the hour and she had always been very punctual in her early morning arrivals?

It was Joyce's manner of dress that gave him his first clue. Every other morning she had been dressed in an immaculate gray maid's uniform as if she was consciously setting the standard for his own appearance. This morning she was clad in a red satin negligee over a matching nightgown and had red high-heeled mules on her feet. Her tousled hair, the musky scent emanating from her curvaceous body and the satisfied smile were all clear signs that she had just left Frank's cozy bed.

She acknowledged his curtsy with a languid, "Good morning, Barbie. As you can see there are going to be a few changes this morning. I am happy to say that I'm finished being the scullery maid. You will now do that job. You are on your own. Just be a good girl and follow the orders of your superiors, which as you now know is everybody *else*, and you will be all right.

"Once I've gone back to bed, report to Wilma in the kitchen and she will tell you what to do. I know it was sentimental of me to bother getting up to tell you this but I didn't want to miss the look on your face when you learned that you really were going to replace me as the lowly scullery maid. Of course, you will still have the pleasure of serving me whenever I demand your attention. But most of the time you will be much too lowly for me to even notice. It will be as if you are a piece of the furniture, a *nobody!*

"Oh, I just love that look of despair on your face! Just remember that you are getting exactly what you deserve, you spineless sissy. Bye, girlie."

Tears of misery trickled down Bert's face as he automatically dipped into a curtsy as she left the room. The full weight of his sentence of being relegated to a serving wench crashed down on his bent shoulders. A short time ago he had been an up-and-coming man with a lovely wife and now he was a mere female servant destined to suffer a life of drudgery and subservience ...someone or *something* so low in the pecking order of the household that his wife wouldn't even deign to notice him unless she felt the whim to do so.

Just as his dark thoughts threatened to overwhelm him, the behavior patterns so deeply ingrained by Doctor Eddington came to the fore in Bert's mind. Shaking his head, he minced over to the dresser, repaired his makeup and sashayed from the room to receive his orders from Ms Wilma. He had trained hard to be a good maid and he would show everybody that Barbie was capable of being one!

By the time that he had reached the kitchen, his Barbie persona had fully reasserted itself and he smiled obsequiously to Wilma as he entered the room and curtsied to her and Chef.

“About time you got here, wench,” growled Wilma as she eyed him with a predatory look. “We have a lot to do today and this evening we have to help serve at a cocktail party that Master Frank is having for the Trilateral executives and their spouses. Get your pantied ass in gear and have a quick breakfast before you help clean up the kitchen. After that, get your laundry and ironing done in double quick time as you will have to clean the three guest bathrooms on the ground floor. Once you have done that, you can have some lunch. Then you will scrub the tiled entrance hall floor before reporting back to the kitchen to clean up after Chef as he prepares the food for tonight’s party. Any questions, girl?”

“N...No, Ms Wilma,” quavered Bert as he wondered how he was going to accomplish all the tasks that she had just set out. And what was this about serving at a party for Trilateral Enterprises executives? Surely he wasn’t going to be paraded around dressed as a maid in front of people he once knew and worked with, was he?

Minutes later after gulping down a light breakfast of orange juice, dry toast and a small cup of coffee, Bert was up to his elbows in suds as he washed and dried a collection of pots and pans. No matter how much went in the dishwasher, Chef always seemed to produce an impressive array of cooking utensils that had to be done by hand.

No sooner had he finished putting the kitchen back into some semblance of order, in spite of Chef’s best attempts to impersonate a whirling dervish in creating breakfast for Frank and Joyce, then Bert was told by a grinning Wilma to hustle his pretty butt down to the laundry room.

Curtseying politely, he scuttled away, glad to leave behind her undisguised looks of lust and Chef’s faintly contemptuous attitude. Not only that but Radcliffe had just arrived for his breakfast and Bert was still doing everything he could to avoid his lecherous hands.

Thankful that he had become so much more proficient in handling the laundry and ironing over the last few days, Bert made surprisingly short work of the medium sized pile of clothing and linens that were awaiting his attention. At least he had managed to keep on top of the seemingly endless stream of articles produced by the household by spending hours at this particular task over the last five days. With an inward groan, he contemplated the unfortunate fact that a large party here tonight would undoubtedly create a small mountain of items for his tedious washing chores.

By ten o’clock that morning, he was starting the first bathroom. Another cleaning chore he had become quite proficient at in the last few days. After all there were five on the ground floor and another five upstairs. And he had been on his hands and knees in all of them at least once if not twice in the endless quest to keep them spotless. By far the most difficult to keep clean was the one in the maid’s quarters as he, Wilma, and until this morning, Joyce, were all using it. The butler had his own private bathroom and Bert was still grateful that he had not encountered the old lecher while scrubbing out that particular one.

Forty-five minutes later and he was just starting the third bathroom and thinking rather smugly that he would be able to finish by eleven-thirty. Maybe he would have time for a short break before lunch or perhaps he could spend a few more minutes over that meal, rather than rushing off to do the entrance hall floor.

