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The

Mistress Deborah's cuckolded sissy maid, chastity, cuckolded tales number 10.

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Chapter 1. Mistress Deborah's Date

Tim minced in his incredibly short steps, teetering on his stilettos to her bed, carefully placing her expensive black high heels in her suitcase.

Who is he? He asked.

A crop across his thigh delivered the answer.

None of your business.

You know better than to ask.

He started to curtly and offer an apology.

But the crop landed again.

I'm sorry Mistress.

Finish packing, she ordered.

He dropped to his knees to gently kiss the tips of her stiletto-heeled ankle boots.

I'm sorry Mistress.

I...the boots disappeared from his view.

Moving across the floor is Mistress Deborah, his wife, reposed in her dressing chair.

Finish packing, she ordered.

He rose and made his way to the bathroom to gather her toiletries.

If you must know, and I am not obligated to tell you anything, he's a lawyer.

His name is Sean. Master Sean to you.

He's young, divorced, likes no strings, sex with different older women.

Alexandra fixed us up.

He silently bobbed a curtsy to acknowledge his understanding.

There was no need for him to speak.

They were going to Columbus for another date weekend.

He would make the hotel and dinner reservations and serve as the designated driver,

bearing the loving couple from hotel to restaurant to whatever destination they wanted,

and then back to the hotel where they would make love.

He was a chauffeur, a butler, maid, and chastity cuckold.

This is what you wanted, right?

Her voice held a teasing mocking tone.

Tell me you don't want to go.

That you want us to stay here this weekend, and you can lick me to orgasm.

Or that you want to take me on my date weekend so I can be fucked with a real cock.

Well, which is it?

Tim stared down at the floor.

His cock twitching and its chastity device.

It always excited him when she talked like that.

Crawl over here.

Tell me what you want to do.

Be carefully placed her cosmetic bag in the suitcase and closed it.

The packing was finished.

As he'd been so thoroughly trained, he dropped gracefully to his knees and crawled to his wife.

Please, mistress, allow me to serve you on our date weekend.

The pointed toe of her boot probe got him with light, teasing kicks.

Serve?

She kicked harder.
Serve who?
You mistress, please.
You and your lover.
Better, she leaned forward, stroking his hair.
Remember, you were the one who asked for this.
She leaned back in her chair, lifting her foot, and smiled as he began to lick the sole of her black boot.
I have to admit, it doesn't suck, she laughed.
Well, you do.
Alexandra said my stud doesn't mind getting his cock sucked by a submissive cockled hubby.
Ready for some good cock sucking this weekend slut?
He nodded his head and mumbled.
A yes, mistress, as he tried to keep his tongue on the sole of her boot.
Her phone rang and Deborah picked it up.
Hi, baby.
Yes, I can't wait.
Him?
He's licking my boot.
He can't wait either.
The drive to Columbus was uneventful.
Mistress Deborah read or chatted on the phone with her lover.
She ignored her husband.
He was simply along as the chauffeur made.
Sex slut fluffer.
When they reached the hotel, her lover was there waiting and swept her into a passionate kiss right in the lobby.
Even in her stylish four-inch heels, she was a good head shorter than he.
Again, Tim was ignored as he handled the luggage and checked them in.
Deborah came over and grabbed one of the room keys from his hand.
Unpack, she said.
John and I are going to the bar for a drink.
She and her lover walked off his strong arm around her, his hand dropping down to brush over Deborah's bottom.
Taught in her jeans.
Tim, the cuckolded husband, nodded.
His name is Sean.
Master Sean.
Master Sean.
He corrected himself.
When he turned to go to the elevator,
he saw the desk clerk and she had a smirk on her face as if she knew and relished his plight.
He went to the room carefully unpacked and put away Mistress Deborah's clothes and hung up the gorgeous little black dress she would wear on her date that evening.
Tim reverently kissed the bottom of the strappy black stilettos she would wear on her date and then he placed him on the closet floor.
His final act was to crawl and kneel in the center of the room when finished and wait.
They returned 90 minutes later.
He heard the card lock energize in the door open.
No sooner had they entered than Master Sean spun her around, pinning her against the door, his lips claiming hers in a torrid kiss.
Tim couldn't believe the way she yielded and melted into Master Sean's embrace.
Sean's hand slid down her body, first cupping her breast, then traveling to her sex, rubbing that treasured crevice through her jeans.
She broke the kiss and brushed a lock of her long brown hair from her face.
Oh shit, let's do it now.
We have plenty of time.
Sean kissed her again.
All in good time.
Introduce me to your husband.

