

This is Audible.

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It is not meant to be a how-to or an exposé of alternative lifestyles.

For that you really should come see me.

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Those inclined to participate in alternative lifestyle activities are encouraged to seek out reputable instruction and information.

The dictum of safe, sane and consensual should always be followed.

Now sit back, relax and enjoy your book.

Chapter 1. Corinne Callaway relaxed in her chair and absently turned the pages of a magazine as the warm water and heated stones in the foot bath soaked away the stresses of her day.

Sense of vanilla and lavender filled the air, sconces on the wall gave the room a muted amber glow.

The new age music in the background harps and flutes, so that was something she could do without.

Some vintage cenatra, old blue eyes with the Nelson Riddle orchestra, or maybe even some Harry Connick Jr. that would be more to her liking, elegant and classy as herself.

She watched a petite spa technician in a too tight, too short white dress, administer a pedicure to another customer.

She noted the girl's name badge, Tammy, when she'd started the foot bath.

Corinne's eyes couldn't help but linger on the taut fabric as it stretched over those young firm hips.

VPL, a fashion no-no, but there's something about her.

The woman receiving Tammy's attentions was close to Corinne's age and quite striking.

Their eyes met when Corinne entered the room and they exchanged polite smiles and nods in silent greeting.

Then they both went back to their magazines and moments of selfish indulgence and pampering.

Almost finished ma'am, your feet didn't need that much work today. You're very fortunate to have a husband who takes care of them, Tammy said.

Corinne raised her eyes and glanced over the top of her magazine, intrigued by the conversation.

Tammy turned to Corinne. I'll be right with you Miss Callaway.

She gathered up her things and prepared to move to Corinne when the other woman spoke.

Tammy! Tammy turned to face her client, who silently pointed to her feet.

Corinne dropped the magazine, her teary cloth robe, and folding the pages.

Something was going to happen and she didn't want to miss it.

Tammy stepped before her customer knelt and reverently placed a tender kiss on top of each foot.

She released the feet and looked up to see the woman smiling down at her, silently demanding more.

Tammy picked up the pan of water from the foot bath, brought it to her lips, and took a drink, her pink tongue licking the residue from her lips.

The woman in the chair nodded her approval. The ritual act of obedience completed.

Tammy rose, set the pan on a shelf, and gathered her things.

She cast an embarrassed look at Corinne.

I'll be right with you Miss Callaway.

Corinne's eyes followed Tammy as she left, then she turned her gaze to the woman across the room.

The woman rose, tightened her robe, and walked to Corinne.

I hope I didn't shock you.

Corinne smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Actually, not at all.

Really, some would be shocked at such an overt and submissive display.

Corinne's green eyes narrowed, and she pursed her lips as if to consider.

Well, some would, once who don't understand the desperate needs and nature of those who would be submissive.

She said your husband does your feet?

Oh, yes, and quite well, in fact. But I always enjoy the pampering here, and, she said, casting her eyes to the door, Tammy is such a treasure.

I quite agree. She is special.

Corinne extended a hand. My name is Corinne Callaway.

Joanna, Joanna Barnes, said the other woman, taking Corinne's hand and smiling. We really must get together.

Joanna added cream to her coffee.

I've not seen you at this spa before.

Corinne dabbed at her lips with a napkin and returned it to the table.

Yes, I usually go to Giovanni's, but they're remodeling.

Based on the performance of your lovely little Tammy, I may consider switching locations.

You noticed her submissive nature right off?

Oh, not immediately. But even at the first appointment, there was definitely something about the way she touched my feet, though almost of reverence.

Corinne nodded.

Not surprising, someone with a strong submissive need couldn't help but exhibit some of that on the job, kneeling, giving pedicures, serving and waiting.

She probably chose that vocation specifically for those reasons. How far have you taken her?

Oh, only what you witnessed, foot kissing and drinking my foot bath.

Still, it makes for a wonderful entertaining afternoon.

Oh, indeed, most entertaining.

Corinne leaned back and considered her next question.

You said your husband does your feet is he submissive?

He likes to be dominated, so Anna paused, unsure how much to reveal to her newfound friend.

Get tied up and spanked, you know, a bit more of a shock at first, but as I got more comfortable with it, I began to see it in more places.

I saw the same look in Tammy's eyes that I'd seen in my husband's, and out of curiosity, I pushed it to see how far she'd go.

I enjoy it, the power of having someone submit to me.

How far have you gone with your husband?

Oh, some bondage, some foot kissing.

He's bought crops and whips and paddles, and I use those on him.

Uh-huh, sounds typical.

Corinne studied Joanna for a moment and leaned forward.

Here was New Blood, a potential convert to the sisterhood.

How far would you like it to go?

Joanna Schrod, having never considered the question, I don't know.

How far is there to go?

I mean, Corinne's lips curled in a demonic smile, time to seal another submissive's fate.

All the way, it completes submission to you 24-7, or whenever you desire.

Complete service, absolute obedience, admittedly, it's not for everyone, but there can be some advantages.

For you, I'm not sure Joanna dropped her nails on the table nervously.

I can't imagine what that would be like, even if it's something that I wanted.

I mean, would Gary want to go that far?

That's your first mistake.

Corinne settled back in her chair, allowing Joanna some space, allowing him a choice in the matter.

Joanna hesitated.

I don't know. Up until now, it's been...

Would you like to see how it can be? How far it can go?

Joanna silently nodded.

Come see me on Friday alone.

Chapter 2. Joanna steered her BMW up the driveway, excited at what she might be learning that evening.

Corinne promised to show her real dominance and real submission, and Joanna was curious.

The dull set tones of the doorbell had barely receded before the car's mahogany door opened.

Joanna was greeted by a tall maid, who demurely admitted her into the spacious and richly decorated foyer.

The maid curtseyed.

Welcome to Mistress Corinne's home.

May I take your coat?

Joanna allowed the maid to take her coat, and took the moment to observe the domestic help.

Corinne's maid was tall, as she'd noticed, but that was obviously due to the high stiletto heels that were part of the uniform.

They must be at least five inches high, thought Joanna.

The maid wore the classic black and white knee-length dress with white apron and lace headpiece on her shoulder-length brown hair.

She gently folded Joanna's coat over her arm.

Please follow me.

Joanna followed, noting the maid's short steps, each foot directly in front of the other,

providing a pleasing sway to her delightfully full and rounded bottom.

She noted Corinne's exquisite decor.

Flemish tapestries, French tables with delicate vases, and fresh flowers provided an architectural digest ambiance

that was more elegant than ostentatious.

The woman had style.

When they reached the study, the maid curtseyed and announced.

Miss Joanna Barnes, to see you, ma'am.

Corinne rose to embrace Joanna.

I'm delighted you could come, she turned to the maid.

I'll call for you when I need you.

Joanna noted Corinne's curt, an authoritative tone, and watched as the maid executed a series of demure curtseys and backed out of the room.

Corinne motioned to the sofa, and both women sat down.

Your home is stunning, gosh Joanna.

Oh, I'll give you a tour later.

It's so good to have you visit.

Have you thought about our discussion?

Are you curious to see how far dominance and submission can go in a relationship?

Well, yes, actually I am.

You've definitely got me interested.

Corinne smiled.

I'm glad.

There's a wonderful world that awaits you, if you're up for taking it, that is.

I certainly wouldn't mind being pampered and treated like a goddess, if that's what you mean.

Joanna laughed and swept her arm around to indicate Corinne's lifestyle.

So is your husband your submissive around?

I'd like to see what it is that you're talking about.

Darling, Good Corinne, you've already met him.

I have, well, where?

Corinne lit a cigarette and exhaled a stream of smoke.

He let you in, darling.

Suzette, the maid, is my husband.

Get out.

With an evil Cheshire cat, Grinn, Corinne nodded.

My complete submissive, docile, obedient, and feminized Sissy maid.
Every woman should have one.
There's such treasures.
Let's call her back.
Corinne picked up a crystal bell and gave it two shakes.
Immediately Joanna heard the same click, click, click, clacking of the stilettos that she'd heard when she followed the maid down the hallway.
Corinne's husband minced into the room, stopped before the seated ladies, and executed a deep curtsy.
Joanna, this is my husband and maid Suzette.
More maid than husband, aren't you, dear?
Corinne's husband delicately took the hem of his dress between his thumbs and forefingers, lifted it, and dropped into another deep curtsy.
Lift your dress, Corinne ordered.
He lifted the dress to expose his cock, encased in a chastity device and a lacy garter belt holding up his black-seamed fishnet stockings.
Isn't she pretty?
Mocked Corinne.
Joanna stared, slowly shaking her head.
Yes, quite feminine is he always locked in that, that thing?
Almost always, Corinne replied.
It's really rather useless to me unless I feel like tormenting or teasing her, which I quite enjoy, and keeping it locked up makes her more efficient in her duties, doesn't it, dear?
Yes, mistress.
And do you always keep him dressed like this?
Joanna asked.
Well, most of the time, actually, her entire life, apart from her daily office job, is devoted to me, so at home she's nothing more than a servant, a maid, a domestic.
He wears those heels all the time?
Oh, those are her day shoes.
She wears higher ones, usually six-inch or more, in the evening, and yes, she's in them all day and all night when she's not at her mail-work.
Joanna furrowed her brow in bitter bottom lip.
You refer to him as her, as she.
Corinne smiled, and put a reassuring hand on Joanna's arm.
Yes, after training, they seemed to respond better to the feminine pronouns.
Technically they aren't really male or female, but rather sissy maids, domesticated, ultra-feminized males.
Male references only confuse the poor things.
So, would you like to see where these darling little creatures come from, how they're born?
Joanna took a deep breath and exhaled.
I would love to.
I was expecting something darker, more sinister, perhaps something medieval and dungeon-esque,
Joanna said, as they entered Corinne's basement.
That's the other side of the basement, that's my playroom over there.
This is where I do my serious work, the life-changing work.
Corinne threw the light switch.
The room erupted into an explosion of light, the maid Joanna squint.
It was clinically foreboding, cold, white tiles on the floor, white walls and ceilings, and bright, harsh lighting.

Corinne picked up severe-looking sunglasses, handing a pair to Joanna. It frightens them more when they can't see our eyes, and the brightness in here can be disorienting, although the subjects are usually hooded. Corinne slid on the sunglasses, but there's no need for us to suffer. She jerked on the leash in her hand, and Suzette dutifully crawled behind. Corinne used her cigarette holder and casually pointed out features of the room, occasionally tapping an ash to the pristine white floor. Corinne smiled as Suzette quickly lapped up each spot of gray ash. Why bother with messy and smelly ash trays? The stark white walls, floors and ceiling were punctuated with gleaming chrome and stainless steel. No leather, Joanna asked. With a flourish, Corinne opened a cabinet, revealing a wide assortment of cuffs, collars, hoods, gags, straps, and arm-binders. Of course there's leather! There's always leather darling, but I'm going for a more clinical look and feel here. A tray of gleaming, surgical, stainless steel instruments caught Joanna's eye. She picked up a speculum and squeezed. Corinne smiled to see Joanna's face slide up with glee as the tool widened in her grip. She tugged on the leash and Suzette crawled behind, following mistress to the center of the room. And this, this is the breaking cage. Joanna silently eyed the nondescript assembly and pointed to a plaque. What's that? What's M-I-S-M-O? Corinne jerked on the lead and Suzette healed up at her side, her mouth open. That, Corinne said, as she tapped the ash directly into Suzette's mouth, stands for mail-in sissy made out. Clever! I like that, but it looks like one of those portable dog cages. It is darling, it is, Corinne laughed, but one with unique enhancements. What's that on the bottom of the cage? It's a plastic mat for using office chairs on carpet, only I've turned it over so the hundreds of tiny plastic spikes point upwards. It doesn't cause them any real damage, but it makes them uncomfortable. There's no position they can find where their knees and legs aren't tormented and assaulted. No relief, no comfort. It's all part of the programming and conditioning. Joanna walked around the cage, intently observing its features, running her hand over the strong wire exterior. It was a heavy-duty dog cage, barely waist high. A male could be squeezed in, hunched over on his knees, but Corinne was correct. It wouldn't be comfortable. So how does all of it work? Let me show you, Corinne pulled on Suzette's leash. Strip! Suzette's shaky hands struggle to remove her maid's dress. She's really scared, Joanna said. Well, she has the right to be. Corinne turned to her fearful maid. I'm only putting you in for a quick demonstration, but if you give me any trouble, I'll leave you there. Suzette dropped her knees to lavish thankful kisses on Corinne's high-heeled pumps. Joanna shook her head. She's scared shitless of that thing. Is that how you train all of them? Well, it's how I break all of them, darling. Corinne's lips parted into a wicked smile.

It's how we'll break yours.

Joanna nodded at the thought of Gary, bound and trembling, crawling into the cage. Yeah.

Exciting, isn't it?

Fucking a righ. Show me how this thing works.

Corinne began preparing Suzette for the cage.

Suzette's arms were secured behind her with a leather arm binder.

Earbud earphones were inserted into her ears.

A leather hood with only a mouth opening rendered Suzette sightless and sealed in the earphones.

Corinne turned a switch and flooded the room with static from a pair of JBL reference monitor speakers.

She turned down the volume so she and Joanna could talk.

Random white noise, it's disorienting, makes it hard for them to think or concentrate, and impossible to sleep.

Suzette's chastity device was left on and Corinne affixed a metal band around the base of Suzette's scrotum.

A wire from the metal band was connected to the same control panel where Corinne plugged in Suzette's earphones.

Corinne guided a shuffling Suzette into the cage, routing the wires through the openings in the top.

She positioned Suzette so she faced strategically placed doors that allowed access to her cock, tits and mouth.

Corinne pushed a button and a winch lifted the cage into the air.

I hate bending over to work and the motion keeps them off balance and disoriented.

Corinne began her discourse on the breaking cage.

What we have here are elements of sensory deprivation, sleep deprivation, behavior modification, and positive and negative reinforcement.

The plastic cage bottom, the white noise, the cage motion, and the recitation drills deprived the inhabitant of rest, relief or rational thought.

Recitation drills, what are those? The very heart of the breaking cage. At random intervals, the white noise is interrupted by a recorded statement.

The subject must repeat the statement aloud, within five seconds, or suffer an electrical shock to the metal band around her scrotum, painful, but not damaging.

Like this, Corinne pressed a button and Suzette lurched in the cage.

Ahhhhhh!

Joanna's eyes went wide.

What kind of statement?

Corinne's eyes narrowed to slits, made more mysterious by the haze of smoke from her cigarette.

The kinds of statements that turned men into sissy maids. She picked up a remote control and pressed play.

From the speakers came a lil' pink female voice.

I love to wear high heels.

Suzette replied without hesitation.

I love to wear high heels.

Again the feminine voice.

It's fun to wear makeup.

Just as fast came Suzette's reply.

It's fun to wear makeup.

Corinne pressed stop, and the irritating white noise returned.

There are hundreds of other such statements, computer controlled, and those which the subject is forced to hear and repeat for days on end.

The subject's responses are monitored by a computer.

They go on at random intervals day and night, and if they're not answered, the subject gets an electric shock.

Let me show you that.

I'll turn off the microphone that records Suzette's responses.

Corinne pressed play, and the voice returned.

I love to suck cock.
Suzette's reply followed.
I love to suck cock.
Corinne smiled and silently mouthed the word, wait.
The shock hit Suzette, and she screamed in pain.
I love to suck cock.
Again she was shocked.
I love to suck cock.
Corinne allowed one more shock before she turned on Suzette's microphone.
I love to suck cock.
This time there was no shock, and Suzette relaxed, although she was visibly shaking.
Joanna held her breath and leaned against a cabinet for support.
Unucking believable.
You do this for days?
For some it takes repeat sessions, yes.
For others, after a couple days, there's absolutely no hesitation about wearing mascara, about sucking cocks, or doing anything else demanded of them.
What about food and water?
You said some of them are in here for days.
Corinne removed a large, realistic looking dildo from a drawer.
It's hollow inside, and I put in a feeding mixture of oatmeal for carbs and tuna for protein, mixed up in a blender, not very appetizing at all, but it contains the basic life-sustaining nutrients.
They learn to suck their nourishment through a cock or they go hungry.
I have another one for water, sometimes flavored with my own golden nectar or my lover's comb, just to get them used to the flavor, you know.
Corinne walked to the cage, lowered the door in front of Suzette's face, and affixed the feeding cock.
She picked up the microphone.
Fade! Suzette shuffled forward, the point of plastic mat mauling her knees, took the cock in her mouth and rocked back and forth, sucking the plastic phalus.
Corinne opened the tit access door and caressed Suzette's nipples.
Suzette moaned, moved her tits closer to the cage, and continued to deep throat the cock.
She likes to have her nipples stroked, Corinne said.
It's part of the conditioning. They learn to associate their own physical pleasure with sucking cock.
We also do negative reinforcement, removing the hood and showing them pictures of themselves hunting or playing golf, accompanied by an electrical shock.
And this is how Stephen became Suzette?
She was the first, Corinne admitted. I've done others helping women create their own 24-7 domestic staffs.
Joanna I had the caged, feminized sissy maid, contentedly rocking back and forth, hungrily feeding on the cock.
Oh, I want one. Let's do it.
Chapter 3. Nervous baby. Teased Joanna. His white knuckled grip on the steering wheel told her more than any words.
Gary shifted in the driver's seat. Yeah, sure, I bet I'm nervous, aren't you?
Hey baby, I'm not this submissive, going to meet a lot style dominant female, but it's your fantasy, isn't it?
I just want to give you what you want. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I guess so.
We can turn back, you know, if you can't go through with it. I mean, we can always.
Okay, okay, I'm doing it, okay?
Joanna fought back a smile. Corinne told her that some nervousness on Gary's part was to be expected, that they could actually use that play on it.
She patted his knee. Just do what's told and don't speak unless you're asked. It'll be fine. Turn right at the next corner, sweetheart.
Gary was impressed the large house was set well back from the street in a very

upscale area. He parked the car next to a sleek jaguar whose personalized plates read, purr.

He rang the doorbell and heard the deep tones of the bell echo through the house, followed by a faint clicking sound.

The door opened and sues at curt seed. Mr. Stowana, welcome to Mr. Corinne's home. It's a pleasure to have you visit again.

Gary marveled at the maid as they were ushered into the house. He leaned to Joanna and whispered,

she has a maid and she remembers you. Yes, what do you think of that? Joanna smiled. If he's impressed with the house and the maid.

Suzette curts you again. Mr. Corinne is in the library. If you will please follow me.

She turned on her stiletto heels and started down the marble hallway. Suzette's heels clicked down the floor and Gary pointed at the frilly thing mincing before them.

Look, he whispered, fishnet stockings with scenes and spike heels. That's so hot. Your new friend is really something.

Yes, isn't it, Joanna said. That's good to know. I'm so glad you like that look.

Suzette admitted them to the library, curt seed to her mistress and announced the guests.

Corinne rose from her chair and embraced Joanna. It's so good of you to come.

Please have a seat. That will be all, Suzette. You may bring the refreshments when I ring you.

Suzette nodded and backed away from the room. And this must be Gary. Corinne said as she and Joanna settled to the couch.

Do not sit, Corinne ordered, as Gary started to take a seat. Here, come over here and kneel at our feet. Gary looked at Joanna, who silently mouled, do it.

And watched as Gary fell to his knees. Much better, heard Corinne. Doesn't that feel good, kneeling before us?

Yes, mistress, it feels unnatural. He likes your maid, Joanna said. He thinks she's hot.

Does he now, Corinne chuckled, do you like to dress up? Gary shifted on his knees and blinked his eyes. Corinne crossed her legs, the seductive sound of the sensuous fabric drawing Gary's attention.

It's a simple question. Have you ever put on a pair of Joanna's panties? Well, Gary stared at Corinne's high heels and mumbled his reply.

Yes, mistress. Look at us when we talk to you. Are you wearing panties now? Yes, mistress.

I made him put on a cute pair, Joanna said. Let's see, Corinne said. Strip, show us your pretty panties. Now. Gary stood and quickly removed his clothes, folding them and placing them on a nearby chair. The women watched with detached amusement, laughing at his efforts to avoid eye contact.

Within seconds he was naked, save for a pair of women's pink nylon panties. He resumed his kneeling position. A man exposed, stripped of his clothes, stripped of his masculinity and his pride. He was truly humbled.

Corinne used the toe of her pump to kick his legs apart, exposing him even more.

Lovely panties, Joanna. Pink is a good collar for him. Do you like your pink panties? Yes, mistress.

Corinne picked up a crystal bell and gave it three quick shakes. Gary heard the clicking of the heels on the floor and watched Suzette push a serving cart into the room and serve the women's champagne.