His ruminations ended abruptly as he heard the bathroom door close with a decisive clunk and Wilma's excited giggle. Turning his head resignedly, he saw that she was grinning widely and staring at him with unabashed desire while holding something wrapped in a towel.

"Barbie, my dear girl, just the person that I've been looking for. Joyce gave me something after our last little tryst in this very bathroom but I haven't had a chance to use it, as you have been so busy. We don't really have time to enjoy it now but I wanted to give you a taste of what you can expect when I visit your bedroom tonight. Get on your knees, wench."

Knowing better than to protest, Bert quickly curtseyed and knelt in front of her while keeping his eyes respectfully averted. As a result, he gasped in surprise as an erect cock suddenly appeared in front of his face. His open mouth gave Wilma the opportunity to firmly thrust the rampant member that she was holding between his plump lips.

"Like it, Barbie? It's a double-ended dildo and I've just pushed it into one of the three places it can go in your darling wee body. And of course, when I attach the harness properly the other end slides up into my sweet pussy so I get to appreciate the fun and games as much as, if not more than my little whore. Now, start sucking, bitch!"

Gulping with revulsion and fear, Bert frantically licked and sucked on the offensive piece of plastic that his tormentor was thrusting roughly into his mouth. Tears of pain and embarrassment rolled slowly down his rouged cheeks as the lifelike dildo battered his sore lips and raw throat. It seemed to go on for hours but it was only a few minutes before she stopped and withdrew the now sloppy, lipstick covered rod from his aching mouth and smiled cynically.

"I see that you enjoyed that little prelude to our activities tonight. I'll be making you squeal like a hot, little bitch before I'm finished with you. If you are really good, I might even let you move into Joyce's old room tomorrow. It's much nicer than that little box that you have at the moment. But you'll have to act like a horny slut to make me even consider it. Here, show me what a tart you can be. Give our friend a nice kiss and moan as if you really enjoyed it."

Mentally chastising himself for his meek compliance, Bert gave the pseudo penis a wet, lingering kiss and moaned wantonly as he did so

Giggling, Wilma wrapped the hideous dildo in the towel and blew the still stunned Bert a kiss before opening the door and leaving while he continued to kneel on the floor, his mind a storm of conflicting emotions. Part of him was revolted at what had just been done to him and, even worse, what was being promised for later tonight. But another part was causing him to tremble in anticipation.

Shaking his head in an agony of indecision, Bert willed his Barbie persona to reassert itself and allowed his battered, critically injured masculine psyche to collapse weeping in a small corner of his brain while she took over. Standing up, he did a little primping in the mirror to repair his damaged makeup and then smirking like a well-satisfied woman, he finished cleaning up the bathroom before returning to the kitchen for lunch.

The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully. The entrance hall floor was soon scrubbed to gleaming perfection and several hours of frantic preparations in the kitchen followed.

“All right, Barbie. You finish up with Chef and then go to your room and get undressed and have a quick shower. I’m going to do that now. Once you are clean, creamed and perfumed, I’ll be down to give you a hand in getting into your serving uniform for this evening. Oh, and put on your foundation but no other makeup. Understand, girlie?”

“Yes, Ms Wilma. Barbie understands,” sighed a curtsying Bert.

Forty minutes later, he was standing naked in front of his dresser and applying his deodorant and perfume as Wilma, wearing only a small robe, entered with a pile of clothing in her arms.

“Let’s get started, Barbie. Slide these panties on first. And stop trying to curtsy when you don’t have any clothes on. You look like an idiot.”

Mortified, Bert stopped his vain attempt to carry off a passable curtsy and pulled the white, nylon, full-cut panties up his smooth legs. Unlike those he normally wore, there were numerous rows of lace covering the rear of the garment.

“Aren’t they cute, Barbie? Real sissy panties that will be revealed every time you bend over,” chortled Wilma. “Now turn around while I lace you into this corset.”

Bert turned and felt the stiff, unyielding material of the white foundation garment gradually constricting his torso as Wilma slowly but relentlessly drew the strings at the back tighter and tighter. As she did, the corset’s half-cups pushed up his large breasts until they looked like two melons being presented on a tray while his waist was narrowed considerably by the heavily boned fabric. By the time his new mentor had finished tying off the laces he was only able to breathe by taking short panting gasps.

“Stand still while I help you with the stockings, Barbie. I know from experience that you would never be able to bend over with that contraption on. But first, let me thread your garter straps under your panties so that you can pull them down if you need to use the bathroom. Or maybe someone, like me for instance, will want access to those delectable treasures hidden away in your lingerie. ”

Thankful for her assistance, Bert watched as she rolled the sheer, black stockings up his sleek legs, ensuring the back seams were straight before attaching them to the short garter straps dangling from the corset. As soon as she had finished with the stockings, she slid a pair of black pumps onto his already sore feet. Pumps with four-inch heels that caused him to feel the strain on his aching leg muscles almost immediately.