She brushed her hair from her face.
Oh right, but don't keep me waiting.
They walked toward her kneeling cuckolded hand in hand like lovers.
He released her hand and circled this admittance slowly.
Yes, yes, pretty much as Alex described him.
He stopped in front of Tim, towering over the kneeling form.
Sean was young mid-30s, good looking, tall with a decent build.
Very nice of you to offer me your wife this weekend.
I do enjoy these liaisons.
He smirked.
Tim knew what to do.
He'd been trained.
He leaned forward to plan to kiss on Sean's right shoe.
The pleasure is all mine, Master.
And mine, Deborah, chuckled.
Oh yes, definitely mine.
Prepare your wife for me, Sean commanded.
Then you may come over and undress me.
Tim crawled behind Mistress Deborah and she walked to the bathroom.
Excited for me, my little cuckold?
She pulled her blouse off and handed it to him so he could place it on a hanger.
Yes, Mistress.
Tim removed her shoes and knee-high nylons.
Master Sean looks very appealing.
He averted his eyes as he helped Mistress off with her pants and panties.
On date weekends, he was not allowed to look at her sex or breasts.
And he tried to avoid actual eye contact as much as possible.
Tim was a cuckold servant.
Her beauty and femininity were reserved for master alone.
Tim was a cuckold servant and her beauty and femininity were reserved for master.
She snapped her fingers and Tim slipped the cute black tufted high heel bedroom slippers on her feet.
He heard the pump of her perfume bottle and caught the fragrance of her sultry and expensive perfume.
Smell, she ordered.
He closed his eyes and leaned forward, close to her sex, smelling the heady scent of her female musk.
Now mixed with the perfume, he inhaled deeply.
Oh, you smell beautiful, Mistress.
Go service, Sean.
She ordered, I'll finish here.
Tim crawled back to the bedroom and stopped before Master Sean.
There was no need to speak and he untied Master's shoes.
There was no need to speak and he untied Master's shoes, removing them and then his socks.
When he knelt up to undo the belt and pants, he was met by a huge cock that sprung from the recesses.
Master Sean wasn't wearing any underwear.
Above Tim, he'd stripped off his expensive polo shirt.
Master was now completely naked.
Lick my balls, cucky, he ordered.
We'll wait for your Mistress so she can watch the next part.
Well, well, Mistress walked into the room.
Isn't that a pretty sight?
Not as beautiful as you, Sean said.
But I agree, a beautiful woman ready for love and her husband sucking my cock, do make for a memorable image.
Mistress reclined on the bed, opening her sheer black robe to expose her furry mound for her lover.
Well, I don't see any cock sucking yet, and it's such a wonderful cock.
It surely deserves to be sucked.
That was Tim's cue and he backed away from Master's balls and began to lick Sean's cock, running his tongue up and down its length,

