



*Emasculated
by the Maid
(Parts One and Two)*

by Crystal Summers

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by Crystal Summers

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PART ONE

Prologue

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Tanya yanked the cord even tighter. Her ex-husband's hands were now securely tied to the chair behind his back. His nylon-covered ankles were tied to the chair as well. He was stuck. A feeling of immense power came over Tanya and it made her wet. She could literally do anything she wanted to her ex-husband Alex, and he was powerless to stop her.

"We should have done this a long time ago," said Tanya as she ran her fingers down the front of his corset. She looked down at his pink toenails sticking out the fronts of his high-heeled sandals and giggled.

"Please let me go," pleaded Alex.

Tanya let out a cynical laugh. "Let you go? Honey, I'm never letting you go. I own you now and there's no escaping that. And if you don't like it, then all I can say is that maybe you shouldn't have let me catch you playing sissy maid."

"I didn't let you catch me!" he protested. "It wasn't my idea!"

She snickered. "Yeah, right."

"Seriously, please let me go."

"Why would I let you go? The fun is only beginning," she said.

"Please, I'll give you anything!"

Tanya smiled wickedly. "I already have everything."

"I'll undo the property settlement from the divorce!"

Tanya ran her fingers through his hair and shook her head. "You don't get it, do you?" she asked and she waved her up and down his feminized form. "This is all I need to undo it. Everything belongs to me now because you can't stop me from taking it anymore. All you can do now is be a good little sissy maid and hope that I treat you well."

"Please! I really don't want to do this."

Tanya smirked. She ran her hand down to his panties and felt his penis. Sure enough, he was hard as a rock. She slipped her hand inside his panties, wrapped her fingers around his penis, and squeezed it tightly.

"Liar."

Alex blushed. He didn't know what to say. He had lost everything to his estranged wife and she had reduced him to this, a simpering sissy hiding in the closet as she prepare to meet one of his friends and have sex in this very bedroom. He felt utterly humiliated. Worse though, as she kept pointing out, he was hard as a rock, which suggested that this all turned him on. He still couldn't understand that. How had this happened to him? How had he gone from the top of the world to a sissified sex toy for his vengeful wife? Before he could think about that, Tanya interrupted his thoughts by squeezing his balls until they hurt.

"Pay attention, sissy."

"Yes, Ma'am," he hissed through gritted teeth.

"You're stuck, so deal with it."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"James is coming in ten minutes. You're going to stay in here, nice and quiet. If you make a noise, I'll let him open the closet to investigate, and there's no telling what he'll do to you then."

Alex felt a shiver run down his spine.

"When the night is over, if you've been a quiet, obedient little sissy, then I'll untie you and you can go back about your duties. If you've misbehaved, I'll paddle you until you can't sit anymore. Do you understand me?" asked Tanya.

Another shiver ran down Alex's spine as he recalled the prior paddling. His ex-wife certainly hadn't taken it easy on him, and his rear was still sore. He didn't want to experience that again.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said and he hung his head.

She kissed his lips in reply. She then took a blindfold from the shelf and tied it around his head to cover his eyes. "You don't get to watch tonight. Maybe in the future, but not tonight."

Alex shuddered. There was no way he could look his friend James in the eyes again knowing that he was openly sleeping with Tanya in Alex's bed. It wasn't that he felt jealous, he had asked for the divorce after all, but the humiliation of another man openly taking what he thought was Alex's, in his own bedroom, burned him. It emasculated him... as if there was much left of him to emasculate.

Tanya bent down and grabbed one of her open-toed spikes. "Since I don't want you being bored, I'm giving you a challenge," she said. She took the shoe and held it firmly in her right hand and grabbed his penis with her

left. She jammed the head of his hard penis through the open-toe of the shoe and forced the shoe as far up his shaft as she could. His penis didn't fit easily or without pain.

Alex grimaced at the pain.

"Here's the game," continued Tanya. "This shoe will stay on your little toy so long as it stays hard. If you go soft, my shoe will fall off and then fall to the floor. If this shoe isn't on your little toy at the end of the evening, then I'll punish you in the most humiliating way. Do you understand?"

Again, Alex shuddered. This meant he needed to do his best to stay turned on and hard all night. This was the type of game his wife kept playing with him, making him keep himself turned on at the wrong things. This was unfair, but he could do nothing about it. He nodded his head.

Yes, Ma'am."

She patted his cheek. "Good girl."

With that, she closed the closet door and proceeded to get dressed. About twenty minutes later, she left the bedroom to meet her lover... Alex's best friend. They would be back soon and then the real test would begin for Alex.

How had things gotten this bad?

Chapter 1: “Hiring A Maid”

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Several weeks earlier...

Alex Thornton built a small real estate empire. He started young, bought cheap, and, little by little, built an impressive list of holdings. Soon enough, he hired a staff and opened a small management shop to manage what he held and sell the property he felt had peaked. The shop grew until it became one of the bigger shops in town. That was when he married the lovely Tanya Eaton.

Alex met Tanya at a bar one night and she was gorgeous. She had the perfect body with amazing curves and firm breasts. She had the kind of body that stopped men cold when they saw her and could cause instant erections with the toss of her hair or a wiggle of her rear. She was smart too and strong-willed. In fact, she was so strong-willed that, on the surface, she actually seemed like a poor fit for Alex, as both she and Alex had alpha-type personalities. But something drew him to her nevertheless.

Unfortunately, it didn't work.

Their marriage was rocky from the start with both trying to gain the upper hand and make all the decisions. Alex, who was accustomed to being the boss at work and who held the money in their relationship, assumed Tanya would defer to him, but she didn't. Tanya resented being made the passenger in their relationship and she began to rebel in bigger and bigger ways. Soon, they were openly fighting for control. Alex found this exhausting and difficult to deal with and he began to think that maybe he had made a mistake in marrying her. Perhaps, he thought, he needed a divorce.

“Why do you think that?” asked Alex's favorite bar tender.

“We just don't get along. She fights me all the time on everything I want, no matter how minor. It's just a constant struggle,” replied Alex.

“Like how?”

“Like I tell her that I want chicken for dinner and she'll make anything but chicken. Like I tell her not to wear heels at a party because she's so tall and then she wears heels. So I end up feeling like a shrimp the whole night.” Alex swallowed his drink. “I swear she's doing all this just to spite me.”

“You two don’t sound very compatible.”

“We’re not.”

“Then why did you marry her in the first place?”

Alex shrugged his shoulders. The truth was he wasn’t sure. There was something about her which called to him. She seemed exotic. She seemed like a challenge, an adventure, like something to be won and prized. But once they were married, that sense of adventure turned into a grind and what he saw as a challenge lost its allure as it morphed into a daily struggle for control. That’s what he told the bartender, though he didn’t call it a “struggle for control,” he called it a “struggle to get things done.”

The bartender didn’t respond.

“I guess it was a mistake,” added Alex.

The bartender shrugged his shoulders. “Sounds like it.” He refreshed Alex’s drink. “Well, good luck, friend.”

Alex sat there for another hour lost in his thoughts. He saw something in Tanya before they were married that either was never there or that wouldn’t come out so long as they were married. He didn’t know what it was, but he knew she would never be what he wanted, and that kept adding up to one thing: he needed a divorce. There was no other answer. Sure, they had only been married a year, but he’d seen enough; divorce was the only answer.

“Yes. It’s time to end this.”

He swallowed the last of his drink. Then he grabbed his coat and went home. At home, he told Tanya he wanted a divorce. Strangely, she didn’t seem all that upset. Instead, she nodded her head and then calmly went to pack her bags. She was going to spend the next few weeks at her sister’s house in the country.

“I’ll call the lawyer and get the paperwork started,” said Alex.

Tanya nodded her head. “That’s fine,” she replied calmly, but coldly.

Alex watched his wife toss a final pair of shoes into her suitcase and then start toward the door. Apparently, he was expected to carry the suitcase for her. Normally, he never would have accepted a silent order like this from her, but he was happy that she was leaving and wasn’t throwing a fit, so he decided to accept this little indignity without complaint just to keep things running smoothly.

“I’ll be back in a few weeks” said Tanya as she stopped by the hall closet and pulled out an overcoat. “We can get everything settled then.”

Alex nodded his head.

Tanya pulled her coat over her shoulders. “In the meantime, I have some young women coming Thursday to interview for the maid position. I’m sure you can handle that.”

“Of course,” he replied.

“You can hire one or not, that’s up to you,” said Tanya indifferently. She buttoned her coat and marched out the front door to her car. Alex followed her with her suitcase, which he put into the trunk of her car. “If you need me, I’ll be at my sister’s.”

“I know.”

Without another word, she climbed into the car and drove off, leaving Alex standing there alone. He felt completely free. How she felt, he never did ask.

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The next morning, Alex called his attorney and got him working on the divorce papers. Alex made it clear that he wanted his attorney to take every advantage he could to make sure that Alex kept as much as possible. After all, they’d only been married a year... a difficult year at that... and Alex didn’t see Tanya as deserving of anything he had built. His attorney agreed and got to work.

This was a mistake.

Tanya had been prepared to make a fair and amicable divorce. But when Tanya finally saw the settlement Alex and his attorney proposed, she would not be happy. To the contrary, her disappointed acceptance that a divorce was necessary would turn into anger, and then slowly morph into rage, a rage she wanted to take out on Alex.

Unfortunately for Alex, he would make a second mistake as well, and that mistake would give Tanya the chance to have her revenge. That mistake began when Alex hired a new maid.

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“Who knew picking a maid could be so difficult?” asked Alex of himself. In truth, it wasn’t really that difficult; Alex just wasn’t finding what he wanted. Alex hoped to find a woman who was sexy and classy and had a

lively personality. He kind of hoped for a replacement for Tanya, only less combative and more submissive, but none of the applicants fit that bill. Most were either too old or too dull to excite him, or they totally lacked feminine grace, like the woman he had just interviewed.

“Is that it?” she asked and she smacked her gum.

Alex shook his head softly at her lack of manners. “Yes, thank you, I’ll be in touch,” he said.

“When?”

“When I’ve made my decision.”

The young woman picked up her tote and walked out. Her feet slapped against her flip flops as she walked and her rear jiggled in her torn, dirty sweatpants. She never said, “thank you” or “goodbye,” and she certainly didn’t fake any enthusiasm.

Alex rubbed the bridge of his nose as the front door closed. “Well, that’s the last one, and there wasn’t a good one in the bunch.”

There was a knock on the door.

Knock knock!

“Probably forgot her gum,” said Alex cynically and he started for the door.

There was another knock.

Knock knock!

“Hold your horses! I’m coming,” he called out.

Alex reached the door and opened it. On the other side was a beautiful young brunette. Alex looked her up and down. The others had come in jeans or sweatpants, but this woman came in a little black dress. The others wore flip flops or dirty tennis shoes, but this woman wore high heels; Alex liked high heels – at least on short women. The others looked and acted bored or tired. This woman seemed perky. All of this made him smile.

“Is it too late to interview?” asked the perky young lady.

“No, not at all,” he said. “Come on in.”

June stepped into the large house. Her heels echoed off the hardwood floors as Alex led her to the living room, where he had conducted all the interviews. The house was a good deal larger than she expected and very nicely decorated.

“I’m glad I’m not too late. You have a lovely house,” said June.

“Thank you. I fell in love with it the moment I saw it.”

“I can imagine.”

“I’m June, by the way.”

“I’m Alex,” said Alex and he shook her outstretched hand. It was warm and soft.

They stopped in the living room and Alex offered her a chair. She sat down and crossed her legs, letting her slingback dangle from her toes. She had amazing legs. She set her purse next to her chair and folded her hands in her lap. Alex immediately noticed her perfectly manicured nails, which were painted in the same red as her toenails. She then used one hand to gently sweep her gorgeous hair back over her shoulder before returning it to her lap. Everything about this woman was incredible, from her grace to her sense of style to her curvy body to her beautiful face and her firm breasts.

“Wow!” thought Alex. “This woman is stunning.”

“So how do we begin?” asked June.

“Well, I’ve been having the applicants tell me a little about themselves and then explain their experience.”

June had no experience as a professional maid and wasn’t sure there was much else to tell. Her work history was mainly retail and she really didn’t want to be a maid, but right now she needed money and she figured this was an easy way to make it. Still, she knew not to tell a potential employer that. So she smiled and she said, “Why don’t *you* tell me what you’re looking for?”

Alex felt a strange sensation of warmth pass over him. He couldn’t explain it, but there was something refreshing about a woman who took the initiative and wanted to do things a little differently. All the others had simply told him what he asked for and then left. This young woman was the first to actually, for lack of a better description, challenge his interview skills. He liked that, though he wasn’t sure what he liked about it exactly. He didn’t normally like it when Tanya did it, but somehow it felt different coming from this woman.

He smiled. “Ok, well, I’m looking for a maid who can come clean and help me keep everything organized. I’m thinking three days a week—”

“Three?! For this house?” asked June.