“Time for your petticoats, you lucky pantywaist you,” Wilma cried with glee as she had him step into the first pristine white, lacy undergarment before fastening it at his waist. It flared out dramatically but was so short that it barely covered the bottom of his frilly panties. The other two matching petticoats were dropped in succession over his head and also secured at his waist. Each of them was slightly longer so that the third one almost reached the top of his stockings while the combination of their fluffy mass made it look as if his nylon-covered legs were protruding from a bell-shaped cloud of lace and taffeta.

Bert could only stare mesmerized at his reflection in the dresser mirror as Wilma pulled the short, black taffeta dress over his head and closed the back zipper. Frilly, white lace encircled the end of each sleeve at his wrist and followed the plunging neckline that fully exposed the tops of his protruding breasts and their impressive cleavage. The short skirt of the uniform fell just past the mass of petticoats so that the smallest movement would cause them to sway into view. Even worse, the lacy panties would also be cruelly revealed if he had to bend forward even slightly.

The addition of a small white bib apron did nothing to hide his charms and when Wilma pinned the glistening white maid’s cap into his hair, it was obvious that he was dressed like a sexy French maid. An image that was enhanced when dark blue eye shadow, heavy black mascara and eyeliner, bright red blusher and crimson red lipstick and liner were added to the foundation already on his face.

Grinning maliciously, Wilma gave him his feminine wristwatch and three thin bangles to wear before securing a silver choker around his neck. Stepping back, she took a long look at her creation.

“Very nice, Barbie. You look like a sluttish French maid if I ever saw one. There is no doubt in my mind that you will be the hit of the party tonight! Even I’m getting all hot and bothered looking at you. I can hardly wait until the guests are gone and I can have you all to myself.”

Dropping a meek curtsy, Bert stammered, “B...But M...Ms Wilma, why is Barbie dressed like this? Surely nobody can expect her or you to serve at a cocktail party dressed like this.”

“Don’t be stupid, Barbie,” snorted an indignant Wilma. “Of course I won’t be dressed like a slut. I will be dressed in my normal uniform. As I said, you will be the hit of the party and I meant you would be popular because you are dressed like a floozy. You will be a tempting target for a lot of the executives and even some of their spouses. Mind you, they will all get the message loud and clear that Frank is sending them when they see what you have been reduced to and that Joyce is hanging off his arm like a trophy for the conquering hero. I don’t think that too many of them will be tempted to try and rip off the company in the future. So of course you will be out there serving everybody, you stupid girl. That’s the point of everything that you’ve been put through the last month or so. You will be a living example of what happens if anybody tries to screw around with Trilateral Enterprises or Frank.”

As Wilma’s vicious words crashed around him, Bert’s shoulders slumped further and further as vivid images of the hell that was waiting for him tonight flashed through his frantic mind. He would be laughed at, pinched, groped and embarrassed

as he minced around meekly in his revealing uniform serving people who would not hesitate to take full advantage of his current lowly status. Then if he survived the abject humiliation of playing the sexy maid for the cocktail party, he would have to endure the advances of Wilma and her two-headed friend later that evening. And even worse, this would only be the start. Where would this never-ending nightmare take him? How could he continue to endure this excruciatingly slow revenge that Frank and Joyce had forced upon him?

“Stop brooding, Barbie!” snapped Wilma. “I’m going to get changed and I suggest that you start practicing you happy wench smile and keep it plastered on your face for tonight. If you don’t, you will be one sorry bitch. So stop mopping around like a spoilt, little girl and do what’s required to get ready until I come back for you. Understand, hussy?”

“Yes, Ms Wilma,” squealed Barbie with a superficial smile and curtsy as the senior maid exited the room. But as soon as she left, he sagged against the dresser and stared listlessly at his feminized image in the mirror until a small spark of anger and defiance began to smolder deep down in his almost extinct male psyche. The reflection might only show an effeminate sissy but he knew that there was still a man buried under the artificial shell – a *man* who was not going to take any more of this shit!

“Hi, Barbie. Mind if I come in? If you don’t mind me saying so, you look like you could use a friend right now.”

Roused from his brooding deliberations, Bert turned to see Doctor Eddington, or Doctor Ed, as he liked to think of him, standing in his bedroom door. A rush of pleasure at seeing his only ally in this godforsaken place coursed through him.

“Why yes, Doctor, come on in. Barbie,no, damn it, it’s ‘I’ - not Barbie. I refuse to refer to myself in the third person like I’m some piece of furniture. I am so happy to see you,” he replied determinedly while suppressing the urge to curtsy. “I need to talk to someone I can trust.”

Alarm flared in the doctor’s mind as he realized that Bert was making one last valiant attempt to reassert his masculinity. *Oh no you don’t, you stupid bitch*, he thought. *I have a large bonus riding on your performance at the party this evening. It’s lucky that I decided to check up on you. You will be there in all your feminine splendor.*

Masking his growing anger he coolly replied, “So I see, Barbie. Well, sit down on the bed and we can have a little talk. Comfortable? Good. Now I want you to look into my eyes and listen very carefully to what I say...”

THE END ...OR?