feeling the veins beneath his tongue.
Tim's tongue circled Sean's cock head.
Most of Mistress's lovers enjoyed that little bit of oral foreplay.
Tim licked his lips, moistening and preparing them for the slide down that magnificent cock.
Don't keep that up too long, Mistress Deborah Purd.
I mean, it's a hot scene and all but the heck cock is needed over here.
Just get it hard and wet for me, understand, slave?
With Master's cock filling Tim's mouth, all he could do was wag his bottom in acknowledgement.
Although he didn't know how, the cock seemed to be getting larger.
Tim started to choke.
Master patted Tim's head.
Don't worry, never had a cock old die on my cock.
Most of the wives liked the gagging.
I think it's cute, poor hubby, Deborah teased.
Struggling a bit, are you?
Master pulled out, now using his huge cock to slap Tim in the face.
Yes, he said, time to move to the main event, the gorgeous woman waiting for me.
Kiss it, kiss it.
He held his cock to Tim's lip, give it a sexy goodbye kiss, and then crawl into the bathroom,
kneel on the tile floor until we need you.
Tim spent the next twenty minutes kneeling in the bathroom, listening to their passionate lovemaking.
Mr. seemed quite enthused with Master Sean's incredible cock and his young man's stamina.
Chapter 2.
Melped for Miss Sandra
Two weeks later, and a typical day at home for a cuckolded sissy maid.
Tim heard the ringing bell and immediately straightened his apron and cap, picked up the silver tray,
and sissy minced into the living room, stopping to curtsy before the two women, as he placed the tray on the end table and poured more wine.
Do you always keep him so feminized?
Miss Sandra asked.
I mean the dress, those long earrings, the high heels.
Mistress Deborah nodded and smiled.
Almost always.
I find that the more feminized she is, and if she's always kept in chastity, that she becomes quite obedient, dossal, and compliant.
Deborah reached out to stroke her sissy maid husband's nipple as he bent forward to pour the wine.
She likes being my sweet little girl and wearing heels, don't you?
He bopped a delicate curtsy and trembled at Mistress's caress.
Oh yes, very much, thank you Mistress.
Miss Sandra arched an eyebrow.
David would love it if I spent all day and fuck me shoes.
My boyfriends do like it, Deborah replied.
My little slut even has her little book that has which shoes my lovers like.
She has her special outfits and shoes to wear for each of my guests.
That's convenient, Miss Sandra eyed the sissy maid from her six inch black patent heels to the black bob wig with the cute white lace maid's headpiece.
It is, Mistress agreed.
Then again, my slut needs to multitask, clean and do housework, and turn on my boyfriends.
Keep those cocks nice and hard for me.
As Tim bent forward to pick up the tray, he felt a hand on his leg, slowly cressing the seam of his fishnet stocking.
Cute stockings, Tammy, Miss Sandra said.
As trained, Tim Tammy wiggled his bottom in acknowledgment and appreciation.
Thank you, Miss Sandra.
I can't believe what you've done, how feminine he is, Sandra said, and how well trained.

He's a real maid.

Or at least, no, Mistress said you're quite correct.

She has developed into quite the useful and efficient servant, having to darling.

Tim straightened up in curtsy, still holding the tray he'd used to serve the drinks.

I hope so, Mistress.

I'm trying very hard.

Mistress snapped her fingers and motioned him to her side.

He made his small, mincing steps in his six inch stilettos to get in the required position.

Let me see them, Mistress ordered.

He balanced the tray in one hand as he lifted his maid dress and petticoat to expose his chastity device.

Mistress reached out to tug on the chastity device, testing its security and pulling him forward,

but he fought to remain in position.

Satisfied, the device was secure, she began to fondle his balls, squeezing them and smiling at their fullness.

He's always locked up like that, Sandra asked.

24-7, Deborah replied, and please refer to her.

Male pronouns simply seem to confuse the poor dear anymore.

Yay, well, Sandra nodded.

After meeting Sean last evening, I can see why.

That's one serious piece of young man candy.

Chance-Shawn was Mistress Deborah's newest young lover, barely 30.

Last evening, Mistress and Sean and Sandra and her husband, David, had made it a forsome at a local restaurant,

while Sissy-made Tim-Tammy remained at home, doing Chance laundry, ironing his shirts and shining the box of shoes he'd left.

Yes, Mr. Smiled, everyone has their place and duties in my house, both Sean and Little

Tammy. She squeezed his balls and he flinched. I think someone needs a milking, Mr. Steeze.

No, Mr. Zai. The mistake had been made. He contradicted Mr. Zai, challenged her and

in front of a guest. As you say, Mistress, he knew it was too late. He'd be disciplined

severely later.

Milking, Sandra asked. I do believe a demonstration is in order. Mistress released his balls.

Go get the items, Mistress commanded. He curtsy'd and backed away, performing a second

curtsy before he left the room. Men need to relieve themselves of their semen, either

through sex or masturbation, Deborah said. It's a matter of health as much as pleasure.

She smiled. Except for my Tammy, who has allowed no pleasure.

So, Sandra shrugged. She's melt. How does that work? You'll see. It's absolutely wicked,

Deborah chuckled, especially humiliating in front of an audience. He quickly returned,

the silver tray now devoid of wine glasses, and holding the implements of his impending

shame.

Put the tray down, Mistress ordered, and get on the footstool. He placed the tray on the

coffee table, pulled the footstool between Mistress and Miss Sandra, and crawled onto

the footstool, his pussy-facing Mistress. He placed a black saucer under his caged pussycock.

I melt her occasionally. Mistress pulled on her long leather gloves, for health reasons,

but also because I enjoy humiliating her.