“Not enough?”

She shook her head, which made her dangly earrings jingle. “No, you’re going to need someone for more than three days. I’d say at least five... maybe six.” In truth, June had no idea what she was talking about, but she figured it would be best to sound like she did. She wanted to set herself

apart from the others. Besides, more days meant more money.

Alex smiled. The confidence with which June answered his questions gave him a great deal of trust in her abilities. “Ok, I’m looking for someone to come five days a week, maybe six. I want someone respectful, competent and friendly. After all, if I’m going to spend a lot of time with them in my house, then they should be someone whose company I enjoy, don’t you agree?”

“Absolutely. What about duties?”

“The usual: cleaning, organizing, and some cooking.”

“And what is the dress code?” asked June.

“Dress code?” he asked.

June snickered. It was clear that Alex didn’t know anything about real maids. That gave her the advantage and she intended to exploit it fully. In fact, a plan was already forming in her mind. “Yes, a dress code. I’m sure the other women mentioned it,” said June.

Alex ran his tongue over his teeth. “Uh well, no, they didn’t.”

June raised her eyebrow in an exaggerated manner. “Really?” she asked in an incredulous tone. “I’m shocked.”

“What, uh, what kind of dress code are you talking about?”

June smiled. “Every maid needs a uniform. That’s simply how it’s done. I’m really surprised these other women never mentioned it or asked about it. I wonder how much experience they really have?” she asked rhetorically. She almost snickered at this. She had no idea if maids had a dress code or not, but now that it was clear that Alex didn’t know if they did or did not, and it was clear that the other women had not told him so, she could push this point to make herself stand out even further. After all, she didn’t mind a little dress up game if it meant she got the job.

Uncertainty appeared on Alex’s face.

June pressed her advantage. “I would hate to think those other women were trying to take advantage of you,” she added quietly.

Alex bit his lip. It didn’t seem like the prior women were trying to take advantage of him, but now that she mentioned it, a uniform did seem customary, or at least, he always saw maids in films wearing uniforms. “Tell me more,” he said.

“About what?”

“About the uniforms... about maids.”

June smiled. “Are you offering me the job?”

Alex felt momentarily stunned. That wasn't what he meant, but it was clearly how she had taken it and he didn't want to disappoint her by taking away what she thought he had offered. Should he offer her the job, he wondered. "She's certainly qualified," he told himself. "And she knows what she's talking about." On the other hand, was he really ready to commit? He didn't know. Then he glanced down at her legs and her high heels, which really turned him on. He let his eyes travel up along her gorgeous figure to her firm breasts, where they lingered for a moment, and finally up to her expectant face again. "I wouldn't mind seeing her fluttering around my house... no sir, not at all."

June saw the lust in his eyes. She knew she had him hooked. It was time to reel him in, so she ran her fingers through her hair, knocking her earring in the process, which made it jingle, and she shook her leg slowly back and forth, letting her shoe dangle. She pushed her breasts forward ever so slightly. "So is that a yes?"

"Perhaps," said Alex. He grew hard.

June gave her lips a little pout. "Only perhaps?" she asked and she gently brushed her breast with her hand. She watched his eyes follow her fingers. A moment later, she returned her hand to her lap, bringing his eyes downward, and she chose that moment to re-cross her legs and popped her other slingback off her foot. She let it dangle as she slowly swung her leg back and forth. Sure enough, his eyes followed her motions down her body from her hair to her feet. Meanwhile, his erection kept growing until appeared in his lap beneath his pants.

"Gotcha!" June said to herself.

Alex swallowed hard. His mouth was dry. "Uh, let's talk about the uniform first, before I make a final decision. Tell me what the uniform looks like. I mean, what uh, what kind of uniform would you, uh, wear." He smiled, somewhat nervously and crossed his legs to hide his erection.

"The traditional uniform."

"And, uh, what does that entail?"

June giggled. He obviously was turned on by the idea. It was time to lay it on thick. "I'm sure you've seen one," she said and she leaned forward and touched his forearm.

Alex melted beneath her touch.

"It's a short black dress with nylons and a white apron. Sometimes, other colors are substituted." June had no idea what real maids wore, so she

described the French maid uniform hanging in her closet at home; it was a Halloween costume.

Sweat appeared on Alex's lip. Clearly, the topic excited him. He took another glance at her legs and her feet; the shoe still dangled there. "What about heels?" he asked and he immediately felt ashamed of having asked the question. Shoes excited him and it always scared him to discuss them, lest someone realize his interest. Still, he figured he was safe asking right now because they were talking about the uniform in general. There was no way June would know that heels excited him, right? That's what he told himself at least, but of course, she already knew... she could see it in his eyes and his erection confirmed it.

"What about the heels?" she asked.

"Can you describe them? Are they high or low heels?" he asked. He felt a shiver run down his spine.

June smiled. "Low heels mostly, but not always," she said. She wanted to draw him out further to be sure.

"So sometimes it's high heels?" he asked nervously.

"You've definitely got a serious shoe fetish, don't you Alex?!" she asked herself with a laugh. "Well, I know one way to control you now... though I don't think controlling you is going to be a problem, not the way you're drooling all over me. No, controlling you will be a piece of cake and that's going to make this an easy, easy job!"

She smiled politely. "Sorry? I didn't hear you," she said to him.

He licked his lips. "What uh, what about high heels?"

"High heels?" she asked and she visibly raised her brow.

Alex trembled slightly. "Yes, uh, do maids wear high heels as well?"

June's smile grew. She twisted her foot around in a large circle and popped her shoe on and off her foot twice. The whole time, she watched his eyes struggle to stay focused on her face, even as he could see that what he wanted to look at was occurring just outside his field of vision. She decided to play with him, to make this difficult. "Few maids wear high heels, Alex. Do you know why?"

"Um, no."

"Have you ever worn high heels, Alex?"

Alex blushed. "No!" he exclaimed a little too firmly. To be fair, he hadn't ever worn heels, so that wasn't why he responded so defensively. They just turned him on and this conversation felt a little too risky to him.

He felt exposed, which oddly excited him as much as it scared him.

June folded her hands in her lap and shook her slingback vigorously. “Well, Alex, the problem with high heels is that they are *very* uncomfortable. And wearing them all day as you walk around and do the things maids are required to do is rarely practical.”

Alex’s smile faded. He took this as a “no.” He bit his lip. “I see.”

June saw his reaction and knew she needed to give him a little more encouragement to continue. “Some women do wear them, however,” she said, “even some maids.”

His face lit up despite his best efforts to maintain his poker face.

“Not many, mind you,” she added, “but some.”

“And uh... do you wear high heels?” he asked nervously.

“I’m wearing them now, aren’t I?”

He looked down at her feet. His penis grew harder. “I uh, I mean would you wear them if I hired you to work as my maid?”

“You mean as a condition of the job? I don’t think anyone’s ever asked me that before.”

Alex’s face burned red. He was well past the point where he felt comfortable discussing this and her comment about him being the only one to ask about heels made him feel even more exposed. But, on the other hand, he loved the idea of hiring this woman who would walk around his home five days a week, wearing high heels. He decided to risk continuing: “I just... well, I think they look better.”

“So you like the look?” she asked slyly.

His face burned even redder and he began to feel lightheaded. “Um, well, yes.”

June smiled and she waited several seconds before answering. During that period, she wiggled her toes, causing her slingback to shake. Then she raised her other foot, balancing it on the heel of the shoe before slapped it down against the floor: **SLAP!** A knowing smile built very slowly on her face. Finally, she spoke.

“Very well, Alex. If you like, I’ll wear high heels for you,” she said softly.

Alex felt a surge of humiliation at the suggestion that she would wear heels *for him*. At the same time though, he felt himself melt and he felt cum squirting into his boxers. He wanted this woman. He needed this woman. Having her wandering his house in her high heels, with her seductive manner

would be an amazing experience for him.
“When can you start?” he asked.

Chapter 2: “June’s Plan To Turn The Tables”

—o—

The following morning was June’s first day at work. It went perfectly, at least as far as Alex was concerned. June showed up in a sexy French maid costume and five-inch heels, just as he’d envisioned. She looked hot, and he was hard the moment she walked through the door. He stayed hard until she left. In fact, he was so turned on by her that more than once throughout the day, he needed to excuse himself to masturbate. This made him really happy as he hadn’t felt this turned on since he first started dating Tanya. Getting rid of Tanya and replacing her with this maid had been the best thing he’d ever done.

From June’s perspective, however, the day didn’t go that well. She knew it would be uncomfortable spending the day in that demeaning costume and the five-inch heels, but she didn’t realize how uncomfortable until she actually found herself cleaning Alex’s house. In fact, when she envisioned how this day was supposed to go, she assumed that he would be so smitten with her that he would ask her to sit down so they could spend the day chatting. She didn’t really believe he would expect her to clean.

“Don’t you want me to clean?” she imagined asking.

He would then shyly shake his head in response and continue sneaking peeks at her feet.

“What should I do then?” she would ask coyly.

He would then invite her to have a seat and they would spend the day chatting until it was time for her to go home. The last thing she expected was that he would actually ask her to do the work for which she’d been hired... especial in those heels. But that is exactly what he did.

She wasn’t happy about that.

“I wear heels all the time,” June told her roommate later that night as she sat on her bed rubbing her sore feet, “but wearing heels all day today nearly killed me! My poor feet.”

“That’s because when you’ve worn them in the past, the only walking you did was from the parking garage to your desk or to the counter where you were working. You’ve never had a job that required you to stand all day. You’ve never had a physical labor job, and you’ve never worn heels for

anything like this.”

June twisted her lips. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

“Of course, I’m right. You never should have taken this job. It’s not you, not in any way. You should quit now and go be a secretary or something.”

“I couldn’t find any other job.”

“Well, this obviously isn’t going to work.”

June suddenly smiled. “*Au contraire!* I have a plan.”

“A plan?”

“Yes, a plan. I have a plan to get out of having to work.”

There was a moment of silence as June’s roommate shook her head dismissively. June kept smiling at her, however. Finally, she gave in and asked: “Ok, I’ll bite. What plan?”

“You’ll see. I’m going to get *him* to do the work for me! In another day or two, the shoe will be on the other foot, quite literally.”

Her roommate laughed, but June was determined.

“I’m serious!”

Her roommate rolled her eyes. “Ok,” she said doubtfully.

“You’ll see,” repeated June. She had a plan and she was sure it would work. It was time to make a change.

—o—

The next day went similarly to the first. June did the job while wearing her maid costume as Alex watched her with an obvious erection. Sometimes, he would excuse himself and she knew this was to masturbate. She debated trying to catch him, but decided to stick with the original plan instead, and she treated his masturbating breaks as a much needed chance to get off her feet.

That night, her feet were just as sore as they had been the day before.

“I don’t think I can take another day of this. Heels are meant to make you look fabulous, not injured,” said June.

Kendra shrugged her shoulders. “I told you.”

“I hate the uniform too. It’s degrading. My rear hangs out the bottom, my breasts feel like they’re going to bounce out the top at any moment, and it just makes me feel like an object. Alex doesn’t just watch me, he devours me with his eyes like a hungry, horny wolf.”

“You need to quit,” said Kendra.

“I’m not quitting. Tomorrow, my plan begins.”

Her roommate rolled her eyes and left June sitting on her bed rubbing her feet. June was determined however, and she was sure her plan would work.

The next morning came early. June got dressed as she had the prior two days, though she wore flats to drive to Alex’s home. When she got there, she parked in the garage, changed her shoes, took a deep breath, and made her way into the house.

“Today’s the day,” she told herself.

Alex, meanwhile, had just rolled out of bed. He’d taken the week off from the office so he could spend his time watching June. He looked at his clock and he realized that she would be arriving any minute, so he got up and got dressed in a pair of khaki pants and a golf shirt. He slipped his feet into a pair of boat shoes. It was time to watch his maid.

“Good morning, June,” said Alex as he entered the living room. June had begun cleaning the living room first this morning. She wasn’t doing a particularly thorough job of it, but Alex didn’t notice. He was too busy watching her move her body in the uniform and the heels to pay any attention to the work she was doing. His penis was hard as a rock.

“Good morning, Sir,” she replied.

Alex picked up his newspaper and went to sit on the couch. He planned to read his paper as he watched her, as he had done the day before. June had different plans for today though.

“Time to bait the trap,” she said.

June walked across the room to where Alex was reading the paper. She made sure to take very measured steps so her heels echoed seductively off the hard floor: **CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK**. She wanted his eyes drawn to her, and they were; she could see his eyes peeking just over the top of his paper at her legs and feet. For her part, she pretended not to notice him.

“Now for step two,” she told herself.

June ran the feather duster across the top of the sideboard. Then she stopped and leaned against it. She lifted her foot in the air behind her and pulled off her shoe. She rubbed her toes before returning the shoe to her foot. She made sure Alex was watching. Then she sighed.

“Do your feet hurt?” asked Alex.