Corinne snapped her fingers. Suzette, come here and meet Gary. Suzette walked up and stood before Gary, towering over him in her spike heels. Dress up, Corinne commanded. Suzette delicately lifted her dress and Gary's eyes widened to see the plastic enclosed cock hanging from Suzette's groin.

Gary turned to Joanna. She's, it's a man. Corinne cut the air with her crop, striking Gary's thighs. He yelped at both the pain and the surprise. Where had that come from?

No unauthorized talking, Corinne said. Joanna was impressed with the way Corinne

seized control. Suzette is Corinne's husband and maid. She's very pretty, don't you think?

Gary knelt open mouth and silent, looking back and forth between Joanna and Suzette. Again he felt the sting of the crop, the red welts blooming on his fair skin.

Corinne and her crop commanded his attention and he turned to her. Your mistress asked you a question. Respond to her, politely? He looked at Joanna. Yes, mistress, she is pretty.

Would you like to be a pretty maid? No, mistress. But you're wearing women's pink panties, aren't you? Don't you like to wear panties? Joanna's eyes sparkled and the cruel smile that played across her lips was a sure sign that she felt the heady power of domination.

A few more things and you could be a pretty maid, just like Suzette. I think I'd like that. Don't you want to make me happy?

Gary's eyes darted between Joanna, Corinne and the feminized male, Suzette. He wasn't sure how to reply. What do they want?

Look, Corinne said, he's giving us his answer. Gary followed their eyes to his crotch, his erection causing his pink panties to tent in the most humiliating fashion. He realized he was shaking and erect.

The beautiful and powerful woman, his naked and kneeling body, and the pretty and sicified Suzette. All of this was exciting him. He was betrayed by his biology. Joanna laughed at him, her mocking and liling voice, bringing him back to reality. Well, what is it, darling? Do you like being on your knees or being hit with the crop or kneeling before women or do you want to be a sicy maid like Suzette? Maybe it's all of that. I think all of this is turning him on. Corinne used her crop to lift Gary's chin and look him in the eyes.

I think our little Gary wants to play with us like Suzette does. Do you want to be a pretty sicy maid and be bossed about by women?

Corinne extended her leg, the silken shear stocking clad appendage, ending in an exquisite high-heeled pump.

Gary didn't even realize his head was shaking, yes, as he bent forward to reverently kiss the toe of Corinne's shoe.

While Gary lovingly worshiped Corinne's high heels, Joanna and Corinne toasted their female domination victory with champagne.

Let the training begin, Corinne said, punctuating her declaration with a slap of her crop to Gary's ass. Stand up.

Gary winced at the blow that quickly stood as Corinne continued to prod and poke him with her crop. Head down, eyes on the floor, hands clasped behind your back, feet apart, further apart.

Gary complied with each command, fighting the urge to look to see how Joanna reacted. Corinne continued, her imperious and matter-of-fact tone, further objectifying Gary.

How you posture him is up to you. I'd recommend different stances for different things.

For example, a presentation position for inspection, a waiting position, a punishment position, Suzette present.

Joanna turned to see Suzette quickly assume the present position. Suzette's feet were spread, her hands clasped behind her neck and her breasts thrust forward.

Of course, Suzette is fully clothed, and the present position is best when they are naked, but you can see how it exposes their crotch.

Corinne used her crop as a pointer, their titties, all their vulnerable areas. Joanna looked Gary right in the eyes.

Present. Gary tried his best to copy Suzette's posture, but he couldn't match the grace at which Suzette fell into the various positions and moves.

Joanna furrowed her eyebrows and placed her hands on her hips, disgusted at his clumsy efforts.

He'll get better, Corinne said, repeated training, practice and discipline, and he'll improve. She turned to Suzette.

Down, Suzette gracefully moved from present to waiting.
Nice, Joanna said, very smooth. She spun on her heel and slapped Gary, and that's how you're going to learn to do it. Do you understand? Yes, Mistress.
And for now a little punishment, Gary needs to know the penalties for failure or poor performance.
Suzette, bring the discipline, Hammock. Corinne turned to Joanna. Just a little tune-up, something to send him home to think about.
Oh, whatever, left Joanna, works for me.
Suzette pushed and elaborately upholstered leather hammock to the center of the room. Gary was placed face down, his stomach fitting nicely onto the raised hump in the center.
From the bottom of the unit, Suzette extended telescoping steel rods from the four corners. Locked in their fully extended positions, they served as the anchors for the wrist and ankle cuffs, Joanna and Corinne were affixing to Gary.
When they finished, he was spread eagled and tightly tethered, open, exposed, helpless and vulnerable.
What an innovative piece of furniture I simply must have one of these, Joanna said. Corinne picked up a rattan cane and made practice cuts through the air.
Yes, it's quite handy. I'll introduce you to the builder. He does some amazing bondage furniture. You ought to see my ass thrown.
Corinne lightly rat-attated Gary's bottom with her cane. They need regular discipline, routine beatings to help them reinforce their role in the dominant, submissive relationship.
This is not punishment. That's reserved to correct behavioral needs or punish them for errors.
I always make punishment sessions much worse than discipline sessions, so they know the difference, both physically and cognitively.
Oh shit, Joanna said. There seems to be a lot to all of this. Should I be taking notes?
Oh no, it will come naturally, I promise. Corinne held up the cane. Used correctly, this will strike, no pun intended.
Fear into him at all times. It takes a little effort to deliver pain and terror.
Corinne took Joanna through a flagellation 101, floggers, cat of nine tails, crops, canes and paddles, where to strike and pacing.
I usually gag them, explained Corinne, but I thought it best not to gag Gary today, so you could hear the sounds and responses elicited by the use of each implement.
Trust me, Joanna laugh, it's been very educational. Corinne nodded. His name, Gary, you need to change that and eventually start using the feminine pronoun with him. I have found it is best to give them something girly, you know, it helps with the conditioning.
Okay, I'll give that some thought. Corinne reached down and affectionately patted Gary as one might pet the family dog.
Have him take next Friday and Monday off and bring him here. We'll start with a long weekend in the breaking cage and see where we have to go from there.
Do you think it's going to work? Joanna asked. Corinne smiled, start shopping for the maid outfits, shoes and lingerie you want her to wear.
Chapter 4 Joanna noticed a difference in their relationship the next week. Gary became quieter and more subdued as she found herself becoming more demanding.
Their bondage and dominance play took on a new edge with Gary quickly submitting to her every demand. This wasn't all bad for Joanna, who took advantage of her husband's newfound submission.
She enjoyed foot-brubs, massages and extended bouts of oral sex. Gary nestled between her legs while Joanna relaxed with a magazine, contentedly letting her husband kiss, suck and nuzzle at her womanly farm.
As necessary she would grab his hair and pull his face into position to force his tongue into that sweet spot, or maybe grind his nose relentlessly against her quit.
She found herself easily falling into a pattern of using Gary as a sex object, a mere tool for her pleasure.
Every day she was on the phone with Corinne, her newfound cohort in dominance.

I picked out the cutest little maid's dress, it's so frilly, he won't be able to wear it and retain a shred of masculinity, Joanna said.
Oh darling, one worth with him, he'll want to wear it, can't wait to put it on. And ask for the masculinity?

Well, we'll make sure we remove any shred of that.

I still need him to go to work, he has a job and a career that brings in a good income. I don't want to send a simpering sissy to work every day and risk losing his earning potential.

Oh trust me Joanna, he'll go to work and bring that salary home, home to you. From now on it will be your money, but you'll find that he is much more careful about his appearance.

His nails will be manicured, his hair perfectly combed, eyebrows plucked.

You can put him in bronze panties, guard about in stockings, panty hose, anything you want under his mail work clothes.

The women and the gays that work with him will probably notice a change, but to the rest of the world, those other males, he'll simply be a neat freak.

And at home, he'll be my maid, he'll be whatever you want him to be, but the cage and its training protocols are designed to create sissies, something decidedly feminine and subservient.

He can be a maid, housewife, slut, stripper, schoolgirl, hooker, cheerleader, whatever will entertain and serve you and whoever else you want.

Are you taking a lover? Joanna paused.

Well, you know, I've started thinking about that. I do like all the foot worship and the oral sex, getting my own way, but I think I'd miss having a man with a real cock.

Oh darling, there's no reason you should ever be deprived of a good cock. You can even make Gary procure them for you. Check out potential lovers, make your date and dinner reservations.

Joanna's chuckling on the other end of the phone brought a smile to Corinne's lips.

Joanna and Gary will make a welcome addition to our circle.

So, you and Gary will be coming over this weekend and we can begin his reprogramming, correct?

We're both looking forward to it, although Gary thinks it's going to be more of a femdom scene session, whips and leather boots and boot licking.

Yes, well, it will be a femdom session, but not like anything he can imagine.

Joanna paused behind her hazel eyes her mind was working out timelines.

How long do you think it will take in the cage to change him?

They're all different, but most, especially if they have an inherent submissive nature, don't last long.

We'll start with a long weekend, Friday evening through Sunday, and see how he responds.

In the meantime, you can enjoy a weekend here with me and Suzette. I'll even arrange that cock you're longing for.

Can you now, Joanna laughed?

MUSIC

On Friday afternoon, Gary took the single suitcase from the bed and carried it to the car.

Are you sure I'm not going to need anything?

We'll be there all weekend.

Joanna's icy look silenced him. The last few days, her dominance had been ever increasing.

Without another word, he bowed his head, shut the trunk, and opened the passenger door, while Joanna slid into the seat.

He felt more like a chauffeur than a husband, exactly what Joanna intended.

Joanna decided a hot to silence would increase Gary's uneasiness, so she let Gary drive while she quietly smoked.

She made a display out of crushing out her cigarette, her black, leather-gloved hand, slowly grinding the butt into the ashtray, as if the butt were Gary's manhood, being gradually broken and tossed away.

Mistress Corinne has agreed to assist you in training and show us some of the finer points of dominance and submission.
All you have to do is quietly submit and obey.
You've met Corinne's submissive Suzette. Simply follow her lead. She's been well trained.
Gary's reply was barely audible, they whispered, yes, Mistress. You do want this, don't you? You've enjoyed our recent lifestyle, haven't you?
Oh, yes, Mistress, very much so. Good. Remember, Corinne is the real deal. It's not a game to her.
Joanna reached over to tenderly stroke his cheek. Do what you're told. Don't speak unless spoken to, and everything will be fine. Trust me.
Yes, Mistress.
I promise you this weekend will fulfill all your fetish fantasies.
Mistress, what about you?
Gennellitt, another cigarette. The action, disguising the cruel smile playing across her lips.
I'll be getting everything I want, baby. Everything.
Joanna, how delightful to see you, Corinne said, as the two embraced. Gary walked up with Joanna's suitcase, gently placed it on the ground and dropped to his knees. The two women stepped back from each other and smiled. Corinne extended her foot, clad in a stylish, high-heeled mule.
Gary placed his hands on the ground, leaned forward, and placed a reverent kiss on Corinne's shoe. Corinne quickly pulled her foot back.
Enough, up. Suzette will show you to Joanna's room. Unpack her bag. She turned to Suzette. Strip him and bring him to us when you finish preparing Mistress Joanna's room.
Suzette performed a low and delicate curtsy, which Gary tried, with limited success, to emulate.
Suzette minced away in her stilettos, and Gary quickly picked up Joanna's bag and followed.
Corinne took Joanna's arm. Come, we'll relax and wait for them. Let me tell you about the cock I found for you this weekend.
Suzette finished precisely laying out Joanna's makeup on the bathroom vanity and stepped back to give it one last look. Satisfied, she entered the bedroom where Gary was putting the last of Joanna's clothes into a drawer.
But the suitcase in the closet, Suzette said. When Gary finished, he turned to face Suzette. Do you know what they're going to do? Her black page boy wig bobbed as Suzette shook her head, no.
Whatever they want, it's not for us to consider or think about. You need to remove your clothes quickly now. We mustn't keep the Mistress's waiting.
Receiving no further information or indication that additional info is forthcoming, Gary started to remove his clothes.
Everything, reminded Suzette, even the panties. I like your pretty lacy panties.
Yeah, thanks. Gary handed over his clothes and slipped the pink panties down his legs. When we go in, don't look at them unless you're told to and keep your hands at your sides.
Don't speak unless you're asked a question and then keep your answers honest, simple and respectful. Got it? Don't make any sudden moves, be elegant and graceful.
They may inspect you, touch you, whatever. Let them and don't flinch.
Suzette saw the worry in Gary's eyes. Don't think about it too much, you'll fuck up. It's a given. Mistress Corinne can make it happen at her will, and she'll teach that to your Mistress as well.
Suzette grabbed Gary's nipples, pulling, twisting and pinching them. Makes them stand out a bit and gives them some color. Let's go and take small steps, something you'll have to get used to.
Well, here they are. Corinne mocked our submissive sissies. Suzette led Gary into the room, stopped before Joanna and Corinne and executed her usual delicate curtsy. Gary ungainly tried to duplicate the move. Salapi, Corinne said, will fix that,

among other things, she turned to Suzette. Put her on the curtsy trainer for 50 reps when we're through here.

Yes, Mistress? Gary grimaced as Suzette executed another one of her damned perfect curtsies. What the fuck is a curtsy trainer? He couldn't help but glance at Joanna and immediately the crop in Corinne's hand lashed out, leaving a welt on his thigh. Eyes down, slut, Corinne commanded. He lurched at the blow, feeling the thin stripe bloom in pain. This was different from the bondage in disciplined sex games plagued with Joanna.

Corinne was the real deal, a thought that both frightened and excited him. Didn't take long for him to fuck up, huh? Joanna observed. Never does, replied Corinne. They're all slow learners at first, but they do learn some slower than others, but all painfully, for them.

She turned her gaze to Suzette, who'd remain still, head down, hands demurely clasped behind her back, living proof of the efficacy of rigorous training. We'll have supper in the dining room at seven. You and this worthless sissy here will serve. Lock a collar on it, but keep it naked, and teach it to curtsy before supper. You're dismissed.

Suzette and Gary both curtsy'd and backed out of the room to the laughter of the ladies on the couch.

Shaken and humiliated, Gary patted along on his bare feet as Suzette, spiked heels, click clacked down the hallway.

Suzette stopped and ushered Gary through a door and down the staircase into the basement. Gary descended into the dark abyss, his naked form shivering.

His eyes slowly adjusted to the dark as he exited the stairs and his feet touched the hard, cold tile floor.

To the right, whispered Suzette, as she turned on a light switch. Gary blinked as Corinne's dungeon was bathed in light.

It wasn't brightly lit, rather the electric lighting took the form of flickering candles, casting shadows throughout the room.

Forgidding the chill of the room, Gary looked around, mesmerized by the whips and paddles and crops that were hanging from the wall.

A spanking horse and pillory took center stage in the room while an ominous cross and wheel adorned the far wall.

Chains and manacles hung from various parts of the ceiling.

Suzette took his hand and pulled him across the room.

Over here, Mr. Swainchita practiced on the curtsy trainer.

In a day, Gary followed her, his eyes darting endlessly throughout the room, awed by the wicked splendor of Corinne's dungeon.

Suddenly he felt Suzette grab his nipple, violently pinching and twisting it.

Hey, attention, she said. We need to finish this and get back upstairs to start supper and I'll bend over.

Gary bent over and heard Suzette pull on a latex glove.

He jumped as Suzette rubbed the cool lube around his puckered nether hole.

Ever had anything in here?

Suzette asked.

No, I'm not gay.

Oh, don't be silly, Suzette laughed.

It doesn't mean you're gay, and anyway, it's not your bottom. It belongs to Mr. Stjowana, doesn't it?

Oh, I don't know. Yeah, I guess so.

Well, since this is your first time, we'll start with a small one on the trainer.

Suzette's eyes closed as she's slowly inserted one well-lubed finger and felt Gary gasp and lurch.

Oh, easy, precious. I'll go slowly.

If you relax and breathe, it will be easier on you. Now let me get some lube in there.

Gary tried to relax and breathe as Suzette slowly inserted a second finger.

He shook with, what, pleasure, disgust?

He'd never been violated in this way before, and in all honesty, he didn't know

really whether he liked it or not.

When Suzette's other hand found and gently stroked his nipple, he whimpered. He did like it after all.

See there, precious, not so bad, is it, coo'd Suzette? She leaned down and kissed the back of his neck.

Gary was overcome by the sensations as Suzette's nimble fingers coaxed waves of pleasure from his ass and nipples.

Her soft lips on his neck, the scent of her perfume, the gentle voice had him melting in her arms.

But Suzette is a man, Corinne's husband.

Yes, that's it, baby. Relax.

Suzette mewed as she slowly withdrew her fingers. Gary sighed as she pulled out. Suzette pointed at Gary's throbbing erection.

I think he liked that. Maybe our mistress will allow us to play together some time. Utterly confused by this flood of emotions, Gary silently looked at the raging heart on between his legs.

Wordlessly, he let himself be led to the curtsy trainer.

The curtsy is a sign of respect. There are different ones to use at different times, but for now you will learn the Bob.

You can use this whenever mistress enters or leaves of her room you are in, or to acknowledge and order you are given.

Of course, mistress will dictate what curtsies you are to use and when.

As Suzette talked, she affixed a small butt plug into a metal rod protruding from the floor.

Stand here, she said, pulling Gary over until he stood over the rod. Put both feet on the ground, but the pole between your legs.

Your hands should be crossed in front of you. Suzette demonstrated the position, and Gary followed.

Now bend your left knee, place your left foot behind the right foot, only keeping the toes of your left foot on the floor.

A posture is very important, so keep your head up and your eyes down.

Gary copied Suzette's actions, assuming the same position she adopted.

Very nice, complimented Suzette. Next you need to bend at the knees and dip.

Lower yourself down until the plug goes into your bottom.

Suzette giggled and slowly bent at the knees, illustrating the proper curtsy. Now you!

Slowly Gary bent his knees, stopping for a moment when his bottom touched the plug. It's not that big, Tried at Suzette, and both you and it are well lubricated.

Now slowly, down and up.

With a deep breath, Gary descended the plug slowly, sliding in and filling him, and then easing out when he stood.

Back straight, don't bend forward at the waist, bend in the knees, down and up, down and up.

Corrected, Suzette, again.

Gary proceeded to curtsy, each time impaling himself on the plug.

Suzette made minor adjustments on the plug height and position, and by curtsy number 15,

Gary was starting to find the proper motion and technique.

Be elegant and graceful, not stiff, no jerky movements.

Suzette positioned Gary's body, helping him attain the correct posture.

Don't think about the plug in your bottom, honey, focus on the movement.

You want to be demure, sweet, something your mistress can be proud of.

Deeper, sweetheart, get the plug all the way in, keep your back straight.

Gary lost count of the repetitions as he worked on his Bob curtsy.

He hoped that Suzette was counting, he wanted this to be over.

When he finished the last curtsy, his legs were beginning to cramp, and his bottom was starting to hurt.

Suzette wiped the remaining lube from Gary's well-used ass.

Of course, there are bigger plugs, and your mistress will probably make use of

them.

Eventually, you'll have to learn all the types of curtsies, and you'll be expected to perform them perfectly all the time.

Here, she said handing the plug to Gary, there's a sink in the corner, go wash this off.

Gary held the butt plug in his hand, he felt its slickness and warm.

He wordlessly patted away on his bare feet, while Suzette selected a collar.

When Gary returned, Suzette held up a wide and stiff leather collar, emblazoned with the word sissy, and sparkling crystals.

It's a posture collar.

Gary allowed Suzette to fasten the collar around his neck, securing it with a small padlock and attaching a leather lead to the front.

Pulling on the lead, Suzette let Gary out of the dungeon, back upstairs, and into the kitchen.

Corinne savored the last of her champagne, and placed the glass on an end table.

We'll put him in the cage after supper.

Joanna nodded silently.

Are you worried having second thoughts?

Oh no, Joanna said, I'm good with it now.

No one is physically restraining him, he could get up and leave at any point, but he hasn't.

He stays in obeys, no matter how we seem to treat him.

It's his nature, Joanna.

He wants to submit.

He needs to revel in that sublime aura of feminine authority.

Corinne uncrossed her legs, the silk stockings, sensuously rustling against one another,

and reached over to put a reassuring hand on Joanna's arm.

And we will take him to that place, that hollowed ground of male subjugation.

I've seen his kind before, he'll be happy there, content to submit, obey, and serve.

Your relationship is going to change.

I lose a husband and gain a maid.

Hmmm, Corinne sat back and shrugged.

Well, technically, legally on the marriage certificate, he is still your husband, and depending on what you decide,

he will continue to be to the world at large, it's going to be whatever you want to make it.

I can make this work if you can deliver on that cock you promised.

He'll be joining us after supper, Corinne laughed.

Gary can meet him then.

Chapter 5

Gary followed Suzette about the dining room, amazed at the way she effortlessly moved on her spike heels.