Really? Miss Sandra leaned closer to watch. I can use this tool. Mistress held up a long, white, prostate massager. But then there's something to be said about making it up close and personal. She pulled latex gloves over her black leather gloves. I wear the leather gloves to protect his tender pussy from my nails. Chill him down, slut. He lifted his dress up to expose his pussy, and also grabbed the ice bag, and held it to his balls and caged clitty. The cold helps keep it small, Mistress laughed, although there's no chance of an erection when she's in her chastity device. Also numbs it a little bit. The object is to get her to give up all her little sissy-comies without any pleasure at all. Wow, that does sound humiliating, Sandra-grade. Oh my God, did you put your finger up his butt? Deborah laughed. It's her pussy, and yes I did. She removed her finger and added lube to two fingers and held them up. Now she'll take two, and then three. He moaned and wiggled his bottom. Open for me, Mistress ordered. Come on, be a good slut. He whimpered and tried to open wide or moving back to meet Mistress's thrusting hand. Hmm, she seems to like it, Sandra said. It's how chastised sissy slats get their pleasure. From their pussy and their nipples, go ahead, pull her dress down and play with her nipples. She likes that. Deborah slapped his butt with her free hand. Don't you slut. Yes, yes, she stammered. Please, play with my nipples, Miss Sandra. Go ahead, Mistress urge. She moved her hand in further. There, feel that? He moaned as Mistress slowly applied pressure to his prostate, and then began to rub it. Oh, please. He felt the top of his dress pull down and the elastic sliding over his shoulder. What acute bra? Miss Sandra fondled his bra. It has little demicops and exposes his, her nipples. Her fingers began to toy with his right nipple. She wears those bras for Sean. He loves to torment her nipples, so when he visits, my little slut has to wear a balcony at bras, or bras that have cutouts for the nipples, Deborah said. Mmm, a man who knows what he wants, Sandra said. That's sexy. Come on, give it up, Mistress cheese. We want to see you leak some sissy go on your plate. If you give us a nice slet show, I'll let you out next month and even give you a blow job. Wouldn't that be nice? He was shaking from holding himself up on one hand while he held the ice-packed his genitals with the other. Mistress's prostate massage and Miss Sandra's nipple torment were making rivers of emotions, course through him. Come on, come on, Deborah urged. Oh, oh, I see some, Sandra said. There's some drops on the plate, she laughed. Oh my god, it's just dripping out, not shooting really sort of pathetic. That's it? Pretty much, Mistress said, it just oozes out. It's not pleasurable, not like a real man having an erection or ejaculation. Then again, it's not meant to be. She slapped his bottom hard, again and again. All of its slat,

all your pathetic little sissy go. The women kept tormenting Tammy for several more minutes until Mistress finally removed her hand. He could hear her pulling off the gloves and dropping them on the tray. On the floor slat, Mistress ordered, she placed the black saucer now spotted with his white cum in front of him, licking up tiny little kitten licks and show us your tongue each time before you swallow. The women relaxed with their wine and cigarillos as he made dainty licks, lifting his head up and sticking out his tongue, displaying the gooey cum and waiting for the command to swallow. Eventually he consumed all his sissy goo, much to the amusement of the women, who delighted in his humiliating display. Mistress snapped her fingers, put the tray away and come back here and give us foot rubs. Tammy minced away to do Mistress's bidding and quickly returned, kneeling before Miss Sandra and slipping off her shoes. Sandra relaxed as the sissy began a luxurious foot rub. Oh, that feels nice. She looked down on the kneeling sissy. Does she always wear gloves and heels? Pretty much, Deborah explained, from the time she gets up until bedtime, I really don't want her touching my things and my boyfriends do find the gloves and heels sexy. She's actually becoming quite adept at working around the house while wearing gloves. Miss Sandra shook her head. I can't believe she wears those fuck me heels all day. She laughs. I do like the pink wig. Goes nice with her pink maid's dress. My little slut lives in her heels, don't you girl? And she enjoys being all sissy and pink, Mistress adds. Oh, yes, Mistress. Show Sandra your sissy walk, Mistress ordered. Yes, Mistress. Tammy rose and curtsy again in place, her left hand sexily on his hip and held his right upper arm close to his body. His elbow bent at 45 degrees with his lower arm out and his right wrist limp. With his tush and titties thrust out and his tummy pulled in, he sashayed about the room, taking tiny mincing steps in his six-inch stilettos. Oh, my God, Sandra laughed. That is so sissy and slutty. Exactly, Deborah explained, the men who visit find her quite alluring in that slutty, whorish, sissy French maid kind of way. In fact, I sometimes dress her as a French maid and even call her fife. She has to be very slutty and very French. It usually doesn't take long before she's on her knees sucking cock. Sandra nods. I can understand that. I mean, what man wouldn't like a free blowjob from a sexy French maid? Free and unlimited, Deborah added. She smiles. I have to admit, even I was surprised at how much it actually turns me on to watch my sissy maid suck cock. Is fife a cock whore? Being addressed as fife, Tammy adopted his sissy French accent when he answered. We, we madam, ooh, fife, she lost to suck the beak cock. Thus the room will sound tonight, talk, misdersordered. Fife fetched, his feather duster, and sissy minced about the room, bending at the waist and exposing his garters and stockings as