“Of course, but I’m a woman... *not a man*. I can put up with it.”

Alex raised an eyebrow. “You think a man can’t handle pain?”

June laughed. “If men had to wear high heels, they would be illegal.” Something about this statement made Alex quiver inside. June placed her hands on her hips and locked her gaze onto Alex’s eyes. She continued: “I’ll bet you wouldn’t last a day in heels, doing what I do.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean being a maid. I’ll bet you couldn’t do my job.”

Alex bit his lip. He felt his penis stir. This conversation was walking a very fine line between exciting and embarrassing and that was turning him on. Indeed, it turned him on so much that he felt a strong compulsion to see how far this conversation could go. Unfortunately, he wasn’t too sure how to proceed, so he said nothing.

June expected this and continued without him: “See, I think you have no idea what it’s like to handle this job. You don’t understand the amount of effort it takes, the demands it makes. I’ll bet you wouldn’t last a week if you had to do this job,” said June. She said this with a cynical snicker which made Alex feel very small, but also strangely excited.

There was a moment of silence as Alex struggled with how to respond. He saw the trap she had set: if he told her that he could meet her challenge, then he would find himself having to prove he could be a maid, something he most definitely didn’t want to do. But if he backed down, then he would cede power to this young woman. He knew he needed to avoid that. But how? That’s when he realized he was talking.

“I can do anything you can do,” he said before he even realized what he was saying.

June smiled. He’d taken her bait.

Alex froze and felt sweat pour down his sides. Had he really just said that? Why had he said that? Why was he even playing this emasculating game with this young woman? He suddenly felt dizzy and confused... and then he realized he was hard as a rock. “What the hell?!” he screamed to himself.

“Is that so?” asked June haughtily. “Then prove it.”

Alex had no idea how to respond. Part of him felt a strong need to put this young servant in her place. But the bigger part of him was deeply shocked he had gotten this far and was even more shocked that some part of him was turned on by wherever this conversation was heading. Even worse,

that part seemed to know this would end in some form of humiliation. Why did that excite him?

“Come on, Alex. Prove it,” said June tauntingly. “If you think it’s so easy, then prove that you can do this job. Don’t be such a sissy. Seriously, imagine a big strong man like you being afraid to prove he can do a job that any girl can do.”

Alex felt his spine tingle and a feeling of weakness came over him. Being called a sissy made his blood boil but also made his penis pulse for some reason. This was an amazing feeling which he simply did not understand. Why did this arouse him? He didn’t know. But in that one second, so much became clear to him. Indeed, no matter what he really thought about himself as the alpha male, it struck him in that instance that he felt an amazing amount of curiosity, and a real turn on, at the idea of making himself submissive to this young woman. What’s more, she seemed up to the challenge, which somehow assured him that she was someone he could trust to help him explore this newly-discovered desire.

“Can I do this?” he asked himself.

“No,” he responded to himself. “This is a huge mistake. You can’t put yourself at someone else’s mercy! What if she tells someone? Who could she tell though? She doesn’t know anyone.”

He looked at June, who seemed to grow as she stood before him. He knew it wasn’t real, but somehow it felt real that this girl was growing bigger and he was getting smaller, weaker, more submissive.

“Can I submit to this woman?” he asked himself.

His body shook at the thought. His penis throbbed. He felt an intense need burning within him to explore this opportunity he seemed to have stumbled upon. For just this once, he thought, perhaps he could let a woman take control and see how that felt.

“No! I can’t do this!” part of him screamed, but it was too late. He’d made up his mind to pursue this.

“Ok,” was what came out of his mouth.

June smiled knowingly and held out the feather duster for him to take. Her plan had started off just as expected. She’d read him perfectly. “Yours, I believe,” she said smugly.

Alex snapped up the feather duster and glared at June. Something about his macho ego demanded that he act offended by the idea even as he really felt curiosity more than anything. “Fine, I’ll prove it,” he said angrily,

though he actually felt excited rather than angry.

June laughed. This had all worked out even better than she had expected. Alex was playing into her hands and she would soon have him wrapped around her finger. She had read him right; all his bravado couldn't hide his erection, which pointed her to the truth throughout. She had him now. It was time to press forward and seal her victory.

"Ok. Now, we get you ready," said June.

"Ready for what?"

June pulled a list from a hidden pocket in her uniform. She handed the list to Alex. "Here are my duties. These are yours now."

Alex scanned the list. "This shouldn't be too difficult. I'll start with dusting."

June laughed. "Not until we get you in your uniform?"

"Uniform? What uniform?" he asked.

June smirked and stepped back away from Alex. "This uniform, of course," she said and she grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it wide. Then she placed one foot out before her and took an enormous stage bow.

As much as Alex knew deep down that this was coming, it startled him now that it was here and he felt a tremendous amount of resistance build within him. "You expect me to wear that?" he asked incredulously.

"Of course."

"But that's for women."

"So?"

"No way! There is no way I'm wearing that!" he exclaimed.

"Of course you are," said June. "That was our deal."

"No, it wasn't! Our bet was just that I could do your duties."

"No, our bet was that 'you wouldn't last a day in heels,' that 'you couldn't do what I do.' I specifically mentioned the heels and the uniform. You agreed to that. And besides, you aren't really doing what I do if you don't wear the uniform because then you aren't overcoming the same obstacles I need to overcome."

"But—"

"This is the uniform maids wear. This is what *you* wanted *me* to wear!" insisted June. There was something very firm in her tone, very commanding, which sparked the same desire to surrender within Alex that he had felt a moment before. And that desire told him that even though he had no real desire to wear women's clothes, he would agree if that was the price of going

forward... at least, after some token face-saving resistance to satisfy his ego.

“But you’re a woman!” he protested.

June laughed. “Well, I’m glad you noticed, but that doesn’t change anything. You said you could do my job and my job requires me to clean *while wearing this uniform*. So like it or not, you’ll be wearing this exact same uniform when you clean.” She didn’t offer to let him admit he had been wrong as she wasn’t going to let him out of the bet; winning the bet wasn’t her ultimate goal after all.

Alex took a deep breath. His body trembled. Something about this was sending his brain into overload. His penis was ready to explode even as he felt a deep sense of terror. “Fine,” he said, afraid to say more. His mouth was dry.

June smiled. She’d won again. “Oh Alex, you are so easy!” she said to herself with a laugh. “Soon, you’ll be eating out of my hand, sissy boy.”

Chapter 3: “Dressing Alex”

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“I’m not coming out,” yelled Alex through the bathroom door. He leaned against the door. He couldn’t believe how embarrassed he felt... or how hard he was. His penis stood at attention before him like an enormous tree reaching for the heavens. It was as long and as hard as it had ever been.

“Come on, Alex,” said June impatiently. “I want to see.”

“Forget it!”

“Alex, you can’t hide in there.”

“I’m not coming out,” he insisted.

“Don’t be such a baby,” said June. “No one else will see.”

Alex stepped away from the door and examined himself in the mirror. His image mocked him. He wore a hot-pink uniform similar in style to the black one June had worn and it was utterly humiliating. The uniform barely fit as it was tight at the waist and loose in the chest. The pink panties he wore did nothing to contain his erection. The stockings he wore gave his legs a silky tan sheen, but he struggled to keep them up and they looked silly bunched up. Moreover, with his leg hair poking through them, they were hardly sexy. The worst part though, was that he still looked like Alex in a maid’s uniform. His hair was Alex’s hair, his face was his own, his body was still distinctly masculine, and he moved like a man.

“I look ridiculous!” he said.

“Let me see,” she repeated.

Alex shook his head. When he’d agree to this, besides specifying that no one else would ever see him or find out about this, he assumed that he would look like someone else, like some generic-if-slightly-masculine woman. That he could handle. He could handle this if he wasn’t recognizable. He hadn’t expected to look like himself in an ill-fitting dress. This he couldn’t handle. This was pure humiliation. Well, to be completely honest, it was pure humiliation plus an inexplicably raging hard on and a strong desire to jerk himself off right now. That was something he hadn’t expected at all, but it was real.

Indeed, after agreeing to her bet, Alex sat around the house for a couple hours waiting as June went to pick up a few things they would need. As he

waited, he imagined what this afternoon would be like. He felt really excited to get to play the part of the servant and to see how it felt to take orders from June. That thought intrigued him. It also excited him, though he didn't fully understand why. He imagined himself on his knees before her as she called him a bad sissy, which sent a tingle down his spine. Then she raised her skirt and told him to lick her pussy as punishment for not being a better maid. He liked that idea. In fact, he loved it. He almost came thinking about it. At no point, however, did his mind really give any thought to what he would be wearing as he did this because that part didn't interest him. After all, clothing had never excited him before, so why should it now. Boy was he wrong! Wearing these clothes was proving to be shockingly thrilling.

"Come on," said June again.

"I can't come out. I look ridiculous," said Alex. Alex cringed at his image in the mirror and he tugged at his erection to see if he could somehow hide it inside the panties; he couldn't.

"I know you look ridiculous, but we're not done," said June.

Alex raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"You can't just throw on a dress and look like a woman. We need to make more changes."

"Changes?"

"Yes."

"What kind of changes?"

"We need to work with your hair and put on makeup and I need to see how everything fits so we can adjust it. Now get out here!"

"I don't know," said Alex doubtfully, though his mind suddenly burned with an intense desire to see what he would look like after she made these changes. He realized that the idea of being passable as a woman suddenly turned him on and he hoped she could achieve that.

"Alex, I'm sick of talking through this door. Open up!" growled June. As she said this, she tried the door again. With Alex having walked away from the door to look in the mirror, he no longer blocked the door. Thus, when June tried the door this time, much to her surprise, it opened.

The next few seconds were a blur for Alex. June burst into the bathroom. She stopped cold the moment she saw him. Her jaw dropped. An uncontrollable grin appeared on her face. She covered her mouth with her hand. Then she started laughing. Her laugh rattled throughout his body, making him feel weak and helpless; it also made his penis throb, which began

to pump cum into his panties. He wanted to flee, but couldn't. He was frozen to the spot withering before her.

June seized the initiative.

"Come on!" she said and she grabbed his hand and pulled him out of the bathroom and to the bedroom. A moment later, Alex stood before his full-length mirror, not entirely sure how he had gotten there. He snapped back to reality when June started speaking. "Obviously, we need to fix a lot," she said. She still grinned uncontrollably and she let out random giggles.

Alex blushed and bit his lip.

She laughed again.

"Will you please stop laughing?" he asked.

She chuckled. "I'm sorry. I'll try, but you look so... uh, *cute*." In truth, June was shocked at how excited she felt seeing him dressed like this. When all of this began, she knew there could be some sexual energy there, but she wasn't expecting to be turned on by any of this. All she really wanted was to trick him into taking over her duties for a week or so... or perhaps longer, yet here she was, turned on in a huge way. Her panties were soaked. She wanted more.

Alex blushed even deeper. Being called "cute" made him tingle and his ego suddenly demanded that he put up some protest at least. "Do I really need to wear this uniform?" he asked her. It was a feeble protest, but the only protest he was capable of making. In fact, he was glad she didn't call his bluff because he wasn't sure what he would have said or done next if she had give him an option, as he knew that deep down he needed to see this through; he needed to see what he looked like feminized.

"Of course you do. How can you be a maid if you don't dress the part?"

"I don't know," he admitted.

"See? Now let me get a good look at you," she said. June circled Alex like a shark, taking in every detail of his body and his clothing from head to toe from every angle. The more she looked, the more excited she became. Her heart raced like never before.

"Are you almost finished?" asked Alex after a few seconds. He was starting to feel embarrassed by being observed so closely. He immediately self-consciously folded his arms tightly. As he did, the uniform rode up and became more taunt over his erection. This caused his erection to push out the skirt rather than being lost in the material and it became very obvious to

anyone who looked.

June noticed immediately. “Excited are we?” she asked.

“What?! No! What do you mean?” asked Alex defensively. He hadn’t noticed yet that his erection could now be seen clearly; his defensiveness came from the fact he was still struggling to understand his own feelings on this and he was starting to feel very insecure that June was learning these shameful things about him that he himself didn’t even know yet or fully understand.

Without warning, June grabbed the tip of his erection through his uniform. This caused him to jump back away from her, which resulted in his penis popping out from beneath the skirt and bouncing around freely for all to see.

“Hey!” he exclaimed and he covered his erection with his hands as it wobbled back and forth.

“Still want to deny you’re excited?” asked June with a laugh.

“It happens,” he growled.

June laughed. “Yes, *when you’re excited!*” She tried to grab it again.

“Don’t!”

“Let me feel it!”

“No!”

“Let me feel it!” she repeated.

“No!”

June smirked. She was becoming increasingly confident that she could do anything she wanted to Alex and she thought that now might be a great time to test it. She decided it was time to take a risk. She stood up straighter and took on an air of confidence. Her smile was replaced with a more serious look.

“Move your hand. A good maid doesn’t resist her mistress,” said June firmly.