She kept up a running dialogue, and Gary knew he'd never be able to remember everything she said.

The salad fork goes closest to the service plate, that's the big one.

We're doing it that way tonight because we're serving the main course ahead of the salad.

Sometimes it's done that way.

The dinner fork is to the left of the salad fork, and the fish fork is usually on the outside,

but we aren't serving any fish tonight.

The water glass, that's the large one, goes, don't you ever miss being a man, Gary asked.

Suzette's fun on her spiked heel, her head quizzically caught to the side.

She furrowed her brow and pursed her lips.

What a silly question!

Now the water glass, the big one, goes to the upper right of the setting with the

white wine and the red wine glasses to the right, and in that order.
Gary wasn't going to get an answer to his question, so he continued to follow Suzette throughout the dining room, trying as best he could to absorb her instructions.
Suzette, I'll never be able to remember all of this.
She took his hand in hers, and gently stroked his cheek with the other.
Of course you will, honey, it will all be second nature to you, and everything you do will become automatic.
It will be in your head all the time, and when you need to know, you will.
Mistress will make it happen.
Happen how?
You'll just know it will be in your head.
Now let's hurry to the kitchen and finish.
Suzette heard the tinkling bell and turned to Gary.
They're ready for supper.
We need to go and meet them in the dining room.
Follow me and do what I do."
Gary followed Suzette to the dining room, noting with interest how she took the time to fix her apron just so, and adjust her maid's headpiece, while she walked. The gestures seemed automatic.
Gary couldn't believe that the uber-feminine creature mincing on the skyscraper heels in front of him had once been a man.
Well, actually, still was a man.
Somewhere underneath all that feminine finery.
Does he ever play golf or have poker nights?
Suzette entered the dining room, taking a final quick look at the table setting before adopting her waiting position by the door.
Gary mimicked her stance.
Feet together, arms clasped, behind the back, head and eyes down.
Corinne and Joanna entered the room, the sharp staccato of their heels on the polished wood floor heralding their arrival.
They proceeded to their places at the table.
Suzette immediately falling in behind Corinne and holding her chair out for her.
Gary followed suit, performing the same function, albeit with less grace and elegance, for Joanna.
It looks very nice, Corinne said, as Suzette delicately unfolded the fine linen napkin over her mistress's lap.
Gary watched Suzette effortlessly execute the Bob Kurzhi and offer a thank you mistress.
And how did your little helper do today?
It's a good start mistress, it shows potential, Suzette said. Gary recoiled to think of himself as an it.
Joanna nodded her approval.
This is lovely. Do you dine this way often? I could certainly get used to this kind of treatment.
Oh yes, I enjoy this level of service quite often. It's one of the advantages of having a sissy maid.
Bend down, let me see your collar, Joanna ordered. Sissy, isn't that darling? You look so cute, naked with only your little collar on.
Joanna's hand snaked out to grab Gary's balls, making him jump as she clutched them.
Wouldn't you like to spoil me like this, darling? She squeezed harder. Yes, yes mistress.
Corinne smiled as the husband wife domination scene played out before her.
You may serve now. The women enjoyed a laugh as Suzette and Gary left to bring in the meals.
I now see what you mean when you told me the other day that you could show me how it could be, how far it could go.
You literally live like a pampered queen.

You haven't seen it all yet, Corinne replied. There's so much. Massages and bath, shaving my legs, pedicures, waking me up each morning with loving licks to my feet, not to mention cleaning house, shopping, laundry, errands, making dinner reservations for me and my dates, a warm tongue in my ass whenever I want it. I mean, it just goes on and on. He tongues your ass?

Oh, it's heaven. I have a special chair built. When we get Gary squared away, I'll have Suzette demonstrate for you.

When was the last time you had a good orgasm from a tongue in your ass?

Well, hell, I guess never. Gary goes down on me sometimes. I don't think he's all into it, but he does it to please me.

But tongue my ass? Never. Darling, Corinne laughed. Your life is about to change for the better in so many ways.

Joanna shook her head in amazement. Okay, I'm all yours. Teach me how to make it happen.

For tonight, simply follow my lead. Gary will be doing whatever Suzette does.

The clicking of Suzette's heels and the dull flip-flopping of Gary's bare feet made the women look to see each submissive approaching with a plate of food.

Serving professionally from the right, Suzette bent her knees and offered the plate.

Corinne's subtle nod prompted Suzette to set the plate in front of her mistress, back away, and execute another small curtsy.

Watching this, Gary replicated the effort, placing the plate before Joanna and backing away to do the requisite curtsy.

Joanna couldn't help but laugh like a giddy schoolgirl. Oh, they are so cute. It's so precious.

Gary blushed, embarrassed by both his nudity and it being referred to as cute and precious.

When Corinne snapped her fingers, Suzette silently moved to Corinne's right side and delicately dropped to her knees.

With a nod from Corinne to do the same, Joanna snapped her fingers and watched Gary obediently move into the same position.

The women talked in eight, Joanna complimenting Corinne on the excellence of Suzette's cooking.

Yes, I enrolled her in a cooking class. I deliberately selected one that had all women.

I sent her to every evening class session wearing mascara and a little eyeliner, pantyhose, and some rather feminine style loafers.

It wasn't long at all before they adopted her as their class sissy. But you enjoyed it, didn't you, dear?

Corinne held out a morsel of food on the end of her fork.

Yes, mistress, the ladies in the class enjoyed me very much. Suzette leaned forward and gently took the food between her lips and pulled it off the fork.

Such a good girl, Corinne patted her sissy on the head. Joanna followed likewise, offering Gary a piece of food, which he rather clumsily ate from the fork.

Wow, feeding him like this is very erotic. It makes me feel powerful, seeing them kneeling so quiet, so submissive and dependent on us for their food.

Corinne smiled, delighted that her dominant training was readily taking to the indulgent way of life.

Yes, it's a little something I picked up from a friend. I felt the same way when I first saw her feed one of her babies, as she calls them.

It's really the only way they should eat with us, otherwise they take their meals standing in the kitchen or from a dogish on the floor.

They continued to eat and make small talk, the two sissies kneeling silently by their sides, being fed and stroked like beloved pets.

Occasionally Suzette would rise and fill Corinne's water glass, then immediately returned to her submissive position.

Gary followed, matching Suzette's every move in gesture, but without her fluid grace.

Notting her head at Gary's copycat gestures, Corinne offered the explanation. It's like animals in the wild, the young learn from watching and mimicking the actions of the older ones, along with other behavioral modification techniques, it makes a powerful transformation tool.

So I can expect the same performance and service from Gary after he's completed the training.

Oh, I can almost guarantee it, assuming he doesn't have any actual, you know, learning disabilities.

Corinne reached down to stroke Suzette's cheek.

My little Suzette has helped me train many others, haven't you?

Yes, mistress.

After the meal, and when the girls have cleaned up, we'll take Gary downstairs and get him started.

Would you like some dessert? I believe that Suzette has prepared something delicious for us.

Chapter 6

What's going to happen, after Gary, as he and Suzette put away the dishes?

That's up to mistress.

Gary was frustrated with an envious of Suzette.

He was jealous of how accomplished she was in her movements and actions, how she always knew what to do.

But it frustrated him that he couldn't get any real answers or information.

Other than domestic hints from her, her, I'm thinking of her, him as her, shit.

I could leave, I could walk out, right now, no one's stopping me.

They talked about training me, what's that like?

Suzette turned, cocked her head and stared at him.

It's training, we need it, it makes us better for mistress.

Gary sighed and dropped his shoulders and surrendered.

Mistress Corinne is the real thing, a genuine, dominant woman, and I've never seen Joanna so sexy and powerful.

I can go with this for a while, longer, see where it leads.

Are you like this all the time, Suzette? I mean, are you always her servant, her slave?

Do you always dress like this?

Again, Suzette turned to him, her face blank, almost doll-like.

These are the clothes I wear, I serve and obey mistress. It's what I do, it's what you will do.

In the recesses of her mind, Suzette heard the same song voice,

It's fine to dress pretty, I like to wear makeup, I must obey mistress.

When the last dish was put away and the counter wiped clean, Suzette took Gary's hand.

Come on, it's almost your time, I'll hold your leash.

Gary looked at her, he was frozen, unable to move.

You need to crawl this time on your hands and knees behind me, I'll walk slowly, you can watch my high heels, I know you've been looking at them all day.

Gary felt the flush of crimson flood his cheeks, he had been watching her, and he had been watching her high heels all day.

It started out first at his amazement that she could walk so easily in them.

Eventually he forgot that Suzette was really a man, and he got a thrill from watching the sex he made,

mince about all day in the stilettos. The tug on his leash and collar jerked him back to reality.

Unable to look at Suzette in the face, he dropped his hands and knees.

Suzette reached down and patted him on the head.

Just be quiet and do what you're told.

With a slight tug on the leash, Suzette led them into the hallway.

Gary crawled behind, watching the light glint from the shiny blacks to let us before him.

It's only a weekend, I can get through anything for a few days, then we'll be home,

everything will be back to normal.

Naked and on his hands and knees, Gary allowed the feminized male maid to lead him down the hallway and into the library, where Corinne and Joanna waited.

In Corinne's richly appointed library, she and Joanna relaxed with cigarettes and cognac.

The flickering light from the candles cast warm shadows against the dark panelled wains coating and the velvet drapes.

Comforably a sconced in rich leather chairs, the ladies awaited their submissive charges.

He's adapted well, it seems. No outbursts, no fighting, he's obviously confused and clumsy in the execution of his duties, but those are things we can train him into. Corinne flicked the ash from her cigarette and took a sip of her cognac.

I told you he likes to be dominated, even though we've done the tying up and spanking thing. He's never met someone like you, someone who puts it all out there, who makes it real.

I can sense that he's frightened, but there's no denying that he's been sporting an almost constant hard on since we got here.

Corinne laughed and nodded in agreement. Exactly. Our poor little Suzat has undoubtedly been cleaning up drools of pre-com all afternoon and evening.

Not that she didn't mind getting her hands on man's spunk. But that erection is something we'll soon get under control.

There's seldom, seldom a need for a sissy to be erect, unless we want to humiliate the poor thing.

Ah, here comes our sissy maid to be now.

The silk Persian rug on the library floor was a relief to Gary's hands and knees. He caught the scent of tobacco and perfumed the minute he entered the room.

Suzat led him to his mistress with a delicate curtsy and handed her the leash.

Joanna accepted the proffered leash, and Suzat backed away to kneel by Corinne's chair.

Gary watched the flickering candlelight play over the gleaming patent leather of Joanna's high-heeled pumps.

She extended one of the wicked shoes, and he leaned forward to reverently place a kiss on the toe.

Corinne nodded her approval and reached over to pinch one of Suzat's nipples, causing the sissy maid to gasp.

She mauled Suzat's nipples as her sissy moaned with pleasure.

Take Joanna's sissy to the basement and wait for us.

Corinne and Joanna descended the basement steps and found Gary kneeling at the bottom, Suzat standing alongside holding his leash.

Corinne took the leash from Suzat and pulled Gary along on his hands and knees.

Your training begins tonight. I expect you to do what you're told, total compliance. There will be no tolerance for disobedience.

Gary scampered along on his hands and knees as Corinne pulled him into the room with the breaking cage.

She guided Gary to the cage and allowed him a few moments to ponder his fate.

It's your new home for a while. Here is where we begin your training.

His transformation began as Corinne inserted the earphones into his ears. She affixed a CB-3000 chastity device.

This is not about you having any pleasure from that, she added derisively. Next she attached the metal band and wire to his scrotum.

Confused and frightened, Gary sought out Joanna. She offered no consolation, but sat impassively smoking and met his gaze with cold, dead eyes.

Corinne pulled his hands behind him and loosely laced him into an arm-binder.

Oh, not too tight. We don't want to interfere with his circulation. Only restrict his movement and freedom.

Corinne pulled the leather hood over Gary's head, patting the earpieces with cotton so the earbuds would seal and eliminate any outside noise.

A bit of sensory deprivation for the next few days. We will control everything he hears.

Corinne unsnapped the hood's eyepiece so Gary could see. She walked to the end of the cage, opened the door, and with a flourish back into Gary to crawl in. In a panic Gary turned to Joanna who looked annoyed. Oh go get in a fucking cage! Corinne pushed a frightened Gary into the cage. She laughed as his knees hit the plastic spikes on the floor and he flinched in pain. She kicked him with her pointed toe pump, forcing him completely in. Huh, comfy, she teased. Corinne shifted Gary within the cage, positioning him so he faced the nipple and face access doors. She pulled the wire attached to the scrotum ring and the wire to his earphone buds through the cage and hooked them to the control panel. She laughed at his frightened expression. Huh, huh, huh, huh. What, you thought it would be me and Joanna, addressed in leather and corsets and thigh-high boots? Some other time perhaps darling. First you need training and we're going to take care of that now. She chuckled as Gary shifted his weight in the cage, seeking relief from the torturous plastic spikes. And he hasn't even been in there but a few minutes. How is he going to feel tomorrow?

Corinne picked up the microphone and switched it to on, watching Gary jump at the sound. Let me explain how this is going to work. You are going to be kept in the cage, locked in for as long as we want to keep you there. You will hear recorded statements from time to time. You must repeat these statements exactly within five seconds or you will be punished. Corinne pushed a button on her console and Gary screamed in pain at the electrical current coursing through his scrotum. Yes, that's what happens if you don't repeat what you hear. Please Joanna, please, Gary pleaded. Please, we need to, uh-uh. Corinne shocked him a second time and Gary shrieked and twisted his body, seeking escape from the torment. Corinne laughed and waved a finger back and forth, naughty, naughty. Unauthorized talking is not allowed. Gary slumped forward, defeated, quietly sobbing. Corinne's voice sounded in his head. Listen and repeat or be punished. You will be given food and drink at regular intervals. Do not refuse this and consume all you are given. Gary meekly nodded. Oh, our guest has arrived, Corinne said. Gary looked up through tear-stained eyes to see a tall and very handsome man walk into the room, extend a hand and help Joanna from her seat. He heard Corinne's voice. Of course you can't expect Joanna to sit idly by while you are being trained to be a suitable slave, can you? Brent will seat her needs and make sure she isn't lonely for a real man. Gary watched as Brent moved behind Joanna and pulled her into his arms. He recoiled as Brent leaned down to nuzzle Joanna's neck, and Joanna melted into his embrace. When Brent moved his hand over Joanna's breast, her head rolled back and she gasped in pleasure. Tears streaked down Gary's face as he cried, no, please! And immediately received a shock for his vocal outburst. Corinne snapped his blindfold in place and the last thing Gary saw was Joanna waving to him and mouthing the words, by, by... Chapter 7. Joanna picked up the remote from the bedside table. Brent lay naked beside her, the sheet barely covering him. She lifted the sheet and took a peek. That's one magnificent cock. Only a few hours earlier she'd enjoyed her first extramarital fuck since she'd been married to Gary. They'd left Gary to his cage experience and returned to Corinne's library where Suzette served drinks and Joanna learned more about Brent. He was a corporate trainer and media consultant. At a commanding six foot five and with his good looks and rugged physique, Joanna could well imagine him dominating a

room.

He radiated power and authority, yet exhibited grace and charm with her, immediately putting her at ease.

In the basement, when she first laid eyes on him, she knew she would give herself to him. Indeed, there was no hesitation to his first touch.

When his lips met her neck, it was electric. She'd easily yielded to his hand on her breast because she wanted it there, and also because of the look on Gary's face.

She was giving herself to another man because she could. She had the power and she had the right. It was all part of the training.

Only she'd imagine she was going to enjoy her training much more than Gary.

The three of them enjoyed drinks and small talk until it was time to retire for the evening.

Brent offered his arm and escorted Joanna to their bedroom. Even in her highest heels, Joanna had to look up at Brent, something that was certainly not the case with Gary.

The alpha male once, I've had it. How can I ever go back?

Suzette was waiting in their bedroom. She had turned down the bed and laid out their bed clothes, sexual toys and lotions and stood demerily to the side.

It seems this is not your first time, Joanna said. Do all the ladies get this kind of personal treatment?

I do what I can, he said, and gave a courtly bow. Joanna laughed. Hey, I'm not complaining. I've got it far better than my husband.

Yes, you've each chosen your path. Consider me your guide and tutor. There are things I can help you with that are better left to me than with Corinne."

Joanna licked her lips and took her gown from the bed. The gown was long, sheer black lace with Maribou trim and she pulled it seductively over her arm, loosely wrapping it around her as if she were being embraced by a python.

Let me slip into something more comfortable and the tutoring can begin.

Brent smiled as he watched her slink away. Oh, I love my work.

He snapped his fingers and Suzette moved to attend him, helping him undress and bringing him a short red silk robe.

Joanna's entrance from the bathroom had all the allure of an old Hollywood movie. The black robe did little to hide the curves of her body.

Exactly as was her intent. Her hair was loose, framing her face with a sensuous auburn mane.

She slinked across the room. Her stilettos now replaced with high-heeled bedroom slippers trimmed in the same Maribou as the gown.

Brent caught the scent of her before she reached him. He reached out and tugged on the tie of a robe, allowing it to fall open.

I approve.

I'm so glad, Joanna said, her beautifully manicured fingers pulled apart the folds of his robe.

When she looked down she literally gasped. And I very much approve.

Brent snapped his fingers and Suzette appeared at their side, dropped down to her knees and wiggled between them.

Joanna watched as Suzette first kissed and then licked and finally took Brent's cock in her mouth.

Brent pulled Joanna into his arms.

She's a fluffer, a living sexual aide, he said, nodding at Suzette. She'll also clean us up afterwards if we want.

Joanna felt Suzette trapped between them, felt the heat of Suzette's body, and watched the sissy maid's head bob up and down on that magnificent cock.

Brent's lips kissed her neck as her arms snaked around him, her fingers teasing his muscular back.

Brent's tongue gently traced a line around her ear and she shook from the sensation of it.

Through it all, Suzette continued to deep-throat the cock.

We'll train your husband to do that.

Oh gosh! Joanna went weak in the knees and now was totally supported in Brent's arms.
Your husband, your maid, on his knees, getting a cock deep and wet, hard for your pleasure.
She shook, wrapped her arms around him and pulled his lips down on hers. When his tongue found hers it was electric.
She gave herself to him. Joanna ground her sex against Suzette's head, driving the sissy maid's face into Brent's crotch.
Brent broke the kiss and held her face in his hands.
It won't be long before you.
You talk too much, do you fuck as well?
He smiled and pulled her head to his chest.
A quick snap of his fingers, does Ms. Suzette for the night.
Brent swept Joanna into his arms and carried her across the rim.
Joanna was surprised no one had ever taken her in such a manner.
She nestled her head against his chest, kicked off her slippers and allowed herself to be carried to the bed of an alpha male.
That night Joanna learned she could enjoy pleasure with other men, that sissy maids were invaluable in preparing lovers and that alpha males had a definite place in the hierarchy.
Following Corinne's directions, she punched N91 on the TV remote and was rewarded with a video feed of Gary in the cage.
She watched in silence until Gary said, I like to dress sexy for men.
More silence followed and Gary said, I like to set cocks, I like to wear mascara.
Joanna smiled and shut off the TV.
She slid under the covers and snuggled up to Brent.
Oh yes, this is all going to work out just fine.
Chapter 8.
Brent and Joanna showered together.
Joanna once more feeling the massive cock impaling her as Brent's strong hands caressed her breasts.
She moaned as his thrust nearly lifted her off her feet.
So do you do this for all of Corinne's friends?
He ran his hands down the side of her soapy body, cupping her bottom and pulling her further onto his shaft.
Some, not all, but yes, I've been known to help wives discover what they've been missing.
The look on your husband's face last night.
I've seen that before.
It's a mixture of hurt, grief, despair, but ultimately acceptance.
You're a free woman Joanna.
Your sexual fulfillment is just beginning.
His mouth came down on hers as he lifted her up and felt her legs wrap around him.
When the two came down for breakfast, they found Corinne drinking coffee and reading the paper in the dining room.
Sleep well?
Joanna returned a dazzling smile to both Corinne and Brent.
Not that much actually, but it was one hell of a night.
Most excellent, darling, you've embarked on your own training regimen as well.
Although undoubtedly much more pleasant than that of your poor husband.
Suzette will be serving us breakfast shortly and then will give Gary his feeding.
Brent pulled out Joanna's chair and bent to give her a kiss when she was fully seated.
He poured the both of them coffee.
And your newest project, its bodes well?
Corinne nodded and lit a cigarette.
Oh yes, I had Suzette run the printouts from last night, and there was some resistance at first.
He received a few initial shocks, but the performance log indicates that he quickly

fell into the rhythm of the conditioned responses.
She turned to Joanna.
Really, based on this preliminary data, I don't see any problems.
By the end of the weekend, you will be taking home a conditioned sissy.
It was his nature.
We're just reinforcing that and helping him come to grips with who and what he really is.
Suzette pushed a serving card into the room and stopped a curtsy.
Corinne crushed out her cigarette.
You may serve.
Suzette served the ladies first, offering plates of scrambled eggs and sausage.
As she served Brent, he ran at hand under her frilly maid's dress and fondled her balls.
Good morning, Suzette.
Even with a hand groping her balls and while holding a serving tray, Suzette managed to effectively bob a curtsy.
Good morning, master.
Corinne looked at Joanna and nodded to Brent and Suzette.
He cheeses and torments her so that she loves the attention.
Joanna paused while eating.
Does he, I mean, do they?
Corinne smiled.
Does he fuck her?
Oh, my God, yes, you've had that marvelous cock.
Can you imagine how she squeals when he splits her with it?
So would...
Joanna searched for the words.
When Gary is trained, will he...
Corinne gestured and Suzette quickly moved to pour more coffee.
Corinne added sugar and stirred.
Joanna, Gary, or whatever you name her, will be whatever you want her to be.
I prefer not to think of them as male or female, straight or gay.
There's Suzette's domestic maids who serve us.
Their sexual life will be what we say it is.
Chastity or servicing.
Men, women, or other sissies.
So, to answer your question, yes, it's entirely conceivable that Brent may want to take Gary.
He's had many of the girls I've trained having to dear.
Brent's eyebrows arched in a gleeful expression.
It's been my distinct pleasure to break in some of these converts to sissedom.
He reached over and pulled Suzette onto his lap and fondled her nipples.
The girls, after the initial anxiety, come to like it, don't you baby.
Suzette squirmed on his lap and licked her lips.
Oh, yes, master.
He threw her off, slapped her bottom, and pushed her to the floor.
Get some bacon, you little trolop.
He laughed as she crawled to Corinne.
Corinne held out a piece of bacon, and Suzette gently took it in her mouth.
Imagine you're Gary sitting on an elf a male's lap, desperately wanting that male to play with his nipples.
Corinne put a bit of jam on a piece of toast and held it out for Suzette.
Or, sliding under the table to take your date's cock in her mouth while you too enjoy a romantic dinner.
Joanna shook her head.
It's a lot to comprehend, way more than the bondage in spanking things we were doing.
She quickly held up a hand.
Mind you, I'm not complaining.