he dusted. I'm looking forward to our crew, Sandra said, and it's really great that you and Sean are coming. Should be lots of fun. Yes, it will be nice to get away for a week, Deborah agreed. And I can't thank you enough for renting fife out to my mother-in-law why we're away, Sandra said. She's very excited about having a full-time 24-7 maid to wait on her hand and foot. She really enjoyed the footrubs that fife, oh, I like that name fife, it's so sissy. Gave her when we all went out to dinner last Friday. She went on and on about how much she enjoyed the licking and toe sucking. I told her that fife would do anything she wanted, anything. And you will want to fife. Fife curtseed, we we madam. Fife will be the perfect sissy maid.

Chapter 3, Titty Torture. Imagine my darlings that Mistress Deborah has decided to add you to her stable of submissive sissy maids. You've just cleaned her house and are waiting for her return. Mistress Constance. Sorry, darling. Mistress was at a dance lesson, a luncheon date and then shopping for you. Yes, dear, turn around and let my sissy hubby tammy blindfold you and remove your bra. Very nice. You're shaking, dear, you don't trust Mistress to take care of you? Hold out your hands. Oops. Heavy aren't they. They are your new breast inserts until you earn enough money for the real surgical enhancements. They're 44 double Fs, just like your real ones will be. Let's get them on you. And I got you a new bra, a special order one. It's a long line with heavy steel boning and vicious underwires. But you'll need all that to hold up those massive globes. Oh, they're going to jiggle and be so cute. The men won't be able to keep their hands off you. And you let them. Whatever they want, you let them. One of my sissy mags doesn't shy away from being groped or felt up. She swoons and giggles and lets the men know how much she enjoys their attentions. Hold out your arms and let tammy slip the bra on you. No, the blindfold won't come off until I say so. Goodness. Why did you jump? Oh, I didn't tell you. Did I? The silicone titties that are pressed against your flesh? They're concave. And that void is filled with steel wool that's been well inundated with a deep heating balm. Just something to make your titties and nipples extra sensitive. Yes, you'll be feeling it with every bouncy step you take with every male hand that paws you. Tami, remove her blindfold. Look at yourself, dear. Aren't you lovely or new bra and temporary titties? Now, run along to the basement media room. Master Sean is there with friends watching some sporting thing. See to their needs. Remember, you still have to earn the rest of your money for your real tits. Off you go now. Go girl. When you're finished, I'll send you home. No, the bra, the outfit, everything stays on. No, baby, I'm not making you take the bus this time. Your younger sister is coming by to pick you up and take you back home to your wife. And wifey is expecting her cut. So you'd better be a big earner tonight.

