



Reluctant Press presents:

A Price To Pay

Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2004, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

A Price To Pay

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Jack Turner whistled cheerfully as he entered the empty elevator. Life was good. He had been recently promoted to VP of Sales at Ralston Enterprises, he was married to a beautiful, loving wife and he had just spent the weekend having the most fantastic sex with another woman.

How many is that now? he mused as the elevator rapidly ascended to his office on the seventh floor. *Ten, at least ten! And I've only been married five years. It's lucky that Abigail doesn't suspect a thing. She would probably blow a gasket if she knew that I've been having affairs for the last four and a half years. She's a lovely woman but I just need variety to make life worthwhile.*

If I haven't learned anything else here at Ralston Enterprises, and I certainly have, it's that my boss Don Ralston has the right idea about enjoying life to the full, particularly when it comes to pretty girls. There's no doubt that he has been my mentor in more ways than one.

The elevator's heavy doors slid open with a quiet hiss as Jack strolled out with a large smile on his face. Don was really going to enjoy hearing about his latest conquest. It was still early so there would be nobody else around for at least another thirty minutes, allowing the pair time to trade succulent details about their latest exploits before the office began to ramp up for another busy day.

In spite of being kindred spirits in their approach to both life and business, Jack and Don were quite different in appearance. Jack was ten years younger, slight of build, blond with a fair complexion and only an inch or so taller than his wife's five foot six. Don was in his mid-forties, almost six feet tall, dark-haired with a ruddy complexion and stocky.

Reaching the closed door of Don's office, Jack grinned in anticipation as he reached out to give it a firm rap. These regular early morning get-togethers had allowed him to build an excellent rapport with his boss and greased the skids for his rapid ascent in the company. And it wasn't only a chance to discuss their latest extramarital affairs that made the meetings so enjoyable; usually it was straight business and time most profitably spent. It was amazing how much more productive the day was after spending thirty minutes brainstorming ideas before the rest of the employees even arrived.

Jack frowned as his hard tap on the closed door failed to elicit the usual hearty bellow to enter from Don. *That's strange*, he thought, *this is the first time that happened. I hope that nothing is wrong. I'll try again in case he didn't hear me.*

When his second, even harder, knock on the door still failed to garner a response, Jack grunted in exasperation before trying to open the door to see if Don was even in the office. Visions of his boss lying comatose on the floor flashed through his mind as he grabbed the doorknob only to find that the door was securely locked. Instant relief flooded through him as he realized that Don wasn't in yet.

Disappointed at not being able to share his weekend experience with the one person he felt he could trust with details of his latest infidelity, he turned and trudged dejectedly back to his own corner office. It was only as he slumped behind his desk that he thought to question his boss' absence. He hadn't mentioned not coming in at the usual time when they last met just before the close of business on Friday. In fact he had given Jack a large wink while telling him that they would have to get together first thing Monday so that they could discuss their weekend escapades.

Damn, I hope everything is all right, Jack mused. *Maybe he's sick or been called away on urgent business. I can't get too excited yet. After all he is the big cheese around here and he can certainly change the schedule without consulting me or anyone else for that matter. Still, I was looking forward to swapping some great stories this morning.*

Tearing his mind away from idle speculation, Jack turned his attention to more pressing matters and soon lost himself in trying to wade through the stack of paperwork he had so blithely left on his desk on Friday afternoon. The noise of the other company workers arriving, including his own secretary, hardly penetrated his fierce concentration as he rapidly but efficiently dealt with the myriad of problems each piece of paper represented.

His efforts were finally interrupted by his secretary bringing in his usual morning coffee. He glanced at his watch and saw that she was dead on time – ten o'clock exactly. *Damn, where was the morning going?* he thought as he gave her a smile of appreciation.

"Thanks, Linda. I lost track of the time. Can you clear all this stuff in my out basket, please?"

"Certainly Mr. Turner," Linda chirped cheerfully as she placed his coffee on the desk and picked up the pile of paperwork he had indicated.

“Any sign of Mr. Ralston this morning? I didn’t see him earlier,” Jack asked casually as he picked up his coffee and took an appreciative sip.

“I haven’t seen him but I could check with his secretary if you like,” Linda volunteered enthusiastically. She, and many of the other younger secretaries working at the firm, had a crush on Jack and were always vying to gain his attention.

“That would be great,” Jack replied as another ripple of disquiet ran through him. It just wasn’t like Don not to make his presence known once he was in the office. And he would never be this late unless he was away on out-of-town business.

“I’ll do it right away,” Linda called over her shoulder as she sashayed back to her desk just outside of his door.

Jack gazed longingly at her plump ass encased in a short black skirt and her long, slim legs enclosed in glistening black nylon as she exited his office. *Nice, very nice*, he thought although Don had long ago drummed home the fact that office affairs were strictly forbidden. *Never dip your pen in the company inkwell, my boy*, had been his stern advice. *I don’t and nor will you as it never leads to anything but trouble and discontent*.

Jack, although he had been tempted to ignore this warning on more than one occasion, had never strayed from this dictate. His affairs had always been with women who didn’t work for Ralston Enterprises. Still, he could look and fantasize about sweet, young things like Linda.

His ruminations were abruptly brought to an end when Linda called out that Mr. Ralston was not in yet. Snapping back to a heightened state of tension, Jack asked her to find out when he could be expected.

After a few more moments of a muted conversation, Linda reappeared at the office door and stated, “His secretary can only tell me that Mrs. Ralston called early this morning and stated that the boss wouldn’t be in as he isn’t feeling well. She wasn’t sure but it could be at least a few days before he is out of bed and she will keep us informed about the situation.”

“Thanks, Linda,” Jack muttered with a distracted air as he pondered the ramifications of this latest news. It was entirely possible that Don was indeed sick with something like the flu but he had appeared just fine on Friday afternoon. But why would his wife, Mary, phone in some weird story about his being sick if it wasn’t the case? Still, he had a niggling sense that the whole thing was not quite right. Nothing definite that he could put his finger on but more of an intuition that something was amiss.

With an exasperated sigh, Jack turned back to the papers still sitting on his desk. He had nothing concrete to go on and he could hardly run to Mary and demand an explanation for Don’s absence when she had already provided a perfectly plausible one. No, it was better to wait and see what developed rather than going off half cocked. In a couple of days, he and Don would probably be sharing a laugh over the whole thing.

In minutes, Jack was totally immersed in his job once again. He had a workload that appeared to balloon with no ongoing guidance from the boss and as a result he was going at full speed throughout the rest of the day. There wasn't even time for lunch.

Five o'clock signaled the end of the workday for most of the company staff but Jack struggled on for another hour before admitting defeat in finishing off all the tasks he had set himself. *Hell, he rationalized, I've got all the priority jobs done and the few that are left can be done tomorrow. I sure hope that Don will be back soon.*

Thirty minutes later he pulled into his condominium's parking lot and ran up the stairs to his seventh floor apartment. There just hadn't been time for a proper workout these last few weeks so he had to grab whatever exercise he could when the opportunity presented itself.

"Hi honey, I'm home," he called as he unlocked the door and sniffed appreciatively at the mouthwatering aromas that were wafting from the kitchen. One of Abigail's many talents was cooking and he never tired of the delicious meals that she prepared.

"Hi to you too, sweetie," she called back. "You're late tonight so dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes. Why don't you pour us a glass of wine once you get rid of that awful tie and suit."

"Consider it done, my love," Jack replied as he dropped his briefcase just inside the entrance door and headed down the hall to the master bedroom. Pulling his tie loose as he walked, he quickly shed his suit in the bedroom and pulled on a casual pair of slacks and a comfortable shirt. Abigail was right about his dislike of more formal business attire. It was always a great pleasure to put it in the closet at the end of the working day.

As always, dinner was a quiet but pleasant interlude that allowed Jack to unwind and relax after working hard at the office. Abigail not only presented him with a superb meal but affectionate and entertaining conversation that took his mind off any business problems. *Damn, I'm lucky to have this lady as my wife,* he thought for the thousandth time as he cast an appreciative eye over her trim, curvaceous body. *But I sure need my other love interests as well. Isn't it fortunate that I can indulge in both?*

Chapter 2

Jack's feeling of unease grew for the next two days as Don failed to show up at the office. Only the increased workload kept him from falling into a debilitating state of extreme anxiety. There just wasn't time to question the fact that his boss and best friend were suffering from a temporary illness. Something that had never happened before but still plausible even if it was darn inconvenient to say the least. He had never realized how much he enjoyed and depended on those early morning chats.

On Thursday morning the situation took a definite turn for the worse. He had just settled into a long morning of reviewing sales statistics when Linda burst into his office to excitedly announce that Mrs. Ralston had arrived ten minutes ago and was calling a meeting for all the staff in the conference room at ten o'clock.

Jack glanced at his watch and saw that the meeting would be in less than thirty minutes. "Is she having a meeting with the VPs first? Or is it everyone all at the same time," he queried.

"No mention of anything but a general meeting," Linda replied with an expectant smile.

"Odd, really odd," Jack muttered as he gestured for her to return to her own desk. *What the hell was going on?* he wondered as he stared unseeingly at the spreadsheets on his desk. A growing knot of tension began to churn in his stomach as he contemplated the meaning of this unusual departure from protocol.

By ten o'clock the conference room was packed with the twenty-five full-time staff of Ralston Enterprises' head office. Jack felt decidedly out of place as he isolated himself from the growing rumble of speculation about the meaning of the meeting.

A rumble that abruptly ended when Don's wife, Mary, swept regally into the room. Her auburn locks framed her fine-featured face and her voluptuous body filled out her expensive business suit consisting of a femininely cut dark jacket and skirt. Striding to the chair normally reserved for her husband at the end of the long, gleaming table, she motioned everyone to take a seat as she did so herself.

Once the inevitable jostling and noise died down, she smiled broadly at her expectant audience. "Good day, everyone. As I worked here until last year, I don't think that I need to introduce myself as I see no new faces around the table."

Yeah, Jack thought to himself. *You worked here until Don felt you were a little too close to our extracurricular activities. You might have been good at your job but it was the best move he ever made to convince you to leave.*

"As you all know, I'm very knowledgeable about the working of Ralston Enterprises," Mary continued. "Not only have I worked in just about every department at one time or another but Don has kept me fully apprised of the company's latest endeavors. Therefore it should come as no surprise when I tell you that I will be taking his place at the head of the company."

A collective gasp of astonishment was clearly audible when Mary finished making her bold announcement. She calmly waited until silence prevailed once again.

"I'm sorry to have sprung the news on you so quickly. Unfortunately, Don will not be able to return to his duties for the foreseeable future and he thought it best that I take over the helm at least for the interim. I also apologize to the VPs for not giving them any advance notice but I wanted to make sure that you all heard my news first hand and at the same time.

“I also recognize the everyone’s continued cooperation will be essential and that I will be heavily dependent on your expertise. In recognition of that fact, my first act will be to give all of you an immediate ten-percent increase in salary.”

A loud round of excited applause followed Mary’s final statement. Only Jack didn’t join in the boisterous reaction to the promise of an unprecedented across the board salary increase. *Just what the hell is really going on?* he thought. *Something isn’t right here.*

Before he could second-guess himself he took advantage of a momentary lull in the noise to call out, “Mary, that’s very generous but does Don know that you are making this offer?”

Mary who had been basking in the obvious approval of the office employees shot him a cold look. “Yes, Jack, he does but even if he didn’t he has made it quite clear to me that I will be in full charge while he is unable to come in to work. Do you have a problem with that?”

Jack was well aware of the sudden silence that had descended on the crowded room as everyone turned their eyes toward him to see what answer he would give to Mary’s direct response to his potential challenge to her new authority. Most of them were plainly annoyed that he would endanger in any way the promised raise to their pay.

“No, Mary, of course not,” he replied after taking a deep breath to calm his nerves. “As you haven’t discussed any of this with your VPs, it only seemed prudent to find out how we will be proceeding until Don can return.”

Mary gave him a rueful smile of conciliation as she said, “I know that my approach has been rather unconventional, Jack. Now that everyone is aware of the situation, it is my intention to meet with all the VPs. My secretary will be contacting you with the times.”

As Jack nodded in recognition of her comment, Mary switched her gaze from him and looked around the room. “Does anyone else have any questions or comments of a general nature? I can only reiterate that I will be in charge until Don can return to his duties and there is no way that I can give you a specific date when this will happen. I would caution you though that we must be prepared for the worst as it could be a very long time.”

Mary continued to slowly peruse the occupants of the room until it became obvious that there was not going to be any further questions.

“Very well, thank you for your attention. I’ll be coming around to see you all over the next few days, so feel free to talk to me then. Now, I’d like you to return to your respective desks and start earning that new pay raise.”

With these final words, Mary got to her feet and left the conference room as her employees quickly stood for her departure.

As the others milled about loudly expressing their opinions on the apparent change in regime and the resulting pay raise, Jack took the opportunity to slip back to his office. He needed time to think about what had just happened. He knew that something wasn’t on the up and up about Don’s sudden abdication of

power. Could he really be so sick, without any prior warning that he couldn't continue to preside over the company? And would he hand over absolute power to his wife to run things as she saw fit? Surely there must have been a more rational succession plan than that. How could he broach these subjects with Mary without antagonizing her any more than he had already done by speaking up so rashly in the conference room?

These and a hundred other thoughts rattled around Jack's head as he sat at his desk and morosely pushed around the scattered sale spreadsheets on his desk. His train of thought was only broken when Linda stuck her head through the door and informed him that Mrs. Ralston would see him in her office in twenty minutes.

Jack couldn't help but grimace as he noted his secretary already referring to Don's office as belonging to his wife. It was apparent that he wouldn't have much support from most of his compatriots if he decided to take a stand against Mary's sudden takeover of the company. And he was going to be one of the first VPs, if not the first, that she was going to speak to this morning. Was that a good sign or a bad one?

"Please go right in, Mr. Turner," Don's secretary smiled as he approached her desk.

"Thanks, Marsha," he mumbled, his mind still preoccupied with mulling over what lay ahead.

"Come in Jack, and please close the door," Mary called from behind the desk as he tentatively entered the office. "Make yourself comfortable and we can get on with our initial discussion. I consider Sales the most important department in the company so I wanted to talk to you first."

In spite of his misgivings about the situation surrounding her assumption of control, Jack felt an initial burst of relief as she gave the reason she was consulting with him first. An emotion that grew as it rapidly became apparent that she had a firm grasp of the company's affairs. It was obvious that she had been well-briefed by Don on current projects.

"Well, that seems to have covered all the salient points," Mary declared after an intensive half-hour discussion. "Do you have anything you want to ask me?"

"Job-wise, no," Jack replied as he looked at her with a new appreciation for her business acumen. "However, I really would like to know if there is anything else that you can tell me about Don?"

"I thought you might be a little more persistent than the others in following up on Don's problems," Mary observed wryly. "I can't really tell you much more than the others at this point. I know you were both very close and shared many interests. All I can say is that his problems all stem from carrying out one of those mutually shared interests once too often. Tragically this has led to his present condition, one that will undoubtedly change him both physically and mentally forever. Something that I didn't want to pass on to the others as it was distressing enough for them to be told that Don wouldn't be back in the foreseeable future."

“Hell, it sounds as if it is worse than I thought. Will I be able to see him?” Jack blurted as he listened in horror to her words.

“I’m afraid that’s impossible at the moment,” Mary replied with a cool look in her green eyes. “He would be terribly embarrassed if you saw him in his present state and has made it quite clear to me that he will not welcome any visitors. The best advice to you is to ensure that you don’t catch what he has contracted through any extracurricular activities.

“Thank you for your time, Jack. I’m afraid my next appointment is in a few minutes and I need to get ready. I’ll be in contact with you shortly although I don’t imagine we will be sharing those intimate early morning chats you and Don so enjoyed. Please leave the door open as you leave.”

Stunned by her words, Jack could only nod in acquiescence and rush back to his own office. He had to sit down and try and work out exactly what he had been told. She hadn’t said it in so many words but it was obvious that Mary was referring to the extramarital activities that he and Don had been engaging in.

What does she know? What could have made Don so seriously ill that he was unwilling to see any visitors? Mary had insinuated that it had been caused by one of his affairs. Maybe some kind of sexually transmitted disease, god knows there were enough of them out there. But Don had always been so careful, as Jack had been. These thoughts and a hundred just like them pounded through Jack’s brain as he sat at his desk.

His preoccupation with the dilemma Mary’s words had presented him with were only brought to an abrupt end when Linda called in to tell him she was heading out for lunch with a few of the other secretaries.

The interruption caused him to change his line of thinking. *Mary made it quite clear that we wouldn’t be continuing a special working relationship so I’d better get off my butt and make sure that there is nothing wrong with my work performance. If she really suspects that I was engaged in extramarital affairs as well there is a good chance that she won’t cut me much slack. Particularly if she starts to believe that Don’s illness was somehow caused by my involvement in, how did she put it, mutually shared interests.*

With a sigh of irritable discontent on the new uncertainty in his life, Jack returned his attention back to the spreadsheets on his desk. *Should I drop my latest fling?* he thought briefly as he did so. *No, probably not. She’s a real cute thing. I’ll just have to be even more careful.*

Chapter 3

The weeks rapidly turned into months as Jack continued to toil away at Ralston Enterprises. He never flagged from his grim determination to make himself

indispensable to Mary as she consolidated her grip on the company. Nor did he cease worrying about Don's sudden disappearance or the fact that his new boss might turn on him at any minute for his extramarital affairs. However he couldn't bring himself to stop doing the latter and no one else in the office seemed in the least bit interested in the former. In spite of these concerns, he still managed to prove himself an invaluable member of the team as Mary herself mentioned on more than one occasion.

Everything fell apart one Monday evening when he returned from yet another hard day at the office. He had been engaged for the third weekend in a row with his latest conquest and the sleepless nights were starting to make the first workday of the week particularly difficult. In addition, Abigail had been a little cool toward him for the last few weeks but he had put this new attitude down to the fact that he hadn't spent any of the last three weekends with her. Something he would have to rectify soon. It wasn't that he didn't love his wife but at the moment he felt a burning desire to be with that cute, little blonde from the firm that provided Ralston Enterprises with occasional public relations support.

"Hi honey, I'm home," he called as he walked through the apartment door while loosening his tie.

"I'm in here, Jack," Abigail replied from the living room.

"Hell, what a day, I'm worn right..." Jack announced as he entered the room only to suddenly break off his statement as he saw Mary Ralston sitting beside his wife.

"Why hello, Mary," he stammered as he wondered what she was doing in his home. He didn't even think that she and Abigail were more than casual acquaintances as both he and Don had made sure that they only meet infrequently. *Better to keep them apart as much as possible, my boy*, Don had advised. *It's a good idea that they don't compare notes too often.*

And now this sudden confrontation gave Jack a sudden but clear premonition that he was in trouble, big trouble. A feeling soon confirmed by Abigail's trembling words as she angrily tossed her long chestnut brown hair back from her contorted face.

"Jack, you bastard, how could you? All those affairs while telling me that you only loved me!"

"What are you talking about? I don't..." Jack stammered until he was silenced by Mary's angry intervention.

"Enough bullshit, Jack. We have plenty of evidence. Look at these pictures," she interjected as she opened an envelope and shoved several compromising photographs into his trembling hands.

One glance was enough to convince Jack that his original premonition had been correct. He was in big trouble.

"How could you, Jack? If you really loved me you wouldn't have done this," Abigail wailed.

“But Abigail, I only love you. The others are pure lust. I’m so sorry to have hurt you but I can’t help myself. You have to believe me,” Jack cried in anguish as he saw the agony etched on his wife’s normally pretty face.

“That had better be true, Jack,” Mary cut in curtly. “If it isn’t, you are going to be one sorry man. Divorced and without a job. But if you mean it, if you are prepared to save your marriage by agreeing to what Abigail and I have to offer, then there is some hope for you after all.”

“Yes, Jack. If you want to ensure that we stay together and that you continue to have a job, you will have to agree to everything,” Abigail chimed in with a fierce look of determination in her normally placid brown eyes.

Still reeling from this nightmare of discovery about his infidelity, Jack could only shift his gaze from one vindictive figure to the other and mutter, “Agree to what?”

Mary stood, drawing herself up to her full five foot ten inch height. Jack couldn’t help letting his eyes be drawn to her long, slim legs highlighted by sheer black nylons as she did so. Her three-inch high heels only added more glamour to her already impressive stature.

“Sit down, Jack,” she ordered as she glared down at him. “And shut up while I explain what is going to happen.”

Jack meekly complied by sinking into a nearby armchair. He knew that his cozy, little world had just shattered into a million pieces. There was nothing to do but maximize damage control if he wanted to salvage anything. Between them, Mary and Abigail were holding all the cards.

Once Jack had taken a seat, Mary turned to Abigail and asked sympathetically, “Are you all right, dear? I know you’ve been under a tremendous strain over the last few weeks. It was difficult for you to disguise the fact that you knew about your husband’s infidelity and still carry on as if everything was normal. But tonight you will see that the wait will have been worth it.”

“Oh, yes,” Abigail replied with a weak smile. “You have been a great help to me, Mary. I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t taken things in hand. Please proceed.”

“Very well,” Mary answered with an enigmatic smile as she turned her attention back to Jack.

“It’s obvious that you have a problem, Jack. You are a great worker so I would hate to lose you at the office but there is no way that you will be allowed to get away with infidelity, so I will replace you if you don’t cooperate. Clear so far?”

“Yes, Mary,” Jack mumbled miserably as he continued to try and figure a way out of this predicament.

“It’s also obvious that you can’t control yourself when it comes to having sex with other women,” Mary continued. “You love your wife but that isn’t enough. You have to screw anything in a skirt. Do you agree with that assessment?”

“I do love my wife and I have to admit that I want variety in my sex life but I won’t admit to needing to make love to anything in a skirt,” Jack answered vehemently.

“Let’s not split hairs here, Jack,” Mary sighed in exasperation. “We’ve established that you can’t control your sexual urges even though you love your wife. Isn’t that true?”

“Yes, but I can do better, I know I can do better,” Jack pleaded with a contrite look on his flushed face. “Please, Abigail. Just give me another chance.”

“So, you are willing to make your marriage work and to keep your job, are you, Jack? That’s good but now we need to know just how far you are willing to go to earn that right,” Mary interceded with a knowing look on her face. “If I was you, I would be prepared to go a very long way indeed. The alternative will be an expensive divorce and my firing you effective immediately.”

Jack cringed back into his seat at the thought of being taken to the cleaners in the courts and losing his lucrative job. He would literally end up on the streets destitute.

Swallowing a large chunk of his masculine pride he looked at Mary and stated, “I’m willing to do just about anything to save my marriage and keep my job. What conditions do you have in mind - counseling, a curfew to be home by, telling Abigail where I will be every minute of the day? I’ll gladly do any of those things if she will just give me another chance.

“I bet you would, Jack,” Mary drawled with a sinister smile. “But what we are going to expect from you will be a much greater challenge to your manhood than that. You are going to have to submit to every order that Abigail or I give you. You are going to have to obey our wishes without hesitation. In return, your position in the company and the community will be protected. What we ask of you will be humiliating but it won’t be made known to the general public.”

“But what is it that you want me to do?” Jack wailed in frustrated anxiety.

“I’ve just told you everything that you need to know at this stage, Jack,” Mary replied with some asperity. “Your love for Abigail will be tested by your willingness to do exactly as you are told. In return, your privacy will be protected and in the public eye you will continue to live exactly as you have been, less your sleazy affairs, of course. Will you do it or not? If you don’t say yes here and now, then there is divorce and joblessness in your immediate future. And I’ll make sure you stay unemployed for a long time!”

“I want to say yes but you are asking me to make a decision blind,” Jack cried in desperation.

“Yes we are, Jack,” Mary snapped. “You have to take a leap of faith if you want to save your marriage and job. Now do it or the deal is off and you are history!”

Struggling to retain a shred of pride and some sense of control, Jack turned to Abigail and asked plaintively, “Do you want me to do this, Abigail? Is there still some hope for us as a couple?”

His wife looked at him with a mixture of grim determination and compassion. "Yes, Jack. There is still hope for us as a loving couple, but it will have to be on my terms now. You have blown your chance to be number one in this relationship."

Well aware that it was their way or the highway, Jack succumbed to the inevitable and manfully conceded to their demands with as much dignity as he could bring to bear. "If it means we can still save our marriage, I agree."

"Be quite clear what your agreement means, Jack," Mary stated emphatically. "You are agreeing to doing exactly what Abigail and I tell you to do. No exceptions will be granted and no excuses will be accepted. In return, you will be protected from any public knowledge of what is happening."

"I understand and still accept your conditions," Jack replied with as much confidence as he could muster. "However, I would like to ask one question if I may?"

"I think we can afford to allow you one question, Jack," Mary answered with a tight smile. "But there is no guarantee that you will like what you hear."

"I just want to know if there is any time limit to my having to jump every time you tell me to do so," Jack asked with more than a tinge of nervousness in his voice.

"A fair question," Mary laughed as she noted his growing apprehension. "Abigail and I have discussed this very point and agreed that you will only be under our immediate supervision until you can prove that you can control yourself when it comes to your overactive libido. Unfortunately for you it will be up to us to make that determination while your only job will be to make us believe you have sincerely changed."

Jack's face grew even paler as he absorbed the idea that he was going to be completely dominated by Mary and his wife until they decided otherwise. It really wasn't a very good option but being penniless on the streets wasn't a great idea either. It really looked as if he was in a no-win situation no matter which way he turned. *Better the devil you know than the unknown*, he decided. *I'll go along with this charade until I can think of a way out of this damn predicament.*

Abigail and Mary exchanged a smug smile as they watched Jack twisting on the horns of the dilemma that he had created for himself. Abigail still felt absolutely sick that her husband had been cheating on her but knew that the plan Mary had presented to her was indeed a way to save her marriage. Even better it would be a marriage in which she would have the upper hand. She still loved Jack and even believed that he still loved her but it was obvious that he was unstable emotionally and it would be far better for both of them if she took control.