“I won’t.”

“If you don’t, then we stop right now.”

Alex bit his lip. He wasn’t ready for this threat. What was left of his masculinity screamed out that he should tell her “fine” and then put an end to this. But that wasn’t the part of him that was in control right now. The part of him that was in control was enthralled with the idea of what was happening and wanted to see how far this could go. Besides, he reasoned, there are worse things than having a truly attractive woman play with his

penis. He let go of his skirt and pulled his hands up to his chest.

June smiled to herself. She had won, as she knew she would. She wrapped her hand around his shaft and began stroking him slowly up and down. “Now put your hands at your sides,” she said.

“Why?”

“Because I said so.”

Alex dropped his hands to his sides. He offered no resistance at all. He felt so exposed as this young woman stroked his penis and ordered him around.

A moment later, she giggled. Then she patted his penis on its head, which sent a humiliating shiver down his spine. “To be continued,” she said and Alex melted. She then squeezed the head along the ridge with her thumb and then let go.

“Uh,” Alex started to say, hoping she would continue, but she put her finger on his lips to quiet him.

“Let’s fit your dress.”

Alex bit his lip and nodded his head. He would agree to anything at the moment, if she would finish playing with his penis when they were done. June, however, had other plans.

June motioned Alex to move before the mirror. Alex walked over to the mirror and stood there blushing as he examined his feminized form and his erection continuing to tent out the dress embarrassingly. June giggled at this powerful man who was now in her control. She smiled and returned to examining him. After a few minutes, she spoke: “This is going to take some work. First, you need to shower and remove all your body hair. You can’t have hairy legs beneath stockings; it’s not done and I won’t allow my maid to do it.”

Alex started to protest, but she stopped him.

She continued: “Then we need to paint your nails, curl your hair and apply makeup. Then I have a few foundation garments that will help make the uniform fit better. So let’s get started.”

Alex didn’t move.

“Well?” she asked.

“I’m not sure I want to do this. Shave my body hair?” he repeated doubtfully.

“Get going, girlfriend,” said June and she smacked his butt cheeks.

SLAP!

His balls jumped and his penis bobbed around before him. “Hey!” he protested.

She struck him again. **SLAP!**

“Get moving!” she exclaimed.

“Don’t do that!”

SLAP!

“Hey!” he repeated and he dodged her hand as she moved to slap his rear once more. “Stop spanking me!”

“Then do as I say,” she exclaimed and she found his rear again.

SLAP! SLAP!

Alex dodged her again and tried to move to the other side of the room to escape her, but June followed him. She aimed another shot at his rear as she chased him around the bedroom.

Three blows landed. **SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!**

Alex tried to escape in another direction, but the ill-fitting dress made this difficult. He nearly fell to his knees and she found his rear again.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! More blows landed. **SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!**

Again Alex changes directions. Alex felt like an idiot running away from this young woman just because she was slapping his rear, but that did seem to be the best course of action. Indeed, while these slaps didn’t really hurt physically, they did hurt his pride. Even worse, they were causing his penis to throb and he was only a few slaps away from cumming all over his panties and dress, and he couldn’t let that happen; he would never live that down if it happened. So he raced around the bedroom until he finally escaped into the bathroom, where Alex slammed the door behind him and leaned his back against it. His penis was unbelievably hard and still throbbing. Its tip was wet with precum. He started rubbing it.

Meanwhile, June caught her breath from nearly laughing herself to death. Her panties were soaked. She moved to the door and called through it: “Make sure you take all the hair off or I’ll spank you for real!”

Alex cringed on the other side. He knew he should put an end to this right now because this couldn’t lead anywhere good and he needed to stop. But he also knew he wouldn’t stop. He knew he would do exactly what she wanted because he was enjoying this in a very strange, but exciting way. He felt trapped by his own desires, desires he was only now starting to recognize.

Alex emerged from the shower without a hair on his body, except the hair on his head. He felt silly. Being without hair made him feel soft and childlike... *feminine*. It made him feel weak, which oddly made him hard again. Clearly, something about submission turned him on. Perhaps it was just a welcome change to needing to be in control all the time with his ex-wife Tanya. He wasn't sure, but in any event, he was excited and happy that he had made the decision to proceed with this little experiment with June. He stroked himself as he toweled himself dry, though he didn't have time to finish.

"Hurry up!" said June,

"I'm coming," he said and he reluctantly let go of his penis. He wrapped the towel around his waist to hide his erection. Then he returned to the bedroom, where June was waiting. She lounged on the bed in the little black dress she had changed into when she went to collect the things he would be wearing. Her legs were crossed and she dangled one of her high-heeled pumps from the ends of her toes. It danced back and forth as she flexed her toes.

"I hope you're hairless," said June when he opened the door.

"I am," he assured her.

"I am," she repeated with a frown on her face. She shook her head. "You should call me, 'Miss,' when you address me. You should have said, 'I am, *Miss*.' Do you understand?"

Alex raised an eyebrow. "What? Why?"

"Because that's how it's done! If you're going to be the maid, then that's how maids speak. Now call me, 'Miss'," said June. She wasn't sure if Alex would actually do this and she didn't want to push too far too fast, so she was prepared to laugh this off as a joke if Alex resisted, but something told her that he wouldn't resist. Her plan was going much faster than expected and she was becoming convinced this was exactly what Alex wanted, whether he realized it or not.

For his part, Alex felt a withering thrill race down his spine when she so boldly told him to call her "Miss." The idea was ludicrous. She was *his* maid after all. He was the one with the money and the power. The idea that he should treat her as a superior was simply unfathomable; it was something he never would have tolerated or even considered at the office, so why allow it now? And why had it made him wither? He didn't know. But he did

know that despite the fact that he was her superior, he would do it. It was too exciting for him not to do it. Something inside him *wanted* to do it. He wanted to place himself beneath her. Why? He had no idea. He just knew that he needed to do this and that this was likely the only chance he would ever have to explore this newfound desire.

That didn't make it easy, though.

Alex ran his tongue over his lips. His mouth was dry. His body trembled. "Yes, Miss," he said with some difficulty. As he did, a shock raced throughout his body. His entire body shuddered and his penis squirted cum all over his towel. In that moment, he felt incredibly drawn to June. Images raced through his mind of himself kneeling at her feet begging her to control him. He was starting to see a whole new relationship developing here and that both scared him and thrilled him.

June was stunned as well. She hadn't expected him to actually do what she had ordered, not this early in her plan. And having this man, this rich and powerful man, call her "Miss," sent an amazing feeling of power rushing through her. All the blood in her body raced to her pussy. She was on fire. She felt like an orgasm was building within her and she actually needed to distract herself to keep from having that happen right before Alex's eyes. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath before continuing.

"Ok, let's get you dressed, shall we?" she said and she jumped off the bed.

"Yes, Miss," said Alex again and he felt a warm surge of humiliation race through him as he said this; he liked this feeling a lot. So did June. She stopped and shuddered just as he had.

"Say it again," she purred.

"Yes, Miss."

June felt her pussy get wetter. "That's never going to get old," she thought and she felt her body tingle as she moved across the room to a dresser. She couldn't resist squeezing her nipples as she went. Her body still trembled and she needed to take another deep breath before she picked up the panties she had found in Alex's dresser drawer while he showered.

"Whose are these?" asked June.

"They belong to my wife."

"That's fitting," said June with a chuckle. She tossed those to Alex. "Put these on, sissy boy."

As Alex took the panties, his towel fell to the floor, exposing his

throbbing erection. This made June burst out giggling.

“Still excited I see,” said June.

Alex blushed and bit his lip. He lowered his eyes submissively. “Yes, Miss,” he said humiliatingly and he rushed to put on the panties. His penis bounced around as he worked them up his legs. They barely fit over his erection.

“Cute,” said June. “Your wife has cute panties.” As she said this, she walked back over to Alex and tickled his erection before he could duck away. She could feel precum seeping out into the panties where she touched them.

“Stop that!” he said, though he didn’t mean it.

June laughed. “What good is it having a maid if you can’t have some fun with her?”

Alex shivered. Being addressed, even indirectly, as a “her” made him tingle all over. This scared him a bit. He had no idea he had these feelings within him and he worried what else might come out soon. Was he still really a man? He didn’t know. All he knew for sure was that nothing had ever turned him on like this before and that he would let this young woman do anything she wanted to him at this point. Of course, he also knew in the back of his mind that this was wrong. It was dangerous to let this young woman, a veritable stranger have this much power over him. Indeed, if anyone who knew him caught him like this, he would die of shame on the spot.

“Ok, let’s get this on you next,” said June and she picked up another garment.

“What is it?” asked Alex.

“It’s a corset. It will help you fit into the uniform and it will give you a feminine shape.” As she said this, she wrapped the white leather corset around Alex’s torso and pulled it shut. “This will be a bit tight,” she warned him.

“It doesn’t feel so tigh—”

He winced.

June had yanked the corset laces as hard as she could. The corset tightened around Alex’s body like a python crushing its prey, cutting him off mid-sentence. Alex instantly felt all the air pushed out of his lungs and his ribs crushed together. He couldn’t breathe.

“Take short breaths... you’ll get the hang of it,” said June.

“I— can’t—”

“Take short breaths.”

Alex struggled for air. It took him a moment to find the limits the corset would allow. He needed to take shallow breaths and keep his body as straight as possible when he breathed. This was going to be difficult, but he could do it.

“That’s better,” said June, noting that he was breathing again.

“Thank you, Miss,” he said, though he still gasped a bit. He noted that it felt strangely exciting to wear this. Indeed, wearing this device made him feel somehow controlled by June, a feeling that made him blush considerably; he liked that.

When Alex had sufficiently regained his breath, June sat him on the bed and painted his toenails. As those dried, she painted his fingernails. All of his nails were now dark red.

“Red is such a sexy color for nails, don’t you agree?” she asked.

Alex shuddered. Somehow, speaking about this openly felt naughty to him, much naughtier than actually having his nails painted. This was a feeling he both loved and hated. He couldn’t explain why. In any event, he struggled to speak.

“Well? I asked you a question. Do you agree or don’t you?” demanded June.

Alex nodded his head. “I agree, Miss.”

June smiled. “You should keep them painted like this all time.”

“I couldn’t. My wife would kill me,” he said reflexively. Then he remembered that he was divorcing Tanya, so perhaps he could keep his nails painted. Indeed, he thought, there was much he could do around the house now that Tanya would no longer be living there! This was turning into the golden opportunity of a lifetime!

“Well, your wife isn’t here. So you can keep them this way for now at least. You can wear them to work too.”

“I can’t. Someone will see,” he protested.

June put her hands on her hips and made a sour expression. “Who? You can at least keep your toenails painted. No one’s going to look inside your shoes,” she said. Then an evil smile crossed her face and she giggled. “Or maybe you just need to stay dressed as a woman from now on. Then no one will think twice about your nails then.”

Alex couldn’t believe how much that idea suddenly turned him on.

Still, it could never happen... that was *too far*, so he shook his head. "I can't!"

"Why not?"

"People will see me."

"So? You're the boss! You can do what you want."

"I can't," he protested.

June let it drop for now. She picked up one of the stockings, rolled it into a ball, and rolled the stocking up his leg. It felt electric against his freshly-shaved leg and it thrilled him to see his painted nails through the stocking. Then she did the other stocking. When they were all the way up, she attached them to the garter straps that hung from the corset.

"These will keep your stockings up," she said. "But you still need to be careful when you bend over. You'll find that wearing stockings takes some practice so you don't move too fast or too erratically and end up having them fall down to your ankles," said June.

Alex thrilled a bit at the idea of practice and his penis grew a little bit harder. That would mean he would be dressed like this more than he anticipated. He kind of liked that idea. As he considered this, a wet spot appeared on his panties. June noticed first.

"Oh my God! That's funny!" she exclaimed.

"What?"

"Did our little sissy have an accident?" she asked mockingly and she pointed at the wet spot and his erection. "Ha! There is no way you can tell me that this doesn't turn you on anymore."

Alex turned bright red and he tried to cover it with his hands. June wasn't going to allow that though and she brushed his hand away.

"Tell me! Tell me that this turns you on! Admit it!"

Alex shuddered. He wondered if he could admit it. Then he suddenly did: "Yes, Mistress, it turns me on."

June smiled. She had been right. She knew in that moment that he was hers to do with as she pleased. There was no doubt; she was going to get out of working! "Good girl," she said and she patted his penis. "Now let's fix this."

"Fix it?"

"Yes. You can't very well be a real maid if you constantly have a hard-on sticking up beneath your dress, can you? I mean, what would guests say if they saw that?"

Alex's face went white as a sheet at the word "guest."

June continued. "We need to find a way to control it, and I think I have just the thing, but I don't have it with me. So today, we'll just have to make do." Without permission, she reached out, lifted his dress and grabbed his penis between her fingers.

Alex tensed up, but said nothing. Her hand felt good.