4. Serving Master Sean. Tami heard the shower door close as Mistress Deborah stepped inside and he scrambled onto the bed between Master Sean's legs. This was one of Master's favorite morning games. It was Tami's job to suck Master's cock, give him his first blow job of the day, and then be ready to dry Mistress when she emerged from the shower. Better hurry up, slot. Sean teased. Master knew the penalty for the house this he not greeting Mistress with a towel. That would be six with the cane. He would purposely try not to erect. To withhold the cum, Tami so desperately needed to fulfill his task. This forced Tami to be creative. Always improving his oral skills to please Master, regardless of his defiance. Tami's gloved fingers, playfully stroked Master's balls, and tickled the soft flesh high up underneath. Tami felt him stiffen his back arch. If the cock weren't swelling in Tami's mouth, he would have smiled. His tongue flicked over the head of Sean's massive cock. I know he likes that. Tami dived deeper on the cock as it grew larger and larger between his lips. Deeper and deeper he took it in, trying not to gag to ruin the moment for Master. The shower water was still running. Tami lifted off the cock, kissed the head, and teased it with his tongue, and then took it all down to the balls. Sean grabbed Tami's head, holding it firmly down. Tami tried not to panic as Master's sweet and sticky, offering filled the slut's mouth. He shoots again and again and finally pulls Tami off. Don't swallow, Master orders. He pinched Tami's nipples. Better see to your mistress. Tami nodded and slipped from the bed, his master loosened the grip on the sissy's nipples. Tami was waiting when Mistress emerged from the shower, a clean towel in his outstretched arms. She took a towel from the rack and walked toward her cock-old sissy-made husband. Show me, she commands. Tami opened his mouth and tilted back his head to reveal a mouthful of creamy cum. Some of it was already slowly sliding down his throat and he fought not to gag. Mistress leaned down, spitting his open mouth and patted his head. Good girl! You may swallow now. She turned to the mirror and began drying her hair. Tami swallowed Master's morning offering and shuffled forward on his knees to dry Mistress's exquisite bottom and legs. Tami served Mistress Deborah and Master Sean a delicious breakfast while his pet dish of oatmeal went cold on the floor. He noticed that Mistress stopped. The way to the dining room table to spit in his breakfast. He curtsy'd and offered, thank you Mistress, only to be greeted with a cruel laugh. After he poured more coffee, Master Sean snapped his fingers and Tami curtsy. Only he did not rise from his curtsy but continued falling to his knees and crawling gracefully under the table, taking his place between Master's spread legs. Tami delicately spread the folds of Master's robe, unleashing the cock that brought such pleasure to Mistress Deborah. Tami's tongue circled his lips, moistening and preparing them. His tongue stroked the mighty cock before Tami slid it into his mouth. Tami took as much as he could without gagging. He did not

want to interrupt Master and Mistress's breakfast. Tami's hands folded behind his back and he remained still and motionless, gently holding Master's cock in his mouth. He could hear Mistress and Master talking. My God, Sean, how many times a day can you have your cock in her mouth? This is the second time this morning. Tami sighed and remembered there, beat the shower game from earlier this morning. You said it was one of the perks, Sean chuckled. Not only do I get to make love to a sexy cougar, I also have access to unlimited blowjobs. He patted Tami on the head. And she really isn't sucking right now, simply keeping my cock in a warm loving place, right, slut? Tami batted his long false eyelashes eagerly. Mistress Deborah said Tami must use his eyes to show his appreciation for being allowed to suck real man cock. Well, Deborah said, men real men do have their needs. So why should you be denied? I mean it's not like I'm the one on my knees countless times a day. Tami felt Master Sean's cock getting larger. At only 30 years old, Sean could have endless erections in a day. Tami tried to focus on his breathing, fighting the urge to gag. Still, he thought it's not a bad life. Mistress's content, and that's all that matters. Five, Mistress Deborah's new sissy. Welcome Miss Sandra. Tami Kurtzied him back away from the door, allowing the visitor entrance. Sandra circled sissy Tami, taking in the sissy maid's new look. The housemaid wore a basic black sheath dress to his knees, a plain white apron and black female oxfords with thick two-inch heels. He wore no makeup and had an ordinary brown wig. Tami, where is your cute dress and your fuck me high heels? You're pretty wig. You look so plain. Yes, Miss Sandra. Mistress has made me the house domestic maid. I do all the heavy housework and chores and this is my uniform. Really, Sandra slipped off her gloves and handed them to Tami, along with her coat. Do tell. Well, a sissy slave must do what Mistress commands. She turned and walked to meet Deborah in the living room, barely noticing the woeful. Yes, Miss Sandra, from sissy Tami. Sandra, Deborah rose to greet her dearest friend. So good to see you. Please sit. Would you like some wine? Wine would be lovely. Thank you. Sandra watched Deborah pick up a bell and give two quick shakes. She was surprised to hear the tippy-tap of approaching stilettos. Certainly not the functional working shoes worn by sissy Tami. Her eyes widened as a vision and pink floated into the room. Amanda, this is Sandra, and we'd like some wine. Sissy Amanda curtsy'd low to Sandra. Miss Sandra, it's a pleasure to meet you and serve you. Sandra studied the vision before her. Oh my goodness! Who is this stunning creature? Amanda was an explosion of pink satin and white lace. The sissy made wore a short hot pink maid's dress. The skirt held nearly horizontal by a cloud of white krenaline. The white lace continued on the dress as hem, low cup bodice, and puffy cap sleeves. Black seemed stockings in case the legs that ended in pink, patent, point to toe pumps with five inch heels. The maid's arms were gloved past the elbow with white lace, and her blonde hair fell in waves to the shoulders and the makeup, while perhaps a bit heavy for daytime was expertly done. This is why I invited you over, Deborah Beamed. How do you like my new play toy?