"Now that your question has been answered, do you still agree to the terms, Jack? If you do, we have much to accomplish tonight, so this is your last chance to change your mind," Mary stated firmly.

"I...I agree," Jack stuttered with growing foreboding as he took a leap of faith and made his decision irrevocable. Just what in the hell did these two crazy women have in mind for him? Nothing he was going to enjoy that was for sure but

what other choice did he have until he could come up with some counter to all the aces they held? At the moment he didn't have a damn thing in his own hand and there was no doubt that he was going to be royally screwed as a result.

Chapter 4

Mary smiled as Jack agreed to the arrangement that she had just brokered. There was no doubt that he was getting exactly what he deserved but she had been truthful when stating that Jack was an excellent worker for the firm. If everything continued to go according to plan, he would get his just reward and she would get to keep his expertise working for Ralston Enterprises.

"Abigail why don't you get those drinks we were talking about earlier? Now that Jack has finally seen that there are no other viable alternatives to our plan I think a celebratory libation is in order."

"Right," Abigail replied brightly as she jumped up and skipped off to the kitchen with a joyful look.

"I...I'm not sure that I want a drink," Jack mumbled abjectly as he continued to sit dejectedly in the armchair and tried to absorb what had just been happening to him.

"Shut up, Jack," Mary retorted firmly. "Get used to the idea that you will do what you are told and not question our orders. And if I'm not badly mistaken, a strong drink will be most beneficial for you even if you aren't particularly in the mood to celebrate what is going on."

Jack wisely slunk back further into his chair without saying another word. *She's right*, he thought wistfully, *I certainly could do with a strong drink, maybe more than one. What a hell of an evening this has been and I've a strong suspicion that it's going to get a lot worse.*

Abigail returned with three drinks on a tray and handed one to Mary with a conspiratorial smile before thrusting one of the glasses angrily into Jack's hand.

"Let's have a toast," Mary declared with an ingenious smile towards Jack still squirming uncomfortably in his chair. "To a new beginning."

"To a new beginning," Abigail and Jack replied dutifully as they held their glasses up before taking a drink. Abigail took hers with a satisfied look and her husband had a more pained expression on his face as they thought about Mary's words.

Oh yes, things are going to be so much better around here, Abigail thought with a sigh of appreciation while Jack wondered if there was any possibility that the rather benign words signified that things wouldn't be quite as bad as he originally imagined.

Even as he took a second large gulp to follow the first, he began to feel less anxious about his situation, in fact he started to feel quite relaxed. Tilting the

glass back as far as he could he slurped up the dregs of his drink with a silly giggle as the room began to go in and out of focus. *Hell, that was good; everything was cool, man. No worries here*, he thought as he stared around the room with a stupid smile plastered on his face.

“I think we can get started now, Abigail,” Mary stated laughingly as she watched Jack peering bemusedly at his surroundings. “That drug you put in his drink will make sure he cooperates for the next few hours. Get started while I go and get the camera.”

Abigail responded with an anticipatory giggle of her own as she stood and dragged an unresisting Jack from the chair as the glass fell from his nerveless hand. Although he swayed gently on his feet, once upright there was no problem in getting him to follow her to the bathroom located beside the guest bedroom.

“Out of your clothes, you conniving bastard,” she muttered with a steely look of determination in her teary eyes. “Why did you have to be so stupid? Wasn’t I good enough for you? Thank goodness, Mary has shown me how to sort this whole mess out. You’ll rue the day that you decided that you needed so much variety in your sex life, buster.”

As she threatened Jack in a quiet but sinister tone, Abigail continued to strip off Jack’s clothes while he quietly stood, swaying back and forth with an idiotic grin on his face. *What’s she making all the fuss about?* he wondered as she ranted on about his behavior. *Is there something wrong?*

In less than a minute, Jack was completely nude and his wife slathered a thick layer of white lotion over his body from the neck down.

“There you go, dearest,” she said in mock sincerity. “The first small step in your rehabilitation, but certainly not the last. Stay here and don’t move until I get back.”

Ten minutes later, Jack was still standing in the same position and staring fixedly at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. Something was wrong but he just couldn’t put his finger on what was bothering him. It was probably better to do what Abigail told him to do and wait until she returned.

“Very nice,” Mary cried in delight as she took several pictures of Jack’s white encrusted body as he stood there passively. “Better get him into the shower, Abigail, so that we can get on with the next step.”

“Yes, it’s time,” Abigail agreed. “Into the shower with you, Jack. We don’t want to leave that lotion on too long.”

Still in a mental fog, Jack allowed himself to be placed in the shower and watched with detached interest as all his body hair disappeared down the drain as the hot water coursed over his itchy body. *That feels better*, he thought as the lotion was sluiced away. *Gosh, I certainly look different. I wonder what Mary and Abigail are trying to do to me.*

“Come on, girlie, time to get out and dry off,” Abigail ordered as he continued to stand under the forceful jets of water in a dazed stupor. “On second thoughts, use a bit of soap and wash yourself off thoroughly.”

Jack did as she commanded without a second thought having already forgotten the fact that all his manly body hair had just disappeared down the drain. Luxuriating in the feel of his hands running over his smooth skin, he became totally immersed in the joys of the slippery caresses generating a whole new range of feelings he had never experienced before.

“Enough already,” Abigail yelled through the glass shower door. “Rinse off and out you come.”

Still working on automatic, Jack reluctantly did as she said and stepped out of the shower with a wistful smile on his face. Never had he had such an inspiring wash.

Throwing him a towel, a scowling Abigail snapped, “Stop acting like the cat that got the cream, you silly tart. Now dry yourself off and make sure you pat and not rub that moisture off your body. You are going to have to start learning a few rudimentary facts about feminine hygiene.”

Jack once again did as he was told while wondering vaguely why she was treating him like a girl. What was all this talk about feminine hygiene anyway?

“Good, girl,” Abigail intoned as Mary continued to take pictures of Jack doing his ablutions. “Now that you are dry, it’s time to put some of this lovely scented lotion all over your newly-shaved skin. It should take away any itchiness that you might still be suffering from after that depilatory we used.”

Jack couldn’t help moaning in appreciation as Abigail gently rubbed the floral-scented lotion over his now hairless body. It felt even better than his earlier exploratory caresses in the shower.

“I think you’re enjoying this too much, girlie,” Abigail hissed as she gave his erect penis a hard swat. Jack groaned in pain and frustration as it deflated as quickly as it had risen.

Taking advantage of its flaccid state, Abigail stretched his cock by pulling it out as far as she could before quickly snapping a stainless steel tube tightly around its thinned length. The narrow tube completely enclosed his tool in a crushing grip, denying it the possibility of becoming engorged. Several holes perforated the tube near the head of his entrapped penis while a short chain dangled from its end.

Abigail used a small key to lock the tube in place before pushing Jack’s shriveled testicles up into the small cavities in his pelvic bone from which they had originally descended. Holding them deftly in place, she pulled the chain between his legs so that his encased penis could apply enough pressure to continue their enforced banishment from view.

Mary, putting down the digital camera for a moment, placed a wide, flexible stainless steel band around Jack’s waist. It was fairly short so she had to struggle to make the ends meet and to latch them together in the small of his back.

Once she had done so, Abigail jerked on the chain between Jack’s legs, causing him to bleat in agony while she secured it to the band’s latch. Once it was in place, she used a small padlock to lock everything together.

“There you go, wench,” she crowed. “A nice flat crotch so that you won’t ruin the lines of the nice skirts you will be wearing. And more importantly, you won’t be having any more affairs with everything locked away. Your prick is now only for my use, as it should be. I’ll only unlock it when I want some action. Don’t worry though, you can still pee. Unfortunately, you’ll have to do it sitting down from now on. Just make sure you wipe everything clean when you’re finished. Any questions?”

Jack who had listened to her tirade in bemused amazement could only shake his head and wonder what all the fuss was about. Was Abigail really upset with him for a few lousy extramarital affairs and what did she mean with that line about skirts? This whole evening just wasn’t making any sense.

Mary, who had resumed taking pictures, paused and laughingly told Abigail, “I don’t think much of this is sinking in for our poor little sissy at the moment. Why don’t we get on with things and accept the fact that we will have to repeat everything to the poor girl once the drugs wear off?”

Abigail gave a resigned shrug and a rueful grin as she agreed to Mary’s suggestion. “Makes sense now that you mention it. I guess we’ll save the mother-to-daughter chat for later. It will be even more fun to see him squirm impotently when he really understands what is going on. Right now, I might as well be talking to a brick wall for all the reaction I’m getting. Are you getting enough pictures?”

“Certainly am,” Mary replied with a giggle. “These digital cameras can hold a large number so there is no need to be stingy in recording your husband’s transformation. Won’t it be nice to look at them later and reminisce about this time? And of course, Jack will want to do anything necessary to make sure that nobody else ever gets to see them.”

Jack shook his head in bewilderment as the two women bantered back and forth. Other than a couple of painful moments the remaining events of the evening weren’t making much of an impression on him. At a very basic level, he knew that he was in a lot of trouble but he couldn’t seem to muster enough concern to do anything about it.

“Let’s get you dressed, girlie,” Abigail stated with a wolfish grin. “I’ve been looking forward to that part all evening. Just think of all the great pictures Mary will be able to get of you in your pretty lingerie!”

“Sounds good to me,” Mary chuckled in anticipation. “Jack will make a lovely blonde, don’t you think.”

“Let’s find out,” Abigail shrieked with glee. “Get your butt into the bedroom, wench. There are some lovely clothes laid out on the bed for you.”

Jack stumbled out of the bathroom and into the bedroom as his two tormentors dragged him forward. Once again, he found it impossible to resist or even to truly comprehend what was happening to him.

Abigail left him in Mary’s tender clutches and ran to the bed to savor the sight of the red, lacy lingerie lying on the bed. Red was such an appropriate color for an

adulterer. Snatching up a pair of full-cut satin panties with an abundance of lace to decorate its smooth decadence, she turned to the gently swaying Jack who Mary had left parked a few feet from the bed.

“These are for you, girlie. Just lift up your left foot and I’ll give you a hand in putting them on properly. It’s appropriate that I panty you for the first time but, of course, you’ll have to do it for yourself in future. Mary, you make sure you get lots of pictures of our little slut getting dressed up in her red finery.”

Mary chuckled, “Don’t worry about that, dear. This camera will be working overtime!”

Abigail pulled the cool, slippery material of the panties up Jack’s hairless legs and smoothed the garment in place around his crotch and waist. “There you go, girl. Don’t they fit well? You’re so nice and flat that they fit perfectly.”

“They certainly do,” Mary agreed as she snapped several pictures of Jack standing meekly in his panties with a bewildered smile on his face. “Let’s get that corset on her.”

“My pleasure,” Abigail grinned as she picked up the formidable foundation garment off the bed. “Mind you, our little slut here might not find it so enjoyable. This baby allows some serious tightening to take place.”

As instructed, Jack held out his arms so that his wife could slide the corset’s shoulder straps into place and begin the tightening process of encasing his torso securely in the grip of the red compression device. Hauling the strings ever tighter, Abigail managed to slowly pull the rear edges of the corset closer together while her husband took shorter and shallower gasps of air in an effort to compensate for the growing restriction around his chest.

Finally with a grunt of triumph, Abigail managed to force the two edges of the foundation garment together and to tie off the sturdy strings that had allowed her to accomplish this feat. Jack was feeling distinctly light-headed by this time but managed to remain swaying in an upright position as Mary took several more pictures of his increasingly feminized body.

“My, doesn’t that give her a much more feminine form,” Abigail enthused as she stepped back to appraise the effects of her efforts. “Let me just slip these silicone breast forms into the cups to finish the job. There we go.”

Jack couldn’t help seeing his reflection in the full-length mirror on the bedroom closet’s sliding doors. He gasped in bewildered surprise at the gleaming red corset’s effect on his torso. Full thrusting breasts, at least a C-cup in size, tapering to a slim waist before flaring out to full hips made him look like a well-formed female, at least from the neck down. All of it was an illusion created by the foundation garment that extended from the cups around his faux breasts down to the juncture created by his upper thighs.

Mary snapped another picture and voiced her approval, “Very nice, girlie. Keep this up, Abigail, and we will have a real looker on our hands.”

“Yes, we will,” Abigail giggled as she clapped her hands with delight. “Where are those stockings? They will make her legs look even better.”

Retrieving the gossamer black nylons from the diminishing pile on the bed, she rolled up one of the stockings and had Jack point his left foot so that it could be pulled and smoothed into place up his leg. Three garter straps from the corset held it snugly in place as she adjusted their length to make sure the sheer hose was properly taut.

Jack's right leg was similarly encased in less than a minute and he was once again left gaping dully at his mirror-captured image. His normally sharp mind struggled through a drug induced fog to understand the significance of what was happening but he couldn't get past the superficial thought that his hairless legs looked really good in black nylons.

The camera's flash lit up the room yet again as Mary continued to record Jack's escalating feminization. She chuckled quietly to herself as she saw the normally reticent Abigail become more and more dominant as her husband slowly sank beneath a barrage of emasculating actions.

"Now for the pumps," Abigail laughed almost wildly. "Jack always likes women to wear high heels. Let's see how he makes out wearing some that will add three inches to his height."

In thirty seconds, Jack was swaying in an effort to stay upright with his feet encased in red pumps with the promised three-inch heels. In his befuddled state, he didn't even realize that they fit perfectly. Abigail had made sure of that by going out and buying a pair in his size the day before.

"Very nice," Mary crooned as the camera's flash lit up the bedroom one more time. "Her legs look really good in black stockings and the heels give them a much more defined shape."

Abigail picked up a lavishly laced full satin slip from the bed and commanded Jack to hold up his arms so that she could let it slither sleekly down his feminized body until its red hem danced sensually a few inches above his nylon-encased knees. She smoothed the slinky material into place while taking the opportunity to steal a caress or two on his lingerie-covered body.

Her covert gropes barely penetrated Jack's befuddled mind as he passively regarded his progressively more feminine body. Alarm bells were jangling discordantly in the far reaches of his foggy brain but he just couldn't seem to find the energy or wherewithal to protest, let alone counter, the actions that were slowly stripping him of his masculinity.

Mary's features twisted in a feral grin as she continued to take picture after picture of Jack's emerging female persona. This was going so well and soon she and Abigail would have this pompous little bastard exactly where they wanted him. Doing exactly as he was told and never again getting the chance to cheat on his wife.

"Almost finished, at least with the dressing, dearest," Abigail chortled as she picked up a red silk dress from the bed. "Arms up again and I'll pull this lovely outfit down into place before zipping up the back. There we go, don't you think it's just divine?"

Jack peered distractedly at the dress, which fit his newly curvaceous body to perfection. It had a sensual look to it but was saved from being too promiscuous in appearance by the fact that it was cut on fairly conservative lines. Long sleeves, a high neckline and a knee-length hemline all helped to offset its all-too-alluring tight fit that concealed yet highlighted his new feminine charms. *Sexy!* was the only thought that came through his fuzzy brain as he ogled the image in red reflected in the mirror's gleaming surface.

"Well, answer my question," Abigail demanded petulantly. "Doesn't your dress look lovely?"

Jack labored to understand that the question was being directed at him. The look of grim annoyance on his wife's face also reflected in the mirror finally drove him to stutter uncertainly, "V...very nice, dear."

"About time I got an answer, bimbo," Abigail growled. "Just because you're going to be a blonde doesn't mean that you need to act dumb!"

"Yes, dear," Jack sighed in resignation as he continued his desperate struggle to comprehend everything that was going on. It really wasn't turning out to be a very good evening at all. Why was he having so much trouble concentrating?

"Do try and keep up with all this, honey," Abigail commanded. "After all, it is your new life that we are building here. Speaking of which, let's get on to the next step - jewelry for one soon-to-be blonde bimbo slut. What do we have?"

Mary's camera continued to flash as Abigail draped a string of pearls around Jack's neck and placed a small gold woman's watch on his left wrist. A gold chain bracelet on his right wrist followed, as did large pearl drop clip-on earrings.

"If you don't behave yourself, we will have to pierce your ears so you can use some of my earrings," Abigail stated casually. "Would you like that, girlie?"

"N...no thanks," Jack muttered in a strangled voice as images of him trying to explain his pierced ears to his fellow workers flashed through his jangling mind.

"Better not misbehave then," Mary cackled in delight as she took another picture. "It would be too easy to organize if you aren't a good, little girl."

"Yes, indeed," Abigail joined in. "Do you think you can be a good wench so that you don't get some nasty holes poked through those precious ears?"

"Y...yes, please don't do that. I'll behave," Jack whispered back fearfully as he struggled to fully understand everything that was being said to him. He was getting so tired and it was becoming more and more difficult to follow the conversation.

"See that you do, sissy," Abigail said with a smug smile. "I think it's time for some makeup for our little princess. Would you like that, girl?"

Realizing that the last remark was directed at him, Jack nodded disinterestedly. *Damn, will this never end?* he thought. *I just want to get this horror show over with and go to bed.*

“Hum, not much enthusiasm there,” Mary noted with an amused chuckle. “But then it’s early yet, Abigail. I’m sure that you will notice a marked improvement in her attitude after a few days. If not, we can always go to Plan B. It’s guaranteed to work!”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves, Mary,” Abigail chortled good-naturedly. “You did say to take this one step at a time.”

“Forgive me, dear,” Mary replied with a laugh. “I can’t help being a bit enthusiastic. You are right though, we should give this option a chance to work before we start trying anything else. Please proceed with the makeup.”

“Oh, yes,” Abigail grinned in anticipation. “This should be good. Seeing it’s her debut, I think I’ll go a little heavier than normal. A bit of a whorish look so that your pictures will really pick up the transformation.”

“Sounds good,” Mary agreed. “You lay it on, girl and I’ll make sure your efforts are captured for posterity.”

“Well, let’s start with some beard cover cream above her upper lip and along the chin line. You didn’t shave there since this morning so we have a bit of a problem although there really isn’t that much to conceal. Still, better safe than sorry,” Abigail muttered as she went to work. “Listen to what I say and watch in the mirror as I apply everything, girlie! You’ll be expected to do this on your own in the future.”

Jack watched with glazed eyes as she rubbed the cream in before wiping off the excess with a small sponge before applying a foundation with her fingers and once again using a sponge to smooth the cosmetic over his entire face and under his chin. Once this was accomplished, Abigail used a matching powder to set the makeup and help smooth his complexion. In spite of the fact that she explained each procedure as she did it, he had an extremely hard time concentrating on



what was being done. It just didn't seem that important to his uncomprehending brain, which was still reeling from the continuing images of the pathetic, feminized creature he was being transformed into.

"Now watch how I do your eyes," Abigail continued as, unknown to her, Jack mentally withdrew further into a mindless state in an effort to shut out everything happening to him. "I'll use a black liquid liner along both your upper and lower lash lines. Note that the bottom line is fairly thin while the upper line is thicker in the middle and extends outside the outer corners of your eyes."

Nearly comatose by this point, Jack still managed a feigned small grunt of understanding as Abigail concentrated on both applying the makeup and lecturing him on the finer points of its application. She was so intent on doing it properly that she failed to understand that she was losing his interest completely.

"To finish your eyes we need to use some eye shadow and mascara," she prattled on happily as his face began to take on a more feminine look under her masterful administrations. "As you are wearing red, I think I'll go with a pale plum color over your lids from the lash line to brow, then follow that up with a medium plum color over the eyelids themselves and a dark plum in the crease. Note how I then lightly blend the colors with a brush.

"Black mascara will set off your upper and lower lashes. Three coats should suffice but make sure that you use this comb to separate the lashes between coats."

Jack was jerked back into some semblance of comprehension as he noted how Abigail's artistry was starting to make his face look totally different. If he hadn't seen it happening in the mirror, he would never have believed that his features could be changed so completely. At this stage his complexion and eyes had been transformed into something feminine while the rest of his face was still relatively masculine in appearance. He found this apparent dichotomy terribly upsetting and struggled to contain a growing sense of panic about what was happening to him.

Mary watched his sudden change from almost complete apathy to steadily increasing apprehension with great amusement. *Not quite so cocky now are we, dear*, she thought. *And there is so much more to come!*

Abigail filled in Jack's eyebrows with an off-black pencil after giving his brows a quick but effective plucking which had him wincing in pain. "See how I'm using the pencil to extend the outer edges of your brows and I'll follow that up with an eyebrow brush to blend it in with your natural brows. They look much nicer now that I've cleaned them up."

Jack observed the change to his brows in surly silence as he wondered how they would look once he reassumed his male persona. *I sure as hell hope that they aren't going to look too thin*, he thought despondently.

"Now for your cheeks," Abigail said as she picked up the blush. "We'll use these three shades of rose to make them stand out. Notice how I'm brushing them to blend the various shades so that your cheekbones are highlighted."

“Looking good, love,” Mary said encouragingly as she continued to take picture after picture. “I think that you’ve got our little sissy really worried now that she can see how effective your makeup job can be in making her so much less manly.”

Abigail blushed prettily at the compliment and nodded gratefully to the older woman. “Thank you, Mary. I’m glad that you think it is going so well. Let’s get those lips done, shall we. They’re reasonably full for a guy but if we outline them with some red liner and follow up with some dark red lipstick and a clear shiny sealer coat they will look even better.”

Jack watched in mounting terror as her words were turned into action and he was left facing a reflection that appeared completely feminine with the exception of his short hair. He wasn’t beautiful or even pretty but he did look like a woman with a man’s haircut. He was astonished on how he had been so completely transformed in such a short time. His wilting masculinity took another severe blow as he contemplated the feminine image he now projected.

“Great work,” Mary chortled as she manipulated the camera in a never-ending succession of shots of Jack’s humiliating transformation. “Put that blonde wig on her. I can’t wait to see the final result.”

“Coming up,” Abigail laughed with unrestrained glee as she took the hairpiece off the bed and fitted it on her shaking husband’s head. His trembling only increased in severity as the golden, shoulder-length tresses fell into place around his painted features to complete the feminized look that his wife had so skillfully fashioned.

As Abigail fussed with the wig so that the blonde locks provided an appropriate frame for his makeup-enhanced face, Jack continued to stare in a mesmerized fog at his new female persona reflected in the mirror. The addition of the long, shoulder length tresses seemed to make him look completely like a woman, albeit a rather plain one, who had taken extra care with her makeup and hair. Even the large pearl drop earrings peeking saucily through the blonde wig seemed to add all too harshly to the picture of femininity he had been turned into so quickly and efficiently by his wife and Mary.

“Not bad at all,” Abigail said with a sigh of satisfaction as she stood back to survey the results of her labors. “If it wasn’t for the Adam’s apple, you would never know that there was a guy under all that makeup and padding.”

“You certainly wouldn’t,” Mary agreed as she continued to take picture after picture. “Now that we have her all dolled up, have you thought of an appropriate name for your creation? Jack just doesn’t seem to be right anymore.”

Abigail grinned as this idea allowed her to give rein to her imagination. A nice feminine name would be an excellent put down for her two-timing husband. He would really squirm if he had to answer to a girl’s name.

“I think we should call our little sissy Jane,” she declared with an evil chuckle. “It would certainly better fit the image she is portraying now.”

“An excellent choice,” Mary declared. “Jane it shall be.”

Jack had listened half-heartedly to the conversation but couldn't muster up the energy to protest even this further slur on his manhood. He just felt too tired to get worked up about a stupid name. All he wanted to do was to get out of these stupid clothes and go to bed. Hopefully his two tormentors would tire of this crazy nonsense and give him a break soon.

Chapter 5

"Well my dear," Mary stated with a nod of appreciation to Abigail, "you have got off to a fine start. Are you ready for the second stage? I know it could be a bit more difficult for you as I will have to be present to take pictures but I assure you that we will have to do it if we want to keep Jane completely under your control."

Abigail gave Mary a nervous smile in return but managed to retain a confident tone to her voice when she replied, "I'm quite prepared, thank you. Even if I'm going to find it a bit embarrassing, it will be far worse for our little slut here."

Jack was having trouble following the conversation as his mind seemed to be dulled as it had been since he had taken the spiked drink earlier in the evening but it sounded to him as if his desire to just go to bed was not going to be realized. His bitter disappointment on comprehending this fact only seemed to increase his already high level of fatigue. It was an overwhelming stupor that seemed to keep him from saying anything no matter what happened.

As a result, he didn't even murmur a token protest as Abigail buckled a four-inch wide leather belt around his compressed waist. Attached to the sides of the belt were two smaller leather straps which she used to secure his wrists, as he stood there – completely docile and uncomplaining as he had been all evening.

"Get on your knees, Jane," she ordered with only a slight tremor in her voice to betray her growing nervousness. Mary gave her an encouraging smile as she picked up on her anxiety but Jack was too deep in his personal lethargic fog to do anything but comply with her command.

Abigail stopped to watch Mary take several more pictures of Jack kneeling submissively with his hands bound securely at his side and the hem of his red dress pulled up high enough to expose a goodly portion of his nylon-clad thighs. Satisfied that the recording of his ongoing humiliation was well in hand, she took the opportunity to slip out of the bedroom and enter the adjacent bathroom.

Jack, still struggling to regain his breath after managing to kneel in spite of the restrictive corset and his bound hands, didn't even notice her short absence. Everything seemed to be happening in an unreal, dream-like state and the only activity that managed to occasionally penetrate his addled brain was the near constant flashes of Mary's camera. *This is so surreal*, he thought as he fought to fight off the constant waves of bone-numbing fatigue that threatened to overwhelm him completely. *I just can't seem to get excited about anything. Why don't these two witches let me get out of these stupid clothes and go to bed? Surely we can talk about this in the morning.*

Abigail slipped back into the room while Jack was unsuccessfully struggling to come to grips with his predicament. Sitting on the bed so that she faced her kneeling husband, she indicated that he should move the few feet necessary to place himself between her legs.