She smiled at Brent's knot after last night.
You'll both have to adjust, counseled Corinne, and you'll both be happier for it.
They gathered around the breaking cage as if they'd come to pay tribute to a holy shrine to witness a sacrifice.
Suzette held a silver tray containing two glass beakers, one with water, and one containing a thick gruel, an offering of sorts to the sacrificial victim.
Joanna leaned into Brent, his arm wrapped around her.
The high priestess of the group, Corinne, went to the computer console, disengaged the shock feature, and turned down the white noise.
Gary looked up as the irritating sound in his head vanished.
Hooded, he couldn't see or hear, but he knew something in his limited hellish environment had changed.
She picked up the microphone and clicked it on.
Gary, I've turned off the shock feature, but can use it at any time.
Listen to my voice and follow my directions.
Nod your head if you understand.
Gary slowly nodded his head, and Corinne turned off the microphone and smiled at the others.
He doesn't know what's happening, he's tired and confused, uncomfortable.
Today and tomorrow the real conditioning begins.
We've broken his initial resistance, he should now be much more receptive.
She turned the microphone back on.
Gary, we're going to feed you now, do exactly as I say, move forward to the side of the cage.
On legs and knees, continually tormented by the tiny plastic spikes, Gary crawled to the side of the cage until his face and body were pressed against the wire.
Very good, Perkarenne.
Suzette is going to feed you.
You will open your mouth and suck the food from the feeding device, not if you understand.
Gary nodded.
Suzette poured the gruel into the eight-inch dildo and screwed on the end cap.
He was going to take the feeding cock, you'll have to suck hard to get it all.
Corinne switched off the microphone, we'll give him a few minutes to feed.
The large flesh-colored dildo was bigger than Gary was prepared to take, and he strained to open his mouth wider.
He recoiled at the monstrous phallic invader as Suzette slowly pushed it in.
Corinne expected this, and her elegant finger hit the punishment button.
Gary screamed as the electrical shock tore through his genitals.
Corinne picked up the microphone.
You will take your food and water through the cock, start sucking.
Gary whimpered, but accepted the cock.
As she began to suck, Suzette opened the access doors and caressed his nipples.
He jumped at the sensation, but quickly relaxed, pushing his breasts into the cage wire,
offering his body to the tender fingers that toyed with his sensitive buds.
Once again, Corinne clicked on the microphone, her voice taking on a honeyed and sensuous tone.
You like that, mmm, it feels good to suck a cock.
It gives you pleasure, keeps sucking, cocks have to be emptied.
You want all of that cock to sit inside you.
Suck hard, you need to take it deep in your mouth, and suck hard.
Suzette twisted Gary's nipples as he writhed in a mix of pain and pleasure.
In his head, he heard Corinne's voice again.
Suck the cock, it gives you pleasure, it feels good.
In another ten minutes, Gary drained the feeding dildo, and Suzette removed it from his mouth.
Very good, came the voice.
Now open for another cock.

This is the cock that made love to Mistress Joanna last night.
It's a big cock, a real man's cock, and you need to thank it for pleasuring your mistress.

Brent approached the cage as Corinne used the hoist to position the cage so Gary's mouth was at perfect cocksacking level.

Suzette knelt before Master Brent, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his cock. She gave his cock a reverent kiss of respect, and backed away.

Kiss Master's cock, show it the respect it deserves, Corinne said.

Brent slowly rubbed his cock over Gary's lips as Gary tried to kiss it.

Corinne motioned to Joanna and held out the microphone.

He needs to hear your voice to know it's you that wants him to suck the cock, to know that you've been pleasure by this cock.

Joanna took the microphone and felt Brent wrap his arm around her and pull her close.

The two lovers watched as Brent continued to toy with Gary's mouth, teasing Gary's lips with his cock.

Gary, Joanna said softly, watching him jump at the sound of her voice.

I want you to suck this beautiful cock for me, baby.

Take it in your mouth, feel it and taste it.

It's a wonderful cock, and I took my pleasure from it last night, and again this morning.

Gary was moaning, but it was difficult for Joanna to tell if it was pleasure or disgust, as Brent began to slowly inch his enormous cock into Gary's mouth.

That's it, baby, suck it.

You're going to be my cock sucker from now on.

You're going to get them nice and hard for me, and you'll lick them clean when I'm done with them.

You will pleasure my lovers in this way, and I'll take my pleasure by watching you do it on your knees sucking cocks for me.

Oh, I think he's going to come, and I can tell you, baby, he comes a lot.

Swallow it, taste my lover, get to know that taste.

Brent shot streams of sticky cum into Gary's mouth, and Gary jerked back, strands of cum dripping down his mouth onto his chest.

Corinne pushed the punishment button, Gary reeled in pain, and then she pressed it again.

She took the microphone from Joanna and spoke menacingly.

When you suck, you suck until the man is through with you, you lick and swallow as long as it pleases your mistresses and masters.

Gary nodded and put his tear-streak faith back up to the cage.

Brent offered his now-deflated cock, placing it in Gary's waiting mouth as Gary sucked it and licked it clean until Brent removed it.

Better, Corinne said, Suzette will now give you some water in a cock, drink it all, and then we will resume your training.

Sobbing with despair, Gary opened his mouth, accepted the water and cock, and began to suck it dry.

And what, as Joanna, this cycle gets repeated?

Exactly, more or less, Corinne said. We may not do any more cock-sucking depends if we have suitable males available, but yes, the conditioning will go on like this for another night and day.

We'll reevaluate at that point, see where we are, and what we need to do next. He hasn't even been in here for 12 hours yet.

It looks like he's already breaking. I mean, he's sucked a real cock. He's never done that.

I agree. I think we're making excellent progress.

Corinne watched Suzette remove the watering cock and close up the access panels in the side of the cage.

Turning to the computer console, Corinne started the white noise droning into Gary's earphones and engaged the random recitation program.

Would everyone like a mimosa?

Sure, replied Joanna as she took Brent's hand.

As they ascended the stairs, the silence was broken by Gary's voice.

I like to wear high heels.

I'm a fat toy.

It's good for mistress to have lovers.

Chapter 9. Life was different for Joanna and Gary. A new world of female domination had opened up for Joanna, and she was embracing it, living it to the fullest.

On Sunday afternoon, they removed a quiet and shaken Gary from the breaking cage.

Corinne instructed Suzette to put Gary in a warm bath and give him soup and a brandy. While Suzette provided the necessary aftercare, Corinne and Joanna plotted the strategy for Gary's further subjugation.

It's important that you reinforce the conditioning, Corinne advised, don't let him backslide or fall into old habits. You don't have to be cruel or vicious. There'll be time enough for that kind of play later.

But be consistent, firm and unyielding.

He's a bit shell-shocked right now, and as some of that wears off, there may be some confusion for him.

You must become that rock of feminine authority that anchors him in his place.

I think I can do that. I've been watching how you interact with Suzette. It all seems so natural, Joanna said.

Well, yes, Suzette is obviously at a more advanced state of training, but yes, there is something in what you say.

Adopt that uncompromising and demanding dominant female voice, and Gary will fall in line.

It's his nature. We've only brought it to the forefront and given him permission to be who he is.

Brent's seen this all before, haven't you, darling?

Brent took a final drink of his scotch and placed the empty tumbler on the table.

As Corinne says, it's who he is.

You wonderful ladies are simply allowing a man to let the sissy inside flower to full bloom.

Are you inferring he's a pansy, mock Joanna, and they all laughed at the pun?

We know what you mean, Corinne said, as she watched Brent rise to his feet.

Are you leaving, dear?

Yes, my work here for the moment is finished. He walked to Joanna, pulling her from the chair and into his arms.

Although I'd like to continue to provide any service or counseling you may require, his mouth came down on hers in a long and intimate kiss.

When they broke the kiss, Joanna brushed a strand of hair from her face and took a deep breath.

Yes, I'd like that. I'd like that very much.

Give it a week or two, and then you can formally introduce Gary to his new master.

By then both of you will have started to institutionalize your roles and habits.

Of course, laughed Corinne. That doesn't mean that Mistress Joanna and Master Brent can't get together as often as needed in the interim to consult.

I'll call you then, mild Brent, as he gave Joanna a final kiss and took his leave.

Corinne and Joanna lingered over their coffee as they waited for Suzette to bring Gary to them.

When Suzette arrived, she led Gary by leash, attached to his collar.

Gary was naked, save for a black skirt. He plotted along his bare feet slapping on the tile floor,

accompanied by the clicks of Suzette's stilettos.

Suzette stopped before Joanna, curtseyed, and offered the leash in her hand.

Joanna nodded approvingly and took the leash.

With a tug on the leash, Joanna pulled Gary to her side.

Joanna dropped the leash on the floor and commanded Gary to crawl to Corinne, kiss her feet, and thank her for having us this weekend.

Without hesitation, Gary dropped his knees and crawled to Corinne,

halting before her gleaming black-patent high heels and bending forward to plant

kisses on her toes.

Thank you, Mistress, for having Mistress Joanna and me to your house.

As Corinne nonchalantly lifted her shoe, Gary lovingly licked the soul.

Joanna and Corinne shared a knowing smile.

The ride home was subdued. Joanna drove, while Gary sat quietly, clad in only the skirt and collar.

You're off work tomorrow, so I'll allow you some time to rest from the weekends or deal, Joanna explained.

But I do have some things you need to get done.

Yes, Mistress.

Tomorrow you will move all of your things out of my bedroom and into the small room at the end of the hall.

We'll call it the maid's room.

Yes, Mistress.

I'll explain more of the new rules as we go along.

You haven't changed your mind.

Oh, no, Mistress.

Good. I'm going to give you all the domination you've ever craved.

And we've already changed your mind.

At home Joanna took the leash and led Gary to her bedroom as Gary followed meekly behind carrying Joanna's bag.

Take off that skirt, unpack my bags, and put my things away. I'm going to relax.

Without thinking, Gary's fingers grasped the hem of his skirt, and he bobbed a clumsy curtsy to acknowledge Joanna's orders.

She relaxed in her chair and watched him unpack her bag.

When he finished she extended a foot.

Put lotion on my feet.

Gary reached for the bottle of lotion and knelt before her.

Squirting a pool of lotion into his palm, he began to lovingly work the silky cream into Joanna's foot.

Joanna lit a cigarette, closed her eyes, and enjoyed the ministrations of her now devoted slave husband.

Ah yes, I can definitely get used to this.

A loving and slavishly devoted husband.

To see to my every need and a well-hung stud like Brent in my bedroom.

Corinne, you are a gift to women everywhere.

On my legs as well, I want them soft and silky for Brent.

When she was finished with her legs she stood and turned.

A little on my bottom.

And soon felt Gary's hands caressing her perked airy air.

She laughed and wiggled.

Give it a little kiss and we can go to bed.

Joanna gathered up his leash in her hand and pulled him towards the bed.

At the foot of the bed she looped his leash around the bed post.

He remained silent on his knees waiting for the bidding of his mistress.

She threw a pillow and blanket on the floor.

You'll sleep here tonight.

Tomorrow we will arrange for your new accommodations.

Yes, mistress.

Joanna stood before him and extended a foot, smiling when he bent forward to place a kiss on it.

Good night, sleep tight.

She mocked. Good night, mistress.

As she luxuriated under the covers she heard Gary settling in on the floor.

But her thoughts as she drifted into slumber weren't about this submissive tethered to the end of her bed.

She dropped off Brent and had lovely cock that pleased her so.

The next morning Joanna arose to find Gary huddled in a fetal position, wrapped in a blanket at the foot of her bed.

At some point during the night he managed to finally drift off to sleep on the hard and unforgiving floor.
Time to get up my little sloth. There's more training to do.
She took the leash from the bed post and gave it a tug, watching him awake in a daze.
Up, I need coffee. Go make it now.
Wait, first we need this.
Joanna took a penis gag from her bedside drawer and forced it into his mouth, tightly cinching the buckle in the back.
Gary heard the ominous click of a lock. Until you're properly trained to eat and drink, only when and what I tell you,
I need to make sure you don't sneak anything behind my back. Understand?
Gagged, Gary simply nodded and gave a half-hearted curtsy.
Joanna unclipped the leash from his collar, turned him around, and gave him a swadd on his ass to send him on his way.
Coffee now.
As her new sissy maid totalled off to make coffee, Joanna fell into the bed, blangorously sliding, the covers up around her.
A spoiled and pampered bitch. That's what I'm going to become.
She took a pen and notepad from her nightstand and made notes.
Sell his truck. New car for me. Repaint the maid's room. Ear piercing. Salon appointment.
Daily exercise and diet. Finances.
Before Gary returned with the coffee, she finished her notes and placed the paper in the drawer.
No sense scaring him all at once, but by the end of the week, things will be very different around here.
When he entered the room, Joanna gave an appreciative nod to the coffee service on the silver tray.
Very nice. It pleases me when you perform this well.
Does it please you as well?
Gary enthusiastically shook his head.
Yes.
Then you like being a sissy maid? She smiled at the affirmative bob of his head and pointed to the floor at the side of her bed.
Neil, here. And we'll have a little talk.
Well, I'll talk and you simply nod yes or no. Understand?
No, yes.
Do you like it when I dominate you and I dress sexy and when I tease and torment you?
Yes.
Did you think Corinne was sexy? Did you like being dominated by her?
Yes.
You like to submit to women? You want more of that, don't you?
Yes.
Do you want to be a pretty sissy maid like Suzette?
He hesitated and she took his nipple and her fingers and toyed with it, watching him sigh and quiver.
She smiled when he slowly nodded. Yes.
You want to have your cock locked away and wear pretty clothes?
Yes.
But I still need a cock to make me happy. She pinched and twisted the nipple, loving the way he moaned through the gag.
I'm still going to need a real cock to fill me and give me pleasure, don't you agree?
Her nipple torment continued. He closed his eyes and nodded yes.
So you're going to be my pretty sissy maid slave and do whatever I want.
Wait on me, hand and foot, obey my every whim.
Yes, yes.

And I'll lock your little cock away. Let's call it a clitty from now on and I'll control your sexual releases.

But I'll still have all the lovers and cocks I want, okay?

Her fingernails cut into his nipple and she felt him shake with, what pain, pleasure?

Okay, lots of sex for me and almost none for you, okay?

Yes, yes, yes.

Stand up, look at your little clitty. It's trying to get hard like a real man's would.

We're certainly going to have to lock that up. Oh sweetheart, it's leaking. You've got some sissy cream.

You must be excited about all the things that we've discussed, aren't you?

Using her fingernails, she lightly stroked the length of his cock, as his knees buckled, his shaft got harder.

We'll fix this. She grasped his balls and squeezed. The pain made him want to drop to his knees, but she held him fast and he writhed on the balls of his feet.

I don't need this thing to get hard, she's fat. It's fucking useless to me for sexual pleasure.

The sooner we get it locked up and put away, the better.

Then you can concentrate on me rather than this useless piece of crap between your legs.

Are you a sissy maid?

Yes, yes, yes, you nodded.

And do sissy maids have cocks? No, no, no.

So we should lock this away. Yes, yes, yes.

When she released her grip, he calmed down and simply stood in place, shaking.

Good! Just as long as we understand one another, your sissy maid with a locked up clitty.

I can have as many cocks as I want. She viciously slapped his cock and ball.

Agreed? Yes, yes.

Clear away this coffee. I'm going to shower. If you want to jack off, you better do it now.

It may be a long time before you touch that thing again.

Gary gathered up the coffee, try and carried it downstairs to the kitchen.

Not knowing exactly why he quickly washed the items and put them away.

I must always keep the clean and tidy house for mistress.

But Joanna's last words rang in his ears. As soon as he wiped down the counters, he folded the washcloth, put it away,

and immediately grabbed his cock, pulling feverishly at himself.

He pummeled his manhood, seeking that one last blessed relief.

Although he became semi-rigid, he wasn't achieving a full erection.

Panic set in. If I can't get hard, I can't come.

If I don't do it now, then when he pulled harder and faster, frustration was overtaking him.

When he heard the shower water turn off, he reluctantly released his grip on his cock and rushed upstairs to grab a towel.

Joanna was impatient.

Next time, be waiting when I get out of the shower. On your knees, with a clean dry towel in your arms, dry my legs.

Gary dropped his knees, shuffled forward and dried Joanna's legs.

Enough? She said, up. As he rose to his feet, she spun him around.

Gary felt her handling the lock and the buckle on the dreaded penis gag, and then she slid it out of his mouth.

He stretched his jaws and breathed deeply. Before he could regain his composure, she spun him around again, so he was now facing her.

She held the eagle gag before his eyes.

You mouth off, top back, eat or drink when and what you're not supposed to, and it goes back in,

understand? Yes, Mistress.

As long as you do what you're told, when you're told to do it, in exactly the way you're told to do it, it won't go so badly for you. I'm not saying it will be easy, but if you fuck it up, it will be much worse. Did you jack off?

Yes, Mistress. And did you come? He had felt his chest and he fought back the tears. No, Mistress.

She heard the regret and despair in his voice. Not my problem. You had your chance. You'll have to earn the right to another, and it won't be easy. She dropped her towel on the floor, walked to the toilet and sat down.

Crawl over here and kiss my feet while I pee. Then you can lick me clean. And after that, we'll lock up your little clitty.

After Joanna dressed, she was true to her word, and marched Gary to the shower, where she made him shave off all his body hair.

You're to keep yourself snoozed and hairless at all times.

While Gary showered and removed his body hair, Joanna prepared to install his chastity device. When he emerged from the shower, she clamped a bag of ice to his cock, noting with glee how it shriveled at the frigid onslaught.

With death tans, she lubricated his penis, fit the rings in spacers, and slid the cage over his cock, securing it with a tamper-proof numbered tank.

There we go, all locked away. You'll learn to obtain sexual gratification in other ways. You'll learn that your pleasure comes from pleasing others.

Yes, mister. In his head, Gary heard the voice. It's good to be a fuck toy.

In Chapter 10, over the next two weeks, Joanna put her plans into action. Her hastily scrawled notes charting the enslavement and submission of Gary.

The same day she had locked the chastity device on him, she moved him out of her bedroom.

The room down the hall, the small guest room, will be your new room, she told him. It will be the maid's room.

room. Move all of your things out of my room. I've ordered you a new bed and dresser to

be delivered on Saturday. Before then, you need to repaint. These are the color samples."