"I wonder if there's something we can wrap around it to keep it down?" she asked absentmindedly. As she did, she moved his penis around with her hands, checking it out from each angle and then tried to bend it down between his legs. That didn't work. "Maybe we can tie some stockings around it or something?" She squeezed his penis at the base to see if it would deflate. It didn't.

Meanwhile, Alex was struggling to remain calm. The way her hand played with his penis was turning him on something fierce and he felt a rhythm starting to build deep within his body. If she didn't stop soon, he knew he might cum, and that thought made things even worse. Indeed, the image of himself shooting cum all over her face flashed before his eyes and made the rhythm within his penis even stronger. Things were coming to a head.

"What can we do?" she asked herself aloud as she continued to toy with his penis.

Alex said nothing, but things were becoming desperate. He was seconds away from exploding. Should he warn her or should he just enjoy what was about to happen? He knew he should warn her, but... well, just but.

"There must be something," she said.

Alex felt his muscles tense. He stopped breathing. His mind was running away with him as image after image of cum shooting out of his penis all over her flashed before his eyes. His body was reaching the point of no return. He would explode any second. This was going to be glorious and amazing.

"Whoops!" said June and she let go of his throbbing penis. "We don't want that!" She laughed.

Everything ground to a halt. The rhythm ended. The thoughts stopped. Frustration replaced elation.

The End Of Part One...

PART TWO

Chapter 4: “Becoming June’s Maid”

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Alex grimaced. For several days now, he kept experiencing the same bit of frustration. As he pranced around cleaning the house, totally excited in his uniform, June would periodically come over to examine him. She would begin by checking and adjusting his uniform. Then she would lift his skirt and check his panties. As she did, she would caress his erection, causing it to throb and bringing it near the point it would explode. He would feel very, very excited. Soon enough, Alex would begin breathing hard and his muscles would tense. But just as he was about to reach the point of no return, June would yank her hand away and pretend it had been an accident that she had touched his penis in the first place.

“Whoops!” said June and she slipped her soft fingers away from his throbbing penis.

Once again, everything ground to a halt for Alex. The rhythm ended. The victorious thoughts slipped away. Frustration replaced elation. He withered, even as his penis continued to strain against his panties.

“I’m sorry, Sissy, I didn’t mean to touch you,” added June.

Alex grimaced. His body trembled with frantic unreleased energy.

June ignored his obvious frustration and continued her teasing. She looked down at his erection, clearly visible beneath the panties, and made a sour, pouty expression. “Now now, we don’t want that!” she said in a very serious tone.

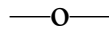
“I’m sorry, ma’am,” said Alex, as she had taught him.

“You should be, Sissy. When your little toy is hard like that, it interferes with you doing your duties,” she said in a mock scolding tone. She then pulled his panties away from his body, looked down at his erection, giggled and snapped the waistband of his panties. Then she pulled down his skirt and laughed. She slapped his rear.

“Ouch!”

“Get back to work, sissy!” commanded June.

For days, this is how things went. June lounged around the house ordering her boss Alex around. Alex found himself surprisingly thrilled, but simultaneously deeply frustrated because June kept taking him to the point of ecstasy and then stopping just short. He would masturbate after she left in the evenings, but that wouldn't satisfy him. What he needed was for her to finish getting him off. Unfortunately, he wasn't sure how to make that happen. June, meanwhile, had plans of her own, plans which would change Alex's life forever.



June sat in the large recliner drinking a fruity drink with an umbrella. Her legs were draped over the arm of the recliner. She wore a pink tennis dress and white high-heeled slides. Her slides dangled from her toes, toes Alex kept sneaking glances at. June giggled as she watched Alex flutter around the room with the sweeper broom trying to clean the Persian carpet. He wore the pink maid dress today and the strappy white high-heeled sandals. June was dripping wet between her thighs.

Alex stood on tiptoe to dust the top shelf of the bookshelf.

June giggled as Alex's panties came into view. She watched his leg muscles strain for a few seconds and then jiggled the glass in her hands, causing the ice cubes to ring as they bounced against the sides of the glass.

"My drink needs a refresher, *maid*," said June with a smirk.

Alex felt a shiver race down his spine and his penis grew harder. There was no doubt this was turning him on, which confused him. On the one hand, everything about this was intensely humiliating. The uniform was degrading. The high heels were painful. Performing the duties of a maid was unpleasant; it really was work. He shouldn't be doing it either. After all, this was *HIS* house and *he* had hired *her*. Yet, it was undeniable that having this young woman order him around excited him. It lit his mind on fire with sexy images of submission and it caused his penis to stay erect all day. He burned to submit to her as her maid. And the more she treated him like a servant... the more she exercised her power over him... the more she mocked him and laughed at his feminization... the more it thrilled him.

"Why does this turn me on?" he asked.

There was no answer. There never was because Alex just didn't know. He'd hated it whenever his ex-wife Tanya tried to take charge of something

in their relationship. He would never let an employee treat him dismissively. And he wasn't a particularly passive person. Yet, here he was letting this young woman control him. Why did he want to be submissive to her? For being used to having total control over everything in his life, this was highly confusing for Alex.

"Why?" he asked himself again.

"Hurry up, girly," ordered June, interrupting his thoughts.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And make sure you use less ice this time."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Alex tottered over to June and took the glass from her hand. Then he curtseyed as he had been instructed. Once he finished his bow, he turned to leave for the kitchen. As he did, June slapped his rear *really* hard.

SLAP!

It stung!

Alex felt the shock of the slap shake his penis and cause his balls to swing. He almost spurted cum as the force wave from the slap pushed through to his penis from his rear end. It felt surprisingly erotic.

"Hurry up, sissy!" commanded June as she threatened to slap him again.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Alex, trying not to cum as his balls continued to swing. He started toward the kitchen. His heels echoed off the hardwood floor in the hallway: ***CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!***

"I love that sound, don't you sissy?" called June from her chair. "Doesn't it just make you feel super girly?"

Alex didn't respond. He just kept walking: ***CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!***

June laughed. "Oh, come on! Tell me the truth! And don't think I don't know the answer!"

Alex shuddered at being asked to admit this, but he did: "Yes, Ma'am."

June laughed even harder. "So you like feeling girly?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Alex and he blushed. His erection tingled.

June slipped out of her chair and followed Alex to the kitchen. Once there, she walked up behind him and ran her fingers up the back of his stocking-covered thighs and tickled his rear.

“I’m glad you like it,” she said into his ear. “By the way, I have news.” Alex raised an eyebrow. “‘News’?” he thought. “What kind of ‘news’ could June have for him?” He took a deep breath and turned around to face her.

“You’re going to be so surprised,” she added.

“What news, Miss?”

“We’re having a party!” squealed June and she hopped up and down and hugged Alex.

“You’re going to a party?” asked Alex. His tone reflected his confusion as to why this would be news.

June laughed. “No, silly. *We’re* having a party!”

Alex still looked confused.

“We! You and me!” said June. “With other people!”

Alex’s jaw dropped. He swallowed hard. “Me?!”

“Yes!”

“Where?!”

“Here!”

Alex gasped. “What?!”

“We’re having a party here! I’ve invited all my friends to come party... and you’re going to serve them!”

Alex felt like he’d been punched in the stomach. There was no way he could allow this... *no way!* He owned a business! He was a millionaire! He was well known around town. He would be ruined if he was exposed. Not to mention, what would his ex-wife Tanya say if she found out what he was doing? That would be far too humiliating for him if she knew!

“No way,” he said firmly.

“Yes, we are,” said June, dismissing his objection out of hand.

“No, we’re not.”

June put her hands on her hips. “Yes, we are,” she said firmly with a hint of anger. “You are *my* maid, and I, the Mistress of the House, say that we are having a party. And if the Mistress of the House says that we are having a party, then we are having a party.”

Alex furrowed his brow. He opened his mouth to object, but June placed her fingers on his lips to silence him.

“We *are* having a party,” she continued, “and you, my little girly maid are going to serve all of my sexy friends as we dance the night away.”

“But—”

June pushed harder on his lips to cut him off. “You are going to put on your sissiest, frilliest maid uniform and your sexiest, highest, daintiest heels, and it’s going to be dreamy. It will be like being wrapped in the most feminine dream my sissy girl has ever had. And the whole time,” she said as she reached down and grabbed his erection through his skirt, “your secret little clitty will be hard as a rock, pumping cum into your panties with every submissive movement.”

Alex felt himself melt. Naturally, he couldn’t risk being seen, but the idea of being a sissy maid at a party of June’s sexy friends set his soul ablaze. In fact, between the thought of that and June’s hand pumping his erection, Alex had never been as hard in his entire life.

“Wouldn’t you like that?” asked June in a sexy little voice as she massaged his erection.

Alex shuddered.

She purred. “Wouldn’t that be fantastic? Amazing? Exciting?”

Alex bit his lip. He just couldn’t risk exposure, but he wanted this so badly. Then it struck him: maybe there wasn’t really any risk of exposure. After all, it’s not like any of June’s friends knew him, right? They traveled in very different circles. Could he possibly do this?

“You know you want to,” said June and she leaned over and nibbled on his ear.

“You say, ‘your friends’?” he asked softly.

“Uh huh,” she said and she kissed his neck. “My sexy, sexy friends.”

“None of your friends know me, right?”

“No, they don’t.” She paused. “Imagine floating around the room on your sexy heels.”

“And they wouldn’t know I’m a man?”

“Not unless you tell them,” she said breathlessly and she kissed him again. “Imagine the thrill.”

That was it. She had answered his concerns and raised his excitement level beyond his ability to resist. “Yes!” he exclaimed.

Chapter 5: “The Party”

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Alex and June were extremely busy the next few days... actually, to be more accurate, June kept Alex extremely busy the next few days. She had him clean every room in the house at least once, though usually she found reasons to make him repeat his efforts at least once, if not twice. She also taught him the finer points of how she wanted him to serve the guests. He learned fast, in part because she kept threatening to hire a professional trainer whenever he failed to master some demand.

As the weekend neared, June also had him prepare food for the party. Buying the food, however, was the one thing June actually did herself. And the reason for that was that Alex couldn't leave the house, not without changing his hair and nails, which June didn't want him doing. She didn't want to do anything that might shake his confidence or give him an out. Basically, he was riding a halcyon cloud of sexual thrill and she didn't want reality creeping in to help him change his mind.

So he worked, and she kept him horny and distracted the entire time.

The party was Friday and by Thursday, Alex was worn out. Between all the work he'd done and the constant nerves he had to deal with about being seen by strangers – nerves that even June's masterful manipulations could not block, Alex was exhausted. He was therefore in no shape to put up a fight when June revealed her next surprise that Thursday afternoon.

“You've got to be kidding me!” said Alex.

June laughed. “Hardly.”

Alex shook his head. “Seriously. You can't expect me to wear *that*!?”

“Of course, I do. Why would I buy it if I didn't expect you to wear it?”

“But... but it's—”

“Hot?”

“Horrible! It's demeaning. No real maid would ever wear that!”

“You're not a real maid.”

“I'm supposed to be for this party, remember? This makes me look like some sort of stripper maid!”

“No, it doesn't,” said June. She looked at the pink taffeta uniform hanging from the hanger she held. She giggled. “You're going to be

irresistible in this! Let's try it on."

"No! I can't wear this! No real maid would wear this!"

"Alex, you're not playing the part of a real maid. You're dressing ornately because you'll be serving party guests. It's expected that you'll wear something... er, special."

Alex scratched his head. "Special," he repeated sourly.

"Yes, special. This is a service uniform for a formal party. Now put it on."

Alex folded his arms.

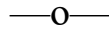
"Put it on, Alex."

Alex glared at her. He knew it wasn't a formal uniform.

"Put it on, or you won't get your reward."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "What reward?"

June held out the dress. "Put it on and you'll find out."



June giggled as she circled Alex. He stood before the full-length mirror in his bedroom struggling to balance on the incredibly high hot-pink high-heeled sandals. The heels on these sandals were so high he could barely balance in them despite having worn heels exclusively for several weeks now; they had a half-inch platform, but a true five-inch heel sat atop that. The highest shoes he normally wore had a true four-inch heel. It didn't help either that the straps were very delicate and added little to no actual support. In fact, practically speaking, these were in essence five-inch high-heeled mules with two quarter-centimeter straps over the middle of the toes for support and an ankle strap that was just for show, as it only offered "support" once Alex's heel was three inches off the shoe; its true purpose seemed to be ornamental and to keep him from removing the shoe without unbuckling it.

"I can barely stand in these, much less walk," he said nervously. His ankles shook.

"You can handle them. You'll just have to walk more slowly and more carefully," said June.

"But I'll be mincing around all night!" he protested.

June giggled. "That's ok, you're cute when you mince!"

Alex glared at June. "I can't do this."

"Yes, you can."

“You don’t understand.” He paused. “I’m *not* doing this.”

“Yes, you are.”