Seeing her silent signal, he attempted to clamber to his feet but before he could do so, she snapped, "Just stay on your knees, slut. It's a most appropriate position for someone of your status. Now get over here before you annoy me!"

Jack had the sense to shuffle forward on his knees without any argument and place himself as he had been directed while Mary's camera continued to click away.

Abigail pulled her full skirt up to her waist with a small smile on her face as Mary moved closer so that she could take some close up photographs of the action that was going to take place.

Jack's eyes were drawn hypnotically to his wife's crotch and upper thighs. It was obvious that she was wearing a garter belt and taupe-colored stockings but no panties. He wondered dispassionately what was going to happen next as he nervously licked his crimson lips.

Abigail reached forward and grasped his wig's long blonde tresses and gently pulled his face toward the juncture of her thighs as she wantonly spread her legs to accommodate him. "Use your tongue on me, Jane," she commanded. "I know you're nothing but a lesbian whore who would love to pleasure me."

Jack, never a great fan of cunnilingus, mewed in protest but tentatively stuck out his tongue to do as she ordered. There was no way that he wanted to provoke her and arguing would do just that. Not that he could muster the energy to do anything but simply comply with her demands.

Annoyed by his slow response, Abigail forced his head further into her crotch and clamped her thighs tightly together. "Get on with it, bitch or I'll whip your panty-covered ass."

Her words cracked around Jack like a lightening bolt and he focussed his mind to the task he had been assigned. His tongue flicked out to run lightly up her vaginal lips and to tease the nub of her clitoris until she began to pant and squirm under the storm of pleasurable sensations coursing through her. Emotions that were further heightened by the joy of being in complete charge while her normally dominant husband was reduced to being the submissive sex toy.

Mary gave a knowing smile as she took another series of pictures of the couple so energetically engaged in oral sex. Careful to keep Abigail's face out of the shots, she still managed to frame Jack's painted face in enough of the photos to make sure it was obvious that it was him lapping feverishly at a woman's sex.

Jack's tongue delved deeper into his wife's love tunnel eliciting even deeper moans of sexual gratification from her as her legs drew ever tighter around his head. Finally, in a screech of pure guttural satisfaction, Abigail came and came, as she had never done before. Jack firmly held in place by her straining thighs could only lap up a flood of vaginal juices that gushed out into his open mouth.

As Abigail reached her shuddering climax, she relaxed her death grip around his head and Jack was finally able to pull back. Mary chortled and took several pictures of his wet face while he gasped for breath.

“Messy makeup, girlie,” she laughed. “We’ll definitely have to clean that up before we get on with our documentary. But from the sounds of it you are one natural snatch sucker!”

Abigail giggled and brushed her skirt back down into a more lady-like position as she slowly regained her composure. It had been embarrassing to indulge in such an intimate act with Mary present but she had never felt such a powerful orgasm before. There was something to be said for being so completely in charge.

“Let’s get you into the bathroom so that we can redo your makeup, Jane,” she chuckled in delight as she contemplated the thought of what was going to happen next. Reaching down, she pulled him to his feet and marched him briskly into the adjacent bathroom.

In minutes, she ushered him back into the bedroom where Mary was waiting patiently for them. “Nice job, girlfriend,” she cooed as they reappeared. “Here, let me take another picture of our new girlie.”

Jack flinched as the flash went off yet again and the digital picture joined the dozens of others that Mary had taken over the course of the evening. For the first time that night he wondered grimly how he was going to make sure no one else ever saw any of the humiliating images.

“Down on your knees again, slut,” Abigail ordered. “I’m not finished with you yet.”

Although his head felt clearer than it had for many hours and he was starting to rationally consider the predicament that he found himself in, Jack managed to keep his counsel and quickly obey.

Leaving him to assume the submissive posture that she had commanded, she strolled over to the dresser against the bedroom’s far wall and picked up a wicked looking leather crop. Smacking it authoritatively into her hand, she returned to stand in front of him, gloating at the sight of growing fear in his highlighted eyes.

Placing the end of the crop under his chin, she forced his head back before saying, “You’ve got a lot of penance to perform, girl. Before I finish, you’ll be a much better person than the self-important, macho, two-timing swine that you are now. Now, lean down and kiss my shoes for giving you a second chance instead of throwing you out on the streets with nothing.”

Choking back a vitriolic reply, Jack lowered his trembling lips and hesitantly kissed the tops of her black pumps. He despised himself for acting so cravenly but couldn’t think of an alternative to carrying out the task his vindictive wife had set for him. There was no way that he could do anything while his hands were secured to the belt around his waist.

Mary happily took several pictures of him carrying out this action of pathetic surrender before she paused and said with an evil grin, “It appears to me that our little sissy isn’t really too keen about kissing your shoes, Abigail. She is only being

half-hearted in her efforts, to say the least. Maybe you should take some corrective measures.”

Abigail ran her tongue over her lips with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. “I was just thinking the same thing myself. We can’t have a slovenly attitude from our new wench, now can we? Stop that useless attempt at trying to pacify me, Jane. It’s obvious that you need to be taught a lesson. Get back on your feet.”

Abigail reinforced this last order by angrily reaching under Jack’s arm and roughly pulling him to his feet before pushing him forward so that he fell face-down onto the bed. Unable to protect himself due to his pinioned arms, he grunted with pain as his face and upper body took the brunt of the landing. *Thank goodness it was a soft surface I landed on*, he thought inanely as he wondered what was going to happen next.

“Yes, you need to be taught a lesson and I’m just the person to give it to you,” Abigail gloated as she quickly pulled up the back of his dress and slip so that his panty-clad ass was totally exposed. Running the crop up his nylon-covered thighs, she let it linger on the hairless, smooth skin just above the dark band of his stocking tops. “You haven’t been particularly good and now it’s time for you to start paying the price.”

With these last words, she pinned him to the bed by pushing down firmly on the small of his back with her left hand and brought the riding crop down in a fierce strike across his buttocks. Jack let out a bellow of rage and pain as the fiery lash ripped across his tender flesh protected only by the flimsy material of his panties.

Ignoring his shouted protests, Abigail unleashed a series of brutal blows upon his quivering backside and upper thighs. As the agony rippled and multiplied, Jack’s curses and threats quickly turned into sobs and pleas for mercy as he squirmed ineffectually on the bed.

Mary snapped picture after picture of his embarrassing descent into a sniveling, obsequious sissy in a matter of minutes under his wife’s merciless beating. *This is very good*, she thought. *He’ll soon find himself completely under our control with no recourse to regaining his independence.*

Abigail only ceased her unremitting attack on her errant husband when the skin on his rear and upper thighs were almost as red as his satin panties and the bedcover was damp from the tears that ran down his cheeks. By that time he had ceased his pathetic struggles to escape the punishment she was inflicting and only reacted with weak groans and cries for compassion.

Slowly lowering her right hand, she stood upright and took a deep breath. *Damn that was good*, she thought. *He betrayed me and now I’m getting some pay-back. Not enough but it’s a start. If nothing else it has made me horny as hell. If we were alone, I’d have the little slut back between my legs where she belongs!*

Mary came over and gave her a small hug and a slightly apologetic smile as if she could read her mind. Abigail returned the hug and whispered a quick thank you for the sign of support.

“Almost finished, at least for the evening,” Mary replied more loudly. “Let’s get our little missy up off the bed. I got some really fantastic pictures of that spanking so it’s time to get on with the final act.”

Together they reached down and pulled the sobbing sissy to his feet and left him swaying precariously on his still unfamiliar high heels. Mary retrieved a wooden chair with a high back and placed it in front of the mirror on the sliding closet door while Abigail firmly held her trembling husband’s upper arm.

Once the chair was in place, she pushed him down on the unyielding seat so that he yelped in pain as his abused ass hit the hard surface. “Be quiet, you little hussy or I’ll really give you something to cry about,” she snapped as he tried to lift his burning buttocks from this latest torture.

Mary handed her a buckled strap and both of them quickly secured his upper arms to the back of the chair. Several seconds later, his ankles were similarly attached to the chair’s front legs.

“Now, isn’t that another picture?” Mary chuckled as she took several more photos of Jack in bondage. “Don’t look so sad, little girl. We’ll let you have a rest in a moment. Won’t that be nice?”

Jack ignored her as he stared in despair at the reflected image in the mirror. All he could see was a feminine figure staring back at him from teary eyes, her makeup running from her crying and her arms and legs firmly bound in place. *What the hell is happening to me?* he thought. *It can’t get any worse than this!*

No sooner had he framed this statement in his shattered mind than Abigail proved him wrong by forcing a ball gag between his ruby red lips and pushing it into place in his mouth. Before he had the presence of mind to even try and spit it out, she tightened the harness that held it in place by buckling the devilish device behind his head.

Mary chortled loudly as she took several more pictures of this latest humiliation while Abigail smiled smugly at this final indignity. The one that completed the first steps in ensuring the total subjugation and feminization of her cheating husband.

Her smile widened as Mary let the camera dangle by its strap looped around her wrist before giving her a lusty kiss on the lips. Groaning in delight and giving in to her desire to vent her pent up sexual desires, she returned the kiss with equal passion as Jack watched their reflected twining in shocked dismay.

Breaking the embrace, Abigail looked at him with an amused twinkle in her eyes. “Two can play the same game, girlie. If you can fool around outside our marriage, then so can I. You can sit there and think about it for the rest of the night while Mary and I retire to the master bedroom. We’ll leave the light on so you can see what you have been reduced to due to your folly. Have a lovely time!”

“Night, night, Jane,” Mary chimed in as they left the guest bedroom, arm in arm. “Pleasant dreams!”

Chapter 6

Jack spent a most uncomfortable night. In spite of his extreme tiredness, he couldn't sleep as every time he nodded off the discomfort of his sore backside and tight bondage quickly brought him back to a state of fatigued wakefulness. Instead of getting the chance to indulge in some well deserved, comfortable rest, he spent the night listening to the muted sounds of love making from the master bedroom and staring at his feminized image in the mirror. Thankfully the erotic noises ceased after a few hours but the harsh reflection never went away. Every time his eyes jerked open, he was reminded of his plight by the sight of his emasculated figure.

Long, golden tresses framing his made-up face, although his makeup was the worse for wear, and the dangling earrings topped this apparition that continuously mocked him. The ball gag forcing his crimson lips into a sexy pout only made it worse as it reminded him that he couldn't even verbally protest the indignities that had been heaped upon him by his vindictive wife and her accomplice, Mary.

But if the face was bad enough, his body was even worse. The top of his dress seemed strained almost to the bursting point by the two mounds on his chest pushed out obscenely by the posture forced on him by his bonds. And his legs covered in the gossamer shimmer of nylon were pulled rudely apart so his ankles could be tied to the chair legs. As a result, the hem of his dress was riding high on his thighs, exposing the tops of his stockings and the lace of his red slip. All in all, he looked like a pinup for a magazine whose clientele delighted in pictures of bound, submissive women who would be more than willing to cater to their perverted demands.

The effects of the drug that had made him so acquiescent earlier in the evening gradually wore off but his helpless vulnerability coupled with his overwhelming fatigue still conspired to chip away at his male ego. Hour after hour of seeing his pathetic, unmanly image slowly ate away at his previously macho attitude toward life and women. He felt degraded, belittled and depressed. It was obvious that he was no longer in a position of strength. To the contrary, he was reduced to a feminized submissiveness of accepting anything that his wife and boss demanded of him. They held all the cards and he had nothing to fight back with. It was this last reality that weighed most heavily upon him.

That and one other little ugly fact that had been beginning to assert itself in his tired brain. He was finding parts of what was happening to him a turn-on. Even though his penis was firmly secured in place, he could feel it trying vainly to become erect. God help him, the sight of his transformed body and the thought of upcoming humiliations were, in some strange way, sensually simulating. The look and feel of the effeminate clothing and the sense that he no longer had to maintain control over every facet of his life only added to this growing feeling of sexual excitement.

A gradual lightening around the blind-covered bedroom window indicated that dawn was rapidly approaching and he still had had no sleep. Woozy from the crushing exhaustion that was threatening to drive him completely out of his mind, he tried vainly to resolve the swirling emotions that threatened to engulf him. He thought if he could only come up with some rational plan to extricate himself from his present predicament that he could finally manage to get some rest. But nothing worthy of even cursory perusal came to mind and the harder he tried the more difficult it became.

Squirming on the hard seat of the wooden chair in a vain attempt to ease the pain in his bruised buttocks, Jack finally gave up trying to shake off the lethargy that gripped both his mind and body. Slow tears of resignation trickled down his rouged cheeks to drip on the red silk material covering the shelf-like protrusions of his large pseudo-breasts. With a muttered sigh, he released yet another large chunk of his masculinity as he stopped planning his escape and ultimate revenge on the two women who had entrapped him. Instead, he began scheming how he could minimize his misery by doing everything in his power to make them happy. Submission, if not complete capitulation, seemed to be a much more productive way forward for the foreseeable future. Humiliating as it might be, there was still a strong possibility that his feminization wouldn't be unveiled to the general public as long as Mary wanted to keep him working at the company.

His tears gradually ceased as Jack found himself slowly drifting off into an uneasy slumber as his mind ceased to batter itself against the insurmountable problem of escaping from his present predicament. Lulled by the easier thoughts of how to ingratiate himself with his two captors, he finally managed to ignore his discomfort long enough to fall into a fitful sleep.

A sleep that seemed to last only a few minutes before he was rudely awakened by someone roughly shaking his shoulder. "Come on, sissy. Wake up! You should be looking at yourself in the mirror so that you can appreciate the true significance of your new status in this household. You don't have time to be taking naps."

Jack shook his dropping head and tried to focus his bleary eyes as he snapped out of the shallow doze that had taken him most of the night to achieve. The absolute injustice of the remarks he heard as he awoke caused him to splutter indignantly into his ball gag.

Abigail turned to Mary and laughingly commented, "Sounds as if our little girl is upset about us catching her napping. Maybe we should give her a sound spanking for being a selfish, self-centered sissy."

Jack mewed pitifully into the unyielding gag and shook his head fearfully in an abject display of speechless begging as he tried to show how contrite he was if he had offered any unintended slight. The very thought of another merciless spanking made him frantic to convey his wordless apology.

Mary chuckled at his pathetic attempts to avoid further punishment. "I don't know if that is really necessary, my dear. However, it's obvious that further training is needed. I think that we should keep Jane here today so that she can experi-

ence some more discipline while in the care of your tender hands. Jack will just have to take a sick day and come back into work tomorrow. Unless of course this little hussy doesn't shape up and needs more than another day of education about her new status in life."

"That sounds like a good idea," Abigail agreed. "Don't you think that's a lovely idea, Jane? Speak up if you don't like it, wench. Nothing to say! Then you must agree so it's unanimous."

Jack's eyes darted between the two women bantering back and forth while he sat in painful bondage. It looked as if they had just risen from a comfortable bed and hastily thrown satin robes over their nightgowns before rushing in to taunt him unmercifully. Their tousled hair and flushed looks hinted at the pleasures they had taken with each other while he had been left trussed to the hateful chair and sentenced to an almost sleepless night. And now this travesty of asking him if he had anything to say about their plans for today while he was clearly incapable of speaking. It was enough to make you want to vomit.

"It looks as if Jane isn't too happy with our decision," Mary cooed threateningly. "I think we should give her something to think about for the rest of the morning, don't you?"

"Capital idea," Abigail giggled. "Let's get her ready."

As the straps on his ankles and upper arms were released, Jack couldn't help but feel a wave of relief that his long night of agonizing immobilization would soon be over. What could they do to him that would be worse than being left sitting on his throbbing rear?

"Up you get, girlie," Mary commanded as he was pulled abruptly to his feet after the bonds were finally removed. A move that almost caused him to crumple to the floor as his nerveless legs refused to hold his weight. Luckily his two captors were able to hold him steady long enough to drag him around so that he ended up facing the back of the heavy wooden chair.

Mary pushed him forward so that he bent over the top of the chair back which helped to support his weight allowing Abigail to kneel down and quickly reattach his ankles to the chair's back legs. Fumbling in her robe pocket, she pulled out a leather collar and buckled it around his neck before clipping an accompanying leash to its ring and securing the other end to the rung between the chair's front legs. As she worked feverishly to lock him into this new, extremely uncomfortable position, Mary held him in place by pushing down on his shoulders. Before he really comprehended what was going on, he was once again bound in a humiliating manner.

As his head was pulled down by the leash, Jack had to force his neck up so that he could look in the mirror. His efforts were rewarded by the sight of yet another bondage pinup image. A sexy hussy bent over a chair back so that her skirted rear was thrust provocatively in the air while her hands were secured to the leather belt around her waist and her shapely nylon-covered legs were strapped to the chair's back legs. The ball gag bulging out her crimson lips only added to the picture of sensual vulnerability.

He dropped his head with a gasp of mortified embarrassment as the ignominy of his present position became painfully obvious to him. For a moment, he wished that he could reenter the fuzzy fog of the drug that he had ingested earlier. Now that it had worn off, everything that was being done to him was agonizingly clear.

His bitter thoughts were disturbed when he felt someone sliding his dress and slip up to the small of his back so that his panty-covered ass was left on full display. *No, no*, he screeched soundlessly in his reeling brain, *not another spanking*.

Instead, one of the leg holes of his panties was pulled aside and he felt a cold dollop of cream being inserted up his anus. Shuddering with this latest depravity being committed on his abused body, he lifted his head long enough to see Mary standing behind him with a wolfish grin on her face. It was obvious that she was using one of her fingers to ream his rear passage.

A process that seemed to go on forever although it was probably only a couple of minutes before she stopped. Or at least stopped long enough to insert an obscene-looking butt plug up his violated hole. As he whined in his gag at this latest insult to his rapidly eroding manhood, she laughed and used the chain that ran between his legs to wedge the hideous device firmly into place.

Abigail joined in her laughter as she took a break from taking yet more pictures of his continuing humiliation. “You can pull down her slip and dress now, Mary. I’ve got some really good shots of her latest whorish behavior. She looks really cute with that plug stuck up her quivering ass.”

Mary quickly rearranged Jack’s skirts before replying, “If you think she was quivering before, wait until I use this remote to turn the little puppy on.”

Jack couldn’t help squealing frantically into his gag as the shock of the plug wildly vibrating in his rear passage hit him with a sudden shock. In spite of himself, he began to feel turned on as the fiendish instrument massaged his prostate gland.

Seeing his response, Mary chuckled evilly and stopped the plug’s pleasurable movements as quickly as they had started.

Her hand descended in a hard, loud smack on his protruding buttocks as she snarled, “You were enjoying that much too much, missy. But you haven’t earned any pleasure yet. Come Abigail, let’s go and get some breakfast and leave this little slut to contemplate her fate.”

Fresh tears of mortification and frustration streamed down Jack’s cheeks as he struggled to raise his head far enough to check the mirror’s reflection of his latest humiliation. *And I was stupid enough to wonder what could be worse than being left sitting in this damn chair*, he thought. *Now I know and I sure wish that I didn’t!*

The unrelenting pressure of the plug threatening to split him in two and the discomfort of the high heels combined with the agony of being bent over the chair back in spite of his tight corset soon had him squirming and mewling in pain. The realization that he needed to use the bathroom in the worst way only added to his misery.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, he heard the front door close as Mary made her noisy exit for work. But it was almost thirty minutes later that Abigail entered the bedroom and stood looking at his bound and shaking body in gloating anticipation. It was obvious that she had taken the time to prepare herself for the encounter as she had done her makeup, brushed her hair and dressed casually in a loose blouse and jeans.

“You made a fool of me, Jane. And now I’m going to have my revenge. If only you could have kept your pecker in your pants where it belonged, I would have been a loyal and loving wife to you no matter what happened. But no, you have to try and be Mr. Stud, just like your boss, Don. What were you thinking of?”

“Now you are going to have to live by my terms and you will find that your life is going to be a lot less pleasant. However, if you follow my orders, your misery can be minimized considerably as I still love you. But don’t think that means that I will let you get away with any nonsense. Look where that has taken us. If you want me to follow up with this conversation, let me know that you understand and agree with everything I’ve said so far. Just nod as it’s obvious that you can’t say anything or I’m out of here for the rest of the morning.”

Jack frantically nodded his head although he was cringing inwardly at what she was saying. He would do anything to ease the agony he was suffering at the moment and with Mary gone he knew that he had a better chance to advance his case with his wife. She had admitted that she still loved him, hadn’t she? Surely he could parlay that fact into something that would give him some control over the situation.

“A wise choice, girlie,” Abigail growled with a smug smile on her face. “Just don’t think that you are going to pull anything off with me. Mary has taken all those pictures away to be put in a safe place and if you don’t do exactly as you are told they will be out in the public domain so fast that your pretty little head will be spinning. And you will be out of this house and a job before that spinning stops! Nod your head if you understand.”

Jack heart sank as he realized that she wasn’t prepared to cut him any slack even if she did love him and that the hated pictures, at least temporarily, were certainly beyond his reach. Once again he would have to play along with the situation being forced upon him. With this thought in mind, he quickly nodded his head before Abigail became annoyed.

“Smart girl, Jane,” his wife gloated with satisfaction. “It’s obvious that you are starting to understand your place in this household. As a reward, I’m prepared to remove your gag so that we can continue our conversation in a more productive way. Would you like that?”

Jack wasted no time in emphatically nodding his head. At last something that would help to reduce his misery and even better a chance to talk Abigail out of some of this madness. Surely she would be more amenable to reason now that Mary was no longer around to cajole her into more and more vindictive behavior.

“Very well. I’ll remove your gag but make sure you understand that I don’t want to hear anything from you unless I give you permission to speak or ask you

a direct question,” Abigail hissed threateningly. “One wrong word and the gag will go back in. Got that, girlie?”

Shit, I think she must be reading my mind, Jack thought as he gave a less enthusiastic nod in reply to her question. *I’ll just have to be careful with how I smooth talk her.*

Abigail released the straps and pulled the gag from Jack’s mouth as he swallowed convulsively in an effort to ease the dryness he felt as it was removed. The realization of how uncomfortable it had been only hit him fully as it popped out from between his crimson lips.

“There you go, Jane,” Abigail said as she watched her feminized husband lick his lips in an attempt to ease the ache he felt there. “Does that feel better?”

“Yes, thank you, it does,” Jack rasped in reply as he gathered his courage to speak further. “C...can I say something, please.”

Abigail chuckled at his contrite behavior. “Well, seeing you asked so nicely, dear, I’ll allow you to say something. But don’t get too pushy or the gag will go back in.”

“Yes, I understand,” Jack replied in a subdued voice. “It’s just a simple request really...could I please use the toilet and then have a drink of water?”

“Hmm, I don’t know. Mary said to leave you here all morning as a lesson in humility,” Abigail answered, causing Jack’s heart to sink with the thought of being left tied over the chair for several more long hours. There was little doubt in his mind that if this occurred he would be disgracing himself by peeing all over the floor.

“I’ll tell you what,” Abigail exclaimed, “if I allow you these favors, will you agree to undertake some other tasks to ensure you do learn a bit of humility? How does that sound?”

It didn’t sound too good at all to Jack but he knew that almost anything would be better than being left tied to this damn chair, so he agreed to do whatever his wife demanded of him in return for being allowed to use the bathroom and have a drink.

“All right then, it’s settled,” Abigail crowed. “Stand still while I release your feet and unclip this leash from the chair.”

What else can I do, you dumb broad? Jack thought while she carried out the tasks quickly and efficiently.

“I’ll just leave these straps here, we might need to use them again later,” she chortled. “The leash will come in handy for directing you so I’ll leave it attached to your collar.”

With these words she gave the lead a yank and pulled him to the bedroom door and down the hall to the guest bathroom. Startled by the abruptness of her actions, Jack stumbled along behind her hindered by the still unfamiliar high heels and the numbness in his strained legs. Nor did the fact that his hands were still firmly attached to the belt around his waist help him.

“Turn around, Missy,” Abigail ordered as she approached the toilet. “I’ll adjust your clothing so that you can sit down to do your business. Don’t forget that’s the only way you can do it now.”

Absolutely chagrined by the thought that his wife was going to treat him like a small child who needed assistance in going to the bathroom, Jack almost made a snide comment before he realized that he would be much wiser to keep his mouth shut. If Abigail wanted to, she could march him back to the dreaded chair and leave him there indefinitely.

Meekly doing as she had directed, he blushed in embarrassment as she hoisted up his dress and slip and pulled down his panties as far as the corset’s garter straps would allow. “Here hold your skirts up and sit,” she directed “Don’t forget you can only pee like a woman while you are wearing that nifty chastity belt. Something that a two-timing weasel like you should wear all the time!”

How could I forget the damn thing? Jack thought as he slowly settled on the toilet as he clutched the skirts of his dress and slip? *It’s not something that gets any more comfortable as you wear it, especially when it is also holding that disgusting plug up inside me. And if that wasn’t bad enough, now I have to squat to pee.*

No matter what his thoughts were, Jack still felt a gush of urine tinkle into the toilet as his rear settled on the seat. A sense of relief shot through him as he realized that he had been spared the misery of wetting himself while tied to the chair in the bedroom. What Abigail or Mary would have said about that didn’t even bear thinking about. Knowing them, he could have found himself in diapers!

“That’s a good girl,” Abigail laughed as she observed the look of bliss on her husband’s painted face. “It didn’t take you long to get the hang of that. You must be a born natural.”

Jack could only suffer her derision in silence as she continued to verbally abuse him until his bladder finally emptied itself. In spite of her taunting comments, he still felt that he had managed to come out ahead in the exchange.

“Seeing it’s your first time and your hands are otherwise occupied, I’ll show you how to wipe yourself, Jane,” Abigail chuckled as it became obvious that Jack had finally finished. “Remember, you must keep yourself dry and clean down there.”