In disbelief, he took the color strips from her hand. The walls were to be done in a pastel

pink with gloss ivory trim around the rest of the room. Yes, Mistress. It's bubblegum,

the pink color, she chirped. Don't you just love it?" He nodded, barely whispering. Yes, Mistress.

I want you to do a good job, make the room nice and pretty. I'll certainly want to show

it off to our friends. She handed him a large plastic bag.

These are your working clothes, for things like painting and house projects, when you

can't wear a maid's uniform.

Thank you. He nervously opened the plastic bag and pulled out coveralls, or what used

to be coveralls. Aren't these simply the cutest things? The Korean lady, the seamstress

at the strip mall, did it for me.

Mary held out the coveralls. They'd been dyed a bright pink, and the legs had been cut off

to a clam-digger length, and finished with purple lace. Likewise, the sleeves had been

removed, and the armholes again trimmed in the same purple lace.

Sissy maid was embroidered across the back in bright purple, and a red heart, and a purple

poodle applique adorned each breast pocket.

There's more, Joanna laughed, clapping her hands. As she reached into the bag, he removed

additional items. Purple floral lace pantyhose, bright pink lady's work gloves, and large clip-on hoop earrings. At the bottom of the bag lie his work-boots. Try them on, Joanna said. They did look somewhat like work-boots, or at least a demented fashion designer's idea of what a fetish Sissy maid work-boots would be. They were a brown suede lace up with a pointed toe. The heel had to be almost five inches, and while not a stiletto was still slender. They extended past his ankle, and had padding at the top in the fashion of a typical work-boot. Mumbling what he hoped was taken as appreciative thanks, Gary put on the boots. No, I want to see the whole outfit now! He bobbed a curtsy and stripped, ready to give his mistress a fashion show. When he was dressed, Joanna made him walk around the room, pose, and simulate painting. Oh, that is so precious! I'm going to have to get some pictures and video of you working, getting your Sissy Maid room all ready. Tomorrow, on the way home from work, you're to stop and get the paint. After you serve dinner and clean up tomorrow, I want you up here and working on this room. It has to be done before the furniture comes on Saturday. Yes, mistress. You may prepare supper now. Call me when you're ready to serve, and keep the outfit on. I think it's cute.

Good week as Gary was finishing the suppertishes, he heard the ringing of the crystal bell. He quickly wiped his hands, straightened his apron, and made his way to the living room. His ability to walk in high heels was improving. Joanna insisted he always wear them in the house, and had started out with a three-inch heel, telling him that he would be expected to wear ever increasingly higher heels. He stopped before Joanna and Bob de Kirtzy. Joanna noted with satisfaction that his ability to walk in heels and his kirtzies were improving every day. And why not, when one wore high heels for hours every day, and Kirtzy'd constantly? I called your boss and scheduled you for a day off this Friday. I have some things planned. Are you finished in the kitchen? I'm nearly done, mistress. You can finish in there later.

Do my feet. Gary retrieved his pedicure basket from behind the sofa, and spread a towel on the floor beneath Joanna's feet. As she raised a leg, he gently took her foot in hand, and began to lovingly massage it. Joanna relaxed and closed her eyes. This was an indulgence that she was easily becoming accustomed to. After the foot massage, Gary used a Swedish file to remove any rough spots, and ended with yet another massage, this one with a moisturizing lotion. When he finished, he gave her foot a reverent kiss, and slowly lowered it to the floor. He took her other foot into his hand, gave it a kiss, and then repeated

the same process. Through it all, Joanna reveled in the loving attention rendered to her pets.
Hmmm, a husband, sissy maid to serve me, and Brent's cock to fuck me. I am one lucky woman.
The loving foot worship of the night before was quickly forgotten the next morning. "Slut! Get your ass in here!" Joanna screamed. A fearful Gary ran to the voice from Joanna's bathroom. He stopped at the door, executed a nervous curtsy and awaited his fate. Given a look on Joanna's face, it didn't bode well.
"What the fuck is that?" Joanna pointed an elegantly manicured fingernail at the jagged edge on the toilet paper. "Have I not been explicit in my needs? Have I not trained you? Are you trying to piss me off?"
"Unsure of what to say,' Gary executed another curtsy, which only angered Joanna." "Don't fucking stand there and bob at me. Get your ass over here!"
As she approached, she reached out and slapped him, hard across the face. She grabbed him by the hair and jerked his head towards the toilet paper dispenser. "Look at that! Do you see what's wrong?"
"It's—I mean, she jerked up his head and slapped him again. The fold, idiot! Where's the cute little fold I taught you to put on the end of the toilet paper?"
I—I—she grabbed a nipple, squeezing it, pinching and twisting until the pain drove him to his knees. Then she slapped him again.
Every time—I—P—or—shit—in any bathroom in this house—I expect to see the toilet paper and folded exactly like I taught you. Is that too fucking much to ask?"
"No, mistress. You've got me so upset I made a mess,' she pulled his face to the toilet seat, where yellow drops of pee glistened. Now, I want you to lick this clean and for good measure, when you're done here, I want you to lick every single toilet seat in this house spotlessly clean. And put that fold on all the toilet paper rolls. You're lucky I even use toilet paper anymore. I could just as easily use your tongue and mouth for all my toilet needs and save myself the cost of toilet paper, couldn't I?"
"Yes, mistress. Then do a better job in the future. Close your eyes and open your mouth.'" Gary closed his eyes and opened his mouth, scared of what might follow, but fearing even worse consequences if he disobeyed. Joanna took the piece of toilet paper from her pocket, the one she'd torn off before he entered, the piece perfectly folded into a triangle. She pushed the paper into his mouth, chew and swallow, and then you've got some toilet seats to clean.
On Friday morning, clad only in his heels and a small apron that covered nothing and revealed everything, Gary prepared and served breakfast. As he did the dishes, Joanna reminded him of their appointment.
"We're having a salon day today. I've laid out your clothes on your bed. You did a very good job painting your room and just in time, too. Your new furniture comes

tomorrow. Do

you like the collar?"

"Oh, yes, mistress, very much."

"Actually, the pink bubblegum collar was unnerving. But he didn't have a choice. Go and change.

We need to be there at ten."

When Gary got to his room, he saw the clothing Joanna had selected for their outing, a pink

lacy bra and panty set, women's black slacks that zipped up the side, a white woman's

blouse, black lace trouser socks, and black loafers that were definitely feminine in

design. From a distance he might look male, but up close anyone could discern a definite

sissy look. The blouse was sheer enough to reveal the outline of the pink bra beneath.

But Gary didn't balk and simply began to dress. The voice in his head somehow reassuring.

"I like to wear pretty things."

Joanna used the interlude to make a call to Corinne.

"Yes, it's going fine. No real resistance. Only some hesitation now and then. Yes, it's

good. I did the bathroom thing. It seemed to shock him a bit. But it's good to keep them off balance,' advised Corinne. Mixing in the loving female authority and dominance

with moments of terror and humiliation, keep them finally honed in on that submissive mode.

When do you introduce him to Brent?"

"Soon, I think he's ready. Of course I've been seeing Brent, just not openly at the

house. I think Gary knows that I'm seeing someone, but he simply accepts it. Is he still

in his chastity?"

"Oh, yes. Really no reason to have the little thing out and about is there.'

Corinne laughed.

Not unless you feel like toying with it. Control the orgasm and control the man. Or in this

case the sissy.

"Yes, I've learned that. We're going to the salon today. I've got a few surprises in

store for him. Wonderful. Call if you need anything.'

They arrived at the salon a little before ten. Gary had been there before, but only to drop

off or pick up Joanna. Today he was a client.

A slim, thirtish woman with spiky hair rushed forward to give Joanna an air kiss.

"Hey, good to see you. And Gary is here for his very first beauty treatment.'

Gary nodded his head and gave a quiet.

"Yes, ma'am.'

"Ma'am,' the woman laughed.

"My name is Marie, and I'll be doing you today. Joanna, Claire is ready for you.'

Marie took Gary's hand. "Follow me. Back here, sweetie, and we'll get started.'

As Marie took Gary's hand, he turned to see Joanna give him a smile and a little wave.

Marie pulled him through a set of curtains and into a room with a door.

"This is one of our private rooms. For special clients, Joanna is spoiling you,' she teased.

"Now you have the option of sitting still and doing what you are told. Or we can strap

you down. Are you going to be a good girl?'

Her teasing voice and good girl, reference, seemed to trigger something in Gary.

"I will always be a good girl. I'll be good, ma'am."

Marie smiled and patted him on the head.

"I know, sweetie. I've done your kind before. Just relax and enjoy it."

"Now, take off all your clothes. You can hang them on that hook, and then put on this

gown and get in the chair," she handed him a pink dressing gown.

Marie's seated Gary in the chair and draped a cloth around his neck.

"Joanna picked out some nice colors for you. Are you excited?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Your hair is getting longer and Joanna wants you to keep growing it out, but we're giving

it a few highlights today. When I'm finished with the highlights, Becky will be in to work

with you.

He watched in the mirror as Marie went to work, separating out strands of hair, coating them

with a smelly goop, and wrapping them in foil.

Gary thought he looked ridiculous, but he had no choice other than to sit and endure.

"A good sissy obeys."

When she was done, Marie turned the chair around so Gary could check out his new hairstyle.

He was shocked to see his hair much lighter almost blonde with reddish bronze streaks.

"Wow! That looks really hot on you," Marie said.

"Yeah, yes, ma'am. Very hot. How can I go to work next week? How can I even walk out

of here?"

True to her word, when Marie was done with the highlights, she left the room, and a few minutes later, a plump, freckle-faced blonde, no more than twenty entered the room.

"Hi, I'm Becky. I've never done a sissy before. You'll be my first. Oops, sorry. Is

it okay to call you a sissy?"

"She giggled. Yes, ma'am."

"Ma'am, you are so cute!" she pulled up a stool and sat down.

"Okay. First they wanted you to clean up down here."

"As she talked, she pulled open his gown, exposing Gary's chastised member.

"Wow. Is that really locked up?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She grabbed the device, moving it around and examining it.

"Don't think I'd want to be locked up and not be able to come. Does it hurt?"

"No, ma'am. I'm getting used to it."

"Whatever. Anyway, I'm going to clean up around it.

"Your wife says she wants it as smooth and hairless as I can get it."

"She reached over and flicked a switch on a small device.

"While the wax heats up, I'll do your eyebrows okay?"

Gary leaned back and closed his eyes, as Becky rolled her stool by his head and tilted back

his chair.

She chatted non-stop as she expertly tweezed his eyebrows. The process seemed to go on

for so long that Gary began to wonder if he was going to have any eyebrows left.

"Finally she was done," and Gary felt his chair rise to a sitting position.

"Okay, Sissy. You can open your eyes," Becky said.

He opened his eyes to see Becky standing before him, holding a mirror.

"They look great, very sexy. You'll just need to touch them up with a bit of eyebrow

pencil. I'll show you how to do that and give you one in your shade before you leave today.'

He blinked his eyes to focus and gazed into the mirror.

His eyebrows were now very thin and arched. For a moment a wave of panic set in.

''How can I go to work like this? I look like.'

But the voice reassured him.

''I like to look sexy for men.'

For a moment he was silent, then he said.

''Very nice. Thank you very much. Cool,' she checked her can of wax.

''Okay. Now we can do the wax. They said that if you made noise during the waxing I was supposed to gag you. You're going to be a quiet, Sissy?'

''I'll try, ma'am.'

''Okay,' she gathered her wax and clawed her.

The wax stripped and went to work. The warm wax felt nice, but when she ripped the first

one off he yelped.

''Okay. You're supposed to be quiet. One more cry and I'm going to gag you like they said.'

''Gary nodded. It hurt like hell.' And he cried as she pulled off the second strip. Becky stood.

''Okay. I gave you two chances.'

She watched as her hands disappeared under her dress and she wiggled out of her panties.

She held them over his face and smiled.

''Open up!'

Gary opened as she carefully inserted her panties, the moist crotch first into his waiting mouth.

Then she reached into a drawer and removed a long strap, drawing it around his mouth and

a chair, using it to secure his head and hold the panty-gag in place.

''Okay. Let's finish this up. I need to go on break.'

She efficiently waxed his crotch smooth and hairless, often turning to flash him an evil

smile as he groaned into her panty-gag.

''Almost done,' she chortled. Now lift up your legs way up.'

She lifted his legs and applied the wax and cloth strips to the hairs on his ass.

Tears streaked down his face when she pulled them off.

''Okay, sissy. I'm through here for now. I'll be back for more beauty stuff later.

You

can keep the panties.'

He was left alone for several minutes before Marie breathed back into the room. She threw

back his dressing gown and ran her hands over his crotch.

''Very nice. Becky does a lovely job.'

She smiled as she looked at his gag.

''You were a naughty sissy, weren't you? Do her panties taste nice?'

Gary nodded in the affirmative.

''Let's just leave them in a while longer, shall we?'

Joanna is finished. She and a gentleman left for a romantic lunch. She'll be back later

in the afternoon for you.

''But in the meantime we've lots more work to do on you. It will be about twenty minutes

before your next treatment. I'm going to close the door and turn out the light. You just

sit there and nap like a good sissy.'''

Alone in the dark, Gary tried to make sense of everything. His hair was streaked

blonde
and red. His crotch and ass were hairless, and his eyebrows were thin and arched.
And
Joanna was out on a date, a romantic luncheon date. She'd been out a lot lately,
getting
all dressed up, going out to dinner, leaving him alone with a long list of chores
to ensure
he stayed busy. She never said what she was doing, or where she was going. And he
knew
it wasn't his place to ask.
"Of course I'm locked up. Mistress doesn't need a sissy clitty, but she still
needs
a cock."

He dozed off and was startled when the door opened and the lights came on. Becky
smiled
at him as she pushed a card into the room.
"Hey sissy, have a nice nappy. See you still have my panties,' she did the strap
and pulled
the panties out of his mouth.
"Eek! You can keep these. I don't want them now.' She put them in a ziplock bag
and
set them on a chair. A little souvenir of your visit. I'm going to do your nails
now.
Tonails and fingernails. Joanna wants you to have bright red toenails, but she's
willing
to start you off with just a pale pink fingernail polish, okay?
"Yes, ma'am. I like your hair. It's way cute,' Gary simply nodded.
She sucked to work on his feet first, telling him that Joanna was going to expect
him to
do this for himself in the future. So he needed to pay attention to what she was
doing and
how.
"When she was done,' Gary looked down to see ten glossy red toenails gleaming in
the
light.
"Pretty,' remarked Becky.
"Yeah? I want to wear sexy high heels to show off my pretty feet.'
Before moving up to work on his fingernails, Becky pulled back the gown to look at
his
crotch.
"Oh, yeah. Much better.' She ran her hand over the skin. Smooth.'
She left the gown open, exposing the chastity to vice, and went to work on his
nails, again
advising him to pay attention so he could do his own nail care.
When she finished, she stood. "Okay. We'll let these dry and then do your ears.'
Without another word she got up and pushed her cart out the door, leaving it open
behind
her.
His dressing gown was still open, exposing himself. But he hadn't received
permission
to close it. For the next ten minutes, a parade of women came in and out of the
room, silently
observing him and looking at his chastity device. They came in singly and in pairs.
Gary couldn't believe they were all staff or employees. Was he being put on display
for the customers?
The women looked at his hair, his eyebrows and nails, but most were intrigued by
the chastity
device. They lifted it up, turned it, gave it a slight tug to test its security,
and

used their fingernails to poke at his cock through the ventilation slits. While many made remarks or comments, none were directed at him, so Gary remained mute

during the humiliating display and inspection process. I wonder why they let themselves be treated like this. I must get one of these from my husband. It must be terribly frustrating.

How cute! I love the pink color! She says he serves as her maid.

Well, I can see why she had the lunch and date today. I wonder if she'd rent him out to clean.

Becky returned when the parade of curious onlookers stopped.

Okay, sissy, you're going to get your ears pierced? She glanced down to see his exposed

chastity and closed cock. Ben exposed in yourself, you bad boy. She teased. She slapped it with

her hand and giggled. Bad sissy, bad sissy.

Gary closed his eyes at the shame of it and felt her throw the dressing gown back over him.

I was hoping I'd get to pierce your tongue. It would make you way better at eating pussy,

but Marie said not this time.

Joanna, only once your ears pierced. I'm trying to talk her into getting a ring in your nose,

put a little chain on it, and I guarantee you'd follow her anywhere.

At that she giggled again and tweaked his nose.

But Joanna got you these swell studs. They're really nice. She must really like you a lot.

He watched her fiddle with some kind of machine, and then felt her grab his ear.

It's just a little prick. Oh, I made a joke.

Girls get this done all the time. She paused. I guess this is too. And she giggled again.

Within minutes she was cleaning up and putting her tools away. When she'd finished she turned

Gary to look in the mirror. The reflection was not one he immediately recognized.

His

hair was blonde with red streaks. His eyebrows were thin and arched, and now his ears were

pierced. When he put his hands up to touch his ears he saw the perfectly manicured pink nails.

Almost done. Diane will be in to finish you up. He gave Becky a quizzical look as if

to ask what more could be done to him.

The Diane?

The cosmetician. It was fun. I hope you come back. I like doing sissies. With a little

pep pat of her hand on his chastity device, Becky smiled and strode out the door.

Two hours later Joanna returned to claim Gary. In the interim Diane had given him a full

makeover, foundation, lips, false eyelashes, eye makeup. To pass the time waiting for Joanna,

Marie gave him a simple black smock and made him serve tea and coffee to her customers.

Everyone seemed quite taken with the new help, both in his appearance and his servile manner.

Anna thanked Marie and settled the bill for the day's work. She hardly paid any attention

to Gary, who continued to scoot about the salon, filling coffee and fetching magazines.

Finally, she turned to Gary.

Come, dear, we need to leave. Pick up your clothes. They're in the bag there.

Obediently, Gary picked up the plastic bag containing the clothes he'd worn in, and meekly followed Joanna outside to the car. No one seemed to notice the strange-looking

creature with the street hair and dressed in the black smock. Joanna slid into the front

seat and lit a cigarette.

Did you enjoy your day of pampering?

Yes, Mistress, very much. Thank you. Good. It can be a reward for excellent behavior.

Becky wanted me to give you a nose-ring. She watched him wince at the thought. I might

consider it. And your nipples as well. Are you hungry? Yes, Mistress. Good. I brought

you something. She squeezed her thighs, feeling the warm stickiness inside.

Leftovers from

lunch.

Saturday morning was like all recent mornings. Gary, cooking breakfast, serving and cleaning

up. It was now assumed that he did all the domestic household duties, which kept him

quite busy and left him virtually no free time.

Joanna, on the other hand, was living a life of luxury, reading, chatting on the phone,

going to the club to play tennis, or the gym to work out, and going out in the evenings

to, well, it wasn't Gary's place to know.

He was wiping the counter when he heard the bell and scurried to answer its call.

He

didn't run, Joanna had told him.

This he made, don't run. They scurry, mince, or crawl.

He arrived in the living room and curtseed. Joanna didn't even look at him, but said,

ashtray. There was an ashtray just beyond her reach. She could have easily got it for herself,

but this was about training, discipline, and conditioning.

Gary wordlessly moved the ashtray to a place more convenient for Mistress Joanna, curtseed,

and backed out of the room. Joanna didn't watch him leave. Only smiled to herself and

flicked an ash in the ashtray.

Excellent.

Twenty minutes later, she rang the bell again, and just as expected, Gary quickly appeared.

Your new bedroom furniture is being delivered this afternoon. I think the trim in your bedroom

needs another coat of paint. Change into your work clothes and do that, now.

Gary retrieved the paint and tools from the basement and changed into his work clothes.

The pink and purple ash trimmed cut-off coveralls, pink gloves, and high-heeled work boots.

He hoped he'd be able to finish the painting before the delivery men arrived with his new

furniture, but Joanna had purposely cut his time window very short.

He worked quickly, but neatly, in Mistress Joanna's household, any mistake resulted in either a humiliating or painful punishment—sometimes both.

He'd been working for over an hour and was not yet half finished when the doorbell rang.

Joanna answered the door, and he heard her talking and men's voices.

Her delivery bed upstairs suddenly there were footsteps coming up the stairs, and Joanna's voice, I'll show you the room, and you can decide how you want to bring it all in. She appeared at the door, accompanied by three burly delivery men.

Oh, still painting, dear. I thought you would have finished by now, she smirked. Let these nice men take a look at your room. They're going to bring up your new furniture.

Every stood, quiet his eyes downcast, cheeks flushed with shame.

He's a bit shy, Joanna teased, but he's so excited about his new room.

The taller of the men gave Gary a long look.

He lives here. It's a he, right. This is your husband. No offense at my tone.

Oh, none taken, Joanna smiled. This is my domestic servant. He keeps house, cooks, and cleans.