“I’m not!” he said and he tried to stomp his foot for emphasis, only to lose his balance and need to steady himself by grabbing June’s shoulder. She grabbed his hands and pulled his arms before her, twisting them inside out. Alex felt instant pain and struggled not to fall to his knees. She had total physical control over him in that moment and she could knock him over with barely a flex of her fingers.

“Listen here, girly, you’re going to wear what I tell you. Now stop giving me problems!” June sounded annoyed.

“But June—”

June twisted his arms, bringing him dangerously close to falling. “‘*Ma’am*,’ remember?! I’m in charge, Alex. Don’t forget that. So it’s ‘*Ma’am*’ or ‘*Miss*’ or ‘*Mistress*’ to you. And since I’m in charge, you will do as you are told and wear what I tell you. Got it?!”

Alex shuddered. June had become increasingly forceful with him over the last couple days, and he didn’t like it. He liked submitting, but he wanted to do it on his terms. So far, he hadn’t had enough cause to confront her about this, but he was getting increasingly close.

“Now get up and let’s check the rest of your uniform,” said June before Alex could decide whether or not he should challenge her.

With that, the moment passed, and Alex fell into line. Hence, while his doubts were starting to grow, any attempt to back out needed to wait. Besides, he told himself, he could always back out at any point, so there was no need to act prematurely. And since he was thoroughly enjoying the preparation work – indeed, he’d never felt more turned on than he had letting June dress him in this truly emasculating, demeaning uniform – why end the fun before he needed to?

“Yes, ma’am,” said Alex and he curtseyed the way he’d been taught. Curtseying was difficult in these shoes, and it felt like his erection poked out beneath his short skirt every time he did it, but that only excited him more.

June continued her examination.

Alex felt small standing before her as she inspected his feminized form.

“You look fabulous!” June finally said as she ran her fingers over the pink dress.

Alex blushed.

“Spin around, let me see.”

Slowly, Alex turned on his heels and spun around. The maid dress, if you could call it that – it was more of a kinky costume – was amazing. The top of the dress began with a choker around Alex’s exposed neck. From the choker ran a series of delicate straps to the heart-shaped neckline, a neckline which allowed ample cleavage to be shown, cleavage which came from a very tight push-up bra. The neckline was lace with tiny heart cutouts. The capped sleeves too were shaped like hearts and lined in lace. Below the breasts, the dress had an open bodice also shaped like a heart. In the back, the dress laced tightly like a corset. Indeed, as Alex had already discovered when June jammed her knee into his back and pulled as tightly as she could on the laces, it was exactly like a corset, and just like a corset, it restricted his breathing, restricted his range of motion, and could not be removed without help. It made him a prisoner in his uniform, something which both frightened him and turned him on immensely.

Below the bodice, the dress flared out as it reached the short skirt. The skirt was held up by a layer of crinoline which circled Alex’s panties and hid his penis. Alex was thankful for the crinoline because the matching panties June gave Alex to wear barely contained his penis and did nothing to control it.

The skirt itself barely made it to the bottom of Alex’s panties when standing perfectly still, and gave a grand view of his hot-pink rear when he bent over. It also did nothing to hide the tops of his lacey white stockings.

Alex looked in the mirror and shivered. This was simultaneously the sexiest outfit he had ever seen and the most humiliating outfit. It worried him a lot that he would be wearing this around other people. The idea certainly thrilled him, but he wasn’t honestly sure he could go through with it. He just wasn’t sure he could hide his manhood in this costume.

“I don’t know about this,” he said to himself.

As Alex worried, June seemed to sense that she needed to renew his encouragement. She therefore slid her hand beneath his skirt and slowly stroked his erection. As she slowly, expertly brought him to the point of ejaculation, she whispered in his ear how exciting all of this must be for him and how much better it would be to wear this before her sexy friends; she emphasized the word sexy. His doubts temporarily vanished.

“Besides,” he thought, “I can still back out if need be.”

But could he really?

The doorbell rang: *Ding dong!*

Alex took a deep breath, immediately followed by another. Sweat dripped down his sides from his shoulders. His mouth was dry. His knees felt weak. He had never felt as nervous as he did in that moment.

“Get the door, Sissy,” commanded June as she rounded the corner. She was on the way to the living room where the food was already laid out. Music played in the background not quite loudly enough to drown out the sound of her heels as she made her way along the hardwood floor. She looked amazing. She wore a little black dress and open-toed black pumps which showed off her perfect tiny toes. Her ample cleavage pushed up between the low-cut neckline of the dress as a single row of pearls circled her throat and barely dipped into her cleavage. Her long hair was up above her neck. Long earrings dangled from her ears.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said nervously, but he didn’t move. He was terrified of opening the door and being exposed to a group of people. This would be very, very difficult for him.

“Get going,” said June when he didn’t immediately start toward the door.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he repeated, but he still didn’t move. He struggled to move his legs. He couldn’t bring himself to do it.

June was becoming annoyed. She pointed her finger with its sharp, long red nail at the front door. “Go, Sissy! *NOW!!* Or I’ll let them in and tell them that my sissy boss maid was too afraid to let them in. Would you like that? Would you like them all to know who you really are?”

Alex’s jaw dropped. Over the past few days, June had become increasingly more aggressive with him, but she had never addressed him in such a cold, nasty tone before. This startled him and suddenly caused him to feel a sense of panic. Could he really trust her? His mind filled with doubts and warning bells rang. Perhaps this was a mistake? It was time to call a halt to this before June did something crazy. Unfortunately, he knew this wouldn’t be easy.

“Uh... I,” he said and he licked his lips.

June placed her hands on her hips. “What?” she demanded coldly.

“I don’t... I don’t want to do this anymore.”

June let out a cynical laugh. “So?”

Alex bit his lip and looked down at his red toenails as they stuck out the front of his sandals. He twisted his ankle, raising his heel off the ground, so he could turn his foot back and forth on his toes. He didn't realize it, but he looked just like a little girl who knew she was in trouble, especially as his hands clutched the hem of his maid's dress. His long red nails dug into the material. "I," he said and he paused.

"You what?!" she demanded even more harshly. Her tone troubled Alex.

"I want to stop. I don't want to do this anymore."

"You said that already. And I said, 'So what?'"

"Well," he started nervously.

The doorbell rang again: ***Ding dong!***

"My friends are waiting," growled June.

"I, well, it is my house and in reality, you know. I mean, you are *my* maid, not the other way around... and—" Alex felt nervous. He had begun to realize that he had placed himself at a severe disadvantage to June.

June laughed. "Is that so?"

Alex licked his lips. "Yes," he said softly. "I hired you, and this *IS* my house."

"And?"

"And I don't want to continue. And since I'm technically the boss and this is my house, I want to end this right now."

June smirked. "That's it, huh?"

Alex folded his arms and kicked his toe into the carpet. "Um, yeah."

She laughed a piercing, emasculating laugh which caused Alex to wither. "Sissy, I have so many pictures of you in drag, masturbating, and God knows what else that I could put together an album that would put professional sissies to shame. Do you know what that means?"

Alex said nothing.

"It means that I have you in my power, silly girl," she continued, and she stepped in front of him and began adjusting his collar.

Alex bit his lip, but didn't try to stop her.

"In my power," she repeated and, as she did, she tapped the side of his face with her palm to emphasize each word. "So don't give me any problems or this night will not go well for you. Got it?"

Alex furrowed his brow. He hadn't expected her to flat out deny his request and he certainly hadn't expected her to say anything that sounded this

much like blackmail. He needed to confirm what she meant, even though deep down he knew exactly what she was saying.

“What do you mean?” he asked nervously.

June put her hands on her hips. “You want me to spell it out for you?”

Alex trembled with fear. Yes, fear. He felt genuine fear at the moment. Not only had he been terrified all day that he might get discovered the moment he opened the door, but now it was becoming clear that he had a much bigger problem with June: she clearly thought that she was in charge. And the sad reality, as far as Alex was concerned, was that maybe she was. Her threat to expose him gave her nearly absolute power over Alex, and he knew that. This had been a mistake... a big one.

“Then tell me you understand!” she demanded. This time she jammed her hand against his skirt and latched onto his erection through it.

Alex swallowed hard. “Yes, Ma’am.”

The doorbell rang again: ***Ding dong!***

“Tell me.” She squeezed his erection tightly.

“I understand,” he said quickly.

June looked deep within his eyes until he blushed and looked down to avoid her suddenly powerful gaze. “Good. Now go greet my friends and hope I don’t punish you for making them wait!” She let go of his erection and she stepped to the side to let Alex pass.

Alex began walking. As he did, June smacked his ass with her hand:
SLAP!

“Double time, Sissy!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Alex nervously and he tried to step up his pace, though he wasn’t very successful; these shoes were just too hard to walk in very quickly. Still, he could walk in them, and as Alex slowly tottered his way to the door the sounds of Alex’s heels mocked him the entire way, especially as his feet slapped against his shoes as he walked because they offered no support to stay on his feet. Hence, his walk was delicate and gave off amazingly feminine noises: ***Click! SLAP! ... Click! SLAP! ... Click! SLAP! ... Click! SLAP!***

Each feminine step reminded Alex of the predicament he was in.

June followed him down the hallway. Her heels echoed his steps only much more confidently. Indeed, she sounded like a machine or a marching soldier by comparison: ***CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!*** And the confidence and strength in her stride, compared to the uncertainty and

weakness in his, reminded Alex of his newfound submissive position.

After a seeming eternity of humiliation, Alex finally reached the door.

“Here goes nothing,” he thought nervously.

Alex grabbed the knob. Watching the red fingernails on the tips of his fingers wrap around the doorknob sent a shudder through Alex’s body. He struggled to force himself to turn the knob. As he did, he could feel June’s breath on his neck. It was time to act. He turned the knob.

The door opened.

“Wow!”

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Alex blushed. He felt embarrassed. In fact, he felt much more embarrassed than he ever expected. The reason was that it never occurred to him that any of June’s friends would be males. When June said that her friends were coming to the party, he honestly thought she would invite a group of sexy women about her age and appearance. To him, that would have been a fantasy come true. For her group of friends to include muscular, young males... well, that wasn’t expected and it wasn’t good.

“Wow!” repeated the dark-haired male.

“Awesome!” said his blond friend.

The two males pushed their way through the door and hugged June. Both planted kisses on her cheeks before turning their eyes back to Alex. Their eyes roamed up and down his feminized body, devouring his feminine form.

“Wow!” repeated the dark-haired male again.

Alex felt utterly humiliated. Being seen feminized by women was humiliating, but somehow the humiliation turned him on. It felt sexual and exciting, like a game. Being seen feminized by men was different. It was humiliating, but this time the humiliation stung. It wounded Alex’s pride and made him feel inadequate somehow. It scared him too. What if they spotted him? Still, he quickly became erect.

The two males became erect too.

“What’s your name, darling?”

Alex froze. He was too terrified to speak.

Suddenly, June wrapped her arm around Alex’s shoulder and pulled him to her tightly. He almost lost his balance in his difficult heels. “This is

they watched him totter away. Alex felt their eyes watch him lecherously as he did the walk of shame.

CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP!

—o—

“Oh my God! That was hilarious!” said June, as she entered the kitchen.

Alex didn't respond. He was busy preparing the drinks tray. He had already jammed his penis back into his panties. The fact it had popped out shook his confidence immensely.

June continued. “I was dying watching you!” She laughed.

“It wasn't funny!” Alex said.

June raised an eyebrow and then laughed. “Oh heck yes, it was! And don't you dare tell me you didn't get off on that!”

“I did not!” he protested in horror.

June shot him an incredulous look. “Don't even try to tell me that, sissy boy! You were positively flirting with both of them! And I saw your hard-on pop up!” As she said this, she grabbed his erection beneath his skirt and yanked him forward, nearly causing him to fall in the unsteady heels.

“I—”

“Forget it!” she said, cutting off his objection. “I know better!”

The doorbell rang: **Ding dong!**

“Oh joy,” said June with an evil glint in her eye. “More guests.” She slapped his butt. “Get a move on, *Sissy!* Go answer the door!”

Alex shuddered as he realized this was going to be a long night.

He had no idea.

For the next ten minutes, Alex minced around on the incredibly difficult heels as his attention was called between opening the door for various guests and then rushing to the kitchen to get drinks and food for those same guests. About half the guests were men, each of whom was young and handsome and instantly hard looking at his feminized form. The other half were young women, each of whom was exactly what Alex had expected. These women were young, pretty and looked and dressed much like June. Each wore a short skirt and sky-high heels. Sadly, they showed little interest in him after a quick, dismissive look at his uniform. This denied him much of the thrill he had expected from this party. In fact, the only thrill he kept

getting was the unwanted thrill from the shame he felt when one of the men ogled him, and those were thrills that made him feel sick and effete.

He was highly disappointed and he felt cheated.