Jack silently acquiesced to the mortification of having his wife tear off some toilet paper and wipe him dry before pulling his panties back into place after he had stood up. “That’s a good girl,” she purred, “now let your skirts fall back into place and we will be finished.”

Jack unclenched his hands and his dress and slip slowly slid back down into place helped along with a bit of fussing by Abigail. “There you go,” she said with a satisfied smile. “That looks much better and speaking of looking better, let’s get your makeup sorted out while we are in here. You have made a terrible mess of it with all your crying. You really shouldn’t be such a little sissy.”

In a matter of minutes, Abigail expertly repaired the ravages his tears had caused to his makeup and she pronounced him presentable once again. “Try not

to ruin my work in future, Jane,” she chided him as they both looked at the results in the mirror. “And I hope that you are paying attention on how I do your cosmetics. I will expect you to be able to do it yourself in the near future.”

“Yes, Abigail,” Jack sighed as he wondered how he was going to get out of the feminized misery that had become his life.

“Don’t sound so enthusiastic, girlie,” his wife snapped. “Speaking of enthusiasm, I think it’s payback time for my letting you have that pee.”

“But Abigail,” Jack whined, “what about my drink? You did say I could have a drink. I’m so thirsty.”

“Stop your bleating, wench,” Abigail growled. “If you don’t, there will be nothing for you to drink until tomorrow. That’s better. Now that you are quiet, I will say that I did promise you could have a drink and you will have one. Not all of us are untrustworthy scum who can’t be depended on.”

In spite of her obvious slur on his character with her last vindictive comment, Jack still relished the taste of the cool water that slid from the glass Abigail held to his parched lips. It was delicious to the last drop.

“There you go, Jane,” she announced as she put the glass back on the sink. “I’ve lived up to my bargain and now it’s time for you to live up to yours. Get your pantied butt back into the bedroom.

Pulling on his leash as she uttered these words she soon had him back in front of the chair. “Would you like to return to your position of atonement or are you prepared to do what I tell you?”

“I...I’ll do as you say,” Jack muttered with a catch in his voice as he wondered what she had in mind to further his feelings of humility. Surely nothing could be worse than being bent over the back of the chair again.

“Very well then. I want you to use one of your hands, you can move them slightly, and feel the crotch of my pants. Do it now, wench.”

Jack turned so that he could manipulate his right hand sufficiently to feel the front of his wife’s jeans. *What in the hell is all this about?* he queried silently as he did so.

His tentative explorations were met with an entirely unexpected result. There was a lump there, a lump where there should have only been a feminine smoothness. He gasped as he realized that Abigail definitely had a larger bulge in her crotch than he did while the dreadful chastity belt was doing its duty.

“I see you found it, girlie,” Abigail chuckled. “Yes, it’s a strap-on dildo, a very realistic cock in every way. I’ll wear it with jeans from now on so that my little girl slave can always ask me if she can be permitted to service me like the good whore she has proven herself to be by her wanton behavior in all those affairs you’ve had.

“I can see by the bemused look on your face that you don’t really understand what I want, Jane. You really are a bit slow. Let me make it easy, even for a simple harlot like yourself. When I’m wearing jeans, I will also wear this strap-on and

when you are fully dressed as a girl you will make the appropriate response when you first see me for the day. As you are nothing but a slut, that response will be to ask me if I'd like a blowjob. Got all that?"

"I...I don't know, this is crazy," Jack retorted as he looked at her with a stunned look on his face. Was this really his passive wife who had never shown any great inclination to perform fellatio on him in the past?

"You have a choice, and I'm only going to make this offer once, either do as I say or it's back over that chair for the rest of the day. Make up your mind and make it up now," Abigail snarled.

Jack knew that he was still very much at her mercy and there was no way that he wanted to spend one more minute hung over the chair let alone the hours of torment that Abigail was threatening him with. Hanging his head and, in doing so, losing another large chunk of his masculine pride he whispered reluctantly, "Would you like a b...blowjob?"

"Not a bad start, wench," Abigail chortled in relief as it became apparent that Jack was going to submit to the latest humiliation she had planned for him. For a few seconds, it wasn't clear if he would have refused to succumb to this ultimate indignity. Still, it was a risk she had been willing to take as his acceptance could only mean that her dominance of her errant husband was well on its way to being well entrenched.

"But I want to hear a bit more enthusiasm in your request and shouldn't that question end in 'sir'?"

Jack gulped nervously at this last demand from his wife but he managed to blurt out in a slightly louder voice, "Would you like a blowjob, s...sir?"

"Much better, girl," Abigail crowed. "Thank you for asking because I'm certainly going to take you up on your kind offer. Kneel down and we'll get on with your training."

As she spoke, Abigail pushed Jack down on his knees and unzipped her jeans. His eyes bulged in surprise and despair as the life-like plastic cock popped out. It was so big and disgustingly lifelike. A moan of unbridled embarrassment escaped his red lips.

"That sounds much more like the wanton slut I know that you are," Abigail said with an evil grin. "Moaning really is a good way to turn a man on when you are on your knees waiting to give him a blowjob. It makes you sound as if you can't wait to get your hot lips wrapped around it. Good start, Jane!"

Jack couldn't tear his gaze away from the rampant monster waving about only inches from his face. Could he go through with this depraved act that his wife was forcing upon him? It hurt his battered male ego to admit that he would as it was the only way he could see to avoid being left hanging over the back of that damn chair for an unknown amount of time. Minutes of humiliation, no matter how degrading, were definitely better than hours of mind-numbing pain. Closing his eyes, he opened his mouth and blindly tried to encompass the dildo with his straining lips.

Abigail snapped him back to reality by giving him a light slap on the top of his head and demanding, "Slow down, slut. You're giving away your true nature with that little show of wanton behavior but I want you to take your time and do this properly. As a first step, pucker up those slatternly lips and give the head a nice sloppy kiss. I'll hold it steady for you so that it won't be too hard even for a rank amateur like you."

Jack's cheeks flamed an even brighter red as the shame of what he was about to do hit home. Leaning forward he planted a wet kiss on the tip of Abigail's plastic rod.

"Oh look, you left a nice lipstick mark," she proclaimed as he pulled his head back and licked his lips in an effort to expunge the thought of what he had just done. Thankfully there was no real taste to the nasty device that she was torturing him with in an attempt to hammer home a pointed lesson in feminine humility.

"But don't stop there, girlie. I want you to go up and down the length of my lovely penis and literally cover it with kisses. We can always replenish your lipstick if you need a touch-up. Now, get on with it before I get angry!"

Jack hastened to do so, hardly believing that he was obeying Abigail's demented demands. Rather than getting it over with as quickly as possible, she seemed determined to turn it into a drawn-out, degrading ritual.

As his lips skimmed lightly over the dildo, his wife wrapped one of her hands around the base of it and started to gently rotate it so that the portion embedded in her wet vagina began to grind against her throbbing clitoris. The exquisite feelings generated by this action combined with the emotional rush created by so completely dominating her husband began to fuel highly erotic sensations in her, much higher than she had ever experienced before.

In a voice husky with desire she purred, "You love to suck my cock, don't you, Jane? Tell me that you do, you sissy slut!"

Jack lifted his mouth from the dildo and whispered in a strangled voice, "I love to s...suck your c...cock, sir."

"Oh, very good, girlie. You remembered to say 'sir'," Abigail grunted as the sensual feelings of power and bliss rose ever higher in her trembling body. "But say it louder and make sure that you smile when you do."

Jack pasted a simpering smile on his face and gamely responded with a slightly louder, "I love to suck your c...cock, sir."

"Good girl, it's obvious that you need more practice but you are coming along nicely. Let's move on to the next step, shall we? Start licking the tip of my cock as if it was a big lollipop and keep doing it until I tell you otherwise."

Abigail watched their reflected images in the mirror as Jack licked the very tip of the dildo with his flicking tongue. The sight combined with the movement of the dildo inside of her made her breathing become harder and harder as the visual and tactile sensations conspired to bring her to an abrupt climax.

“That’s enough,” she panted desperate for a momentary respite so that this glorious experience wouldn’t end too soon. “Now take it fully into your mouth and start sucking it like the whore you really are.”

Once again Jack complied and soon had his wife writhing in ecstasy as she began to slide the despicable device back and forth in his obliging mouth as he struggled to keep up with her ever increasingly frantic movements.

“Keep that up, girl but look over at the mirror,” she groaned in joy, “just look to your side and don’t stop sucking! Doesn’t it look sexy?”

Jack glanced to his side so he could do as she had directed and saw the image of a woman on her knees, hands securely strapped to her waist and her crimson lips shaped in an accommodating ‘O’ to accept the large dong thrusting into her mouth. It didn’t look in the least bit sexy to him but he didn’t hesitate to continue sucking as she had ordered. Just let it be over soon, he thought.

“Oh shit,” Abigail groaned as she rode ever higher on the waves of carnal desire coursing through her gyrating body, “I love the way you’re taking my cock in your sexy mouth. But I want to hear some appreciation. Start slurping and moaning like the lowly slut that you are to show me how much you love it too.”

Jack choked back a sob of humiliation and began to moan wantonly as he made loud slurping noises as he sucked harder on the plastic penis. *Please let this degrading spectacle end*, he begged silently.

As if in answer to his unvoiced wish, Abigail began to shudder and started to utter even more wanton moans than he had been able to summon up. Her hands reached forward and grabbed his head while the dildo rammed ever deeper into his throat causing him to gag violently as he fought for breath.



Thankfully, her tremors soon began to subside and Abigail's grip slackened sufficiently that he could pull back enough to draw in several deep drafts of air.

"Damn that was great, baby," his wife cried out as she pulled the dildo completely free of his lips. "You have a real flair for this sort of thing. I've never felt so fulfilled in my whole life. We'll certainly be doing this again. Now give my cock a little kiss to show your appreciation of being taught about your new status in this household."

Jack resignedly did as he was told and Abigail tucked the plastic horror back into her jeans and did the zipper up with a very satisfied smile on her face. Leaning down, she kissed her kneeling husband on the top of his head. "You did very well, Jane. Keep up the good work and you'll make me very happy. Something that you want to do, trust me. Here, let me help you up."

Pulling on one of his arms, Abigail helped Jack to his feet. "Now, remember the rule I have just taught you, girlie. When you first see me dressed in jeans and you are dressed completely as a woman, what do you say?"

Jack took a deep breath and reluctantly parroted, "Would you like a blowjob, sir?"

"Well, aren't you insatiable? What a disgusting slut you are proving to be," Abigail laughed. "But to answer your question, no thanks, wench. I think I've had enough for the moment. You have to get on with some chores. We don't have all day to indulge your wanton desires."

Jack gave a sigh of protest but wisely kept his thoughts to himself. He knew that he was still very much at the mercy of his wife and Mary. Even if his hands weren't secured to his waist, there was still the not inconsiderable problem of the numerous compromising pictures that had been taken of his feminized subjection. And although he didn't want to admit it, much of his desire to resist had already been beaten out of him. At the moment, he would do his best to appease his controllers by trying to keep them happy. It was just easier than trying to fight them on such unequal terms especially while he was so tired and unbelievably sore. What he wouldn't do to get out of these restrictive clothes, remove the intrusive butt plug and fall into a comfortable bed for some much-needed rest.

Chapter 7

Abigail allowed herself a sardonic smile as she regarded her cowed husband who could only sigh at her barbed comments. *Not feeling so macho and manly now, are you, bitch?* she thought with a great deal of satisfaction. *How does it feel to be the one who is suffering? You probably want nothing more than to get out of your girly clothes and to fall into bed for a good sleep but it just isn't going to happen.*

"Come on, Jane, don't stand there sighing like a lovesick bimbo," she ordered brusquely. "Just because I said I didn't want a blowjob right now is no reason to

get all silly on me. There will be other opportunities for you to practice your technique and to get your sluttish thrills but right now we are going to do something else. But first I'd better refresh your lipstick."

Jack winced at the way she was twisting everything he said or did. There seemed to be no escape from her vindictive behavior. Once again, he refrained from snapping back at his wife's cutting comments. If nothing else, he had learned that there was no point in trying to reason or argue with her while she was so angry with him for being an adulterer. And he still hadn't thought of anything more creative than trying to appease her by doing exactly as he was told, at least until she had burned off some of her obvious need for revenge.

His depressing train of thought was rudely interrupted when Abigail gave his leash a sharp tug, pulled him out of the bedroom and led him down to the living room.

Stopping in the center of the large, luxuriously carpeted room, Abigail let the leash drop so it thumped against him as they stood facing each other. "Don't move, girlie. I need to get a couple of things and then we will get started on your next lesson on how to properly fill your new role in this household."

Jack could only stare in bemused wonder as she quickly moved over to the coffee table and picked up two articles and returned to stand in front of him. He gulped in fear as he realized that one of the objects was the dreaded riding crop. Fighting to retain his sense of composure, he couldn't help allowing his gaze to drop to the floor in a subtle but unmistakable act of submission. There was no way he wanted to feel the bite of that hideous instrument of torture again.

Chuckling at his obvious discomfort, Abigail slid the end of the crop under his chin to lift his head so that she could look into his panic stricken eyes. "There, there, Jane. Don't be frightened," she cooed reassuringly. "I won't use this unless you decide you don't want to cooperate and you *do* want to do what you are told, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack replied fervently while wondering why he would address his wife in such a manner. He certainly hadn't meant to but it had slipped out before he realized what he was saying.

"That's a good girl," Abigail giggled. "And so polite, too. I think you should use that manner of address for me while you are undergoing training. It will help to remind you of your new status in this household. Understand, Jane?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack answered quickly. It really was embarrassing to have to address his spouse as if he was her inferior but a little humiliation was nothing compared to the thought of being beaten with that damn riding crop.

"Very good, wench," Abigail chortled as she continued to enjoy her ongoing subjugation of her once dominant husband. "I can see that you are really starting to understand who is in charge around here, and it isn't you!"

Pulling the crop back from under his chin she watched his eyes flutter downward as he passively stood and allowed her to continue exerting her ever-increasing power over his life. A sense of intense satisfaction at being in charge

and enforcing her will on someone who had betrayed her trust rushed through her like a powerful aphrodisiac.

Jack's head snapped back up as he felt the butt plug thrust up inside of him begin to vibrate at an ever-increasing tempo. A wanton moan of pleasure burst from his lipstick-covered lips before the sensation stopped as suddenly as it had started.

"I also have this, dear girl," Abigail explained as she held out the remote that had triggered the erotic sensations he had just experienced. "If you are a good little sissy and do well in your training, I will use it rather than the crop. The choice will be yours – pain or pleasure. It all depends on how you respond to my commands and direction. Please me and it will be ecstasy, annoy me and it will be agony. Understand, Jane?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack cried as the trembling in his legs slowly subsided from the shock of being lifted so quickly to the heights of passion before dropping back away from it so abruptly.

"Very well then, we shall begin," Abigail stated with an eager inflection evident in her voice. "You are going to get some lessons in basic female deportment, sitting, standing, walking and last but not least, curtsying. You might not be seen by the general public while you are dressed as a woman but I will not tolerate seeing you stomping around like a macho jock if you are wearing skirts in my presence. And if I do decide that you will go out with me while dressed as your feminine alter ego, then you had better be passable unless you want to be truly embarrassed. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack answered hastily before adding in a timid voice, "could I ask a question, please?"

Abigail gave him a penetrating stare before slowly relaxing and responding, "I don't remember asking you to reply with a question but since you asked so nicely, I will make an exception and allow you to do so."

"Thank you, ma'am," Jack replied with a genuine note of relief in his tone. "Could you say that bit about being passable again? I thought that I wasn't supposed to be exposed to anybody in a feminized state, especially if Mary wants me to keep working at the firm."

"That's right, Jane," Abigail answered with a nasty smile. "You don't want to be exposed to public ridicule if you want to keep working. Don't worry, I'm not stupid enough to take you out where you might be seen by someone you know. But you will go out in public dressed exactly as I tell you and if it happens to be dressed as a woman, then you had better be convincing enough to avoid being read. Unless you want to be humiliated and mortified, of course. Do you want that to happen, girlie?"

"No, ma'am," Jack mumbled weakly in reply as he attempted to come to terms with the fact that his wife was even thinking of taking him out of the privacy of their house while he was dressed as a female. The mere thought was enough to make him tremble in fear.

“Good. Now let’s get past these silly little sissy worries and get on with some training. You might find some of it difficult, especially as your hands are tied to your waist, but I still expect you to do your best. If not, then you know the consequences. Ready to start?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Excellent. We will start with your walk. I know that you aren’t used to those high heels yet but we really need to do something about your gait. You have to glide, not lumber, if we are going to be successful in making you look the least bit like a woman. Your hands are being held at waist height so we can concentrate on how you move your legs. Small steps, landing on your toes, one foot crossing in front of the other as if you are walking on a narrow plank and rotate those hips. Here I’ll show you, like this. Now you do it.”

Jack stepped off tentatively, all too aware that he was still wobbling in the heels but as he followed her continuing instructions he gradually improved. As he did so, Abigail used verbal encouragement and the occasional provocative zap with the remote to spur him on to ever-greater efforts to walk in a feminine manner. The riding crop she kept in reserve as it was obvious that he was really trying his best to please her.

“Very good, Jane. I’m impressed that you are trying so hard to do your best. As a result, I have kept my word and not inflicted any pain even if you are still a long way from perfect in walking like a woman. However, it’s been almost thirty minutes since we started, so I think we will take a break and do something else.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied thankfully as his legs were beginning to ache from the constant movement that he had to endure while Abigail made him try to emulate at least an approximation of a female walk. And the pain in his pinched feet made him more than aware of the high heels he had been wearing since last evening.

“In fact, it’s time for lunch, so let’s go to the kitchen. Your other training can wait until later.”

The mention of food brought a grumble of discontent from Jack’s stomach. He hadn’t eaten since lunch yesterday and was definitely feeling the lack of sustenance to the point of being slightly giddy and light-headed. He was amazed that he would have an appetite at all with everything that had happened to him but there was no denying the fact that he was hungry.

Grabbing his dangling leash, Abigail led him to the kitchen and allowed him to sit with a sigh of appreciation in one of the chairs. The unwelcome thrust of the butt plug as he sat provided a distinct discomfort but it was still a relief to get off his aching feet. Even his wife’s demands that he sit with his legs together so that he didn’t flash his panties at everyone was a minor distraction from the pleasure of sitting rather than standing.

“I’ll whip up a nice tuna salad,” Abigail announced as he luxuriated in the bliss of taking some of the pressure off his throbbing feet. “In the future I will expect you to help or even do this type of work by yourself but as your hands are still

tied, I'll make an exception and do everything. Just don't get too used to this type of service anymore."

"Yes, ma'am," Jack replied with a sigh of contentment although he was beginning to wonder if he was ever going to be released from his bondage. It really was becoming a bore.

Abigail chatted away as she quickly put together a small but delicious meal. Jack managed to relax as it was apparent that she only needed an occasional nod or smile to keep her happily engrossed in her monologue. In minutes, it became a struggle for him to remain awake but he managed to keep his eyes open until lunch was ready.

"Don't worry, Jane, I'll feed you since you can't do anything," Abigail announced as she sat down with a satisfied smirk. "We only have milk to drink but I'll make sure that you get some help with that as well."

For the next twenty minutes, Jack sat back as Abigail used a fork to hand feed him his small serving of salad, ate her own portion and held his glass so he could drink as well as drinking intermittently from her own glass. Throughout, she maintained a cheerful patter of small talk while allowing her feminized husband only an occasional word or nod. An approach that met with Jack's full approval as it allowed him to hover in that state of semi-consciousness that allows one to float between sleep and wakefulness.

"I've prattled on long enough, girlie," Abigail announced abruptly causing Jack to snap back to full alertness as she stood up to take the plates away to the sink. "It's time that we got back to your lessons. Get up off your idle butt and let's return to the living room."

Grimacing as he struggled to his feet, Jack could only silently rue the fact that his rest was over. Quick stabs of pain from his protesting feet and legs were rude reminders of how much they had suffered already and now it would appear that they were going to receive even further abuse.

Abigail returned and grabbed Jack's leash once more and pulled him back to the living room. "Come along, girl. We have much to do this afternoon and I don't want to hear any complaining from the likes of you. Mary won't be very impressed if she returns this evening and finds out how little progress we have made in your training."

Jack's heart lurched at the thought that Mary would be coming back to the house later in the day. He was finding it bad enough to have to contend with his wife's less-than-kind ministrations. He knew that it would only be worse when his two tormentors joined forces once again.

"Stop looking like a sad wench who has just lost her best friend, Jane," Abigail commanded sternly as they came to halt in the living room. "I won't tolerate any silliness from you, so look happy or I'll tan your panty-covered ass until you do. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack replied with a weak but passable smile. It was obvious that he would have to do a better job of concealing his emotions if he was to get

through this whole embarrassing situation relatively unscathed, at least in the physical sense.

“That’s a bit better but I’ll expect even more improvement as the days go by,” Abigail noted briskly as she dropped his lead once again. “Now, start on your walking circuit and let’s see what you have remembered from this morning’s lessons.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack answered smartly as he tried his best to coax a smile onto his face and a note of cheerful acceptance into his voice. Deception seemed by far the best, if not the only, defense against another angry outburst from Abigail.

Much to his relief, the ruse seemed to work in defusing some of her belligerence and the next twenty minutes passed quickly as he managed to satisfy at least some of her demands that he walk in a lady-like manner.

“That’s enough for now, Jane,” Abigail announced as she finally echoed his fervent wish that he could have a break from this tedious, painful toil. He could hardly believe that she was saying the words he had desperately wanted to hear but it was indeed true as her next statement attested.

“I think we should try something else for a bit. Let’s attempt some sitting. It might be a bit difficult with your hands secured but I know you’ll do your best, won’t you dear?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack responded with a small but genuinely sincere smile of relief on his face. Sitting sounded so much better than continuing to walk in his increasingly uncomfortable high heels.

“Pay attention then, Jane. I’ll tell you what to do and then show you,” Abigail instructed. “That system seemed to work quite well for you learning at least the rudiments of walking like a woman so we will continue to use it.”

Jack could only simper obsequiously at her comments and try his best to understand her verbal guidance on how to smooth his skirts as best he could before sitting and to under no circumstances to allow his nylon-covered legs to stray too far apart as he settled his rear end gently into the chair.

“Like this, girlie,” Abigail reiterated as she demonstrated the proper motion of a lady-like decent into a plush armchair. “I know you can’t use your hands to smooth your skirts as well as you should but you have enough movement to do it at least partially. See how I keep my legs together at all times while settling myself into the chair. Once I’m comfortably in position, I make sure they are crossed demurely like this. And of course, when I get up, I still make sure they don’t wander apart or everyone will get an eyeful of things they shouldn’t see. You must always be aware of that while you are wearing a short skirt. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied with a dutiful smile as he wondered how he was ever going to accomplish anything like the graceful movements that his wife had just demonstrated especially while his hands were tied to his sides.

A fear that was all too soon realized as his first attempt to sit as he had been instructed was an utter disaster. Thrown off balance by his bound hands, he

could only flop back into the chair with his legs completely askew and his dress hem riding so high on his thighs that his black stocking tops were exposed.

“That was absolutely dreadful, Jane,” Abigail scolded him as he squirmed ineffectually in a feeble effort to tug down his dress into a more modest position. “Get up immediately and do it again.”

Jack did his best to follow her command but found it almost impossible to rise from the chair, let alone in a graceful manner. His bound hands were just too much of a handicap. Finally, in a Herculean effort, he managed to stagger to his feet in another panty exposing display of thrashing, nylon-covered limbs.

Pursing her lips in a display of disgust Abigail glared at her husband as he tottered uncertainly on his high heels. In spite of her apparent anger, it was obvious to her that there was no possibility he would ever master the skill she was trying to teach him while his hands were bound so tightly to his waist.

“You are pathetic, girlie,” she snapped in a shrewish tone as she gloated inwardly at the picture of her husband cringing before her vitriolic remarks. “Don’t bother saying anything or I’ll have that gag back in your mouth before you know it. Just stand there until I get back. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack mumbled dejectedly. He really had been trying his best but what was being demanded of him was impossible and now his tormentor wasn’t even going to allow him to explain why he was having such a problem. *God knows what she is going to do next*, he thought dispiritedly as she marched energetically from the room but at least she hasn’t resorted to the riding crop yet. *Let’s hope that she cools down a bit before she gets back.*

“All right, Jane,” Abigail commanded as she returned, “turn around so that I can attach these straps.”

Hell’s bells, Jack thought as he quickly complied with her order, *that’s all I need. More bondage, doesn’t the silly cow know that the problem is that I’ve got too many straps around my body already?*

Abigail quickly secured two buckle straps just above her husband’s elbows, straps that were secured by a short piece of chain so his upper arms were pulled towards the center of his back. As soon as this new form of bondage was secure she released his wrists from the leather belt around his waist. Jack gave a small moan of relief as he was able to move his hands once again. The elbow straps still restricted the movement of his arms but not as severely as before. The relative freedom was almost intoxicating.

“There, my dear,” Abigail purred as she watched the small smile of satisfaction on his face. “That will give you a little more flexibility in carrying out the movements I want you to comply with when you are sitting down. You will be able to use your hands to smooth your skirts properly before you sit and you should also have a better sense of balance. Now carry on with your training – sit like I showed you.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied with a smile still obvious on his crimson lips. He had no doubt that he would do much better than his first disastrous effort.

A confidence that was soon realized as he felt much more comfortable in carrying out the movements his wife had demanded. Certainly not as gracefully as those she had demonstrated but still of sufficient caliber to warrant her grudging approval.