She's yours, bought and paid for, Deborah said. You own her?
Sandra watched as Deborah snapped her fingers and the maid began a series of dainty quarter turns to model and pose for Sandra. Well, as much as one can actually own a person, Amanda signed over all his assets to me along with committing to an open-ended personal services contract.
So yes, Deborah smiled. I own this sweet little bitch.
Sandra glanced to the hallway where Tammy was on his knees, dusting all the household baseboards by hand. What about Tammy?
Tammy, Deborah's voice turned cold and hard, is the housemaid. She does all the heavy work and serves Amanda and me. Really? Tammy submits to you and Amanda? Deborah smiled a wicked smile. Watch, girls? Sissy kiss.
Amanda turned elegantly on his stilettos and put his hands on his hips, his eyes fixed on the kneeling Tammy. As Tammy rose and straightened his simple dress and apron and walked towards Amanda. As Tammy closed the distance, Amanda reached out and grabbed him by the shoulders into a passionate kiss. Tammy, for his part, yielded, opening his lips, his tongue meeting Amanda's. The girls kissed. Their hands now finding each other's breasts, as they mauled each other in a sissy kiss frenzy. Amanda was clearly the aggressor, grabbing Tammy behind the head and pulling the lowly housemaid into a torrid embrace.
Amanda was much rougher with Tammy's breasts, cruelly slapping at them and viciously pinching the nipples. Tammy moaned and squealed and Sandra couldn't determine if it was from pleasure or pain.
Regardless, the hapless housemaid seemed to revel in the passion.
Shit, Sandra shook her head, that's actually pretty fucking hot. I even forget it's actually two good eyes. They're a long way from guys, Deborah laughed. Those days are long behind for these two.
They are now She-Mail Sissymaids. Forever condemned to a lifetime of high-heeled, prissy servitude. There's more, watch. Clitty Rub Sluts.
The She-Mail Sluts continued their torrid sissy make-out session, but now thrust their hips at each other and Sandra could hear the plastic of the chastity devices in the metal padlocks, clanking against each other. She laughed out loud.
Oh my god, that is so sissy. Look at them go at each other. How long will they keep this up?
Until I give them the command to stop, Deborah's voice was tinged with pride and the authority over her sissy sluts.
Sean and his friends absolutely love it. I thought they might be a bit turned off with the whole homoerotic aspect, but really it just looks like two sluts and the guys are eating it up.
They are constantly ordering sissy kisses, Deborah shrugged. You know guys, they love that whole girl girl thing she laughed, even when it's just a couple of sissies. Sandra narrowed her eyes.
Yes, I can imagine that if these two sluts get your male guests too excited, there is a way to um, uh, address that pent up alpha male sexual attention. Well, Deborah mocked. They are full service sexual sluts. So how does this work? Sandra turned her attention to Deborah, ignoring the kissing sissies who continued their embrace unabated. Amanda is your... Amanda is my pretty personal sissy maid attendant and that other thing Deborah focused her derision on the

word thing.

Does all the shit work around the house? Really? Yes, Tammy threw a bit of a sissy fit when I brought Amanda into the household. So until she learns to accept it, she's just a little bitch.

Deborah looked at her two sissies. Stop! The sissies stopped their kisses and broke from each other, but not before Amanda gave Tammy's nipples a final vicious pinch and then slapped Tammy's face.

Tammy thanked Amanda and then begged to lick her sissy balls.

Oh, thank you, Mr. Deborah. Amanda said. A pained look washed across Tammy's face and his cheeks reddened from shame. Resigned, he dropped to his knees at Amanda's feet and leaned forward to

plant kisses on the tips of Amanda's high heels. Thank you, Miss Amanda, for your attentions.

Ma'am, please lick your sissy balls. I don't know. Amanda pulled her shoe away from Tammy's lips

and planted the sole firmly on Tammy's outstretched hand. I'm not sure you're worthy to lick my balls.

She leaned forward, applying more weight to Tammy's trampled hand.

I'm not. I am so unworthy, Tammy begged. Your magnificent sissy balls are more than I deserve,

but I beg Miss Amanda to allow this unworthy slut to worship your balls. Please, Miss Amanda.