June seemed to realize too that Alex wasn't quite having the night he had expected. She didn't fully understand why he wasn't as excited as she thought he would be, but she had noticed that none of her female friends cared to interact with the "stripper maid" as they called Alex behind his back. Perhaps that was the problem?

She sauntered into the kitchen after him with a huge smirk on her face. She was trying to think of a way to help him enjoy this more. After all, there was still a huge surprise coming and she wanted him happy and unsuspecting before that happened. Still, she couldn't help but smirk at how easy it had been to feminize this man.

"Something wrong, sweetie?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am," said Alex grumpily.

June chuckled that he remained so formal even when disappointed. "You make a poor liar, Sissy."

"Don't call me that," he protested.

June let out a cynical laugh. She wanted to help him, but she wasn't going to let him act *that way* toward her! "You live dangerously, *Sissy*. But if you want, I can start calling you 'Alex' again. Is that what you want?"

Alex immediately realized the danger. "No."

June wasn't going to let him out that easily. "No, what?"

"No, Ma'am."

June folded her arms across her chest and spread her legs wide. An evil smile crossed her face. "No, that's not enough. Not the rude way you spoke to me. If you don't want me calling you 'Alex,' then get on your knees and grovel."

Alex furrowed his brow. Was she serious?

"Well... *Alex*?" she said loudly.

Alex instantly felt panic rise within him. He needed to surrender and fast. He immediately dropped to his knees and put his hands together. "Please don't call me 'Alex,'" he begged. "Please, Ma'am!"

June giggled. She placed her hand on his chin. "You look pathetic down there, Alex. I'll tell you what. Plant a nice big kiss on my toes and then I'll stop calling you 'Alex.' I'll call you 'Sissy' again. Is that what you want?"

Alex nodded his head.

“Then say it.”

“Please Ma’am, please call me ‘Sissy.’” Alex felt like a fool asking this.

June patted him on the cheek, which only made him feel even more foolish and submissive. “Good Sissy. Now the kiss.”

Alex leaned forward until his face came to within inches of June’s right foot. Her toes stuck out the front of her high-heeled sandal. He leaned closer, stuck out his lips and planted a kiss right on her toes.

“All right, Sissy. Get back to work,” said June. With that, she turned and left the kitchen, leaving Alex on his knees on the floor. He felt particularly humiliated the way she had dismissed him while he was on his knees.

“This can’t get any worse,” he said angrily.

He had no idea.

Just then the doorbell rang. Apparently, one more guest had arrived.

Chapter 6: “The Surprise Guest”

—o—

Alex tottered his way to the front door. The doorbell rang again. This latest guest was clearly impatient, something Alex thought was rather asinine as they were late to the party. Still, he didn't care. At this point, he just wanted the evening to end. He wasn't enjoying himself the way he thought he would and he wasn't in any mood to keep pretending being a maid. So the sooner he got this person inside to the party, the sooner they would all leave and he could reassess whether or not it was smart to continue this relationship with June.

“This party better wind down soon,” he thought sourly. “I am so over this. My feet hurt and I just want to get out of this stupid dress and these ridiculous heels and take a shower.”

He grunted quietly at the soreness in his feet as he continued tottering gingerly down the hallway: **CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP!**

“Then,” he thought, still sourly, “*then* I'm going to have a word with June. She's pushed this all too far and it's time to set this right again. She took advantage of my good nature and that's coming to an end! And while she could expose me, it's obvious she doesn't know anyone I do. She can't hurt me. It's time to be rid of her before that changes!”

The doorbell rang again: **Ding dong!**

“Hold your horses!” growled Alex under his breath. His annoyance was growing. Nevertheless, he walked faster: **CLICKSLAP! CLICKSLAP! CLICKSLAP! CLICKSLAP!** Behind him, Alex heard June's more stable heels start down the hallway behind him: **CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!** Her heels sounded so different than his. He had come to the conclusion that he didn't like mules very much.

A moment later, Alex reached the door. He straightened his blouse, smoothed his skirt and grabbed the doorknob as he'd done so many times that night. He yanked open the door and smiled mechanically. As he did, he reached for the hem of his dress to curtsy as he had been required.

He froze.

His jaw dropped.

“Y— you!” he gasped.

June came up behind him and whispered in his ear as she patted his rear. “Surprise, sweetie!”

“My, my, my,” said Alex’s ex-wife Tanya. She gazed at him with a vicious smirk on her face.

Alex swallowed hard. Deep down, he knew he was doomed, but he hoped he wasn’t. “Maybe,” said his panicked mind, “this is another challenge? Maybe she doesn’t know who I am and June is waiting for me to give myself away? I’ve got to play it cool!”

He curtseyed.

“May I help you?” asked Alex. “Oh God! Please don’t let her realize who I am!” he thought.

There was a seemingly endless silence. Then June giggled and Tanya raised her eyebrow angrily.

“Can you help me?” parroted Tanya in a condescending tone. “Why don’t you start by inviting me in? Then you can take my coat. Then you can march your sissy ass to the study and we can talk about our new relationship.”

Alex’s jaw dropped again. “You— you—”

Tanya snickered. “Yes, Alex, I know who you are.”

“But—”

“Are you going to let me in or not?” demanded Tanya firmly.

As Tanya said this, a man in a dark blue suit and silver tie came up behind Tanya and held out a set of car keys. “It’s parked, dear,” he said.

Tanya took the keys without thanking him, and the man kissed her on the cheek. She looked at Alex. “Well? Do you step aside or does this get ugly?”

Alex was shattered. He never expected this and he had no idea how to respond. Why was Tanya here? Why now? How did she know who he was? No one else had figured out that he was a man, but she knew the moment she saw him. What was going on here?! And what does all of this mean? In any event, despite his terror and confusion, Alex stepped aside.

“Please come in, Ma’am,” he said automatically.

Tanya laughed. “Thank you, Sissy.” She turned to the man behind her. “Isn’t she sexy?”

The man looked Alex up and down from head to toe. As with the other

males, his erection immediately popped up. “Yes, very beautiful,” he said.

Alex cringed.

Tanya turned and the man removed her jacket. He handed it to Alex, who placed it in the closet. As he did, Tanya ran her fingers over Alex’s rear and snickered. “Very, nice.” She turned back to the man. “Ted, why don’t you go enjoy the party. June and Sissy and I have some things to discuss.”

“Yes, dear,” said Ted and he kissed Tanya on the cheek before wandering off down the hallway.

Tanya placed her hands on her hips and turned back to her feminized ex-husband. “It’s time we had a little talk,” she said with a snicker. She pointed toward the study. Then she slapped Alex on the rear. “Get moving, *Sissy!*”

Tanya made Alex walk first down the hallway. She and June followed after him. They spoke in whispers and girlish giggles about Alex’s feminized form. The moment they reached the study, however, Tanya’s tone changed.

She closed the door.

“So I guess we know now why our marriage didn’t work, don’t we, *Sissy?*” asked Tanya. “It’s funny that you blamed me for the failure in court. You somehow forgot to mention to the judge that you always wanted to be a sissy.”

Alex stayed silent.

“In any event,” she continued, “that’s in the past. Let’s talk about the future.”

Alex bit his lip. He knew that Tanya had him bent over a barrel. She knew all of his friends, all of his employees, and all of his clients, and they would not approve of the things she could tell them... or show them. She even knew a couple journalists who would love to get their hands on a “cross-dressing millionaire boss” story. She could ruin him.

“What do you want, Tanya?” he asked.

Tanya smirked. “I prefer ‘*Mistress.*’ That’s what you’ll call me from now on—”

Alex furrowed his brow. “‘From now on’? There is no ‘from now on.’ We’re divorced. You’re out of my life. In fact, I think you should leave my house. Remember? I got it in the divorce.”

Tanya’s smirk grew and she looked him up and down once more, stopping for an uncomfortable amount of time at his feet, at his crotch, at his cleavage and finally at his eyes. Alex felt her eyes burning his body. He

suddenly became deeply self-conscious and he crossed his legs to futilely try to hide his feet. Then he crossed his arms to hide his cleavage. He kept his eyes down at the ground, as he was unable to meet her gaze.

“I don’t think you quite understand what’s going on,” said Tanya calmly.

His eyes remained focused on the floor. He didn’t speak.

“No, I don’t think you do,” she added. “Tell me this, Sissy. What would happen if all your clients found out about your little hobby?”

Alex shuddered. There it was. She had made the very blackmail threat he dreaded and feared. He knew he had no answer to this. All he could do was try to bluff his way out of this. “No one’s going to believe an angry ex-wife,” he said as confidently as he could, though his tone contained traces of fear.

Tanya chuckled. “Are you kidding?”

Alex tightened his arms around his chest and shuffled his feet. If he was going to bluff his way out of this, then he needed to do it now. “No, I’m not kidding. You’re angry. You aren’t happy with the divorce. You have reason to lie. No one will believe you.” He paused. “Besides, you don’t have any evidence.

Tanya chuckled. “Is that so?”

Alex shrugged his shoulders to mean “Yes.”

“What do you call finding you here?”

“Your word versus mine.”

Tanya pulled out her phone and snapped a photo of Alex. “Now it’s your word versus my photo.”

Alex felt nervous sweat building over his body. Still, he shrugged his shoulders again. “Stay cool,” he told himself. Then he told her, “That’s one photo, and I’ll claim it was photoshopped... or a costume party.”

“What about all the other photos?”

Alex’s mouth went dry. “What photos?” he asked nervously.

Tanya laughed out loud. “All the photos I told June to take during the last couple weeks.”

Alex’s jaw dropped. “June? What do you mean that you asked June? What did you ask June?”

Tanya snickered. “Oh, didn’t you know?”

“Know what?” he asked in shock.

“That June’s been recording you tittering around the house like a little

sissy.”

Alex gasped.

“I’m surprised you don’t remember June,” said Tanya. “She used to work with me when you and I met.”

Alex couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He looked over his shoulder at the smirking June. He’d had no idea. “Really?”

June nodded her head. “Yes, Alex. When I realized you were submissive, I told Tanya about you. She paid me to seduce you. She wanted me to get you to humiliate yourself and then to film it so she could undo the divorce you foisted on her.”

“She paid you to feminize me?” gasped Alex.

“Oh, she never said to feminize you. She just wanted you to humiliate yourself on film. Finding out that you were a sissy was just a lucky find which made this ridiculously easy... or should I say, ‘maid this’ easy?”

Alex’s face turned bright red. Behind him, Tanya laughed coldly.

“That’s right, Sissy. I had no idea you liked being a sissy girl. I just knew that June could get you to agree to do some degrading things because it was clear to us that you were secretly submissive. And I figured that getting photos of you trussed up like a turkey with a dildo up your ass would be enough to blackmail you. I never, *NEVER* imagined *THIS!*” she said with a snicker and she waved her hand up and down his body. “Fortunately for you, I love the idea of having my own sissy maid. It’s going to be fun to see how long you can hide from my boyfriends.”

“What do you mean?” asked Alex. There was genuine fear in his voice now.

“What do I mean? I mean that in a moment, I’m going to hand you some documents. Those documents are going to give me all the assets you took in the divorce. Those documents will also cause you to resign from your firm after appointing me as the owner and CEO. You will then move into the guest room in this house as I take the master bedroom. You will spend your days being my sissy maid, working under June’s supervision, doing whatever I want.”

Alex folded his arms even more tightly. “And why would I agree to that?”

“Because if you don’t agree, then I’ll show all the photos and all the videos to everyone you know. I’ll call Karl Wilson and Samantha Wilcox at the *Tribune* and they’ll make sure everyone else in town knows about you

too. You'll become a national laughingstock, and you'll lose everything."

"Everything," he repeated nervously. He knew she was right.

"Yes, everything. I know how all your assets are tied to your business and if that business fails, then you lose everything. And I know that all of your macho clients will dump you in a heartbeat once they learn you're a sissy. Within weeks, you'll be humiliated and broke with everyone everywhere knowing all about the sissy-boy ex-millionaire who likes wearing sissy high heels and wants his maids to humiliate him. That will be you!"

Alex furrowed his brow. The picture she painted made him sick, but he thought he still saw a light, a tiny, tiny light in the darkness that might let him regain some power and escape. Indeed, it suddenly dawned on Alex that either choice she offered resulted in the same ending for him – give it all up or lose it all – so he had no reason to cooperate. But she clearly wanted something. She could only get that something with his cooperation. That gave him an edge.

"Ok, so maybe you can destroy me. But if I sign those papers, then I'm sure to lose everything. So why should I make this easy on you? Why don't I just—"

Tanya's smirk froze Alex mid-sentence.

"What?" he asked.

"Why cooperate? Is that what you were going to ask? One reason. If you don't, I'll destroy you. But if you sign and do as you're told, then we'll keep our new arrangement a secret from your friends and employees and family," said Tanya enticingly. "You can live on with your reputation intact. You won't have any money or control, but you won't lose your reputation."

"Really?"

"That would be our agreement. You do as I say and I will never tell your friends, employees, clients or family how you really live."