“Enough, Jane. You aren’t perfect yet but I think you are good enough to be passable as far as sitting and standing in a skirt are concerned. We will be doing a lot more training in the days ahead but for the moment I’m satisfied that we have spent enough time as an introduction on that particular skill. Let’s turn to something else.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack responded with a sincere smile as he contemplated the opportunity to cease the tiring business of repetitively sitting and rising while dressed in confining feminine attire. A small part of him also basked in the glow of gaining her compliments, no matter how muted, on his efforts. Something that would have never entered his macho thoughts less than twenty-four hours ago.

“I think I’ll teach you how to curtsy,” Abigail giggled. “It’s not something that most women do anymore but it will be a good lesson in humility for you as it is a sign of feminine submissiveness. The acknowledgement of a female subordinate that she is inferior to her superiors. Yes, it will be ideal to reinforce your new status in the household and now that you have greater arm movement you will be able to do it without any trouble.

“Watch me, Jane. Hold the hems of your skirts between your thumb and forefinger. I’m not wearing a skirt so you’ll have to imagine that part. Then place your right foot behind your left like this, bend the knees and keep your back straight while ensuring your eyes are respectfully downcast. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Right, then grasp your dress hem like I showed you. That’s right and now place your feet properly, bend the knees, eyes down. Not bad for a first try. Now up again and we’ll start over.”

For fifteen interminable minutes Abigail had Jack repeat the demeaning ritual of the curtsy. Every time he carried it out, he felt another small chunk of his male pride slip away. It was bad enough to be feminized but to be forced to carry out a gesture normally reserved for a lowly servant or child made it seem much worse. He knew it was strictly a psychological ploy on her part, but in spite of that knowledge it was still having its desired effect on eroding his carefully developed sense of masculine superiority.

He was trembling, both physically and emotionally, by the time she called a halt to his practice curtsies. “Quite good, Jane. You seem to have a talent for such an obsequious act. Be happy that I won’t be calling upon you to do it too often - unless you become a little too smug or conceited of course. I can see that it will be an excellent way to bring you back to a more acceptable frame of mind.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied as he felt a surge of relief that she didn’t intend to have him curtsy to her on a consistent basis. A relief that was quickly tempered

by her comment about altering his attitude if he got too uppity. *All the more reason to conceal my real thoughts and emotions*, he vowed.

“I want ten more minutes of practice from you on your walking and sitting. At least if you do well, it will be ten minutes; any major mistakes will add five more minutes to that time. Walk toward that chair over there, sit in it, count to ten and then walk back here to me before turning and repeating the process. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack responded with the hope that he would be able to have all this stupid feminine deportment training over in ten minutes.

Abigail settled into a plush armchair as she watched him sway away toward the chair and sit as he had been taught. *Not bad*, she thought to herself. *He is getting to look quite graceful in his movements. Who would ever have thought that he would have learned so fast? Mary was certainly right about how I could dominate him quickly and effectively.*

After counting slowly to ten, Jack rose as smoothly as he could and sashayed back toward his beaming wife. It was obvious that she was feeling rather smug about having the upper hand over him at the moment. *Let her think that she has me completely subjugated he thought as he pranced through his paces. It is the only way to keep her from punishing me more severely and hopefully it will lower her guard enough that I will be able to get the status quo of this household returned to the way it was before she and Mary blind sided me.*

Jack’s scheming was rudely interrupted by Abigail’s raucous laugh as she announced, “What are you thinking about, Jane? Your gait has gone from reasonably refined to a lumbering waddle. That’s another five minutes of practice I’ll be wanting from you. Now keep your mind on your work, you lazy trollop or I’ll be thinking seriously of resorting to the riding crop or the vibrator to get your attention.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack answered through gritted teeth as he resolved to concentrate on his ridiculous training. He certainly didn’t want to be here any longer than necessary and he needed to keep on Abigail’s good side.

Fifteen minutes later he had lost track of the number of times that he had performed the prescribed circuit but his efforts were finally rewarded by his wife’s command to stop.

“Not bad after that one stupid mistake, girlie,” she declared with a large smile on her face. “Give me one more good curtsey and I think we’ll take a short break.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack responded enthusiastically. A rest was something he could really use. His legs and feet were aching while his upper body felt as if it was being squeezed and rubbed raw by the fiendish corset.

With a smile of anticipation he dropped into a deep curtsey before returning lithely to a modest standing position before looking at his wife with an eager expression.

Chapter 8

“Very nice. I see we’ve been busy,” Mary boomed loudly as she swept into the room startling both Jack and Abigail with her unannounced entrance. “You’ll have to demonstrate everything that you’ve taught our little sissy, Abigail. It looks as if you have done a good job if that curtsey was any indication.”

Abigail jumped up from her chair and ran over to Mary and gave her a lusty, enthusiastic kiss. “We certainly have been training hard. Have a seat and I’ll get Jane to give us a demonstration. I’m sure she will be happy to oblige. Won’t you, dearest?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack retorted through a clenched smile. Performing like a trained seal was the last thing he wanted to do in front of Mary and he had really been looking forward to the break Abigail had promised. However, he wisely kept these thoughts to himself as he had learned the hard way that protesting only made things worse.

“Very good. Now do your circuit one more time and make sure you do everything properly, wench. If you don’t, there will be one sorry sissy in this room before we finish with her,” Abigail threatened.

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack answered through a weak smile. It was obvious that his wife would be extremely annoyed if he didn’t give a very good performance for Mary. *Keep on their good side, stupid*, he thought to himself as he started off on his prescribed route.

Almost frowning with the effort of his concentration, he managed to succeed in traipsing over to an armchair, sitting gracefully and after an appropriate pause, rising smoothly from the chair and returning to stand in front of his two captors. As a final act of feminine submission, he dropped into a deep curtsey before assuming a modest standing position.

“Not bad, not bad at all,” Mary chortled. “It’s a pleasure to see our little Jane coming along so nicely. I have to congratulate you, Abigail for all the hard work you have put into teaching our fine Miss here some of the basic skills required to pass as a woman. I also have to admit I have been thinking about the fun you must have been having ever since I left for work. As you can see, the suspense got to be too much for me and I left work early.”

“Oh Mary,” Abigail cooed in enjoyment, “you are too kind.”

“No, I mean it,” Mary interjected. “It’s not all that easy to get a sissy to knuckle down on the first day and accept their new status in life but I can see that you’ve managed to do just that. I must say that I really like the idea of using a strap to bind her arms at the elbows. It’s restrictive while allowing a reasonable amount of movement for training.”

Jack cringed as they chatted casually about him as if he wasn’t even there. It was as if he was of no consequence, nothing more than a piece of furniture. It was difficult to adjust to the idea that he was no longer the most important person in

the room; indeed, he had been reduced to a mere feminized sissy below the notice of real women.

“Did you give our little girl a taste of female sexuality? I couldn’t help noticing that you are wearing jeans which seem to have a rather unsightly bulge in the front,” Mary asked in a teasing tone as she reached out to playfully caress Abigail’s crotch.

“Oh, yes. She didn’t like doing it but after some initial reluctance Jane showed she had a real talent for taking care of her ‘man’s’ needs,” Abigail replied with a large smile as she felt Mary’s hand on her groin.

“And I see you have the riding crop and remote on that table. Did you have to use them on our sexy tart?”

“Actually no, or at least not the crop. Jane seemed to get the message after I gave her a short jolt with the vibrator. Didn’t you, dear?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied dutifully. Wouldn’t these two harridans ever stop taking and let him sit down for a rest he wondered. And surely Mary could stop feeling Abigail up like some dominant lover.

“Hmm, too bad about the riding crop. A sissy can always use a good spanking to keep her in line,” Mary noted with a hard look in her eyes. “Are you sure she’s been good enough all day not to warrant a few smacks? I can always do it if you don’t feel you want to have a little fun.”

Jack felt a jolt of fear run through him as Mary eyed him with a wolfish look. It was obvious that she would be more than happy to give him more than a few smacks and his rear end still hadn’t fully recovered from the beating that Abigail had administered to him last night.

“I really don’t think it’s necessary, Mary,” Abigail replied forcefully. “I’m more than capable of punishing this little girl if need be. However, her behavior has been of a sufficiently high standard today that a spanking has not been necessary.”

Jack’s appreciation for his wife increased tenfold as he heard her defending him so stoutly. He didn’t even care that she referred to him as a girl rather than a man as long as she was sheltering him from Mary’s vindictive intentions.

“All right, my dear,” Mary said throwing up her arms in surrender. “But keep in mind that creatures like Jane here need to be kept in their place or they will get uppity. And you certainly don’t want to let that happen. I speak from experience when I say that it’s much better to apply some discipline so that they never forget who is in charge. It’s all too easy for them to get grand ideas in their little pea brains that they should try and rule the roost again and you can’t afford to let that happen.”

Abigail reached out and gave Mary a tender pat on her shoulder. “I know you are only trying to protect me, dearest, but don’t worry I won’t let Jane forget her place in this household and I’m sure you will make sure Jack won’t get the wrong idea at work either.”

“You are right about that, love,” Mary retorted. “I’ll definitely be doing my bit at the office and I’m sure you will do well on the home front. However, if you ever think for one second that Jane is getting out of hand, then you be sure and let me know if you need any kind of assistance. Anything at all and I will be more than happy to oblige.”

“Thank you for that,” Abigail replied. “And don’t worry I won’t hesitate to take you up on the offer if it’s necessary. Now that you have returned, why don’t you stay for dinner? I can whip something up fairly quickly and I think it’s time that Jane was released from her bonds so that she can help out as well.”

“Sounds good to me,” Mary affirmed. “However before we release Jane from those straps I want to show her something.”

Rummaging about in her large purse, Mary finally pulled out a gun-shaped object, “This is a stun gun, girls. It can be set at various settings and the higher ones are really quite brutal. Would you like a demonstration, Jane?”

Jack shifted uneasily away from his boss who was looking at him with an all too anticipatory desire. “No thank you, ma’am.”

“Well, be aware that I’m going to give it to Abigail so you had better be prepared to do exactly as she tells you even when I’m not here. I know you probably won’t misbehave as you are aware that we have those pictures we took earlier tucked away in a nice safe place. Between us we can make you destitute and homeless. But just in case you get any silly ideas, as you irrational sissy girls are prone to do, I think it’s not a bad idea for you to understand that you will have a hard time imposing your will on your wife. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack said as he dropped into a quick curtsey. There was no way that he was taking any chances on antagonizing his all-too-powerful employer, especially when she was brandishing a device that could cause him considerable pain.

“Here you go, Abigail. Take this little beauty and I’ll show you how to use it before I leave after dinner. Unfortunately, duty calls and I won’t be able to stay the night but I’ll be happier knowing that you have this equalizer at your disposal.”

“Oh, Mary,” Abigail purred, “you are so thoughtful. Now, let me release Jane and we’ll get on with getting a meal prepared. Why don’t you sit down and relax and I’ll send her in to give you a drink while you’re waiting?”

“Sounds like a plan to me, love,” Mary replied with a smile as she kicked off her heels and curled up with a contented sigh on one of the plush armchairs as she picked up the TV remote.

As she did so, Abigail unbuckled the straps that had been holding Jack’s elbows tightly behind his back. He grunted in satisfaction at the feeling of freedom that surged through his arms when the bonds were removed. *Damn, it feels good to be able to move properly once again,* he thought as he gingerly flexed them.

“Come along, Jane,” Abigail demanded. “Time to get our butts in gear if we are to have a nice dinner sooner rather than later. You can start by taking Mary a drink. Her usual gin and tonic will be good.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack muttered distractedly as he followed her to the kitchen, luxuriating in his ability to move his arms freely as he walked.

“No real need to call me ‘ma’am’ unless we are doing a training session, girl,” Abigail laughed good-naturedly and added quietly, “but it’s probably a good idea to use that title for Mary. She seems to enjoy it and you do want to keep on her good side, don’t you?”

“Yes, Abigail,” Jack replied with a conspiratorial chuckle. “She does like to assert her authority.”

“In fact you might want to throw in a curtsy when you speak to her as well,” Abigail continued with a winning smile. “That will really make her day and earn you a large number of brownie points if I’m not mistaken.”

“Consider it done,” Jack whispered although he wasn’t really all that keen on making such a submissive feminine gesture every time he was in Mary’s presence. Still, he could see the wisdom of Abigail’s advice and it would fall in nicely with his plan to pretend to go along with everything his two tormentors demanded of him. From his wife’s confiding tone as she passed these ideas on to him, it would appear that he might be getting through at least to her and having an ally was always a good thing.

“Right, I’ll start getting dinner underway. You get that gin and tonic for Mary and while you’re at it pour a small glass of wine for me. Have one yourself if you wish,” Abigail ordered as she opened the fridge.

“Good idea,” Jack replied and quickly prepared the drinks before his wife changed her mind on letting him have some wine. He certainly felt that he had earned one!

“Your drink, ma’am,” Jack announced as he gave an abbreviated curtsy to Mary who was reclining regally in the armchair as she watched the news on the TV.

“Not bad, Jane. I like your positive attitude,” she drawled as she took the glass and took a healthy gulp. “Now toddle back to the kitchen and give Abigail a hand. I’ll let you know if I need anything else.”

Jack cheerfully acknowledged her comment and left the room, making sure he swayed gracefully on his heels while doing so. In spite of his perky demeanor, he was thinking very unladylike thoughts as he reentered the kitchen. *Damn her eyes, who does she think she is to order me around like some servant? I’ll get her back for this if it’s the last thing I ever do!*

“Everything go alright, Jane?” Abigail asked as he returned.

Carefully composing his face, Jack took a deep breath and replied as calmly as he could, “Yes, dear. It was fine. What would you like me to do now?”

“Well, for starters you can pass me that glass of wine and grab yours as well,” Abigail answered as she wiped her hands on a cloth.

Jack did as he had been told and once both of them were holding their glasses, his wife lifted hers as if to give a toast and said, “Thank you for going along with

this whole thing. I know there isn't much you can do about the situation you find yourself in but at least you are showing the good grace to do it with a bit of style instead of fighting it every inch of the way. Keep it up and life will be a lot easier for both of us."

Jack lifted his glass in response and nodded his head in acknowledgement even though he was far from conceding defeat on the issue of his feminization. Still it was good to see that he was making some progress in convincing Abigail, if not Mary, that he was prepared to accept a subordinate role in their relationship. *A little bit at a time*, he thought grimly as he smiled ingratiatingly at his beaming wife.

"Right, let's get back to work, dear," Abigail proclaimed as she gave him a series of instructions to assist her in getting a meal on the table. A task that was soon accomplished even though Mary called at one point and had Jack deliver another gin and tonic to her while she gave him a mocking smile.

Abigail insisted that Jack join them for dinner and, surprisingly, he found it quite an enjoyable event even if he caught Mary giving him an frankly appraising look from time to time as the meal progressed. In spite of his resolve to resist their attempts to turn him into a simpering sissy, he couldn't help joining in and becoming part of the almost non-stop banter that was generated as they eat the appetizing meal. The copious glasses of wine that Abigail had him pour for the three of them didn't hurt either.

"Oh dear, it's really time for me to go," Mary finally announced. "My chauffeur will be arriving at any minute and I do have some pressing business to attend to this evening. I wish I didn't, as staying here would be much more enjoyable. However, duty calls."

"I wish you could stay too," Abigail cut in, "but I know you have other responsibilities and I don't want you worrying about us."

"That reminds me," Mary replied. "Jane, you clear the table while I show Abigail how to use that stun gun. I don't think she will have to use it for any reason but I want you to know that she has it. I also want you to know that she really does love you and you would be a fool to try and hurt her. If you did, I would make sure you paid a terrible price for such unthinkable behavior. You might think that you are being treated harshly at the moment but let me assure you there are much worse things that could happen to you. Do you get my message?"

Jack dropped his eyes from her stern, unyielding stare and meekly replied, "Yes, ma'am." He could sense that she meant every word that she had just said and he would indeed be a fool to try and stand up to her.

"That's a good girl, now get along with what I told you to do while your dear wife and I retire to the living room for a short chat."

Jack hurriedly stood up and started to clear the table as the two women departed the dining room. He could hear snatches of their murmured conversation as he went about his delegated task but not enough to know exactly what they were taking about. *Do I really want to know?* he thought glumly to himself. *Mary*

has made it pretty clear what will happen if I tried anything violent against Abigail. Tempting as that might be when she tries to dominate me, I don't really want to do such a thing anyway as I still love her. No, I have to try and come up with something better than that to reassert control. Until I do there is no point in doing anything but playing along with their little game.

"Come and say good night to Mary, dear," Abigail called interrupting his scheming as he placed the dirty dishes in the dishwasher.

Jack scurried to the door and gave Mary a bright smile and a cheerful farewell as he put into practice his plan to appear docile and compliant.

"Very good, girlie," Mary replied. "I just wish I could be certain that you are accepting of this new role as you are trying to portray. Time will tell, that's for sure. For now I'll just say good night and see you at the office tomorrow. And don't think that I won't check to make sure that you are properly attired either."

Jack kept a smile pasted to his face as he nodded but couldn't help wondering what the hell she was talking about. Properly attired, what did *that* mean?

"I wouldn't stand there in the door too long, Jane. Unless you want to take a chance on somebody walking by in the hall and seeing you," Abigail cut in as he pondered on the meaning of Mary's departing words.

Giving a little squeal of fear, Jack was quick to react to her words and hurriedly stepped back into the foyer as she closed the door. *What was I thinking of, just standing there all dressed up like some feminized sissy?* he thought. *Thank goodness nobody came along; it would have been too embarrassing.*

"All right, Jane, off to the kitchen and we'll finish cleaning up before you toddle off to bed," Abigail stated firmly. "You have to be up early tomorrow so you can go to work and I imagine that you could do with a good night's sleep after the last twenty-four hours."

"Oh yes, Abigail," Jack enthused. "Going to bed for some rest would be a capital idea. But what did Mary mean by appropriately attired for the office? You don't want me going to work in a dress do you?"

"Of course not, you silly goose," Abigail laughed. "I said you wouldn't be exposed to public ridicule and you won't be as long as you behave. Don't worry your pretty little head about it. All will be explained in the morning."

Chapter 9

Jack squirmed uncomfortably on his office seat as the Friday workday was rapidly coming to a close. He still wasn't used to the sleek feel of the satin panties and silk stockings or the pinch of the girdle under his business suit. And in a few minutes Mary would be calling him to her office after the rest of the company staff had departed. At least she would be if she followed the routine she had established when he returned to work on Wednesday morning.

Linda, his secretary, had just poked her head in the door and announced her departure so he pulled his attention away from the papers on his desk and allowed his mind to wander back to the activities of the last few days.

Abigail had been true to her word on Tuesday night and allowed him to go to bed early. He had been so shattered with fatigue he could barely remember her helping him out of his feminine finery and showing him how to do his evening toilette. He was most gratified to find that part of this process involved removing the evermore uncomfortable butt plug. Unfortunately, the cock restraint stayed firmly in place so he was still reduced to sitting down to pee before retiring for the night. Finally, Abigail placed him in a long white, silk nightgown before he finally collapsed into their king-sized bed. He was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

The incessant buzz of the alarm pulled him from the comforting embrace of a deep slumber. "Come on sleepy head," his wife's cheerful voice added to the morning noises that were remorselessly pulling him back to full consciousness.

For several seconds he couldn't understand why he was dressed in a woman's silk nightie but then, like a thundering avalanche, the memory of what had transpired the previous day came crashing back. Every last excruciating detail of the dreadful experience and his utter helplessness to do anything about it flashed through his brain. Even worse, he quickly realized that he still had no remedy to his problem. He was still at the total mercy of Mary and Abigail. The very thought was enough to make him want to curl up in the fetal position and remain in bed. Predictably, his wife had other ideas.

"Come on, Jane, you lazy slut," she bellowed, "time to get your pretty butt out of bed and get ready for work. Now hit that shower, missy!"

Damn, he thought, how I hate that stupid female name and being referred to as a girl. It really is enough to piss off the Good Humor Man. I would really like to belt the next low life who calls me anything the least bit feminine.

In spite of these rebellious thoughts Jack still managed to hide his true feelings and stagger off to the bathroom. He knew that a good hot shower would be nothing short of blissful. Not to mention that it would wash away most of the remaining visages of the enforced feminization that he had been subjected to over the last thirty-six hours. At least the physical ones; he knew the emotional scars would be with him much longer.

The soothing feel of the hot water cascading over his body did feel magnificent but he couldn't help feeling perturbed as his soapy hands glided effortlessly over his smooth, hairless skin. It wasn't that it didn't feel nice, quite the opposite. Strange it might have been but also pleasant, if not downright erotic. If only he could have released his imprisoned penis from its stainless steel trap, he would have been a happy man.

Vigorously drying his hair with a towel as he padded from the bathroom back into the bedroom, he was brought up short by the sight of the clothing that Abigail had laid out for him on the bed. A dark suit, tie, blue shirt and black socks were lying there as he would have expected but the pink satin panties and black pantyhose stood out like burly lumberjacks at a beauty queen contest.

“What in the hell...” he started to protest before his wife quickly cut him off with a sardonic smile and curt comment.

“Just don’t start, girlie. You might be going to the office as a man but you will be dressed as a sissy under your macho suit. We wouldn’t want you to forget your new status and try and hit on any more women, would we?”

“Darn it, Abigail,” Jack retorted, “I wouldn’t do that. Really I wouldn’t. After all, you still have this infernal contraption locking my cock between my legs. You and Mary have taught me the error of my ways, I promise. Don’t make me wear those things as well. It’s not necessary.”

“Maybe one day you won’t have to wear your sissy finery under your suits, Jane,” Abigail answered, “but for now you’ll just do as you’re told. If you don’t, you will be one sad little girl. Mary will be checking at the office so I don’t want any more back talk or I’ll change the pantyhose for a garter belt and stockings. Would you like me to do that?”

Knowing that he was beaten, Jack muttered a quick “no thank you” and with barely concealed trepidation slowly picked up the pink satin panties lavished with a considerable amount of white lace. There was no doubt in his mind that it would be a very frosty day in hell before he dropped his pants in front of any potential female conquest while he was wearing these ultra-feminine beauties. Repressing a shudder, he rapidly pulled them up his smooth legs and adjusted them around his waist.

“Very nice,” Abigail laughed, “and it wasn’t that hard was it. Now put on the pantyhose. Sit on the bed, bunch up each leg and slide them over your feet and then work the material evenly up from your ankles, past your knees and finally around your crotch. Just like you’ve seen me do it many times in the past. Be careful and don’t snag the nylon or you might end up with a run and that isn’t acceptable.”

Jack took her advice and sat on the bed and then parroting the actions he had seen her carry out countless times rolled the pantyhose legs up before carefully working them evenly up prior to pulling the panty portion of the garment into place around his satin-covered groin.

“Good, wench,” Abigail cheered. “You look really hot with those sexy panties and nylon covered legs. Now get your man clothes on while I make you some breakfast. And be really grateful that you are getting to wear some socks over your pantyhose. It will make life a lot easier for you.”

Jack looked ruefully at his wife’s departing figure as he realized that he was indeed lucky to be able to completely cover the feminine lingerie and hose that he was being forced to wear. Having to worry about exposing nylon-clad ankles all day would be an extremely nerve racking experience.

In minutes he was dressed in his suit and walking into the kitchen for a small but hearty breakfast before departing for the office. Abigail called him Jack rather than by any feminine name or term and they parted with a cordial morning kiss as he realized that wearing male clothing brought their relationship back to a

more normal footing. Not that he could really forget that he was wearing female lingerie and hose underneath his appropriate manly attire.

The day at the office passed quickly as he scrambled to catch up with the work that had piled up during the day he had been kept at home. The only jarring feature of his routine was the fact that he had to sit down to use the toilet. He thanked his lucky stars that his senior status at the company ensured that he had his own private washroom.

It wasn't until the majority of the staff had left that he received the summons to see Mary in her office. His anxiety about his situation had abated as he toiled diligently throughout the day but now it returned with a vengeance. Feeling an almost paralyzing trepidation, he slowly trudged down the hall and knocked on her door.

"Come in," Mary called and a beaming smile lit up her face as he entered. "And close the door and lock it, Jack or should I say Jane? No, we had better keep it as Jack while you are at work, I suppose. Pity, but better to be careful rather than sorry."

His heart beating as rapidly as a jackhammer Jack locked the door and turned to face his tormentor. He sensed intuitively that she was a much more dangerous threat than Abigail. For whatever reason, it was obvious that she would take great delight in degrading him to the greatest extent possible.

A sardonic grin on her face Mary ordered, "Get over here beside me now, Jack. I've been looking forward to this all day."

Jack took a deep breath and did exactly as he had been instructed. He knew better than to even hesitate in following her commands. It would only make things worse.

"That's close enough," Mary barked. "Now, drop your pants and show me what you are wearing underneath."

In spite of his determination to show no sign of resistance, Jack paused at this last demand. It just didn't seem proper to be doing such a thing in the workplace.

"Don't annoy me, Jack," Mary snapped, "do as you're told and do it now. If you don't, you will be one sorry missy!"



Gulping with nervousness, Jack hastily unbuttoned his suit jacket, unbuckled his belt, fumbled his waistband button open and unzipped the zipper on his trousers before allowing them to slowly drop to his ankles.

“Pull your shirt up out of the way,” Mary growled.

Jack complied and stood with his head hung in shame as Mary chuckled appreciatively at the sight of his pink panties and black pantyhose.

“Very nice, sissy. Very nice indeed,” she chortled. “I see that Abigail is being quite lenient with you by allowing you to wear pantyhose rather than stockings and wearing socks to hide the fact that you are wearing nylons. She loves you much too much for her own good. Be thankful that you aren’t completely at my mercy or you would be a much more humiliated little girl. Don’t worry though, I’ll give her a call and let her know that your momentary disobedience should be punished by having to wear a garter belt or girdle and stockings to work in future. Now get your pants back up and swish your panty-covered ass out of my office before I really lose my temper.”