Sort of like a maid, the man said.

Exactly. Yeah, okay, whatever. And that bed and stuff, it goes up here. It is? Because we thought it was for a little girl's room. Oh, it's all for him. He shrugged.

Okay, guys, let's bring it up. Dear, why don't you get these men something to drink?

Would you men like some refreshments? It's really no trouble for him at all.

Sure, thanks, lady. If it's no trouble. Oh, no trouble. I mean, I'm certainly not the one who has to do it.

Gary prepared and served cold drinks as the men brought up and assembled the furniture.

And he saw the men unpacking and setting up the bedroom, the nature of their initial confusion became clear.

Joanna had selected white furniture with gold accents, very girly and feminine in decor.

And the bed was a foreposter with a canopy, a pink canopy.

When the last piece of plastic and cardboard had been removed, the delivery men asked Joanna to sign for the setup.

Something okay, ma'am? Oh, yes, thank you. It looks wonderful. I know he'll be very happy here.

She handed the man a twenty dollar bill.

Thanks, ma'am. Appreciate it.

Joanna turned to Gary. Aren't you going to chip the gentleman?

Gary stood. Confused. He had no money. Joanna whispered in the delivery man's ear. Even evil grin he turned to Joanna. Were hele? Joanna nodded, and the man quickly answered his pants and leered at Gary.

Gary glanced at Joanna to see her eyes were evil slits and her mouth curled into a feral smile.

She simply nodded and watched as Gary dropped to his knees and crawled across the carpet to the delivery man.

Over the next week Joanna continued her subjugation of Gary. With every instance he became more compliant and submissive and she more fully embraced her dominance and superiority.

One evening after supper she summoned him to her home office. Yes, Mistress? Neil here?

She pointed to the floor by her desk. We need to go over some things. She produced

a stack
of papers.
Signed this one here.
Yes, Mistress, but what are the slapcams so fast and so hard it knocked him off his
knees and onto the floor?
Want to try again, bitch? Joanna grodded, get up and sign.
Shaking and with tears in his eyes Gary took the pen and signed on the line. For
the next
twenty minutes Joanna produced papers and documents of various shapes, sizes and
thicknesses,
demanding Gary's signatures on this line or that line, initially and dating.
When she finished she locked the papers in her safe. Her final act was to open a
drawer
and produce his wallet. She dumped the contents on her desk. With gleeful malice
she handed
him a pair of scissors and one of his credit cards.
Cut it up, she ordered.
Gary cut the card up into small pieces and dropped them in a waste basket. Joanna
handed
him another of his credit cards. Slowly she went through the contents of his
wallet. Credit
cards, library card, gym membership, until nearly everything was gone.
There's not really much you need, she offered. Driver's license, medical and car
insurance.
I'm leaving you one credit card, but I'll be watching it so don't use it unless you
have my permission. Here's a photo to keep with you.
The picture was of Joanna and a good-looking man. Both were dressed very well as if
on
a night on the town.
What do you say?
Thank you, Mistress. Go to your room now. Gary rose without a word. Kurtzied backed
out
of Joanna's office and walked down the hall to the maid's room with the pretty
canopy
bed. Joanna picked up her cell phone to call her mentor in domination.
Corinne, I did it. I own his ass. Hell, I own everything now. Really, it hasn't
even been
two weeks. I know, but it's like you said it must be his nature who or what he is
inside.
Tomorrow I'm going to see that friend of yours, that notary and have her make
everything legal.
It all sounds wonderful. And how are you in Suzette doing? Corinne shifted her
weight
and lifted her bottom, hearing the wet and mangled face below gas a breath of fresh
air.
We are having the best of times. Thank you for asking.
I want you to start exercising, Joanna said, every day. She saw the confused look
on Gary's
face. What? Mistress, there's no time. When I get home from work, I think the
sluttier
you get, the dumber you get. That's why I'm doing all the thinking for us. Of
course
you don't have time at night, duh. Join a hand at him a gift wrap box. I spoil you.
I
don't know why, but I do open it. Gary peeled off the pink ribbon. Why is
everything pink
anymore? And opened the lid. Inside he found a pink leotard, pink patent, five-inch
heels,
and a selection of videos. Thank you, Mistress. Joanna ignored his thanks. Here's

your schedule.

Monday through Friday you'll get up at 5 a.m. and do one of these exercise videos. You will always wear your leotards and the heels. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday you will do the sexy dance aerobics workout. On Tuesday you will do the belly dance video, and on Thursday you will do the strip tease exercise video. That and your new diet will help you get in shape. Diet? Slim trim shakes for breakfast and lunch, and one for supper. Plus you can have any scraps from my plate. You do want to be a pretty little slut, don't you? Yes, Mistress.

Gary was late for work. It was taking longer each day to get ready. There seemed to be an ever-increasing list of tasks he had to complete each morning, and Joanna was always adding some new wrinkle to make his daily life uncomfortable. First it had been wearing women's panties to work. That hadn't been bad. He could simply slip them on, and they actually felt rather nice. Then she escalated to bras. Pannehose, Gardebell and stockings, a bit of mascara, some peach eyeshadow. They were all little things, but they took more and more time each day to accomplish, as if work life itself hadn't become hell enough with his new hairdo, eyebrows and earrings. Several of his co-workers had stopped talking to him, although one or two men had become friendlier as of late, even inviting him to lunch. Several of the women in the office had confided how they appreciated the way he was in touch with fashion and his feminine side. He grabbed his briefcase and his slim trim shake for lunch. Joanna weighed him constantly, and he was punished if he wasn't making progress to whatever goal she had in mind. For the third time he rummaged through the living room. What are you looking for, demanded Joanna? He stopped and bobbed a curtsy, even though he was dressed conventionally for work. My keys, Mistress, the keys to my truck. They're on the counter. He looked at the keys on the counter, but couldn't recognize them. No, Mistress, my keys, the keys—those are your keys, Joanna barked. He flinched at the tone and picked up the keys. He recognized the house key. But the car key was for a Volkswagen, and the keyring itself was pink with a pink puff on it and a small purple kitty cat. He had that dazed and confused look that Joanna was coming to love. That's for your car. I traded in your truck. Sissies don't drive trucks. Check out your new ride, baby. She taunted. Gary nervously went to the front door and opened it. Sitting in the driveway was a purple Volkswagen Beetle. Of course, it's an automatic—no need for you to have to mess with all that

complicated

shifting. It has a both vase. Isn't that cute? I expect you to always have a fresh flower

in there. Well, he turned, totally defeated and crushed. His cock was in chastity, his

wallet bare, his hair streaked, and eyebrows arched, clad in women's undergarments and

driving to work in a chick car.

It's very nice, Mistress. Thank you. Run along to work now.

That afternoon, Joanna settled back into her jacuzzi tub and sipped her wine. Life was

good and getting better. She picked up the phone. Corinne? Yes. I think we're there.

Yes, he saw the car. Nothing. He didn't say anything, but thank you. And he went to work.

I agree. I think he's ready. It's time that our new Sissie Meg gets a formal introduction

to Master Brent.

CHAPTER 11 Joanna Fussed With The Bow In His Hair, pulling and tugging Until The Pink

and White Lace Took The Prescribe Shape. Backing away, she smiled. Very pretty.

Let's hope

Master will be pleased.

Gary groaned. This evening's meeting was to be yet another test, another humiliation

for a submissive, feminized, cuckolded husband. It wasn't enough that she cuckolded him.

Now he was to become a willing participant, a simpering, mincing Sissie Meg to serve both

Mistress and Master.

Joanna switched on her digital camera. Model for me. Hands on hips, quarter turns, stomach

in, titties out, and smile. Gary turned, remembering to keep his feet close together. Perched on

the five-inch dell'etos, standing ankle to ankle, he slowly turned, trying to strike the

requisite pose and please, Mistress.

The sight excited and amused her. Now her husband, in name only, the Sissified creature

had become a mere servant and maid. His outfit was made to expose, torment, and humiliate.

Her maid wore a short black dress, flared almost horizontal by billowing white petticoats.

Seemed fishnet stockings were secured to garters hanging from the rigid, steel-boned

corset that nipped in his waist.

A short black, page-boy wig, framed a face with horrorish, I'm a fuck-me-slut makeup.

The pretty pink and white hair bow matched the delicate lace choker around his neck.

Dress up, Joanna ordered. Gary grabbed the hem with a delicate thumb and forefinger, and

gently lifted his dress. Joanna rose from her chair and approached, her hand grasping the

plastic prison that entombed his cock. She twisted and pulled, ensuring the security of

the device. Best we keep this locked up.

Yes, Mistress, he softly replied. It's no good to me, other than to tease or torment.

It's useless to pleasure a woman. Yes, Mistress. And keeping it locked up keeps you from wasting valuable time by playing with it. Yes, Mistress. He could barely remember the last time he'd been allowed to touch his cock. Now, brand, she purred, he's got a real cock, the kind that completes a woman. She let the chastised member disdainfully drop from her hand. Finish your dusting, Master will be here soon.

The doorbell rang promptly at seven, and they both went to the door. Joanna stood back as Gary opened the door. Gary curtsy and softly said, Welcome to Mistress Joanna's home. Please come in. Brant walked in and waited while Gary closed the door and took his coat. Even in five-inch heels, Gary was dwarfed by the six-foot-five master Brant. Brant walked to Joanna and swept her up in his arms for a deep and sensuous kiss. This torrid display, his wife flaunting her infidelity and sexuality so openly, shamed and humiliated Gary. But at the same time, his flaccid penis tried to erect in the confining plastic tube. Joanna broke the kiss and reached over to lift up Gary's dress. Look! The little sissy is turned on. Does it excite you to see me with a real man?" Unable to meet her eyes, he haltingly replied, Yes, Mistress. Brant approached the sissified thing. So this is our little maid. She looks quite the slut, Joanna. Are you? Yes, Gary. Are you our little slut, our sissy maid? He knew the expected response and curtsy'd. Yes, Master. Brant turned to Joanna. What do we call her? Joanna licked her lips at the erotic scene of dominance and submission playing out before her. I've been considering that. How about Donna? Isn't that a delightful name? Brant circled the trembling Gary, taking it all in, making a careful appraisal of the simpering creature before him. Donna, yes, I like it. How high are these heels? Five inches, Joanna replied. Hmm. I never want to see her in anything less than four inches, preferably higher, the higher the better. Joanna beamed. Oh, she loves wearing the highest of heels, don't you, Donna? Gary, now Donna, could only nod in the affirmative. His wife and lover were talking about him as if he were a thing, not even there. Master Brant continued his inspection. I want her mouth open, always, like she's hungry for a cock, or ready to deep throat Mistress's stiletto. Open your mouth, sissy. Lick those lips. Make that tongue sexy and inviting. Gary flashed a memory of being in the cage, sucking Master Brant's cock, and opened his mouth, running his tongue sensuously over his lips, trying his best to look sexy and seductive. Master seemed pleased. Yes, do that always. Your mouth should be continually advertising

itself as a welcome receptacle for whatever a master or Mistress wants to insert. He turned to Joanna. Is her ass plugged? Joanna gleefully smiled and nodded. Bend over, Donna, she barked. Gary bent at the waist, lifting the dress and petticoats to expose his ass, filled with a large pink butt-plug. Brant pushed on the plug, causing Gary to gasp, and delighting both Mistress and Master. Brant nodded his approval. Very nice. I want her always lubed and ready to be used. Up, Joanna commanded, Gary rose that kept his hands clasped behind his back and his eyes on the floor. It's good, but more is better. Lots of eye makeup. Can we get her eyelashes longer? Joanna considered the question. There's an online site, mostly for erotic dancers and strippers, that has hideously long ones. Perfect. Do that. When she's sucking my cock, I want to see her looking up at me through those long, fluttering eyelashes. Joanna laughed at the thought of Gary sucking a huge cock and looking up at Master with adoring and appreciative eyes. No, Penny hose. Brant continued, stockings only with seams. Joanna pulled close to Brant, her tongue sensuously licking his neck. Oh, lover, this is so wicked! Brant's hand disappeared into Donna's dress and grabbed a nipple. Gary winced and buckled at the knees. Brant gave Joanna a questioning look. Joanna licked his ear and whispered, she loves to have her nipples played with. With a wicked smile, Brant continued his assault on Donna's tender nipples. Well, let's not deny the poor creature. All of her service outfits will show her exposed nipples. Joanna's hand snaked down to Brant's crotch as she stroked his growing cock. Oh, baby, you are so wicked. This will be such fun. Yes, with the changes I've outlined, I approve of our little sisidana. With some training and discipline, she'll make a fine sis you made. Oh, darling, I'm thrilled you approve. Joanna turned to the hapless creature before her. You will serve us wine in the living room, light the candles in my bedroom and turn down the bed. And before you come back downstairs, change into your six-inch heels and put on another coat of mascara. Arm and arm, master and mistress walk to the living room while Donna curtsy and menst off to do their bidding. All in all, thought Joanna, the formal introduction went quite well. Chapter 12 Don't you look precious, Joanna mewed. Gazing at his reflection in the mirror, Gary didn't think so. The impending humiliation of an evening spent dressed as a serving maid to friends and work colleagues was unnerving. Joanna held out a pair of pink, elbow-length gloves. Gary, now Donna, dutifully curtsyed, back the gloves and began putting them on. Really, sweetheart, you do look very much the adorable sissy. Everyone will be

quite amused, Joanna mocked. Gary's curtsy and yes, ma'am, wasn't all that convincing. But the thought of another session in the cage made almost anything bearable. Gary rolled the last glove up his arm and looked at the image in the mirror. Yes, Donna was very much the sissy. She wore the short black maid's dress, now with the titty cutouts favored by master brat. This particular dress was trimmed in pink lace with a dainty pink apron. The pink gloves, lace choker, and pink lace headband, completed the look. A bone and tightly-syntched corset gave a pleasing hourglass shape and ensured a most correct posture. Guards from the corset held up the black-seemed stockings that master brat found so alluring. I like to dress sexy for men. The mantra from the cage sounded in sissy's head. If I please master, he will please mistress, and I will have done my job as a sissy maid. Donna's feet were crammed into black-patent, pointed tose to letos with six-inch heels. These forced the short, delicate steps that were the hallmark of a mincing sissy maid. The black page-boy wig was standard maidwear, and Joanna had a bedded look with the hideously long false eyelashes and extreme makeup. One last touch, Joanna said as she reached up and clipped long seven-inch earrings to Donna's ears. Move your head. Donna moved her head side to side, the heavy earrings pulling at the earlobes. Lovely, Joanna exclaimed. They catch the light beautifully. Open, she said holding out a pill. Donna opened her mouth to swallow the pill. Joanna lifted up sissy's stress and pink petticoats and fondled the sissy clit enclosed in the plastic chastity device. Just a little Viagra to get you through the night, try not to get too excited dear, it's liable to be painful and frustrating. Remember, Master Brent wants to see that sexy little mouth open all night. There's likely to be a lot of real men cocks looking for a slut fuckhole. Is your bottom lubed? Yes, Mistress. Very well. Go and finish your preparations in the kitchen. When the guests arrive, answer the door and greet them. Be polite and do whatever you are told. Miss Mistress Donna curtseed back away and teetered off to the kitchen on her stiletto heels. Everything was ready for Mistress's dinner party and Donna was polishing the ashtrays for the third time when the doorbell rang. The first guest was Corinne's friend Sheila Remington. Donna took Sheila's hat and coat and stood while Sheila inspected Donna's chastity device. Guests continued to arrive, both singles and couples. Donna greeted each with a delicate curtsy and a, Welcome to Mistress Joanna's home. The guests took whatever liberties they wanted with the domestic help, and Donna

was subjected to a variety of shoe and boot licking, nipple torments, and ass kissing. A table near the door held a satin lined wicker basket full of clothespins. Guests were free to place them wherever they wanted, and Donna soon found them fastened to her nipples, ears, tongue, wherever a guest felt inclined. A guest would attach one, and another guest may later remove it or change its position.

When Gary's boss from work, Carl Devlin arrived, Joanna ran up to give him a long kiss. As they kissed, Devlin ran his hands up and down Joanna's body, cupping her ass and fondling her breasts. Donna broke the kiss and stepped back, her finger tracing a line down his chest to his crotch.

Carl, so good of you to come! Donna has been so anxious to see you, haven't you, Sissy?

Donna knew the answer expected. With shame and humiliation burning her face, she curtsy'd to her employer and boss.

Welcome to Mr. Joanna's home, Master Carl. Devlin shook his head in amazement. Damn, Joanna! I know we were getting it on in my office, while this pathetic little shit worked on his spreadsheets down the hall, but this, this!

Joanna moved in front of Devlin and pulled his arms around her. She placed his hands on her breasts, and he caressed the magnificent globes, barely contained by her low-cut evening dress.

Leaning her head back, Joanna invited his kisses to her neck. Gary felt his imprisoned cock try vainly to erect. His wife and his boss were getting it on right in front of him, and he was getting excited.

Joanna's right, I must be a natural cuckolded Sissy, and Master Brent hasn't even arrived yet.

Devlin removed his lips from Joanna's neck and smiled. Maybe we could find her a new job at work as his secretary or an office girl. Gary shuddered at the thought of full exposure and humiliation at his workplace.

"Not yet," Joanna cautioned. "I still like the money," he brings in. But there's no reason some of his daily duties and responsibilities couldn't change or be increased, making and fetching coffee for the secretaries, filing and copying, picking up their dry cleaning."

"I'm sure that can be arranged," Devlin laughed.

German arm,' he and Joanna walked into the living room, leaving Donna to struggle with a frustrated erection and absolute humiliation.

Guests continued to arrive and visit torments on her. One of the last guests was an elderly woman accompanied by a lovely young girl. The older woman was distinguished looking, with perfectly quaffed silver hair and a beautiful evening dress. The young girl's nervous eyes peered out from under a short, black, page-boy hairstyle, and she was garishly made up as with Donna.

Joanna rushed up to greet the older woman, embracing her.

"Margret! So good of you to come, and this must be little Prissy! Donna! Come and meet
Mistress Margaret and Prissy!' Donna minced over to deliver the customary curtsy and greeting, while Margaret observed it all in a desultory manner.
"Acceptable, Joanna! She seems to be a serviceable piece of merchandise. Shall we introduce our
sissies?'"
"By all means,' Joanna said, "'by all means,' with a flourish Margaret removed her slave's
coat.
"Sissie Donna! Meet Sissie Prissy!"
As the room burst into laughter and applause, Donna realized that all the guests had gathered
around them. To the laughter of the assembled crowd, she took in the image of the submissive
standing before her.
Prissy wore an outfit identical to Donna's, except for the reversal of the collars. Prissy's
dress was pink with black lace trim, and she wore black gloves. Both sissies wore identical
stockings, shoes, wigs, and makeup.
"Stand together, girls, side by side, arms around each other,' Joanna barked. The two
sissies shuffled in place, eyes downcast, their faces flushed with humiliation.
Joanna
raised her glass in a toast and announced. "'I give you, Donna, and Prissy! Our
sissy
twins for the evening!"
Everyone laughed and clapped as the two sissies unconsciously huddled closer together, seeking
a refuge they knew didn't exist.
Joanna was feeling it now, the heady power, over her hapless, submissive, sissified husband.
How low could she take him? With an elegantly manicured nail, she lifted her husband's painted
face to look him in the eyes.
"Do you think Prissy is pretty?' she asked.'
Dropping into a curtsy, Donna replied.
"Yes, ma'am. Prissy is very pretty.'
"Then tell her how pretty she is, and give her a nice, big, sissy kiss.'
Prissy felt his knees go weak. Joanna was going to make him kiss another man in front
of everyone. The room was alive with comments.
"A sissy kiss, a sissy kiss! Is her husband gay?'"
"No, that's what makes it so delicious. And, and, over here, a sissy kiss!"
Joanna was losing her patience.
"Well, what's the problem? I want to see a sexy sissy kiss. You're not a man, or even boys. You're sissies. So go ahead and kiss. We're all waiting. Tell Prissy
how pretty she is, and give her a big kiss.'
The two sissies turned to face each other, putting their arms around one another.
"You look very pretty tonight, Prissy.'
"Thank you,' Prissy answered. You look very pretty too.'
Both sissies leaned in, their open mouths, making contact, tongues intertwined, exploring,
tasting. Their gloved hands clutched each other's body.
Joanna toasted her power with a long drink of champagne, and turned to the embracing sissies.
"Keep kissing, but play with each other's titties!"

As the sissies kissed and fondled titties, cameras flashed around the room as guests recorded the event. Two guests circled the entwined sissies, capturing their lust on video. Devlin finished taking his digital pictures, and returned the camera to his pocket. Joanna slid next to him and gave him a kiss.