Alex tried to decide if this was some trick.

"Think about it. Sign over your assets, and your three sisters never need to know how badly their sissy brother wants to be one of the girls."

Alex shuddered. The image of his sisters mocking him terrified him.

"Or fight me and imagine how your father will react to seeing his arrogant boy prancing around in high heels. Call me crazy, but I don't think that will go over too well with the Neanderthal."

"What will I do for money?"

"You won't need money. You'll be living in my house and I'll provide

you with anything I think you need. And who knows, someday I might even let you go make a fresh start somewhere.”

“What would I tell them about why I gave you everything?”

Tanya shrugged. “That’s up to you.”

“And you won’t tell them?”

“I won’t say a word.”

“And you won’t make me dress like a woman before them?”

“You can dress however you want if you need to see your family.” She didn’t mention his friends or clients, but Alex didn’t notice.

There was a moment of silence. Alex bit his lip. He *HATED* this, but he also realized that she had trapped him. There was only one choice, one choice that gave him a chance of salvaging something. But the price was high. He wouldn’t be humiliated before his friends and family and employees, but he would be humiliated just as deeply by needing to serve his wife as her feminized submissive day after day. Could he do it? He didn’t know.

After a few seconds, Tanya reached into her purse and pulled out several papers. She also pulled out a pen. She handed the pen to her ex-husband, who took the pen and squeezed it between his sissy red nails.

“Sign it and become my slave, but save your reputation. Or watch it all come crashing down in a feminized blaze of emasculation. What will it be, Sissy?” asked Tanya.

Alex took a deep breath.

Epilogue: The End and the Beginning

—o—

Tanya yanked the cord even tighter. Alex's hands were securely tied to the chair behind his back. His nylon-covered ankles were tied to the chair as well. He was stuck. A feeling of immense power came over Tanya and it made her wet. She could literally do anything she wanted to her ex-husband, and he was powerless to stop her, and that turned her on. In fact, she had come to love humiliating him. She felt wronged by him and she loved every little bit of revenge she got.

"We should have done this a long time ago," said Tanya as she ran her fingers down the front of his corset. She looked down at his pink toenails sticking out the fronts of his high-heeled sandals and giggled. "Then maybe we wouldn't have had to go through the divorce. You could have just become my submissive sissy and we would have lived happily ever after."

"Please let me go," pleaded Alex again.

Tanya let out a cynical laugh. "Let you go? Honey, I'm never letting you go. I own you now and there's no escaping that. And if you don't like it, then all I can say is that maybe you shouldn't have tried playing sissy maid with June."

"It wasn't my idea!" he protested.

She snickered. "Yeah, right."

"Seriously, please let me go."

"Why would I let you go? The fun is only beginning," she said.

"Please, I'll give you anything!"

Tanya smiled wickedly. "You tried that yesterday. Do you remember the problem with trying to bribe me? That's right... I already have everything. Everything belongs to me now and you can't change that anymore. All you can do now is be a good little sissy maid and hope that I treat you well."

Alex sighed; what she said was true.

Tanya smirked. She ran her hand down to his panties and felt his penis. Sure enough, he was hard as a rock. She slipped her hand inside his panties, wrapped her fingers around his penis, and squeezed it tightly. She felt her pussy leak into her own panties. She was so wet!

“See, Alex, you made a huge mistake when you agreed to this,” said Tanya.

“I didn’t have a choice.”

She laughed. “Yes, you did. All you had to do was man up and face the consequences. But now I legally own *everything*, and there isn’t a thing you can do about it. You can’t even leave because you have nowhere to go, no male clothes, no money to take you anywhere or even to buy you male clothes, and no one will hire you to give you money.”

She squeezed his penis until he winced as her nails dug into his penis.

“Pay attention, Sissy.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he grunted through gritted teeth.

“James is coming in ten minutes. You’re going to stay in here, nice and quiet. If you make a noise, I will let him open the closet to investigate, and there’s no telling what he’ll do to you then.”

Alex felt a shiver run down his spine. “You promised not to expose me to my friends!”

Tanya laughed. “True, but what are you going to do about it? Sue me?”

Alex blushed. He didn’t know what to say. He had lost everything to his estranged ex-wife and she had reduced him to this, a simpering sissy hiding in the closet as she prepare to meet one of his friends and have sex in this very bedroom. He felt utterly humiliated. Worse though, as she kept pointing out, he was hard as a rock, which suggested that this all turned him on. He still couldn’t understand that. How had this happened to him? How had he gone from the top of the world to a sissified sex toy for his vengeful ex-wife? Before he could think about that, Tanya interrupted his thoughts by squeezing his balls until they hurt.

Tanya continued: “I did promise though, and I intend to keep that promise. As I told you, I won’t expose you. If you make a noise and he investigates, I’ll give you a chance to satisfy him enough that he doesn’t want to ask any questions. If you can convince him that you’re a girl then he won’t have any reason to suspect you’re a man, right?”

Alex cringed. He knew exactly what she meant: she wanted him to give James a blowjob if he got caught. She had already invited many of his friends over and made Alex serve them as a sissy maid while she flirted with them. Each time, she made it clear that if Alex was convincing enough as a woman, then his friends would never know who he really was. That would

mean acting like a woman in any way necessary, including potentially satisfying their horniness to prevent their wandering hands from discovering the truth.

“Those are the rules,” said Tanya. “When the night is over, if you’ve been a quiet, obedient little sissy, then I’ll untie you and you can go back about your duties. Whether or not you get discovered is up to you. And if you misbehave, I’ll paddle you until you can’t sit anymore.”

Another shiver ran down Alex’s spine as he recalled the prior paddling; his rear was still sore. His ex-wife certainly hadn’t taken it easy on him, and he didn’t want to experience that again.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said nervously.

“Good,” she said and she kissed his lips. She then took a blindfold from the shelf and tied it around his head to cover his eyes. “You don’t get to watch tonight. Maybe in the future, but not tonight as this is James’ first time over.” She laughed. “Oh, by the way, I may dress you as a boy tomorrow and take you to lunch with me and James... we’ll see.”

Alex shuddered. There was no way he could look his friend James in the eyes again knowing that he was openly sleeping with Tanya in Alex’s bed. It wasn’t that he felt jealous, but the humiliation of another man openly taking what they thought was his, in his own bedroom, burned him. It emasculated him, as if the dress and heels didn’t already emasculate him completely.

Tanya then bent down and picked up one of her open-toed spikes. “Since I don’t want you being bored, I’m giving you a challenge,” she said. She then took the shoe and held it firmly in her right hand and grabbed his penis with her left. She jammed the head of his hard penis through the open-toe of the shoe and forced the shoe as far up his shaft as she could. His penis didn’t fit easily or without pain.

Alex grimaced at the pain.

“Here’s the game. This shoe will stay on your little toy so long as it stays hard. If you go soft, it will fall off and then fall to the floor. That noise will probably attract James. And even if it doesn’t, if this shoe isn’t on your tiny dick at the end of the evening, then I will punish you in the most humiliating way. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Alex and he shuddered. This meant he needed to do his best to stay turned on all night. This was the type of game she kept playing with him, making him keep himself turned on at the wrong things.

She patted his cheek. "Good girl."

With that, she closed the closet door and she proceeded to get dressed. About twenty minutes later, she left the bedroom to meet her lover... Alex's best friend. They were back an hour later. As Alex listened from the closet, they entered the room and began to undress. They were kissing.

"Hmm, you're so much bigger than my little pussy husband," purred Tanya.

Alex could hear her unzip James' pants and, presumably, pull out his erection.

"He does seem a little... uh, weak," said James with a laugh. He picked up Tanya and carried her to the bed. He laid her down and pulled off her high heels and panties. He climbed on top of her.

"Oh yes!" said Tanya as she guided his penis inside her.

This would be Alex's life for quite some time.

The End

Check Out Some Of My Other Classic Feminization Stories

Here are some of my other tales of feminization. These are cautionary tales of men who find themselves delving into the world of femininity, sometimes by choice and sometimes by chance, but mainly against their wills. Check out my homepage for all of my stories!



“Caught By His Roommate”

When Peter met Lisa, he thought he'd found the perfect roommate. She was cute. She was friendly. She had a closet full of feminine clothes and very high heels. And she was just about Peter's size. Peter couldn't wait for her to move in so he could explore her wardrobe. Unfortunately for Peter, she catches him doing exactly that and she's not happy about it. Peter's life is about to change in a very big way.

This 19,200 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, pegging, oral, power exchange, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Cross-Dressed At The Halloween Party”

Jack’s girlfriend Terri wanted to take him down a peg and give her something she could hold over him whenever he started acting like a sexist. She came up with quite the idea. After a little convincing, she got Jack to dress as a woman for a costume party. Only, this party wasn’t a costume party.

This 14,500 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

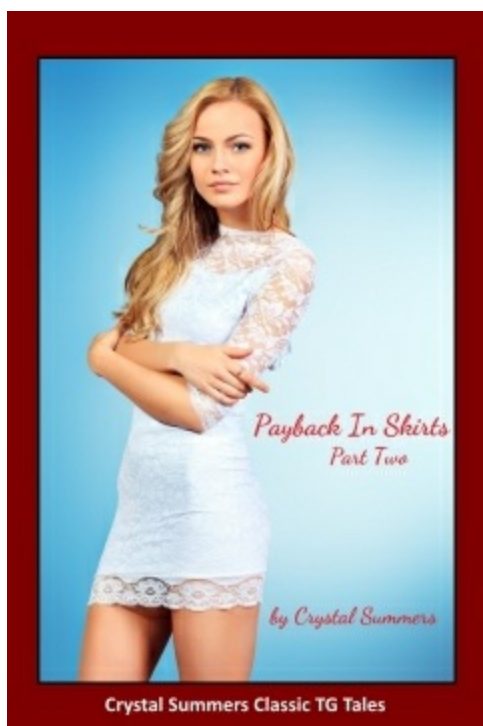


“Payback In Skirts” (Part One: Feminized By His Wife)

Paul made a lot of mistakes in his life, but his biggest mistake was borrowing money from a mobster to gamble on a horse. With no choice but to beg his wife for money to pay back this debt, Paul put himself at the mercy of his wife. She decides to use her newfound power to extract a little feminized revenge.

This 16,200 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, chastity device, bondage, oral, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Payback In Skirts” (Part Two: Hiding In Skirts)

As Paul becomes a feminized prisoner of his vengeful wife, he begins to wonder if his wife ever plans to let him go and why she keeps exposing him to the very mobster from whom he is hiding!

This 14,500 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, chastity device, bondage, paddling, erotic humiliation, oral, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Payback In Skirts” (Part Three: Paying His Debt)

In this concluding part of “Payback In Skirts,” Paul finds himself turned over to Tony Carmine by his wife. Tony feminizes Paul and gives Paul as a gift to his daughter Jill to be part of her doll collection. There is only one way out for Paul, and that is to pay back his debt. Unfortunately, the only way he can do that involves convincing Tony’s deadbeats to pay their debts.

This 12,900 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, hormones, anal, oral, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissified Husband”

Sam got way more than he bargained for when he followed his wife to the club where she worked. What Sam did not know was the true purpose of the club, but he would find out now. Can Sam escape before he’s feminized? Will he want to?

This 16,500 word story includes female domination, partial gender transformation, forced feminization, anal, breast growth, a shrinking penis, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminizing Her Husband”

Before they married, Dave swore to Kate that he was sexually adventurous. But after they married, it quickly became clear to Kate that he wasn't. Kate decides it's time for a change. Unfortunately, to make that change, she has to find a way to break Dave's need to control everything about their relationship. What better way to break his need to dominate her than to feminize him?

This 14,500 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, pegging, power exchange, chastity, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“How I Feminized My Boyfriend”

This first person story tells the tale of a young woman who has always wanted to feminize a man, but was never able to find one who would let her. Imagine her surprise the day she discovered her boyfriend playing with himself while looking at images of men dressed as women. It was time for her to fulfill her fantasy!

This 14,000 word erotic story includes forced feminization, paddling, chastity devices, pegging, small penis humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Secret Sissy Game”

After nearly getting caught wearing his roommate Candy’s panties, Len found he had a taste for risking exposure. Each day, he risked wearing a bit more. Then he heard about the party. Did he dare go to a party dressed from head to toe as a woman? Could he pass? This could be the biggest thrill of his life... or his biggest disaster.

“Secret Sissy Game” is a cautionary tale of a man who gets caught up in dressing up as a woman. This 11,000 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, pegging, forced-bi, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part One: Reporting For Work *In Skirts*)

Gwyneth needs to whip her listless husband Sam into shape. He does nothing around the house and he won't find a job. So she finds a job for him. When Sam tries to escape his wife's efforts to make him take the job, his own deception gives her the idea of making him report for work in a dress! Naturally, this will spin out of control for both partners as the reality sets in that Sam makes a better woman than a man. Things are about to change for both of them!

This 14,500 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, small penis humiliation, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only