Jack didn’t need a second invitation. Hastily pulling up and refastening his trousers he was at her door in moments. He was just unlocking it when Mary called out.

“Be ready to come back to my office for another inspection at the same time tomorrow, Jane. I’ll call you when I’m ready to see you. And close the door quietly on the way out.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he threw over his shoulder as he pushed the door open and closed it softly before scuttling back to his own office.

His reception at home was much warmer although Abigail insisted that he dress entirely as Jane once he was in the confines of their apartment. “Keep your panties and hose on, dear, but I’ve gone out and bought you some more girly clothing. You’ll find some laid out on the bed for you. Put them on and then I’ll give you a hand with your makeup.”

After his run-in with Mary, Jack was more than happy to give a dutiful reply in the affirmative to his much more understanding wife. The very thought of being completely under Mary’s control was enough to make him a very obedient sissy.

Putting his shoes in their rack and hanging his suit and tie up in the closet, he turned and looked with dismay at the clothes lying on the bed. A pink bra with the breast forms, a full pink satin slip, a pink blouse, black skirt and black pumps were proof that Abigail meant to keep him fully attired as a very effeminate sissy.

Sighing, he removed his shirt and socks and threw them in the laundry hamper while thanking his lucky stars that Abigail had been wearing a nice silk dress when he got home. He didn’t know what he would have done if she had been wearing jeans.

Picking up the bra, he wrapped it around his hairless chest and finally fumbled the clasp closed before inserting the silicone breast forms. They felt all too re-

alistic hanging heavily in the lace-covered cups, their weight pulling down on the bra's shoulder straps.

The slip was heavily encrusted with fine white lace on the bodice and hem and it slithered sensually into place as he dropped it over his head. The cool caress of its slinky material contrasted erotically with the heat of his groin enclosed in the warm grip of the panties and pantyhose he had been wearing all day.

The sheer nylon of the pink blouse did little to conceal the lacy splendor of his underlying lingerie but at least it had a high neckline and long sleeves. The tight black skirt fell to the level of his knees ensuring that his long nylon-clad legs weren't too provocatively displayed. A good thing, as the black pumps with their three-inch heels made them look very delectable indeed. In spite of his feelings of being unfairly feminized, Jack couldn't help admiring his womanly figure in the mirror. It looked silly with a man's head perched on top of it but it certainly looked very nice in its own right, he thought.

"Very nice, Jane," Abigail exclaimed as she entered the bedroom. "It will look even better once we have finished with your transformation. Go and sit at the vanity and I will put on your jewelry and make-up."

Remembering his lessons from the previous day, Jack made sure that he sa-shayed over to the vanity in the approved feminine manner garnering a further series of compliments from his wife.

In a short period of time, she had him wearing the same jewelry he had worn yesterday and had also replicated the makeup she had applied the previous day. Placing the blonde wig back on his head, she announced. "There you go, Jane. It worked so well yesterday that I've just repeated the look I gave you. Tonight we will start lessons on how to do your own makeup but that can wait until after dinner. Come and give me a hand in the kitchen and we will be eating before you know it."

The remainder of the evening went quickly with Abigail expecting Jack's assistance in preparing and cleaning up the dinner and demanding his full attention on learning the details of how to apply makeup. Chores he pursued diligently enough as he remembered the punishments he had endured earlier if he hadn't proved attentive enough. Bondage, butt plugs, humiliation and whippings were all things he was more than happy enough to avoid. Having his penis locked away in the male equivalent of a chastity belt and being dressed and made up as woman was bad but it would only be worse if the other darker ingredients of being a helpless sissy were added back into the equation.

Leave well enough alone, he told himself. It will only make things worse if you act too soon without some sort of overall plan to turn the tables on your two tormentors. And to be brutally honest you haven't been able to come up with the smallest germ of an idea about that yet. I wonder if Don would be able to help me out of my predicament? I'll have to look into the possibility of contacting him although I sure don't want him to know all the details of what has happened to me. It would be just too embarrassing.

The next morning after he had stripped off his silk nightgown and taken his shower, he totally forgot this advice to himself as he stared down at the bed and saw that the pantyhose he had worn under his trousers the day before had been replaced by a girdle and stockings. “What the hell,” he roared. “It’s bad enough that I have to wear pantyhose to work...”

“Shut your big mouth, Jane,” Abigail yelled back. “I had a call from Mary about your behavior yesterday and this is the result of your own stupidity. Now, unless you want to be wearing a bra under your shirt as well, wear what you’ve been given.”

Cringing at the thought of having a bra cutting into his chest all day and having to keep his suit jacket on continuously to avoid any possible detection of something under his shirt, Jack quickly quieted down and grudgingly pulled the pink, satin panties into place.

The girdle was a shimmering white contraption made of a strong elastic material with four garters attached to its hem. Taking a nervous gasp of air, he stepped into the garment and wiggled and jerked on it until he managed to work it up his legs and into place over his groin and waist. A waist that felt as if it had been squeezed to half its size by the time he had finished his convoluted maneuvers.

Giggling at her husband’s red face and breathless sigh of reluctant triumph, Abigail handed him two black stockings. “Now you know what a woman has to put up with to get a nice slim figure, Jane. It sounds as if we will have to get you onto an exercise program.”

Silently accepting the nylons while ignoring her barbed comments, Jack carefully pulled each of the gossamer-like pieces of material up his legs without causing any runs. The garter straps, particularly the rear ones, caused him a few moments of grief but he also managed to manipulate them into position without too much trouble.

“Very good, Jane, I’m impressed with how quickly you managed to do that,” Abigail chuckled. “Maybe you’re starting to get into this whole thing.’

Not a chance, Jack thought to himself as he wordlessly went about the task of putting on his male garments. *Although I must admit that the stockings do feel nice on my legs.*

“Don’t take too long to finish up and I’ll start breakfast,” his wife commanded as she left the bedroom.

Thursday’s routine was the same as Wednesday had been. A busy day at work that had been enough to take his mind off what he was wearing underneath his business suit, at least most of the time. The pinch of the girdle and the taut feel of the attached nylons were just that much more difficult to become accustomed to than the pantyhose he had worn the day before.

His session with Mary was mercifully short although he still felt a burning shame when she ordered him to drop his trousers and show off his feminine underwear.

“Oh, yes, much sexier,” she had cooed. “A tight girdle and stockings always makes you feel so much more womanly, don’t you think? I’ll have to compliment Abigail on her choice. Now, sort yourself out and close the door quietly on the way out.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack mumbled as he scrambled to oblige and within minutes he was on his way home for another session with Abigail. *At least she’s a bit more loving and understanding than that bitch Mary*, he thought as he made his way to their condominium.

He soon found himself dressed in a navy blue dress and fully made up as Jane yet one more time. The panties, girdle and stockings had been supplemented by a navy blue bra and full slip to help him fill out the appropriate curves under the dress and his feet were encased in blue pumps with three-inch heels.

The evening went quickly as it followed the same routine that Abigail had laid out on the previous night and Jack was clever enough to just go along with whatever she told him to do. He was miserably aware that he had not yet thought of a way of reasserting his control but at the same time he had to admit that he was starting to get more comfortable with his new status in the household. Not that he was enjoying it at all, he hurriedly reassured himself, but he was getting used to it.

“I think that’s enough make up lessons for one night, Jane,” Abigail finally announced much to Jack’s relief. He was still desperately tired. “Let’s call it an early night and get you ready for bed.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack said with a happy lilt to his voice as he contemplated the idea of getting a full night of uninterrupted slumber.

“Remove your clothes, put them away like I showed you and don’t forget to do a full nightly toilette,” his wife ordered. “You don’t want to leave makeup on at night as you well know.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied with an anticipatory smile on his face as he scurried off to the master bedroom and bathroom.

As he busied himself with his appointed chores, he couldn’t help notice that his wife had joined him in the bedroom and was also preparing herself for bed. There was nothing unusual in that but it was still a shock to see that both of them were now carrying out exactly the same routine before bed. Removing makeup, applying skin lotions, putting soiled lingerie in the hamper and every other little detail a woman would carry out before retiring for the night. The full impact of his feminization couldn’t have been more clearly brought home to him than by observing these mirrored rituals. A gnawing fear of what he was becoming hammered through him, made all that much worse by the fact that he wasn’t entirely uncomfortable with the inner peace this new routine was starting to bring to him.

“Come on, Jane,” Abigail snapped, “wake up and stop daydreaming like some silly schoolgirl. It’ll be time to get up before you finish at this rate.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack retorted automatically as he galvanized himself to get on with washing his face and brushing his teeth.

Slipping his white, silk nightgown on after he had finally finished his preparations for bed Jack saw that his wife was putting on a matching garment in black. He couldn’t help thinking that it looked much better on her curvaceous body than on his. *I wonder what it would be like to have breasts like Abigail’s*, he thought. *Having some would certainly make my clothes fit better without the need for those forms I use in my bra. Wait a minute, what the hell am I thinking?*

“Earth to Jane,” Abigail chortled, “you’re off in your own little world again, aren’t you, girl? I’ve just finished saying that you’ve been such a good sissy tonight that I’m going to let you do a little worshipping at my temple of femininity. Now, get to it, wench.”

Jack came back to reality as Abigail snapped out the last of her comment and saw that she had lain back on the bed, pulled up her long silk nightgown and spread her legs wantonly. It was obvious that she wanted him to use his tongue to worship her sex.

Although he was really too tired to even enjoy the thought of carrying out such an act, Jack managed to hide his true feelings and slid between her legs to do exactly as she desired. The sooner this is over the sooner I can get to sleep he thought as he plunged his tongue toward her eager vagina.

In spite of his relative inexperience in the art of cunnilingus, Jack remembered enough from their previous bout of oral sex to ensure that he could bring his wife to a quick climax. Flicking and manipulating his tongue like a seasoned pro, he managed to do exactly that finding it made even easier by the fact that his hands were free this time.

Unfortunately, his initial success was undermined by the fact that Abigail kept him at his appointed task until she had not one or two orgasms but five. It was a decidedly tired sissy that she finally allowed to clamber out from between her still twitching legs.

“Why are you looking so surly, Jane? You should be exceedingly pleased that I’ve allowed you the privilege of using your tongue to please me.”

Jack, who was too tired to think of the consequences of his words, growled, “Big bloody deal that I get to service you. I’m tired and sure didn’t get any satisfaction from you, now did I?”

“Don’t speak to me like that, you stupid bimbo,” Abigail snarled back. “Who do you think you are? It’s obvious that you are still thinking like some macho fool. I had hoped that you would be learning to be a kinder, gentler man but it’s apparent that you have much to learn. I’ll be calling Mary in the morning so you had better get a good night’s sleep. You’ll need it.”

Jack bit his lip as he realized that he had managed to aggravate his wife by his unthinking comment. “Sorry, ma’am. I didn’t mean to be disrespectful,” he stammered.

“Too late for that, bitch. Now use the bathroom and then get to bed.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack whispered resignedly as he scuttled off to the bathroom for a pee before bed. His penis was throbbing in its metal prison as he performed this final ablution. He didn’t like to admit it even to himself but it had tried to rise to a full erection several times while he had been trapped between Abigail’s shaking thighs. Only the cursed cock restraint had stopped him from having an explosive ejaculation. *Don’t tell me I’m starting to like this feminine domination shit*, he thought despondently as he quickly wiped between his legs. *Hell no, I’m just horny from not getting any relief for the last few days. That must be it*, he told himself as he climbed into bed and drifted away into much-needed sleep.

Chapter 10

Now here he was, sitting in his office with his female finery, covered by his business suit waiting to be summoned by his boss Mary and worrying about the upcoming meeting. *I wonder if she has been talking to Abigail. No doubt she has. What will the consequences be? It doesn’t even bear thinking about.*

Jack was yanked out of his retrospective thinking by the jarring ring of his phone. Hand trembling he picked it up and answered, “Jack Turner.”

“Get your panty-covered ass down here, sissy,” was the command he heard before the connection was abruptly severed.

Shaking even more noticeably, he placed the phone back on the receiver and took a deep breath. Mary’s tone had been hard, almost strident. Things didn’t look good at all; in fact they looked awful. Pulling himself together with a visible effort, he left his office and headed down the hall.

Jack was thankful to observe that there didn’t appear to be anyone else left at work. Not surprising as it was Friday evening. Even Marsha, Mary’s secretary, had gone. Tentatively, he knocked on the door to Mary’s office and entered as soon as she called out for him to enter.

Closing the door and turning to face her desk, he was astonished to see Abigail sitting in one of the chairs placed in front of the desk Mary was seated behind. Both of the women gave him wide smiles of anticipation as he stood just in front of the door pondering the significance of his wife’s presence.

“Lock the door, Jane,” Mary commanded.

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack muttered quietly as he turned to do as he was told while still desperately trying to understand why both Mary and Abigail were waiting for him. This was definitely something new and he was immediately wary of the situation.

“I know I shouldn’t be calling you Jane while you’re working at the office and wearing a suit,” Mary continued, “so let’s get you sorted out. Get those male clothes off and get them off quickly.”

Jack was so accustomed to doing what he was told by Abigail and Mary that he only hesitated for a few seconds before complying with her order. The looks on

their faces made it obvious that any refusal on his part would be futile, if not downright painful. In less than a minute, he was standing clad only in his pink panties, girdle and black stockings.

“That’s much better, Jane,” Mary commented with a predatory grin. “You look more natural without that stuffy business suit. Wearing it seems to have given you pretensions of macho grandeur from what Abigail has been telling me. It would appear that a few more lessons in sissy humiliation are in order for you. Something that will let you know how well off you are in your wife’s tender care. And I have just the thing to show you this weekend that will make this point in such a manner that even an insufferable twit like you will understand.”

Turning her attention from a now trembling Jack, Mary asked Abigail, “Are you ready to proceed, my dear?”

“Oh yes, Mary. I have brought everything that you told me to and I’m really looking forward to this weekend. It should be a lot of fun and hopefully it will teach Jack about his proper status in our household.”

Exchanging a happy chuckle with her partner in feminizing Jack, Mary exclaimed, “Let’s got on with it then. We don’t want our little girl to get cold standing there without enough clothes on.”

Jack wasn’t sure where their conversation was going but didn’t like the tone or the direction of their comments. He wasn’t really sure he could handle much more of the embarrassment his two tormentors had been heaping on his head for the last five days. But what alternatives did he have other than doing what he was told and trusting that his wife would be true to her promise to keep his sissy status secret?

Abigail lifted up a small suitcase and opened it on Mary’s desk. Pulling out a white satin bra, she threw it to Jack and snapped, “Put this on, Jane and make it quick.”

Jack caught it reflexively as his mind jumped into hyper-drive about the consequences of what was happening. From the looks of the bra and the other contents of the suitcase, it was obvious that he was going to be dressed entirely as his female persona, Jane. Something that had not happened outside of the safety of his home. He just knew that he wasn’t ready for such a thing to happen.

“I...I’m not sure if this is a good idea,” he stammered as he stood there, nervously holding the bra in his shaking hands.

“Don’t be so stupid, girl. You’ve been given an order. Who do you think you are to even question a command? You are going to be one sorry sissy,” Mary bellowed.

Abigail sensed that her bullying wasn’t going to sway Jack to listen. He was obviously too terrified to do anything that would expose him to public humiliation. Stepping between him and the fuming Mary, she quietly said, “It will be better if you do as you are told, Jane. Haven’t I given you my word that your secret will be safe from the general public? Don’t you trust me to keep that word? I promise that you will be taken directly from here to a car and then to another private residence

once you are properly dressed. Mary has even given her chauffeur the night off. You will have no other contact with the public.”

Jack gradually edged back from the panic he had felt when Mary was screaming at him. Abigail’s quiet words allowed him to regain his composure and the fact that he believed she truly would protect him from unwarranted exposure allowed him to finally nod his understanding. Giving only a small sigh of anxiety, he pushed his arms through the bra and fumbled the band’s clasp together behind his back.

Abigail gave him a small kiss of approval on the cheek as she inserted the two lifelike breast forms into cups of his bra while Mary continued to glare disapprovingly at his lack of discipline. *Wait until I get this sissy properly sorted out*, she thought to herself. *He needs to be taught a lesson and brought down a peg or two.*

Oblivious to Mary’s scheming, Abigail took out a full, white satin slip and slipped it over Jack’s still cringing form. It rustled down into place with its lacy hem dancing coyly just above his nylon-clad knees. Smoothing it into place, she took the opportunity to grope a feel or two of her husband’s lingerie-covered body. Something that she still found to be a major turn-on. Seeing, and even better feeling, the satins and silks adorning his hairless body was terribly erotic to her. Her only regret was that she hadn’t feminized him a long time ago.

Turning back to the suitcase she withdrew a black silk dress and swiftly drew it over Jack’s upraised arms and down over the satin slip that seductively covered his feminized body. Closing the back zipper, she fussed the tight, knee-length skirt of the garment into place before adjusting the cuffs of the sleeves to fit neatly around his wrists.

“Very nice,” Mary murmured as black pumps with three-inch heels were used to complete his feminine outfit. “Once you are properly made up, Jane, no one will think for even a moment that you are anything but what you appear to be. How silly of you to make such a fuss earlier. Of course we could always just leave you here dressed as you are if you still don’t want to come with us. Would you like that?”

“No, ma’am,” Jack replied as an image of him trying to get home dressed in female clothing without the additional camouflage of makeup and a wig flashed through his mind. It wouldn’t be a pleasant experience!

“Here’s a silver pendant necklace, a wristwatch and a silver chain bracelet,” Abigail stated. “Put them on while I get your makeup organized. There is no mirror so I will do it for you.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack muttered weakly as he accepted the proffered jewelry. In spite of his trembling hands, he managed to quickly put the various pieces on. The necklace glistened nicely on the high neckline of the black dress and the small lady’s wristwatch barely fit on his left wrist while the bracelet clanked loosely on his right.

“Sit in this chair, Jane,” Abigail commanded as she held up the makeup case. “This won’t take too long.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack acquiesced once again as he took the seat she had indicated.

Quickly and deftly, Abigail applied foundation to give her a blank canvas as a background to highlight the feminine aspects of his features: black liner, dark blue eye shadow and black mascara for his eyes; rose blush for his cheekbones and dark red liner and lipstick covered with a clear gloss for his lips. In minutes, he looked like a well-made up woman ready for an evening out.

“Not bad if I have to say so myself,” she drawled as she reached for the blonde, shoulder-length wig.

“No, no,” Mary interjected, “you don’t have to say that yourself. I’ll say it. A really good job for our dear Jane and one that will make her proud once she has a chance to check her appearance. We’ll let her use the mirror in the lady’s washroom. Won’t that give her a thrill!”

“Oh Mary,” Abigail laughed. “Where do you get these ideas? But I like it. The lady’s washroom will be just too much. Why we could even let Jane use one of the stalls – as long as she sits down like a proper lady. But then of course she has to, doesn’t she, with that lovely device between her legs!”

“Even better,” Mary chortled with delight. “We’ll all use the lady’s before we go. It is a bit of a drive to our destination and we wouldn’t want any accidents on the way, would we?”

Jack quailed as he listened to this light-hearted banter as his wife secured the wig on his head. He had never been inside the lady’s washroom and had the definite impression that he didn’t want to see its interior, tonight or any other time. At least not dressed the way he was. Maybe it would be different if he was dressed as a man and was stalking some nice young nubile maiden but to be dressed and made up as one was an entirely different matter. Not to mention that he was definitely not the stalker but the prey in his present relationship with these two women who had taken such drastic control of his life!

“There we go, all finished,” Abigail declared as she stopped fussing with the blonde wig and clipped two large silver hoop earrings to Jack’s ear lobes. “Let’s all go and use the lady’s and we’ll be on our way.”

“Excellent idea,” Mary chimed in. “Come on, Jane. Out of that chair, you lazy wench.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied meekly as he struggled to his feet and followed his two tormentors out of Mary’s office. It felt strange, very strange to be walking down the hallway he knew so well while being dressed totally as a woman. *Thank goodness there is no one else around*, he thought frantically as they entered the woman’s washroom.

“Take a look at yourself in the mirror, Jane,” Mary commanded. “Don’t you look lovely? How could you have been worried that anyone would recognize you as that silly womanizer Jack Turner? Your only concern will be if we run into someone like him. He won’t be able to keep his hands off of you.”

Jack seriously doubted her opinion on his desirability to men as he looked at both himself and the two women in the mirror. Sure he looked quite passable but when it came to feminine allure it was obvious that he couldn't hold a candle to either Mary or Abigail. They were both beautiful while his face was well made up but otherwise fairly plain for a woman. The curves his dress accented was almost on a par with theirs but he knew that apparent fact was merely an illusion.

Mind you, my legs are as good as theirs in these stockings and heels, he thought. Wait a minute, what am I thinking? I'm a man, damn it - not a woman in competition with a pair of ball busters for other men's attention. Hell, I need to get out of this mess, but how?

"Stop admiring yourself, missy," Abigail said with a giggle. "Use one of the stalls and do your business unless you want to pee yourself later this evening. And if you do, rest assured that you will be one sorry little girl."

"Yes, ma'am," Jack muttered as he took a deep breath and went to one of the stalls and closed the door.

"Don't forget to wipe, dear," Mary hooted with amusement as she headed for another stall to carry out the same chore. "Abigail, you wait until I'm finished so one of us can keep an eye on our little filly here. We wouldn't want her wandering off by mistake."

As if, Jack thought to himself as he struggled to pull the girdle down so that he could sit on the toilet and accomplish what he had been told to do. Where would I go even if I could get out of here without Mary and Abigail knowing I had left? I'm certainly not dressed to be walking the streets by myself.

By the time he had finished readjusting his clothes and exited the stall, Abigail was doing her business while Mary was standing by the sinks waiting impatiently. "About time you came out of there, Jane. I was starting to think that I would have to send a search party in for you. Now check yourself in the mirror and make sure that you haven't left anything hanging out or undone."

"Yes, ma'am," came Jack's almost automatic response as he looked carefully in the mirror. There was no way that he wanted to go out in public with anything amiss. It was bad enough having to go out at all but it would be terribly embarrassing to be recognized as a male because he had made some basic error in rearranging his outfit.

"I'm ready to go," Abigail announced as she washed and dried her hands.

"Back to the office to pick up a few things," Mary announced, "and then we'll be on our way."

Minutes later, they were in the elevator taking them down to the underground parking lot. Jack stared nervously at the floor numbers as they lit up while praying that no one else would get on before they reached their destination. His trembling hands played nervously with the black purse that he was carrying.

"You'll need it to blend in with us and you don't have any pockets to carry anything," Abigail had lectured him as it was thrust into his unwilling hands in the office.

Jack gave a sigh of relief as the elevator doors slid open on the parking lot level and revealed an area devoid of human activity. Mary led them briskly to her brightly-lit parking space located only a few feet from the elevator using her remote to unlock the doors as they approached her dark blue BMW sedan.

“Hold on a minute while I get rid of this,” Abigail called as she moved a few spaces down and opened the trunk of Jack’s Buick and threw in the small suitcase that now contained his male clothing. A move that made his heart skip in fear as he realized that he was being totally cut off from his masculine wardrobe. To make matters worse, Abigail had confiscated his wallet and keys so he was literally reduced to the clothes on his back. Clothes for the wrong sex and the only thing that stood between him and absolute shame if he was discovered to be male.

“Come on girls,” Mary called. “Let’s not take all night. Abigail, you get in the front and Jane, you get in the back.”

Jack was quick to comply, only too happy to seek the limited protection of Mary’s car rather than standing around in the brightly lit, albeit empty, parking area. His frantic efforts to get into the back of the car caused his two tormentors to laugh heartily at his frenzied contortions that exposed a considerable amount of his nylon-clad legs.

“For goodness sakes, Jane,” Abigail admonished him, “sit down properly, sort out your dress and stop flashing your panties for everybody to see. You’d think you didn’t know how to sit in a proper, lady-like manner. And once you have yourself organized, don’t forget to do up your seatbelt. We wouldn’t want to be pulled over by the police, would we?”

“Yes, ma’am, no, ma’am,” Jack retorted as images of being accosted by the police flashed through his galloping brain. *That would be about the worst thing that could happen*, he thought glumly. *Talk about a complete and utter disaster.*

Mary waited until everyone was settled to her satisfaction and then smoothly pulled out of the underground parking lot and eased into the traffic rolling relentlessly along the city’s congested streets. As always, Friday evening meant there would be delays in trying to navigate the crowded roads and Jack fretted and worried at every stop.

What if people can see me? he thought as he slouched further and further down into his seat. *What if somebody runs into us, what if somebody forces us out of the car at gunpoint, what if the police pull us over for some minor violation?*

Mary glanced in the rearview mirror as they stopped for yet another red light. “For goodness sakes, Jane. Sit up properly, you silly girl. Even if someone can see you they will only see a woman sitting in the back of a car. And no one can get in as I’ve locked all the doors. In fact, your doors have child-proof locks so you can’t even open yours from the inside.”

As the light changed and Mary accelerated away, Abigail turned and gave Jack a stern look and chided him to sit properly until he reluctantly resumed a proper sitting position. Even so he couldn’t stop his eyes from darting nervously around in all directions in anticipation of something dreadful happening.

It was only as they left the city's streets and pulled onto a major highway that he began to breathe more easily. Their increased speed and the greatly reduced number of cars made him feel much more secure. Not entirely relaxed but not in a mind numbing panic either.

As they exited the highway and drove into the countryside, he finally realized that they were driving towards the Ralston's residence. A bolt of terror shot through him as he wondered if he was going to be displayed to his old friend and mentor Don. How would he be able to stand the mortification of being paraded in front of him while dressed as a feminized sissy?