"If he doesn't want those pictures making the rounds out of the office, I think he'll do whatever we say," Devlin said.

"Baby," Joanna purred. We got him right where we want him.

"Okay, sissies, that's enough."

The two sissies broke the kiss and stood side by side. Out to the kitchen, Joanna ordered, there's a lot of serving to do.

While the superior mistresses and masters mingled, chatted and enjoyed drinks, the two submissive sissies minced precariously about on their six-inch heels, carrying trays of drinks and food, lighting cigarettes and emptying ash trays. More than once a guest would casually flick an ash to the floor and watch would be amusement as the nearest sissy quickly fell to her knees to lap it up.

The guests amused themselves by fondling the exposed titties, asses, or plastic encased sissy-clits. By the time the guests assembled for dinner, the sissy's nipples were tender and sore. Their balls achy from the constant groping and their Viagra infused sissy-clits, straining and useless frustration in their plastic confines.

Both sissy's knew better than to complain or let such things impair their service. Their lot was to endure, serve, and entertain. None of this was made any easier by the high heels or restrictive coarse sets, but such a tire pleased their superiors.

With the guests seated for dinner, Joanna ordered the service to begin. Prissy and Donna teetered from kitchen to dining room, serving each course, clearing plates, and filling water and wine-glasses. Bending low, as was instructed, to serve each course, the sissy's were routinely groped and manhandled. It was not uncommon for a guest on each side to grasp a tender nipple between their thumb and forefinger, pinching, pulling, and twisting the nub. The girls were expected to hold their position and endure in silence.

Their asses were slapped and pinched, and their balls groped, all amid polite dinner conversation by the assembled guests. They were kept in constant motion and service for the two-hour dinner, scurrying between kitchen and dining room, serving their masters and their mistresses.

There were no breaks and relief, constant service being the only consideration. With the conclusion of the fest, Joanna suggested they all retire to the great room for coffee and cognac. Again the sissy's circulated the room, serving coffee, pouring cognac, lighting cigarettes, and profiting humidors of cigars for the gentlemen.

After everyone's needs were met, Joanna dismissed the sissy twins to clean up the dining room

and kitchen. Still not allowed any rest or chance to get off their aching feet, Joanna did allow them to help yourselves to the scraps from our plates. In the kitchen the sissy's worked and talked in hushed tones.

"Your mistress Joanna's has been,' Prissy asked. In name only on the marriage license,' Gary answered ruefully.

"Now you're her sissy maid?' it was said as a statement of fact, not as a question.

"How did it happen?' Gary shrugged.

"Games?' I guess. I'd always wanted to try BDSM, some femdom things. And one day Mr. smet this woman and they changed me.'

Prissy nodded knowingly. It wasn't an uncommon story. Once one got started down the path, once a woman found the power and rushed of domination. Once a man came to face his submissive tendencies, it often ended up like this.

"Do you like dressing up?' Gary hesitated for a moment listening to the voice.

"I like to wear high heels. I want to dress pretty for men. Wearing makeup is fun.'

"Yes. Me too. It makes me feel sexy. But it still bothers you a bit. Sometimes I like the feel of clothes and shoes, but sometimes I'm embarrassed. They like that to embarrass us.' She put a gloved hand on Donna's arm. It gets easier with time.

"And you?' You're much younger than Mr. Smarrgett,' Prissy paused inside. She bought me. The tinkling of a crystal bell caught the sissies' attention and hand in hand, they scurried to the great room.

"Aren't they precious? So sweet!'

"Joanna, he's so obedient!'

"She,' Joanna reminded, looked at those hungry little mouths. Time for some entertainment,' Joanna said.

"On your hands and knees, girls, in front of the machines.' In the center of the room, two fucking machines faced each other, their heavy steel shafts containing ten inch dildos. The two sissies assumed positions on their hands and knees. Their face is nearly touching. The loathsome dildos nudging their puckered sissy pussies. Joanna held up a remote control. "Now, girls, I want you to kiss each other while the machines give your sissy pussies a good fucking.'

Margaret approached the two sissies and opened her hand to reveal nipple clamps attached to a short length of chain with a sterling silver bell dangling from each clamp. She bent down, pinching and pulling each sissy nipple until the clamps were firmly attached. When she finished, the two sissies were tethered by their nipples, the taut chains painfully pulling at the slightest movement.

"Wonderful,' seemed Joanna as she pressed start on the remote. The dildos began the relentless and rhythmic penetration, each sissy gasping as they were impaled by the latex intruder. Their nipples were painfully distended as they rocked to the rhythm of the

machines, the silver bells adding a merry ring to the relentless drone of the fucking machines. "Kiss," Joanna ordered, "You're supposed to be entertaining us. Make it sexy and slutty."

To the tinkling of the bells and the gasps and moans of the kneeling figures, the dominance in the room talked of books, movies and current events, casting only the occasional eye to the sweating, panty sissies on the floor beneath them.

Chapter 13 Preparing and serving the Sunday morning breakfast to Mistress and Master had taken Joanna longer than usual. The cleanup was laborious as well. Mistress had decided that Joanna had been too fidgety in her cage the previous evening, and as a punishment had hobbled her ankles with an eight-inch chain. Joanna couldn't help but fidget in the cage. Mistress had kept her in the torturous six-inch heels all night. It was impossible to get comfortable in her cage, with the killer spike heels locked on all night. Now she minced about the kitchen, each tiny step agony on her feet and calves. She'd been in the dreaded shoes for over thirty-six hours. When the last plate was dried and put away, she made the agonizing walk to the sunroom to report to Mistress and Master.

Teetering before Mistress, Donna curtsied as gracefully as possible, given her short ankle-hobble, Joanna looked up from her Sunday newspaper supplement. "I hope you've learned your lesson!" unable to speak, Donna mutely nodded. In addition to being hobbled, Mistress had made her wear the dreaded penis gag when she'd been released from the cage. Her mouth ached and the drool running down her chin was another embarrassing humiliation.

Joanna put out her cigarette. "I bet you'd like that gag off!" Donna nodded, her eyes pleading for relief from the plastic phallus that invaded and stretched her mouth. "Come over here, then!" Donna shuffled forward and offered her head to Mistress. Donna took a small key from her robe pocket, unlocked, and removed the gag. Free of the intruder, Donna took a deep breath and stretched her jaw. The shoes and the hobbles stay on, Joanna ordered. Her halting curtsy was Donna's routine acknowledgment of an order by his superior. "Slut?" Master Brent said. Donna turned and curtsy'd, dismayed, to find Master Brent casually folding back his robe to expose his impressive cock. Donna saw Mistress give her cruel smile. They'd removed the horrid gag, only to replace it with something larger, more invasive, and even more demeaning. Donna nodded towards Brent, a nonverbal order for Assisi to get about her task. Dismayed, Donna shuffled before Master and fell to her knees between his spread legs. She'd been well coached on providing this service. The first task was to beg to suck the cock. Mistress had explained it thus. Real men like it when a slut gets on her knees and begs to suck their cock. They like to hear it in her voice and see it in her eyes.

The properly trained Sissy began.

"Master, may I please suck your cock? It feels so good in my mouth. I love it when it gets

big and hard and fills my Sissy mouth. It tastes so good when I lick and suck it.

Please,

Master, please put your big cock in this slut's face, fuckhole."

Donna smiled proudly at her Sissy's pleading self-degradation. Even Brent turned and smiled

his approval at the groveling.

Master reached down and grabbed his cock, already starting to erect at the mere thought

of face-fucking the kneeling slut. Holding his cock, he slaps his face with it, back

and forth, the dull swack of the cock on the face, bringing laughter to Master and Mistress.

When he tired of the phallic face pummeling, Master teased Sissy's mouth with his cock.

Donna knew the drill and begged in earnest.

"Please, Master, let me suck your cock."

"Shit," Joanna exclaimed. I'm tired of listening to her incessant begging. Fuck the slut's

face and shut her up."

Master grabbed the back of Donna's head and slowly pulled the tender slut mouth down his

shaft. He kept her there until she gagged, then released her, just a bit.

"Nice and gentle," he ordered. "Give me a nice, long and gentle cock-sucking while

I read the paper."

Without another word, he threw his robe closed, covering his crotch and the kneeling Sissy

beneath. He and Joanna returned to their Sunday papers, while between Brent's legs, Donna

made slow, sensuous love to Master's cock.

Twenty minutes into the task, Master suddenly threw back the robe, exposing the Sissy below.

Looking down he saw their Sissy, her mouth full of real man cock, licking and slurping

away, her adoring eyes looking up through hideously long, fluttering eyelashes.

That was another of Joanna's edicts of oral service for Sissy Mates. When orally pleasing

a man, always look up at him with adoring eyes, let him see how much you love his cock

and appreciate him letting you suck it.

Donna asked Brent, what do you think about having all her teeth removed?

"I'd really never given it any thought," said Joanna, as she turned a page in the lifestyle

section. "Exactly what do you have in mind?"

Think how convenient it would be for cock-sucking. No teeth, no biting, no scratching.

"Yes. There is that, I suppose," Brent continued. There's really not that much of a reason

for her to have an intelligible speech, and as for eating a simple gruel or liquid diet

could suffice. "All good points, yes, but I was thinking of hiring her out as a she-mail

escort for gay man. You said you have some gay colleagues at work, and your boss is such

a stickler for male-female-only couples at his functions. "Sissy here is the perfect

answer, a cover date for your gay friends to take to the office functions, and you have to admit a toothless slut in a cocktail dress is not the perfect date, at least not until after the party.' Donna Cass' nervous eyes to mistress was rewarded with a slap on the head and a focus from master and quickly returned her full attention to the cock in her mouth.

"'Yes,' I'd forgotten about that,' Brent agreed. Alex, in accounting, is very keen on doing our little slut. I do have a good acquaintance, a dentist friend. He might be inclined to remove her teeth and fit her with some dazzling white dentures to show

off against some fire-engine red fuck-me-lips. He's a bit of a steam-player himself. He

might actually do it for free, if he could take it out in trade, so to speak.'

Joanna smiled, considering it. "'Hmm, it does have possibilities, but for now we'll forego it, but if she continues to misbehave or her performance is lacking, it might be

just the thing to bring her in line.' Both Mistress and Master laughed, sending a chill

through Donna. Brent dropped his paper and grabbed Donna's head in his massive hands.

"'Okay, slut, I think I'm ready to come, so get to work down there and bring me off,

and be sure to swallow every drop like a good girl.'"

After 14 Donna dropped the dish towel and ran for the door, as soon as she heard Mistress

Joanna's car pull in the garage. She took a quick moment to straighten her dress and

apron, and brushed a stray lock of hair out of her face. Mistress was a stickler for perfect

appearance, and punishments for non-compliance were swift and harsh. She listened carefully,

judged when Joanna was near the door and opened it, performing the small bob curtsy of greeting

and respect. Joanna breathed through the door, dropping her purse on the counter.

"'Get the packages, take them to my bedroom, and bring me a drink.'" Donna bopped in acknowledgement,

but Joanna had already left the room, ignoring her submissive maid. In the recesses of her

mind Donna heard the voice. I must obey and mince into the garage on her stiletto heels

to do her Mistress's bidding. Mistress had been on quite a shopping spree, and it took

Donna two trips to get all the packages to Joanna's bedroom. Finished with that task,

she prepared a vodka martini, placed it on the silver tray, and delivered it to Joanna.

"'You finished the cleaning?" asked Joanna, as she accepted the drink.

"'Yes, Mistress," Joanna picked up a cigarette, and Donna immediately produced a lighter from

her apron pocket. "'You took the packages to my bedroom?"

"'Yes, Mistress. Rub my feet.'" Donna knelt, and carefully removed Joanna's high-heeled

pumps. As she had been trained, she began to gently knead and massage the soles of Mistress's

feet. Bending forward, she inhaled the aroma of the foot, an intoxicating mixture of lotion,

leather, and sweat. Sissy and Rosia.

Joanna looked down on her maid, servant, sex slave, toy, and Ojaz husband. The Ren had certainly altered that particular relationship dynamic, and now Joanna was going to take it one step further. She took a drag on her cigarette and smiled. This is going to be fun.

We're going out this weekend on Saturday night, a date. Although it broke submissive protocol, Donna looked up with surprise. While Mistress went out often with other men, it had been weeks since they had been anywhere as husband and wife.

"Yes, it's a dinner party, very formal. I'll be dressed in a beautiful gown and gloves.

You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress. I'd be very happy to ask, are you?"

"We have all week to get things ready. All week to make you into the perfect date."

Joanna held out the empty martini glass.

One more drink, and then we get to work.

Donna shifted nervously, hoping Mistress Joanna wouldn't notice.

"Stay still!" Joanna barked.

Being still wasn't easy. Donna's kneeling place was on the hardwood floor, in the corner,

which Mistress Joanna had liberally strewn with uncooked rice and peas. It was such a

simple thing, but it caused a most electable torment.

Joanna twirled, holding a black evening gown.

"What do you think of this? I love the way it dips in the back. It's so sexy!"

"Yes, Mistress. It's very beautiful. You'll look very sexy."

"And with these gloves?" Joanna said, as she held up an exquisite pair of elbow-length

black kid leather gloves.

Now the good part.

She looked directly at Donna.

"Brent! Will love this!" Donna's expression went blank, unable to figure out what Joanna

meant.

"Brent! He's my date this weekend. You're look confused. Do you have a question? Speak?"

"I thought I was going to the party with you, Mistress. You are, darling. Of course you are!"

Still confused. Maybe Corinne kept her in that cage too long.

"Oh, well. Simple works best for her now.

"Brent! Is my date for the party. An Alex is your date!"

The shock, fear, and surprise on Donna's face were exactly what Joanna wanted.

"Yes, dear! Brent's boss, Mistress Stearns, is hosting a dinner party for his executive

staff, and I'm Brent's date. Brent's coworker, Alex, is gay, and Stearns has a think about

only male-female couples at his formal corporate parties.

So I'm given to believe that he hosts other parties where anything goes. Why he'd fire

Alex if he arrived at a corporate function with a man in tow. So you're going as Alex's

date."

The look on her poor face is priceless.

"Do you want to see what I picked out for you to wear?"

Jane and Donna's knees was now replaced by a pain in the gut, the fear and

humiliation
of being pimped out as a gay date.
Joanna's smile was one of genuine glee, if a bit wicked. She pulled a dress from a shopping bag. I got you this sexy red dress, very tight, and slid up to here. And look, I also got you some long red gloves. But these have Maribou feathers on the cuffs. Oh, and these wicked spike heels. You'll have to learn to dance in the dress and heels. Corinne has a friend that shall send over a dance teacher. I can't wait to see you out there on the dance floor, grinding your hips and shaking your little booty.
"You're not happy? Not excited about our double date? Speak? You want me to go as a woman? You want me to be a date for a gay man?
You will. I demand it, and I expect you to be the perfect date. You're two hold hands with Alex, cuddle, kiss, do whatever you need to do to convince Stearns that Alex has a sexy girlfriend, you. We have all week to get your dress fitted and work on your dancing. Your maid training has given you many of the necessary mannerisms and feminine movements to get you through the evening, and we'll augment that with some glamour technique."
Donna reluctantly hung her head in submission and nodded. She heard the voice in her head.
"I like to dress sexy for men. Makeup makes me pretty. I'm going to enjoy this, and you do get to go out with me for an evening.' Joanna laughed. It will be our girl's night out. Who knows? We might get lucky. Now get up off your knees and put on your outfit. I want to see how pretty you look." Donna rose to her feet and took the dress, gloves and heels, and modeled her date outfit for Joanna, moving, turning, and preening at Joanna's directions. Walked sexy? Make short steps. Heel, toe, heel, toe. That's better. See how those little steps give you a natural hip swing? Okay. Pose hands on the hips and look back over your shoulder. Drop the right hip just a bit. There! That's it! The dress was skin-tight, where it contacted skin, and to Donna's mind, that was damn little.
It had almost no back, and a split up the side almost to her crotch. You'll wear some seamed fishnet stockings, very sexy, and a lacy garter belt. Men will be getting a glimpse of that all evening, and you're not to flinch or slap at any hands that may comp a feel.
Is that understood? Yes, mistress. We'll have to do something to create a bit more cleavage. There are some very lifelike forms that I can glue on. If any men touch you there, you need to react like they've touched a real tip. Give them a little shake. Purse your lips and moan. Above all, let them know you like it. And since you can't feel it when someone touches a falsie, you need to be paying attention. Yes, mistress.
Joanna circled Donna. Satisfied, she created exactly the right look. No doubt

you'll be dressed sluddier than anyone else there, but that's to Alex's advantage. While Alex's boss is strict about male-female-only couples at his corporate functions, he's also quite the lecherous devil in his private life. He supposedly has a state of the art dungeon somewhere on his estate. There's no doubt that he'll grope you any chance he gets. But you're to allow that. If you have to whore yourself out to get Alex in good with his boss, then you do it. Just don't let Stern's party guests find out that Alex's date is a man. Questions? Speak. Mistress, you mean I'm supposed to let Mr. Stern's fuck me or what? You're only wearing women's clothes. You haven't got a cunt, Joanna laughed. So the only thing that's fuckable is your ass. Joanna grabbed Donna's ass and gave it a good groping. But if you have to let Stern's get back here to keep him happy, well, basically that's your problem to deal with. Bottom line is you need to do what you have to do to please a man. But don't embarrass Alex or us or Mr. Stern's. Do I make myself clear? She doesn't have much of a choice, and the sooner she realizes what she needs to do, the better. Donna executed a passable curtsy in the red dress. Yes, Mistress. Judy will be here every day the rest of this week to help with your dance moves. I want to see you shaking it on the floor, turning on every man in the place. Your Alex's date, but you can't say no to any man. Got it? Again the voice in her head. I like to suck cock. Yes, Mistress. I'm a cock hungry slut. Joanna beamed exactly. This is going to be such fun. If you do this well, we may double date more often. Maybe I can even find you some clients of your own. Let's practice walking in the dress. Swish those hips so we can all catch a glimpse of the guard about and stocking top. Judy arrived the next afternoon, and Donna immediately fell under the spell and authority of the tall, domineering German dance instructors. It is not so much dancing we will be working on as moving sexy to the underlying beat of the music, Trudy said. I will not teach you steps or routines but how to move for the man to make him want you. She put on a CD and the room erupted to a driving four or four techno beat. This is very popular party music and it gives you much opportunity to do the sexy moves. Stand here. Pretend you are the man. Pretending it should not be so hard. Yeah? She laughed. Move your body back and forth. Okay. So that would be the man. Let me show you what the woman, what you will do. Donna moved back and forth in time to the music while Trudy became a dance vixen. Trudy removed the clip holding her hair and shook the long blonde tresses down to her shoulders.

A mane of liquid gold. Her hands moved across her chest, tracing a line between her cleavage and down to her hips. Her perk bottom rotated in time to the music, circling, drawing both the eyes and the lust of her sisyphide dancing partner. She bent at the waist, dropped her head and then flipped it up. Her hair medusa-like and erotic enticement drawing men to their doom. She backed into Donna, driving her bottom against the trembling sissy. As she straightened, her hands snaked behind her, tracing and biting lines up Donna's body. Quickly turning, Trudy pulled her hands to her own hips, grinding her pelvis while she sensuously stroked her bottom. That is what you will learn. Trudy said as she muted the sound with the stereo remote. You are dancing for the man, showing him that you want him and what you have to give him. You will tease him, but in the end you will submit to him. These clothes you will dance in these clothes? Donna looked at the maid's day uniform, she wore. No, mistress bought me a dress and shoes and gloves. You will wear those when we practice. Your moves and actions will be based on your clothes. Go! Change into the clothes you will wear for your date. My first bend over. Trudy walked to an umbrella stand and removed a thin rattan cane. You will receive six with the cane for not being properly dressed for dance practice. Donna bent over and meekly pulled up her dress in pedicotes. The day uniform guard about and stockings neatly framed her bottom, making an inviting target for the cane. Trudy flexed the cane in her hand and lightly tapped it against Donna's buttocks to gauge the distance and select her target. This pre-discipline ritual was quickly concluded and she delivered a deep and wicked stroke to Donna's bottom. Donna flinched at the pain, hoping that the pre-caining preparation and ritual might take longer. There was no doubt that mistress Trudy was a get down to business type. The initial hurt was quickly replaced by the searing bloom of deeper pain. She barely choked out. Thank you mistress. When the second blow landed, shaking Donna held her pose, breaking position during discipline always invited extra strokes. The remaining four strokes were delivered in the same precise and disciplined manner. When she was shaking and teary eyed at the end, Trudy dropped the cane in front of Donna, go and change. Return in your date closed in ten minutes or I will cane you a second time. With genuine gratitude Donna dropped to her knees, kissed the toes of Trudy's high heels and offered a heartfelt thank you mistress. She picked up the cane and returned it to the umbrella stand on her way to change clothes.