Saunders a presto laugh. That is so hot and so pathetic. Tammy is rather pitiful, isn't she?

Yes, Deborah smirked. She is. She's been reduced to a lowly and pathetic little house whore.

And she will remain that until she accepts my complete authority and also Amanda into the household.

Please, Tammy continued, please, Miss Amanda. I beg you to allow these unworthy slut lips to

suck on your superior sissy balls. Amanda glanced at Deborah, who gave a slight nod.

Over, well, slut, kneel up and worship my balls.

Show Miss Saunders what a ball whore you are. Amanda lifted her dress and pettycoats as Tammy

rose up. Tammy's tongue flicked out, lapping at the tight, plump balls, lubricating them with

sissy spit so he could suck them into his mouth.

Lick, Amanda ordered, lick my balls. Show these mistresses what a pathetic slut you are.

Yes, thank you, Miss Amanda. I am a slut, and I do like to lick your balls.

I bet Sean and his friends like this as well. Saunders relaxed into her chair to watch the show,

nodding with approval as she watched Tammy open his lips wide and suck Amanda's balls into his mouth.

Oh yes, Deborah said, and especially the next part.

Tammy, lick Amanda's pussy. Amanda clapped her hands.

Oh, thank you, Mistress Deborah, thank you. Amanda grabbed Tammy's hair.

You heard Mistress show my pussy some love. Her pussy is her asshole, Deborah explained to

Sandra, sissy's have pussies. Tammy shuffled on his hands and knees to a position behind Amanda.

You know how I like it. Amanda bent forward at the waist, lifting her dress and pettycoats,

and exposing her six strap guard about and seemed stocking tops.

Deep and with lots of feeling, Amanda instructed, show me how much you love my pussy.

Yes, Miss Amanda. Tammy used his hands to gently spread Amanda's buttocks, his tongue licking up

and back, the cleft.

Um, yes, some foreplay make love to my pussy kiss it, lick it. Amanda wiggled

his bottom.

Oh, Tammy's such a little asshole. The ladies laughed and their derision at his plight made Tammy's cheeks flush. Still, he continued to lick and Amanda's now slick and moist bottom.

Both sissy's kept themselves fastidiously clean. Should they ever be required to be used by a

guest, but Amanda was allowed to use scented powders and lotions. Something now denied a

lowly working maid like Tammy, and the heady scent of her puckered opening made Tammy swoon.

They both seemed to be enjoying that their little playtime sounder note, it all be it for different reasons. A slut will do anything for a bit of pleasure,

especially ones kept in chastity, Deborah said. Take away any chance of pleasure to their little

locked up plicities, and they become obsessed with their titties and their pussies, don't you,

girls? Oh, yes, mistress. Amanda moaned as her head fell back. Tammy simply nodded and

acknowledgement as he kept his face buried in Amanda's bottom, his tongue probing her solitary fuckhole.

I still can't get over how you've changed him, sounder said. He, I mean she's, becomes so

feminine, so submissive. Sandra watched as the kneeling sissy pushed his face further into Amanda's

ass. So slutty or whorish or whatever. No, you're quite correct. Tammy is now a completely

feminized and submissive slut whore. That's her life now and forever. Amanda had his eyes closed,

and he was shaking as the kneeling Tammy tugged his ass. But Amanda's sexual bliss was rudely

interrupted when Deborah commanded, stop, and Amanda welled and despairaced Tammy quickly backed away.

Frustrated and denied sissies have more motivation to serve and obey, Deborah told Sandra,

girls up, Deborah commanded. Tammy stood up and took his place by Amanda as both sissies smoothed

their dresses and curtseed to Mistress Deborah. Amanda put Tammy back to work and then bring Sandra

and I are wine. Yes, Mistress? Amanda curtseed and turned to Tammy. On your knees, slut, and get

back to work. Mistress wants all the baseboards in the house dusted by you on your knees.

Yes, Miss Amanda. Tammy was actually cowering at Amanda's authority and dropped his knees,

quickly placing a reverent kiss on the toe of each of Amanda's high heels before screwing off

on his knees to continue his housework. Aren't they precious? Deborah turned to Sandra. You and David

really ought to get one. Oh, perhaps we will. Sandra watched Amanda wiggle off to fetch their

wine. Maybe we will, she tuckled. We could have a sissy playday. The end.

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