In spite of the turmoil going on in his agitated brain, he wisely kept his thoughts to himself. Perhaps they weren't going to the Ralston's at all. Maybe they were going somewhere else or Mary and Abigail were only pretending to take him somewhere else in an attempt to make him squirm. If so, they were succeeding extremely well. And even if they were going to the Ralston's, his pleas to do otherwise would surely fall on deaf ears.

Jack's tormented thoughts were interrupted as he saw with a sinking feeling in his churning gut that they were indeed turning into the long driveway that led to the Ralston's large house. Set in twenty acres of lush countryside, it was a secluded oasis of quiet tranquility that he had always admired on his infrequent visits to Don's house. Now the mellow beauty of the estate did nothing for his peace of mind. How could it when he was dressed as a complete and utter sissy and obviously under the complete control of his two female controllers?

The crunch of the car's tires on the gravel driveway suddenly ceased as Mary pulled to a halt just in front of the imposing façade of the two-story house. Jack's brain raced as he thought of the upcoming meeting with Don. *Would he still be too sick to really recognize him?* he wondered briefly. It would almost be a blessing if he was incapable of such a simple act but at the same time it would mean that he couldn't count on Don's assistance in escaping this degrading existence as a feminized sissy.

"Come on, Jane," Mary commanded as she opened the rear door, "stop day-dreaming and let's get your suitcases into the house."

"Yes, ma'am," Jack murmured as he hastily exited the car taking care to keep his legs together so that he didn't expose too much thigh as he did so. His efforts elicited a smile of approval from Abigail who had left the front passenger seat while he had been wondering about the ramifications of possibly meeting Don.

Mary popped open the trunk of the car and removed two suitcases, handing one to Abigail and the other to Jack. "You are staying the weekend, Jane," she elaborated. "You can thank Abigail for taking the time to pack a few things for you. Lots of nice lingerie and outfits that will make your stay here so much more enjoyable."

Jack doubted if his stay was going to be in the least bit enjoyable but he only gritted his teeth in silent frustration as he wondered how much more embarrassing it was going to be as his wife forced him to play dressup over the next two

days. From the feel of the suitcase's weight, he was rather afraid that there was going to be no shortage of different clothes to wear.

Chortling at the look of gloomy despair on his troubled face, Mary turned her back on him and marched towards the front door. Abigail quickly followed and Jack, seeing no alternative, gave a deep sigh and minced along behind while trying to compensate for the heaviness of the suitcase in his right hand only counter-balanced by the purse in his left.

Chapter 11

Much to Jack's delight, there was no one standing in the foyer to greet them as they entered through the main door. Indeed there was no one to be seen at all as Mary escorted them up the grand spiral staircase to the second floor and along the hall to the guest bedroom they were to share.

A large opulent bedroom containing a king-sized bed, plush carpeting and elegant bedroom furniture. An adjoining bathroom was also resplendently appointed with a massive Jacuzzi tub as its main feature.

"I'll be further down the hall in the master bedroom," Mary announced as Jack and Abigail gazed about their accommodation for the weekend in fascination. "It's now seven so we'll gather in the dining room downstairs in half an hour for dinner. Take the time to unpack and freshen up and I'll see you there."

Jack's heart fluttered in near panic at the mention of having to go down for dinner but he had the sense not to say anything as Mary withdrew regally from the room, closing the door behind her. However, as soon as she was gone, he turned to Abigail and whispered sharply, "I can't be seen like this down there. You promised I wouldn't be exposed to public humiliation."

Abigail snapped back, "Don't try that line with me, girlie. You will do as you are told. We are in a private residence so there will be no public exposure. We are the only dinner guests and the only other people in the house are the staff. Now stop being such a silly sissy or I'll make sure that you are one unhappy creature. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack replied sullenly as he tried to come to terms with the fact that he would have to face other people while staying at the house even if they were only household staff. *How many do the Ralston's have anyway?* he tried to recollect. *A chef and a maid or is there more than that? Certainly a chauffeur and a few gardeners but damned if I can remember. And what about Don, where is he?*

"Stop standing there like some mindless hussy, Jane," Abigail ordered. "Make yourself useful and unpack our suitcases while I use the bathroom to freshen up. Lingerie in those drawers over there and hang up the dresses and skirts in the closet. Once you're done, I'll touch up your makeup as well. "

"Yes, ma'am," Jack retorted as she left him standing in the bedroom as she sauntered into the bathroom.

Trying to ease his steadily building fears and concerns with some mindless but soothing activity, Jack placed the two suitcases on the bed and opened them. A sigh of disappointment escaped his red lips as he saw that they both contained nothing but the most feminine lingerie, skirts, blouses and dresses. Not one iota of clothing could be construed as being the least bit masculine, let alone manly. There was no doubt that he would be spending the weekend dressed completely as a woman.

Biting his lipstick covered lips in an effort to help control his rapidly shredding nerves, he tottered about on his high heels while placing handfuls of panties, bras, slips, nightgowns, stockings and garter belts in drawers. The quantity seemed to be never ending, especially for a two-night stay.

Taking the skirts, blouses and dresses out of the suitcases he placed them into the closet along with the five or six pairs of high-heeled shoes in a variety of colors that Abigail had packed. *Why do we need all of this stuff?* he couldn't help thinking as he dutifully unpacked it. *Are we going to be changing outfits every few hours or what?*

"Are you finished, Jane? If you are, get your cute little butt in here and I'll sort out your makeup," Abigail called.

Snapping out of his reverie, Jack placed the last of the clothes in the closet and minced over to the bathroom. In minutes, a contentedly humming Abigail had returned his makeup to its original impeccable condition.

"You'd better use the toilet," she advised. "No telling how long we will be at the dinner table. I'll finish tidying up the room while you do that and then it will be time to go down to eat. About time too, I'm famished."

Jack watched her leave the bathroom and then closed the door before he pulled up his dress and slip so that he could use the toilet. Having to sit to do such a simple task was still an embarrassing task and he preferred to do it with a modicum of privacy. *Glad you're hungry*, he thought bitterly as a tore of a piece of toilet paper to wipe his entrapped penis tip. *I'm not and would much rather be anywhere but here. What will I say and do if Don is at the dinner table? It's just too humiliating!*

"Come on Jane, you silly wench. You are going to make us late. Finish up and don't forget to wash your hands."

Abigail's words pulled Jack from his increasingly morose train of thought as he uttered an acknowledgment and hastened to do as she had ordered. He wasn't in any rush to go down for dinner but there was no point in unduly annoying his wife. His experiences of the past few days were an all-too-clear indicator that to do so would be a truly pointless exercise.

As he exited the bathroom, Jack noted that his wife had put the two empty suitcases in the closet. *Well, at least she isn't expecting me to do every little thing*, he thought. *If she wasn't so reliant on Mary, we could have a much better time. We wouldn't be here, for one thing!*

“You look very nice, Jane,” Abigail gushed. “Now come on, we really have to get downstairs or our hostess will really be wondering where we got to.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack muttered as they hurried out of the bedroom and down the stairs to the ground floor.

Abigail seemed to know her way around the house better than Jack, which was not surprising as he had rarely been there and never beyond the main rooms on the ground floor. Given her close relationship with Mary, he couldn’t find it unusual that she had a better knowledge about the Ralston’s home than he did. *If I had just had some kind of inkling about Abigail and Mary there is every chance that I could have avoided being in the position I’m in now*, he thought. *Why didn’t I see it coming?*

He was so preoccupied with his musings about what could have been that they arrived at the dining room before he realized it. He felt a sudden stir of apprehension before they entered but this burst of anxiety was quickly replaced by one of relief as it was obvious that no one else was in the room.

A sudden noise behind them caused his heart to lurch wildly but it was only Mary making her entrance. “Come on, you two. I’ll sit at the head of the table and you can sit on either side of me.”

The table was a long one with enough room for at least twenty guests to sit in comfort but only three place settings were grouped around the end Mary was confidently striding towards. Jack felt another flash of relief fire through him as he quickly realized that they would be the only ones dining there tonight. *Don must be too sick to leave his room*, he thought. Slightly embarrassed for thinking like that about his friend, he quickly took the only place left after the two women had taken their seats.

“I’ll signal the maid that we will be taking our dinner now,” Mary announced as she rang a small bell. “You’ll have to forgive her if she is a bit slow but this will be her first dinner party, albeit a small one. She isn’t the brightest spark in the fireplace but with appropriate training she is coming along well enough, I suppose. As compensation, I can say that the food will be superb. Our chef is second to none when it comes to producing absolutely delicious repasts. And I have to say that he has a few other talents as well. I don’t know how I would get along without him.”

As Mary burred away about her staff and how she could use at least one more maid, Jack took the opportunity to look about the dining room and once again feel an appreciation for its magnificence. High, vaulted ceilings of gleaming cedar complimented the equally stunning hardwood floors that covered its entire twenty by thirty-five feet surface. A large fireplace dominated one end of the room although there was no fire burning there tonight, as the weather was too mild. Large windows graced the outside wall that looked out on the back garden while the opposite wall was adorned with numerous oil paintings. All in all, it was a splendid room that invariably projected a feeling of intimate warmth for those lucky enough to dine within its confines. *Or at least for those who weren’t forced to dress as a sissy and attend against their will*, he thought gloomily.

His rapidly deteriorating train of negative thinking was jerked to a halt by Mary pronouncing, "Ah, here is the maid, Deborah is her name, and as I said she is a little slow but we'll get some decent service tonight. Won't we Debbie?"

"Yes, ma'am," Debbie twittered in a high-pitched, nervous voice as she sank down into a bobbed curtsey while holding a tray with three steaming bowls on it. Her anxiety was also obvious in the slight trembles that caused her hands to gently vibrate the tray as she continued to advance towards the table with hesitant steps.

Jack gave her a casual glance as she placed the first bowl in front of Mary. She was a big woman, over six feet tall with a voluptuous body. The low-cut neckline of her black taffeta dress exposed the top half of her big breasts that must have been at least a D cup in size and she had large hips to match. Judging by the size of her waist and the tight restriction of her breasts and hips, she must be wearing a corset and a savagely laced one at that if the slight creaks emanating from her body when she bent over were any indication. Her long black hair was tied back behind her head, exposing large hoop earrings hanging from each ear. He caught a whiff of a floral perfume as she placed a bowl in front of him after serving the others.

"Very good, girl," Mary approved with a twinkle in her eye. "Now bring us some of that nice white wine we talked about earlier."

"Yes, ma'am," the maid replied with a deeper curtsey, holding out the hem of her short dress after tucking the tray under one arm.

Jack couldn't help watching her mince out of the room on her high-heeled black pumps as her mid-thigh hemline and seamed black stockings displayed her shapely legs to the maximum advantage. White streamers fluttered beguilingly from the rear of the pert white cap on top of her raven black tresses and the large bow of her white bib apron bounced provocatively on her tightly-corseted buttocks.

"Would you like to wear a pretty uniform like that, Jane?" Mary laughed as she reacted to his obvious interest in the retreating maid. "Or are you just smitten with my Debbie?"

"Oh, no," Jack stammered. "No, it's just that she is a rather striking lady, so big and...but so obviously new at her job."

"I think you'd make an excellent maid, Jane," Abigail teased him. "Maybe you're just jealous of Debbie getting to flaunt her charms while you can't. Perhaps we should give you a chance to show us what you are capable of doing as a serving girl."

"Thanks, but no thanks," Jack cried as he realized that the situation could spiral further out of his control at any minute. "It's enough of a challenge to have to dress in feminine finery without having to be a competent maid as well."

"A challenge is always a good thing for a sissy," Mary remarked coldly, "particularly if they are getting a bit too big for their panties, if you know what I mean? We, not you, will decide if something is going to happen. "

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied in a chastised tone.

Debbie’s return with the bottle of wine caused Mary and Abigail to turn their attention to her rather than continuing to harass Jack. He was truly thankful for the timely interruption and did everything in his power to avoid further attention. As a result, he didn’t even attempt to study the tall, well-endowed maid as she went about her business. Instead, he covertly watched the two women at the table and imitated their eating habits while listening to their ongoing conversation in case he was asked a question.

An equally delicious main course of roast pork and a variety of garden-fresh vegetables replaced the soup and he continued to avoid any further ridicule only answering any direct questions as briefly as possible. *Quiet and humble seems to be a good tactic*, he thought somewhat smugly as the dinner progressed with the maid smoothly recharging wine glasses and making sure the dinners had everything that they needed.

Desert was an amazing blueberry cheesecake that was light and airy while tasty enough to tantalize the most jaded of taste buds. Jack rued the fact that the portions were so small but maintained a tactful silence as the ladies continued to chat gaily about a large variety of topics while largely ignoring him. A fact that he remained grateful for as the alternative would undoubtedly be much more unpleasant.

“That was well done, Debbie,” Mary announced as she placed her fork on the desert plate. “I’m proud of how you have performed at your first dinner function. Didn’t I tell you that you could do it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Debbie trilled in her high-pitched soprano as she dropped



down into a graceful curtsy with a large smile of relief on her face. *A cute face or at least one with excellently applied make up, albeit a bit heavy, even trashy,* thought Jack. *It almost looks familiar but I can't place where I would have seen her before and I doubt I would forget such a big woman, especially with all those curves in the right place.*

"We'll take our coffee and after-dinner drinks in the living room, girl. Carry on with your chores," Mary commanded as she dropped her napkin on the table and indicated that Abigail and Jack should do the same.

Both of them rose and left the room with her as Debbie dropped another obsequious curtsy to the departing group before scuttling off to the kitchen to prepare their coffee tray.

"That was a stupendous dinner, Mary," Abigail stated as they took their seats in the luxurious living room. "I can see why you speak so highly of your chef. And your maid did a commendable job as well once she got over her initial nervousness."

"Yes, I was pleased with her," Mary replied with satisfaction. "It's as I told you before, Abigail. Good training always works in the end, no matter how inferior the material that you are working with. Look at Jane here. She makes quite a comely wench for a mere man and it has only been a few days of training that has created this effect. You must be quite proud of your accomplishment in such a short time."

Jack blushed with embarrassment as Abigail and Mary discussed him as if he wasn't even there. Only the fact that any form of protest would make things even worse kept him from saying something. Or at least that's what he told himself as he sat mutely with his legs crossed demurely as he had been taught.

Debbie's arrival with the coffee tray allowed him to convince himself that he would surely have made some form of objection if he had been humiliated for much longer. Luckily for his two tormentors, he would never say anything demeaning to them in front of the staff. He was better than that.

Jack couldn't help seeing down the front of Debbie's dress as she bent low to offer him a cup of coffee from the tray. The white lace edging her low-cut neckline seemed to highlight the deep cleavage and the enchanting tops of the enormous mounds of her milky white breasts. He swore that he could see the outline of her large red nipples nestling in her corset cups as he tried to pour some cream into his coffee without spilling any while his eyes were busy devouring her half-hidden charms.

Debbie placed the tray on a nearby coffee table, bending over so far that Jack could see the dark band at the tops of her stockings, the lacy hem of her white slip and the garter clips holding her nylons tautly in place. If he didn't know any better, he would have thought that she was flirting with him. His imprisoned penis strained impotently against its stainless steel prison as she flaunted her body in front of his bulging eyes.

Straightening from her provocative pose, Debbie turned to Mary who had been chatting quietly with Abigail throughout her teasing display and asked meekly, “Will there be anything else, ma’am?”

“No, wench,” Mary replied with an airy wave of her hand. “Get back to cleaning up and I will ring the bell if we require anything else.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Debbie acquiesced as she dropped down into yet another curtsey before departing the room leaving the two women to carry on their discussion and Jack to ponder the injustice of not being able to have his way with such a provocative piece of fluff. *A bit tall for me*, he thought but very, very sexy. What I wouldn’t do to still be in the game instead of being completely controlled by my wife and boss and confined to women’s clothing.

“Jane, you silly girl, haven’t you heard a thing that I’ve said,” Abigail said loudly as she snapped her fingers to get Jack’s attention.

“Um, no sorry Abigail,” Jack answered as he frantically tried to bring his attention back to the situation at hand.

“See, I told you that she needs some more advanced training,” Mary cut in. “Why don’t you take her to bed tonight and let me have her in the morning? I guarantee that young missy here will be much more attentive and willing to keep you happy after I’ve finished with her. You really are too soft-hearted and kind, my dear.”

“It would appear that you are right,” Abigail agreed with a cold look at the by now cringing figure of her feminized husband. “It’s obvious that this sissy is much too preoccupied with her own ideas and concerns.”

“It will certainly be for the best in the long run, I assure you,” Mary stated emphatically. “What might appear cruel and heartless now will definitely pay dividends in your future relationship with Jane.”

“Sounds good to me,” Abigail announced. “Come along Jane, we will have a quiet night and then you will be at Mary’s disposal for the rest of the weekend. And you had better do well or there will be hell to pay. Good night, Mary, see you in the morning.”

Jack trembled as he rose as gracefully as he could from the low armchair and numbly followed his wife back to their bedroom. What had he got himself into? There was no doubt in his mind that the weekend had just taken a definite turn for the worse.

Abigail supervised their evening toilette to make sure that Jack carried out all the feminine rituals appropriately. Once he had completed these tasks to her satisfaction and neatly hung up his clothes she ordered him to put on a long, red silk nightgown and to attend to her needs before they retired for the night.

Jack was left with no doubt about what she desired as she wantonly spread her legs as she lay on the bed and pointed to her crotch. “Get in there, girl and make me happy. No whining or I’ll make sure that your training this weekend will be particularly severe!”

Still anxious about what could happen to him under Mary's strict tutelage for the next two days, Jack was quick to respond and soon had her moaning appreciatively as he set to work with his increasingly skilful tongue. In less than half an hour, they were both exhausted and sleep came quickly even for Jack who couldn't stop wondering about what the morning would bring.

Chapter 12

The morning for both Jack and Abigail started slowly, even luxuriously as there was no loud alarm clock buzzer to blast them out of a good night's sleep. Instead they gradually woke to the diffuse light of the morning sun filtering through the heavy drapes over their bedroom window and the faint sounds of birds chirping and singing in the house's gardens.

Stretching quietly and enjoying the moment of relaxation afforded to him by this unaccustomed treat, Jack couldn't help wondering if Mary had forgotten that he was supposed to undergo some form of training for the rest of the weekend. Maybe it was just an idle threat last night, he speculated hopefully even as he knew that such a possibility was extremely unlikely.

His quiet ruminations were interrupted by a knock at the door and Abigail, who had just started to stir in spite of his best efforts not to disturb her, calling out in a cheerful voice to come right on in.

Debbie entered, carrying a tray covered in dishes from which delicious smells emanated letting both Jack and Abigail know that they were going to be served breakfast in bed. The maid gave them a tentative smile as she approached with the heavily laden tray after pausing to bob an abbreviated curtsy and to wish them a good morning in her high-pitched, almost little girl, voice.

This morning she was wearing a knee-length, utilitarian gray cotton uniform with white cuffs at the wrists and matching lace at the plunging neckline of her bodice. A white bib apron, small white cap in her hair and black stockings and high-heeled pumps completed what Jack could see of her outfit. He wondered briefly if she was still wearing a corset underneath her outer attire and if all her uniforms were designed to expose a considerable amount of her impressive breasts. It seemed almost incongruous to have such a revealing neckline on what would otherwise be a practical, almost sexless dress.

"You're a sight for sore eyes, Debbie," Abigail announced with a sigh of pleasure. "Put that tray over Jane's lap while I organize my pillows. That's it. Thank you."

Unencumbered by the tray, Debbie gave a deeper curtsy and piped up in her squeaky voice, "Very well, madam. Enjoy your breakfast. Mistress Mary sends her regards and asks that you ring the bell when you want the tray picked up and Jane is ready to come with me for her day's training."

“Certainly, wench. Now you run along and I’ll do my part,” Abigail announced pertly.

Debbie gave a submissive smile, curtsied and hurriedly left the room as if afraid that Abigail was going to punish her for having spoken.

“Eat up, Jane,” Abigail commanded. “The condemned prisoner is entitled to at least one last meal.”

His stomach in a turmoil at the thought of what was going to happen to him once breakfast was done, Jack found he had little appetite for anything. Sipping on some orange juice and coffee, he found it hard to force down anything more substantial than a piece of toast.

Unhindered by any such inhibitions, Abigail wolfed down the eggs benedict and any other bits of food that she could find on the tray including those that Jack was leaving. Unlike her husband, she was really looking forward to what would happen today. It would be very interesting indeed.

Patting her mouth with the cloth napkin provided on the tray, she gave a small, ladylike burp and sighed contentedly. “That was just fantastic. Too bad you weren’t feeling more like eating, Jane. Oh well, time for you to get your lazy butt out of bed and have a nice soak in the bathtub. Make sure you put in the bath salts that you find in there and while you are at it make sure that you shave everywhere. I want you nice and smooth with no unsightly hair showing at all.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack sighed as he climbed reluctantly out of the bed and headed for the adjoining bathroom. He had the feeling it was going to be a long day.

Stripping off his red nightie he took the time to shave his face as closely as possible while waiting for the tub to fill with hot water. Adding the provided bath salts, he wrinkled his nose at the strong floral scent that burst forth from them once they hit the water.

Damn I’m going to smell like a flower garden, he thought as he dipped his toe tentatively into the water. *Hmm, hot but bearable so I might as well get on with this charade. Having a soak might be the last pleasant thing that happens to me for the next few days. I’ll shave my legs and then just relax.*

“Jane, you lazy girl, get out of that tub,” Abigail called sharply from the bedroom. “You’ve been in there for over half an hour. It’s time to get on with your day.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack replied as he forced himself out of a heat induced stupor. Lying in the tub had really been an enjoyable experience and he had almost forgotten the potential misery lying ahead.

Minutes later, he presented himself to Abigail after hurriedly drying himself, applying a floral scented powder and using a perfumed deodorant. A routine that had been drummed into him by his wife whenever he dressed totally as his female persona.

Abigail giggled at the sight of her husband's hairless body with his genitals tucked away between his legs by the stainless steel emasculator. He was just so adorable and cute while he was so completely under her power.

"All right, Jane, you have a big day in front of you so let's get you dressed. While you were lazing away the morning in the bathtub I've taken the trouble to lay out some clothes for you on the bed. Get dressed."

"Yes, ma'am," Jack answered meekly as he wondered if the outfit she had chosen for him would provide any clues to what his day was going to entail.

Abigail flipped a pair of white satin panties at him and said, "Put these on first, girlie!"

Jack retrieved the full cut panties and slowly slid them up his smooth legs. They were lavishly covered with lace but otherwise were not really any different than any of the pairs he had been wearing over the last four or five days.

His heart sank as Abigail stood up with a gleaming white corset similar to the one he had been laced into on the first night of forced transvestitism. Sighing, he held out his arms so that she could slide the devilish contraption's shoulder straps into place and start pulling on its stout strings in an effort to compress his torso into the desired hourglass shape.

As she hauled lustily away, his breathing began to adjust to a shallower rhythm in synchronization with the edges of the torturous garment slowly coming together. As before, he felt light headed by the time she swatted his bulging rear and stated, "All done, wench. Put your breast forms into the cups and get your stockings on."

Jack grunted with the effort of bending over and picking up a pair of seamed black stockings before carefully sitting on the bed and pulling them gently up his hairless legs and securing them to the six garter straps hanging from his corset's hem. Donning nylons had become almost routine over the last few days so he had little difficulty in carrying out this task although he found that the need to keep the seams straight made it a bit more of a challenge.

"Now the black pumps, Jane. They have nice three-inch heels so you should find that they enhance the shape of your legs without being too uncomfortable."

That's a matter of opinion, Jack thought as he slipped the shoes on his feet and stood up. *At least I have a bit more experience in wearing high heels now.*

"Now your slip, girl."

Jack accepted the white satin slip with a lacy bodice and hem from Abigail's outstretched hand. Holding up his arms, he let it slid smoothly down his corseted body enjoying the sensual whisper it made as it fell into place on his upper thighs. Abigail couldn't resist coming up behind him and caressing it gently until satisfied that it fitted his curves as it should.

"Very nice," she purred as her hands ran over his lingerie-covered body. "Now go over to the vanity and put on the makeup that I've put out for you."

Jack muttered acquiescence to her demand and swayed delicately over to the vanity as he thought about how he would best apply his makeup. His lessons had given him at least a limited proficiency in the art but he knew that he had not yet gained even a modicum of the ability that Abigail demonstrated in bringing out the feminine aspects of his face. *Better stick to the same things that she used yesterday evening at the office before we came here*, he concluded as he sat down on the vanity's stool.

Picking up the concealer and foundation he did his best to recreate the smooth look that would allow the other cosmetics to bring out his eyes, cheekbones and lips. *Not bad*, he thought as he switched to the black liner, dark blue eye shadow and black mascara to bring out his eyes. *Now for the rose blush for the cheeks, that should do it and I'll make my lips look larger and plumper with this dark red liner and lipstick. Still looking good so I'll finish off with this clear gloss to give them some sex appeal and I'm finished. Wait a minute, did I just think I'd give my lips some sex appeal?*

Jack's tangled thoughts were brought to an abrupt end as Abigail cut in with a caustic, "A little bit over the top, Jane but I think that you are really starting to get the idea of how to apply your makeup. A few more months of practice and you will be almost as good as me. But enough praise for now. We really have to do something about your nails. They look terrible."

Jack peered at his nails and wondered what was wrong with them. They were neatly trimmed and clean as they always were. If anything they were a bit longer than normal but he hadn't had a chance to cut them with all the excitement of the last few days.

Abigail grabbed a small bottle from the vanity after pulling over a chair and sitting beside Jack. Shaking the bottle vigorously, she unscrewed the top and pulled his right hand over to her. Before he could protest, she was intently applying a coat of bright red nail polish to his thumbnail.

"Now pay attention, Jane," she stated as he watched in stunned silence. "I'll do it this time but in the future, I expect you to do this for yourself. Notice how the color matches your lipstick. Watch how I'm applying the polish to your nails and make sure that you avoid any contact with the polished areas until they are dry, normally a couple of minutes for this brand."

Jack could only stare in resigned horror as she rapidly turned his hands into another statement of femininity with two layers of red polish and a clear topcoat before she released him from this latest act of emasculation. For some reason, he felt this latest assault against his masculinity even more acutely than having to wear panties. *Maybe it's something to do with my hands being constantly on display*, he thought despondently.

"Keep your hands still while I get your nice blonde wig in place," Jane ordered as she fussed with his hairpiece. "There, that looks much better. Stay where you are while I get your jewelry sorted out and by that time your nail polish should be dry."

Opening a small jewelry case, Abigail quickly selected a few pieces for Jack to wear. Walking back to him, she said, "You can wear the silver hoop earrings from last night as well as the wristwatch and chain bracelet but I think we'll exchange the pendant necklace for this silver choker. It will look nice with your new outfit."

With his wife's help, Jack was soon wearing the jewelry that she had selected for him while he was preoccupied with the thought that he still didn't know what kind of dress he was going to be wearing. *Something about knee-length by the looks of the slip*, he thought, *but there are so many different outfits that I unpacked last night that I don't have any idea which one Abigail has in mind.*

"There, you are all finished," his wife stated with a smug look on her face as she rang the bell for Debbie to return to the room.

Jack stared at her with consternation etched into his face, "But I don't have a dress on! I can't walk around in my lingerie."

"Don't take that tone of voice with me, hussy," Abigail hissed. "I'm well aware that you don't have a dress on but if you're told to walk around in your lingerie you will do it. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack replied abjectly before adding in a hurt tone, "but do I have to go around like that in front of Mary and the household staff?"

Abigail grinned at his submissiveness and then relented enough to say, "Don't worry, girlie, you aren't going too far dressed as you are. Debbie will be providing you with your outfit."

"Thank goodness," Jack exclaimed as a discrete knock on the bedroom door interrupted their conversation.

"Come in," Abigail called before turning back to Jack and saying sternly, "you make sure you behave yourself, Jane. I don't want to receive any reports about you falling short or failing to do anything required of you. If you do, I will make your life a living hell. Is that quite clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack replied in a quiet voice. He still wasn't used to this forceful side of his wife's new persona and found it very disturbing that not only could she take this approach with him but she could actually follow through on her threats.

"That's my girl, now go with Debbie and make sure that I'm happy with your performance."

Jack fell into an involuntary curtsy and answered, "Yes, ma'am."

Debbie also curtsied to Abigail and gave Jack a kind smile before saying, "Follow me, Jane. It's only a short distance to my room and I'll give you a dress there. No one else will see you before then."

Jack quickly left the room with her appreciating the fact that she had taken a few seconds to try and put his mind at rest. He was still extremely uncomfortable with the idea of walking around clad only in lingerie and a slip but it wouldn't be too bad if he could escape detection by anybody else other than Abigail and Debbie. He could just imagine the caustic comments that Mary would direct his way if

she saw him like this and the very thought of being seen by the remainder of the household staff was unthinkable as he hadn't even met them yet.

Debbie hustled him down the hallway and used a back stairway that Jack had never seen before to gain access to what were obviously the servant's quarters on the ground floor. There were at least two bedrooms with a bathroom between them in the short corridor Debbie entered as she exited the stairs. Opening one of the bedroom doors, she indicated that Jack should enter which he did as quickly as possible giving a sigh of relief as the door closed behind them.

"Here we are, welcome to my humble abode, Jane," Debbie announced as she indicated the dress lying on the bed. "Mistress Mary ordered this specifically for you as none of mine would ever fit you."

Jack's euphoria at having arrived unseen in Debbie's room evaporated as he took a look at the dress. "But that's a maid's dress, one just like you're wearing!"

"Well, not exactly like mine," Debbie demurred. "The neckline isn't quite so low-cut but other than that, yes it is the same. But what do you expect? After all, you will be used as a maid for the next few days."

Jack's heart plunged as he heard her pronouncement. *Of course, you idiot, what were you expecting?* he thought. *This is Mary we are dealing with and making me into a female servant in her household would be something she would take great delight in. Damn it, what if Don sees me in this getup? It was bad enough that I was going to have to prance around him dressed as a woman but as a maid?*

Knowing that any argument would be useless, if not paramount to suicide, Jack heaved a sad sigh of hopelessness and picked up the gray cotton dress, stepped into it and allowed Debbie to pull up its back zipper after his arms were in the sleeves. Once it was in place, he reached up under his skirts and pulled his slip down so that it fit properly and then fussed his dress skirts back into place. Debbie, with a wide smile on her face, then helped him with the bib apron and the perky white maid's cap.

"There you are then," she enthused as she stood back to take a critical look at him. "You look every inch the professional maid. Take a look in the mirror over there."

Jack sullenly did so while having to admit that he did indeed appear to be a fine replica of Debbie other than the fact that his boobs weren't hanging half out of his uniform. *Thanks for small mercies,* he thought cynically. *She must really be a slut to allow Mary to dress her in such a revealing outfit. Don must get a charge out of it though. I wonder where the heck he is anyway. Not that I want him seeing me dressed like this!*

"Time to stop admiring yourself in the mirror," Debbie laughed. "I have to take you to see Mistress Mary now and it doesn't pay to keep her waiting."

Jack gave a small groan of disapproval at the thought of having to face the dragon lady while dressed as a mere maid. There was no doubt that she would gloat unmercifully at the sight of him.

In spite of his internal apprehension, he was quick to follow Debbie to the living room where Mary was waiting regally to receive the latest addition to her household staff. *I'm really going to enjoy watching him squirm for the next two days*, she thought as the two maids entered the room. *Let's see how macho he will be once I've finished with him.*

Following Debbie's lead, Jack dropped into a low curtsey before the seated mistress of the household. He knew that any signs of resistance on his part would only lead to more misery and embarrassment. *Thank goodness Abigail isn't here as well*, he consoled himself as he rose from this most feminine gesture of subordination. *It will be bad enough having to put up with Mary's smug comments.*

"Turn around, Jane. That's a good girl. Yes, you look quite presentable, for a maid," Mary giggled. "Maybe this would be a better position in life for you than being a sales manager. Don't think it can't be arranged either, missy. I expect you to be on your best behavior for the weekend. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jack replied weakly as he tried to digest the thought that Mary would even entertain the thought of making him her maid permanently. The very idea made him weak in the knees and turned his brain to an uncomprehending mush.

"Curtsey when you are spoken to by your betters, Jane," Mary snapped as she watched him cower at the very sound of her voice. It was obvious that her comment about being reduced to one of her maids on an ongoing basis had rattled him badly.

"Yes, ma'am," Jack whimpered as he dropped into a hurried curtsey.

"Has Jane been behaving herself, Debbie? I expect an honest appraisal from you," Mary commanded.

"She has been very good, ma'am," replied a curtseying Debbie.

"Well, make sure she continues to do as she is told. I expect you to teach her everything she needs to know. If there are any problems, I will hold you accountable."

"Yes, ma'am," Debbie acquiesced while curtseying one more time. "You can count on me."

As she straightened up, Jack saw the quick flash of fear that flitted across her face and wondered again what sort of hold Mary had over her. It was obvious that Debbie was terrified of the mistress of the household and would be of absolutely no help to him in his upcoming tribulations.

"I'm sure that I can," Mary stated with a hard smile on her face. "You know the consequences if you don't keep me happy. Run along with your little playmate and put her to work."

"Yes, ma'am," Debbie responded with another submissive curtsey while discretely indicating to Jack that he should do the same and both of them should leave as quickly as possible.

“We have to get upstairs and sort out the bedrooms and then we have to go down and help chef. His name is Carl — you might want to call him sir — prepare the lunch. I’m well behind this morning but you can assist me in making up for lost time,” Debbie rattled off in a trembling voice as they hurried along the backstairs to the second story. Her demeanor and quavering voice making it clear that she was still suffering a great deal of anxiety due to Mary’s departing remarks.

She must really need this job, Jack thought as he scurried along in his heels in an attempt to keep up with the bigger woman. I still think that she looks vaguely familiar but really can’t place her. I wonder if I should ask her about Don. Maybe he is away at a clinic or something so I won’t have to worry about running into him. I sure hope so.

Before he could ask Debbie about his old boss and friend, she had him engaged in a whirlwind of activity in making the beds and cleaning up the rooms and their adjoining bathrooms that Mary and both he and Abigail had slept in the night before. He was more than happy to see that by the time they had finished Mary’s room that there was no sign of his wife in the guest bedroom. Having to run around following Debbie’s orders in carrying out his maid’s duties would have been doubly embarrassing if he had to do so under the smug gaze of Abigail.

“I think that’s it, Jane,” Debbie finally announced, “but look at the time! We have to get down to the kitchen now or Carl is going to be really upset and I can assure you that we don’t want that to happen. Come on, let’s get moving.”

Jack would have preferred to take a few minutes break as he found running around making beds, picking up clothes and scrubbing down bathrooms to be physically demanding particularly when suffering the effects of a tight corset and wearing high heels. However he didn’t have the chance to even voice his opinion before Debbie was rushing off downstairs like a woman possessed. Not wanting to be left behind, he scurried to keep up to her near frantic pace.

In less than a minute they were entering the gleaming perfection of the large kitchen where a large, rotund man dressed in the spotless white uniform of a chef was starting to prepare lunch. He stopped what he was doing as they entered and growled with a frown, “About time you got here, slut. We have work to do.”

Debbie dropped down into an obsequiously deep curtsy and sniveled, “Sorry about that, sir. I had to show our new maid, Jane her duties.”

“Bah, don’t bother me with excuses, bitch. You know that I require you in the kitchen at a certain time to help prepare the meals. I’ll sort you out later but for now get to work and put that useless wench you have with you to work as well. I don’t have time for pleasantries.”

Jack saw Debbie blanch as Carl threatened to deal with her later but to her credit she quickly organized herself and Jack in assisting the chef prepare the luncheon meal. Much to his chagrin, he found himself rapidly assigned to cleaning up the numerous pots and pans that were used in this endeavor. From the amused looks that Debbie gave him as he scrubbed away at the sink, it was obvious that this was a chore that she normally carried out.

Carl's brusque attitude and obvious disdain for Debbie caused Jack to feel extremely nervous in the man's presence. In spite of his anxiety, he couldn't help taking quick, discrete glances at the chef as he bustled about importantly in his domain. *He certainly is large, he thought. Even taller than Debbie and he looks powerful too. He's going to fat but there are still a lot of muscles under that white tunic. Dark hair cut short and a large mustache give him a bit of character in an otherwise nondescript but not unattractive face. I wonder why he is being so hard on Debbie. Maybe he doesn't like women. I'll have to do my best to stay out of his way.*

Jack's deliberations were suddenly violently interrupted by a bellow from Carl, "Hey, stupid bimbo. Yes, you! What's the problem, do you have a hearing problem or are you just a stupid girl like Debbie? I said do a better job on those pots or I'll give you a good smack around your ditsy head. Got it?"

"Y...yes, sir," Jack stuttered as he bobbed down into a short curtsey while keeping his pink gloved hands immersed in the sink. He now knew why Debbie was so frightened of this ogre. *Why does she stay here to work when he treats her like a dimwit and Mary is so hard on her? Poor girl, she must have her reasons but I can't think of what they might be.*

"All right, Jane," Debbie announced. "You keep up the good work at the sink and I'll go and serve the first lunch course. Unless you want to do it, of course, as there are six other guests for the meal besides Mistress Mary and Ms. Abigail.

"Oh no, that's fine, Debbie," Jack bleated as he thought of having to flit about as a maid under the amused gaze of his wife and female boss. *I'd rather stay here and wash dishes, thanks very much, he thought. Even if I have to put up with Ivan the Terrible disguised as a chef. At least he is so busy that he won't have time to bother me.*

Jack's prognosis proved to be correct as Carl paid no further attention to him except to send a disapproving glare his way if he didn't keep up with the never-ending stream of dirty pots and pans. Debbie rushed back and forth with the various courses and took the brunt of the chef's verbal abuse if even the slightest thing went wrong.

It was almost three o'clock before the luncheon was over and the guests had departed. By that time Jack felt as if he had been run over by a herd of wild horses. The strain of doing demanding physical work over a hot steaming sink coupled with the mental stress of avoiding the attention of the abusive Carl was really starting to take its toll.

Finally Debbie returned with the last of the dirty plates from the dining room and told Jack that he was to report to the living room to see Mary and Abigail once the kitchen cleanup was finished.

"They said not to rush, Jane and hoped that you were enjoying your time as a maid."

"I'll have to remember to thank them for their kind thoughts," Jack muttered as he took a minute to wipe some beads of perspiration from his shiny brow. *This drudgery is about as much fun as being dropped in a shark pool, he thought. I*

don't know why Debbie puts up with it, I really don't. Before I go and present myself to the two dragons I'd better repair my makeup. It must be a complete disaster after these last few hours of sweatshop labor.

Jack was just finishing drying the last of the pots when he heard Debbie let out a little squeal of protest. Looking over in her direction he saw that she had bent over to put some soap in the dishwasher and that Carl had taken the opportunity to slide his hand up her nylon-covered legs and under her skirt. His heart pounding fiercely, he gazed in astonishment when she didn't immediately straighten up and slap the sexist pig for his rude and unwarranted behavior. Instead, she grimaced in disgust and quiet rage but did nothing to stop his obviously unwelcome groping.

Not satisfied with her passive reaction, Carl grabbed her long hair with his left hand and pulled her upright and around to face him. Tears of revulsion and fear ran down her cheeks and she moaned with despair while his right hand snaked out and slid her left breast out from its corset cup and over the lacy low cut neckline of her dress. Fondling its plump fullness, he laughed coarsely as she bit her ruby colored lips while keeping her despair filled eyes submissively downcast.

"A very successful meal, Debbie," he sneered as his hand began to tweak and pull on her engorged red nipple. "I'm sure that Mistress Mary won't mind me taking a bit of a reward from the household slut, will she?"

Debbie's only response was to shudder in pain and start to make a pathetic mewling noise as his strong fingers continued to torture her tender nipple. Jack couldn't tear his eyes away from the dreadful sight nor could he summon up the least amount of determination to intervene.

Tiring of his cruel game, Carl spun Debbie around and threw her forward over the sturdy kitchen table. As she sprawled forward, he quickly pinned her into place and pulled the skirts of her dress and slip up into the small of her back fully exposing her panties and the rear of her stocking clad legs. The lacy pink panties were soon down around her knees bringing her well-rounded buttocks framed by the rear garter straps of her corset into full view.

Gasping with lust, Carl held her in place with his left hand while fumbling the zipper of his pants down. His eyes glazed over with a near crazed gleam of anticipation as he pulled his fully erect penis from its hiding place and buried it to the hilt in Debbie's wobbling rear. She sobbed quietly as he entered her with one cruel thrust but did nothing to stop his savage assault.

Jack let out a loud gasp of fear as he watched Carl's rampant member slide into Debbie with such force that she was forced heavily forward onto the table sending several utensils crashing to the floor. He couldn't bring himself to believe that such a violent attack could be so casually carried out in front of an audience.

As if reading his mind, Carl cast a leering stare in his direction and grunted between hard thrusts, "I give Debbie this little treat at least two or three times a day. You'd think that she would have started to enjoy it by now. If you don't want to be next, you'd better clear off now."

Jack didn't hesitate. He scurried out of the kitchen as quickly as he could on his high heels while trying to block out the halfhearted sobs of pain and loud growls of animal lust that followed him down the hall.

Completely flustered and shaking from his inability to stop the rape that Debbie was enduring, he fled back to the room that he and Abigail had slept in the previous night. It was only when he saw his disheveled appearance in the bathroom mirror that he remembered he was supposed to report to his wife and Mary in the living room after repairing his makeup.

Shaking his head to forcibly stop the dreadful images of Debbie being violated on top of the kitchen table from running endlessly through his mind he managed to concentrate on repairing the damage to his makeup. It was obvious that working over a hot, steamy sink was not the best environment to maintain an immaculate appearance he rued while reapplying blush, powder and lipstick.

Once he was satisfied with his appearance, Jack summoned up his courage and crept as quietly as he could down to the living room to report to Abigail and Mary. He dreaded even hearing any further noises that would indicate Carl was still ravishing poor Debbie. The very thought of running into the vicious chef and becoming his next victim almost paralyzed him with fear but the knowledge he couldn't disobey his wife and boss kept him moving warily forward.

I wonder if Mary knows what Carl is doing to her maid, he wondered, mincing toward the living room. She probably does. There is no doubt that she can be a terribly cruel woman at times. I just hope that she doesn't plan to turn him lose on me as part of her weekend of training! I'd better be on my best behavior and give her no reason to add that particular activity to my feminine education.

Stepping into the large living room, Jack swayed his way over to the area where his two female tormentors were seated and dropped into a deep curtsy. Both of the women smiled smugly as they regarded his trembling gesture of obsequious submission.

"I see that some time spent as a lowly maid has been good for your humility, Jane," Mary laughed.

"Yes, indeed, our little sissy is looking most appropriately meek and mild," Abigail chimed in. "It would appear that you were right about showing her to what low levels of degrading existence she could be reduced to instead of living in the lap of luxury with me."

"Of course I was right," Mary chortled. "I told you that I had quite a bit of experience in training sissies in how to behave. After all, Don didn't become Debbie willingly. No, it was an uphill battle to get him to become the perfect maid but now look at him, or should I say, her!"

Jack felt as if the floor was going to give way under him as he heard Mary's comment about Don. She couldn't be telling the truth. This was just another trick to confuse him. There was no way that Don could have been turned into the simpering maid, Debbie!

“I can see by the look on our little girl’s face that she doesn’t believe me when I say that Don has been changed from a macho male chauvinist pig into an obedient maid,” Mary stated with a grin. “A rather stupid reaction when you think about it, don’t you think, Jane? After all, you are standing in front of us dressed as a prissy maid and probably ready to pee in your panties at the thought of having to stay in that role. Isn’t that right, wench?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack whispered weakly as he struggled to come to terms with the thought that his previous boss and mentor had been reduced to an even lower status of sissy than himself. Who would get him out of this untenable predicament now? Don had been his only hope to overthrow the yoke of feminine tyranny that Mary and Abigail had woven about him and now it would appear that he was trapped even more deeply in the same web of silk and lace bonds.

“I can see that you are still not entirely convinced, Jane,” Mary replied dryly. “As I said, it wasn’t easy but as you know from personal experience, there are ways and means of making somebody do anything you want. You just have to be ruthless enough to do what needs doing, no matter what kind of resistance they put up. It’s amazing what drugs, hormones and surgery combined with mental conditioning or brainwashing can achieve over a period of time. What can I say to make you believe me? I know, ask me any question that you want.”

Jack, who was still stunned by the revelation that Don had also been feminized and dominated, tried to control the thoughts that were swirling around his mind at ever accelerating speed. How did Mary expect him to ask her intelligent questions when he was so completely disorientated?

“Come on, hussy,” Mary hissed. “I have made you a generous offer when I don’t have to give you an explanation at all. Now ask me a question or I’ll send you back to the maid’s quarters immediately.”

Jack quaked at the thought of going back to face Debbie now that he had been told she was in reality Don. And the idea of facing Carl was even more hideous.

Seeing the growing look of impatience on both Mary and Abigail’s faces, he finally blurted out the first question he could think of. “What about those big breasts Debbie has, surely they are real?”

“So typical of a sissy, to ask about another ones boobs. Maybe you would like some the same size,” Abigail laughed.

“No ma’am,” Jack replied quickly as a vision of massive breasts thrusting out from his chest ricocheted around in his protesting brain. *Imagine trying to disguise them at work*, he thought with a shudder.

“Shame, you would look good with a fine pair to fill out your uniform without the need of forms,” Mary pronounced. “Behave yourself or we might give you some whether you want them or not.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack answered in a near panic at her threat. It was obvious that she would be ruthless enough to carry it out.

“Enough of this idle chit chat for now,” Mary declared. “I said I would answer your questions and I will. Debbie has an impressive set of tits because of two

things. First, she had a small operation and implants were inserted. Second, the large doses of female hormones she has been subjected to have allowed further development of her twin assets. Her nipples have also grown remarkably due to the hormones as well. Not to mention her hips and butt of course.”

Sensing that she was finished with her explanation, Jack asked another question. One that he hoped would sound a little less inane than his first. “Debbie looks vaguely familiar but I would never have recognized her as Don. What did you do to achieve that?”

“Once again, some cosmetic surgery, and of course extensive electrolysis, was carried out to reshape Don’s face into a much more feminine one. Smaller nose, higher cheekbones, rounded chin, and more open eyes, that type of thing. It certainly makes quite a difference, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, ma’am, but surely Don didn’t do this willingly. How did you get him to cooperate?”

“Well the large doses of female hormones and the testosterone inhibitors certainly played a part over the longer term but initially the sleep deprivation, bondage, muscle relaxants, tranquilizers and subliminal mind conditioning were the main means of ensuring his complete and utter cooperation. Not to mention the stun gun, of course. It’s amazing what a little physical persuasion can achieve on a previously macho pig.”

Jack shuddered at the thought of what despicable acts had been carried out on his previous boss and mentor. There was no doubt that he had been physically and mentally broken by a severe regime of enforced feminization. Anything that had been inflicted on himself paled in comparison.

“Any more questions, Jane,” Mary asked with a smug smile as she saw him struggling to regain his composure.

Before he could think of the consequences, Jack blurted out, “Did you know that your chef, Carl, is physically assaulting Don?”

Mary flashed a feral grin as she eyed him disdainfully. “Of course I know, you stupid bimbo. I know everything that goes on in this house and you would be wise to never forget that.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack answered meekly as he looked at the floor with downcast eyes hoping that this latest storm of vicious anger would quickly pass.

Looking at his submissive posture, Mary allowed a wave of pleasure to wash through her so that she could continue much less aggressively. “I allow Carl to have some fun with Debbie because she is no longer of any use sexually to me and it helps to teach her about the new position she occupies in this household. A far inferior one than being the lord and master, let me assure you. She has become much more pliable and eager to please since Carl began enjoying her sexy new body.”

Abigail interjected, “You mean to tell me that you are allowing your chef to have sex with Debbie? Do you allow her to be intimate with you at all?”

Mary smirked, “With all those female hormones roaring around in her body Debbie certainly can’t get an erection so she isn’t of much use to me other than using her tongue. Something that she has become quite talented in, if the truth be known. As for her pathetic member, it has gotten smaller over the months, so small in fact that she no longer has to wear a stainless steel cock restraint like Jane. Meanwhile, Carl is such a randy beast that he could quite wear me out unless I let him have his way with Debbie whenever the mood takes him. Personally, I couldn’t think of a more fitting punishment for that two timing ex-husband of mine than having the chef service us both so enthusiastically. Don’t you think it’s deliciously just?”

Abigail laughed, “You certainly have a point, Mary. It sounds as if you have the best of both worlds with your present arrangement.”

“Thank you, my dear. Of course if you wanted, I could arrange something similar for Jane. Losing such an efficient worker at the office would be a blow but not an insurmountable one.”

Jack cringed at Mary’s words. The very thought of becoming a full-time maid caused him to be terribly aware of the tightness of his corset, the pinch of his high heels and the silky touch of his nylons and slip. Although he would never admit it to anyone, he had started to enjoy some aspects of being feminized but to be restricted to never wearing anything but female finery would be too much. Particularly if he was to be employed in such a lowly, servile position as a maid while being sexually assaulted on a regular basis by some kind of sex maniac. No, it didn’t bear thinking about!

Much to his horror, Abigail gave him a long appraising look rather than immediately rejecting Mary’s obscene idea outright. A look of amused delight appeared in her twinkling eyes as she observed the look of abject terror on his painted face.

“I don’t know, Mary,” she drawled with wry humor. “She can be a bit of a silly girl at times but Jane is slowly improving and could meet our high standards given a bit more time.”

“I’m not so sure about that,” Mary growled. “I think she needs a lot more incentive to acknowledge her new lot in life. A long stint as a humble maid might be just the thing to make her accept being a proper sissy with the right attitude towards her betters.”

“I appreciate your offer, Mary but I don’t know if we need to go that route right now,” Abigail countered. “I know, I’ll give Jane a little test. Are you ready to answer a simple question, wench?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack trilled quickly. *Anything but being stuck here as a maid*, he thought to himself. *I’ll say yes to anything but that!*

“Very well,” Abigail continued. “I think we should go home and I’ll get a pair of jeans on and you can respond in the appropriate manner. Would you do that willingly or shall we stay here so that you can learn all about being a sissy maid?”

“Oh, ma’am,” Jack gushed as he dropped into a deep curtsy, “let’s go home and I’ll be happy to serve you as I’ve been taught.”

“That’s the right answer, Jane,” Abigail laughed. “Now run along and pack our bags and I’m sure Mary will lend us her car and driver to get home as quickly as possible so that you can put your talented mouth to work.”

Dropping into another curtsey, Jack replied enthusiastically, “Yes, ma’am. Right away, ma’am.”

“Off you go then,” Abigail commanded. “Oh by the way, girlie. Don’t bother taking off that maid’s uniform. Wear it home and I’m sure that we will find a good use for it. If nothing else, we can hang it in your closet as a constant reminder that you will be returned here if you don’t meet my standards in our own home. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jack answered with a curtsey before hurriedly leaving the room before anyone changed their mind about his future employment. As a result, he didn’t see the look of smug satisfaction exchanged between Mary and Abigail.

“I think your little sissy will be very well behaved now, my dear,” Mary laughed. “And if not you can always bring her back here for some remedial training. Let’s ring for a drink while Jane is busy packing. Carl should be finished with Debbie by now so it won’t take long to get one and while we’re waiting I’ll give you some more ideas on how to get the best out of your sissy.”

###