Chapter 15 The week leading to the party was busier than

most, not that Donna had any leisure time anyway. Most of her time was taken up with housework, although mistress Joanna would allow her some time to read fashion magazines or watch the oxygen channel. She often heard the voices in her head. Golf is stupid. Fashion is fun. She endured daily dance lessons with Trudy and mistress Joanna was pleased when she demonstrated her sexy new moves. She'd received more canings, purport performance, and mistress Trudy kept them all high up on the buttocks and knocked down on the thighs. Mustn't mark up the sexy thighs we want to show off. Trudy mocked as she wielded the evil cane. The punishments continued for mistress Joanna, not an evening when by that Donna didn't suffer a face slapping or paddling for failing to respond quickly enough or fulfill a task to Joanna's demanding perfection. In addition to her evening domestic duties and service to mistress Joanna, Donna spent what little extra time was available practicing the techniques to be a successful date for Alex. She crossed and uncrossed her legs, practiced sitting down and standing up in a sexy manner, and rehearsed standing poses. Joanna bought an inflatable male love doll and delighted in humiliating Donna by making her nibble on the doll's ear, kiss the doll, and hold the doll's arm behind her back and caress her ass. Joanna laughed as she told Donna to rub her bottom against the doll's plastic heart on. These are things you'll have to do, tease Joanna. If you want to convince everyone that your Alex is slutty girlfriend, Donna had no choice but to try her best. If she fucked this up, if Alex wasn't pleased, if someone found out she was a man, if she couldn't satisfy a real man making an advance, the consequences would be dire. Joanna had threatened any number of punishments, another session in Corinne's cage, a long stay in Trudy's dungeon, or something else too horrible to contemplate. My Friday, Donna was as ready as she could be. After serving lunch and cleaning up in the kitchen, she was instructed to report to the morning room. When she arrived, she found Joanna with a guest. Joanna nodded to the guest. This is Madeline. She's a manicurist. She's going to come do our nails for the party tonight. Donna curtsy'd. Welcome to Mistress Joanna's house. Oh my God, Joanna. She is so cute, so precious. Madeline motioned on a forward and took one of her hands to give it a cursory inspection. Yes, we can fam these up. Of course she'll be wearing gloves, but when she takes them off, I want her date to find some really sexy fingernails. Joanna smiled as she saw Donna blush, with the humiliation

of being a date for a man.
So how long do you want them? Madeline asked. At least an inch preferably longer.
Madeline
shook her head. Wow, that's pretty long. Definitely sexy, no doubt about that. But
if
she's... is it she or he?
She is fine, Joanna smiled. Madeline laughed.
If she's never worn nails that long, it could be a problem. Joanna paused for a
moment. Well,
that will be her little problem, one that she'd better overcome. Put them on, long
ones.
Fire engine red, and make sure they stay on.
Joanna looked at her own nails. When you're through with her, I'll need a fill and
a polish.
No problem. Let me get my tools. Madeline turned to give an evil smile to Donna.
Aren't
you excited?
When Madeline finished, Donna held up her hands. Her fingers ended in long, red
nails.
They were securely bonded on. She didn't know when or how they would be removed.
She also
wasn't sure how she would be able to use her hands.
Joanna removed a large dildo from a drawer. It was ten inches long and two inches
in diameter.
She thrust at Donna. Take it. Donna hesitantly gripped the large rubber
faillis.
Yes, Joanna said. She'll be able to do the basic and important things. Hold it up
to
your face and practice walking sexy around the room while your nails dry.
Donna walked around the room, practicing her short, heel-toe steps and hip sway
while
Joanna enjoyed Madeline's expert manicure. Donna's eyes never left the sight of
those
red, talon-like nails wrapped around the thick cocks she held before her face.
She's going to be very popular tonight, Madeline said.
That's the plan for our little sissy. That's the plan, Joanna smiled.
Late in the afternoon Donna was ordered to take a long, scented bubble bath and
shave
as close as possible. This was a well-received luxury and she closed her eyes and
relaxed
in the warm, sweet-smelling water. She extended a leg, lathered it up, and softly
pulled the
razor down its length. She smiled as she ran her hand with the sexy red nails over
the
smooth, silken skin. The voices in her head told her that this was right.
It's good to be soft and hairless, and I must be pretty for men.
When she was finished with her bath, she wrapped a towel around her head, turban
fashion as
she had been taught, and tolled herself off. After powdering her freshly shaved
body, she
went to her maid's room and stood by her vanity.
Joanna entered and circled her submissive, running her hands over the naked body.
Very
nice, smooth and soft! Donna bobbed in acknowledgment, her chastised penis bouncing
up and down
with the action.
"We'll fix the hat," Joanna laughed, sit facing me." Joanna picked up a pair of
tweezers,
grabbed her sissie's chin, and pulled her head up.

"I'm doing your eyebrows tonight. I want them to look special.'
Unable to curtsy or nod, Donna remained silent and in place.
Donna worked slowly and steadily, stopping every so often to back up a step and check her work. Donna was turned away from the mirror and had no idea what was happening other than there was a lot of plucking going on.
"It's always best to work from the bottom up,' lectured Joanna, as she tweezed yet another hair, so as to obtain the best arch.
"Yes, I like this. We're giving you very sexy eyes this evening. At the party tonight I want you to go to the ladies' room every hour and touch up your makeup. Add more eyeliner, mascara, lipstick and blush. You may turn around and look in the mirror.
"But Donna saw caused her jaw to drop and her eyes to open wide in horror. Her eyebrows had been tweezed to a thin, high arch, even more severe than they were after the salon visit.
"How can I go to work on Monday like this?'
"Joanna could hardly keep from laughing.
"Darling, what's wrong? I think it looks lovely!'
Donna shook her head into spare.
"Speak,' Joanna ordered.
"It's so feminine. It won't grow back by Monday.
"Of course it's feminine. You're a sissy and you've got a date tonight, silly. And no, it obviously won't grow back by Monday. I like it. And you will wear it like this from now on.'
"Donna nodded, hearing the voice. I want to have sexy eyes.
"Now let's start getting you dressed.'
Donna submissively allowed Mistress to dress her for her date that night. Joanna produced a pair of large latex breasts. We'll have to glue these on, but the adhesive should keep them on throughout the weekend in case Alex wants to take you home after the party. A look of terror came over Donna's face.
"What?' asked in irritated Joanna.
"You're certainly not dressed as one of those good night kiss at the door types. If you're going to show it at the party, you're going to put out later.
"Bend over!'
Donna bent over as Joanna grabbed a hairbrush from the table.
"You need an attitude, adjustment, be for this evening, little girl.'" Between each word Joanna delivered a stinging slap of the hairbrush.
"You will not fuck this up.'" For embarrass me.
"Do you understand me?'" Near sobbing and shaking from both pain and fear, Donna moaned.
"Yes, I'm sorry Mistress, it'll be good.'" Go wash your face and dry your eyes, then come back here so we can finish getting you ready.
When Donna returned, Joanna held out the breasts and glue. Lie down on the bed on your back. As Donna reclined on the bed, Joanna applied a liberal amount of glue to the right artificial breast and to Donna. She carefully positioned the flesh-color mound and ordered Donna to hold it in

place until
it dries.

The procedure was repeated for the left breast, and Donna was left on the bed holding both breasts in place.

"'You little slut,' Joanna teased, "'it looks like you're feeling yourself up. Lick your lips and practice your sexy look while you hold those until they dry. Alex may want you to play with yourself like that later."

Which should have been total shame and embarrassment was instead a sexy and erotic feeling.

Donna found herself unconsciously rubbing the fake nipples of her breasts and writhing in pleasure as if she could actually feel her fingers stroke the tender little nubs. The voice gave her permission.

"'Men like to see me play with myself.'"

Joanna watched with amazement.

She's a total fucking slut.

I bet she'd spend the entire party on her knees crawling from cock to cock if I told her to.

She looked at her watch.

Fifteen minutes, so glue should be dry.

"'Stand up!"

Donna stood and lurched forward.

"'Change is everything, doesn't it?"

"'Yes, mistress.'"

Bounce up and down.

Do your sexy dance.

I want to see how they move.

Joanna's face glowed with pleasure as Donna did her bump and grind. The massive, thirty-eight double-deed breast jiggling and bouncing.

"'Wonderful, oh baby, you are going to be the hit of the party.

I expect to see lots of dancing.

You are to turn down no one.

Do you understand me?"

Anyone asks you to dance and you're to give them your best airhead.

"'Sure.'"

And go give them their own personal on the floor, sexy lap dance.

Got it?

"'Yes, mistress.'"

Anyone, man or woman, can touch you at any time anywhere.

It's not a fetish party, but it is adults only, and anyone who wants a little piece of you is welcome to it.

"'Yes, mistress.'"

"'Okay, let's hide that oversized clitty of yours.'"

Joanna handed Donna a flesh-colored gaff.

Joanna pulled and stuffed in the chastity device, working it into the smallest package

possible and securing it all with fashion tape.

"'Now this,' said Joanna, she held out a heavy black waste-sincher, trimmed in lace,

with garter straps and metal stays.

"'To give you a pleasing shape,' Joanna explained.

There were six garters on each leg because men find lots of garters sexy.

Joanna took the black, seamed fishnet stockings and rolled them up her legs, carefully aligning

the seam she fastened each garter.

"'Now the dress,' Joanna said.

Donna held up her arms and allowed the slinky red cocktail dress to flow down her

body.

Joanna tugged and pulled here and there, working the tight fabric over the sissy's curves.

Using double-sided fashion tape, Joanna strategically secured the fabric neatly around the fake breasts.

"'There,' she said, "'that will allow maximum visibility and cleavage, but prevent any pop-outs.

Remember, if anyone touches these, you giggle, swoon, shiver, whatever little sluts who

love getting felt up do.'"

"'Yes, mistress, your shoes are on the bed.

Put them on and let me see you walk and dance.'"

With a newfound respect for mass and gravity, Donna walked to the bed.

The act made more difficult by the skin-tight dress and the top-heavy weight of the breasts.

Even with the thigh-high slit of the dress, walking was difficult.

Donna sat on the edge of the bed and slipped the wicked evening shoes on her stocking-clad

feet.

Joanna had deliberately chosen a pair designed to attract the male and torment the wearer.

They were patent-lead with wicked pointed toes and needle-thin five-inch stiletto heels.

Walk and do a bit of a sexy dancing for me.

Donna thrust out her chest and strutted around the room, the long, tight gown helping to

keep her steps short and dainty.

She put one hand on her hip and the other behind her neck and slinked around the room,

the sky's scraper heels lending a natural up-and-down motion to her hips.

When she came to an open area, she started her bumping grind, running her hands up and

down her body, shaking her hair and rotating her hips.

Joanna clapped her hands with glee.

Oh, fanfucking, tastic, pure sulot!

Alex and Brent will be very pleased.

Let's get your hair and makeup done, and you can spend some time practicing in full costume.

Donna stared at the sexy vixen that gazed back at her from the mirror.

Big hair, blonde and teased, fell about her shoulders.

Her eyes were dark and smoky, outlined and shadowed in black with long, fluttering eyelashes.

The cheekbones were highlighted in blush.

Her lips, full, sexy and pouting were fuck me red, matching the wicked stilettos on her

feet.

The red dress fit like a second skin, clinging to her body.

The deep cleavage barely able to contain the mammoth breasts, which due to the backless

nature of the dress, were not constrained by a bra.

Long, faux diamond chandelier earrings dropped to her shoulders and caught the light with

every move of her head.

A matching necklace hung low, a shiny lure to draw attention to the plunging neckline

and cleavage.

The slit up the side revealed a hint of stocking top and garters.

Shiny spandex gloves came up past her elbow, the cuffs ending in an explosion of

red maraboe
feathers, more suitable for a stripper than a dinner date.
The entire outfit screamed, slut, fuck me.
Donna smiled at the image in the mirror.
The voices reassuring her, I want to be sexy for men.
I'm a fuck toy.
She unconsciously began to preen and pose, bend at the waist to expose her
cleavage,
turn to show the slit and the stocking, and smile at the uber feminine slut in the
mirror
who followed her every move.
Joanna shook her head in disbelief.
Corinne is a genius.
She ought to publish a fucking paper on mind control and behavior modification.
This is Unfucking Real.
Chapter 16.
Branton Alex arrived at 7 p.m.
When the doorbell rang, Donna switched to the door, practicing her walk and
learning to
find the new balance required between the massive breasts and the spindly stiletto
heels.
She opened the door and backed away to allow the men in.
Good evening and welcome to Mr. Joanna's house.
She said in a sultry and breathy tone, Alex gazed at the sultry feminized thing in
red
standing before him.
So is this lovely creature my date for this evening?
With a toss of her blonde tresses, Donna slid beside Alex and wrapped a gloved hand
around
his waist.
She coily rubbed her hip against his and shyly looked up.
That's right.
I'm all yours tonight, baby.
Alex, like Brant, was tall and looked down on his date in her five-inch heels.
He turned to Brant and smiled.
Shit!
Your friend Joanna is a miracle worker!
Brant nodded his agreement.
If I didn't see it, I wouldn't believe it myself.
Her friend Corinne did the initial programming, although Joanna has certainly
worked with
the basic material to craft a submissive to her exact needs.
Donna ran her gloved hand over Alex's chest, looked up and purred.
Would you like a drink, baby?
Alex gave her a spank on her ass to send her on her way.
Scotch, neat, for Brant and I.
Donna strutted away without looking back, a hand seductively posed on her hip,
shaking
her ass as she walked to the bar.
Shit, Brant, that's unreal.
It's really a guy?
It's Joanna's husband, Brant replied, or used to be.
Still is a gas, legally.
Although around here she's more of a domestic, maid, servant, sex toy.
Oh, and Joanna would like for you to refer to it as her or she.
That helps reinforce the conditioning.
Yeah, okay, whatever.
So I can fuck it?
Or her?

Hey, she's your date.
I'll fuck her in the ass, in the mouth, whatever you'd normally do with a date who's a slut.
Alex watched Sissy approach with their drinks on a silver tray.
Well, this ought to meet Stern's requirements about male-female couples only at his vanilla sorays.
And since he's a bit randy himself, maybe I can make a few points with him tonight.
Alex took his drink from the tray and asked Donna, are you ready for this evening?
Donna excitedly bobbed her head, her long earrings casting reflections of light and color.
She blew a kiss at Alex.
Oh yeah, Vampy, I'm going to show you the best time.
Alex smiled and held his glass out for a toast with Brant.
Honey, you may end up showing everyone a good time.
Joanna made her grand entrance down the staircase.
Her dark brown hair was pulled up into an elegant chignon.
Her makeup expertly applied, highlighting her green eyes.
An evening gown of beautiful black crepe flowed over her curves.
Its front cowl neck, a teasing prelude to the deep plunging, backless cut of the gown.
Satin evening shoes adorned her feet.
Unlike Donna, Joanna wore real diamonds on her ears and around her neck.
Long black leather gloves seductively snaked up her arms, ending above the elbow.
One leather glove held a bejeweled evening clutch.
In direct opposition to Donna's slut look, Joanna was all glamour and elegance, truly beautiful.
She went and walked forward, taking her gloved hand in his and helping her down the last two stairs.
Joanna, you look fabulous.
Thank you, darling.
Alex stepped forward to embrace Joanna and give her a small kiss.
Yes, Joanna, the look is stunning, truly beautiful.
Thank you so much, and you two gentlemen look ruggedly handsome as well.
Alex, what do you think of your date for this evening?
Her look is admittedly different than yours, but I have a feeling that both of you will be the centers of attention, although for different reasons.
You've done a wonderful job with Donna, and I'm very much looking forward to spending the evening with her.
Joanna fixed Donna with a stern look.
She's yours for the evening, Alex, and more in every sense of the word.
She's been instructed not to disappoint you.
Do whatever you want with her, and let me know if there are any problems.
Will there be any problems?
Donna rubbed up against Alex, pulling his arm behind her and placing his hand on her writhing ass.
Oh, no, mistress.
There won't be any problems.
I'll be the perfect date for Master Alex.
I will, I promise.
As she finished speaking, Donna rubbed her gloved hand over Alex's chest.
Alex shook his head, smiled, looked at Joanna and mumbled the words.
You...
Brent drove the two couples to the dinner party.

Alex, in gentlemanly fashion, held the door open for Donna, who demurely slid into the seat.
When Alex took his seat, she cuddled up next to him, allowing him to put his arm around her.
Donna observed it all in the vanity mirror.
Very sweet.
Keep it up, and obedient slut will be rewarded.
Bad behavior will be punished.
Donna snuggled closer to Alex and nuzzled his ear.
I'll be very good, mistress.
Brent laughed and shook his head.
Joanna, you are one cruel and manipulating bitch.
Joanna checked her makeup in the vanity mirror.
Some of my better qualities, darling.
Patrick Sterns was a man of wealth, power, and privilege, and his mansion reflected such.
A long, winding private drive took them off the main road and to the gates of the Sterns compound.
A guard at the gate checked them off the guest list and directed them to guest parking.
Alex gave the keys to one valet as another opened the doors for the ladies in the car.
Joanna and Donna exited, smoothed their dresses, and took their escorts' arms.
Donna was wide-eyed as Alex led her up the granite steps to the spacious entrance.
A liveryed door-man opened the door, and they entered the foyer, where a butler ushered them to the grand ballroom.
She unconsciously edged closer to Alex, feeling his arm firmly around her waist.
Your boss lives here?
This is awesome.
Alex bent down to nibble on her ear.
Yeah, he's rich and likes to show it.
And while he puts on this pompous attitude of family values and traditional marriage,
he's a fucking pervert with a dungeon in the basement.
He loves to work over his own little stable of girls and boys.
Donna reached up to plant a kiss on his cheek and wipe off the lipstick smudge with her glove.
And you know this how, baby?
Off you select people in the scene know about him, but he's so powerful that he'll literally
destroy anyone who might attempt to expose him.
The group entered the ballroom, stopping to accept champagne from a perfectly turned-out
maid in black dress, white apron, and lace headpiece.
Donna gave the maid more than a passing look.
I have an identical outfit at home.
I could just as easily be serving drinks here.
Donna went a lightly touched Donna's arm, go and fix your makeup.
Standing on the tiptoes of her high heels, Donna gave Alex a little kiss.
I'm going to fix my makeup, baby.
I'll be right back.
As she left, Alex patted her ass, and she turned to give him a big smile.
Alex watched his date walk away, the red heels clicking on the marble floor, and the slit

in the dress exposing the occasional stalking top.
He turned to Joanna.
I can't believe that's your husband.
I suppose he's...she's not, not anymore, but she's very useful as a maid and plaything.
I think you'll enjoy her tonight.
Yes, I do intend to enjoy her.
She's the perfect slut.
Joanna sipped her champagne, the glistening crystal glass blazing against her black leather glove.
Yes, well, this evening is the product of extensive training and the fear of failure and the resulting punishment.
Make sure you get her on the dance floor tonight.
I'm sure that you and everyone else will be quite entertained.
Anna garnered several looks from both men and women as she sashayed to the ladies' room.
Her bright red dress, gloves, and shoes stood out, an obvious premeditated ploy of Joanna's.
The women derisively said, she's a slut, while the men gleefully said, Jesus slut.
In the ladies' room, Donna sat at the vanity and freshened her makeup, applying more eyeliner and mascara, and touching up her lipstick.
There were several bottles of expensive perfume on the vanity, and she sprayed perfume up and down her cleavage.
The woman to her right gave her a disdainful look, but Donna simply smiled, lifted her dress, and gave herself another spray between her legs.
He just loves it when I smell pretty down there.
Donna rose and left the room.
The seated woman's face, a portrait of shock and disgust.
When Donna rejoined the group, they had collected another couple.
Alex made the introductions.
Steve, this is my date for the night, Donna.
Steve was in his mid-fifties, average height, and a bit overweight.
His wife was a reed, thin woman with a black cocktail dress that seemed to hang from her.
He leaned over to give Donna a kiss.
And Donna, huh?
This is my wife, Gloria.
I work with Alex in acquisitions.
Hooking her arm in Alex's, Donna addressed the new couple.
I'm so pleased to meet you both.
Alex never tasked me much about his work.
Well, little lady, Alex hasn't mentioned you either.
We're rather surprised to see Alex here with you.
We didn't know who was involved with anyone.
Donna ran her fingers up Alex's chest and tickled his chin.
Now, we are involved, aren't we, baby?
Alex cupped her ass with his hand and pulled her closer to him, bending down to kiss her.
Yes, we certainly are involved.
Would you like to meet some of the others?
She almost squeaked as she replied, sure.
Across the room, Patrick Stern's siptoe champagne made polite small talk and studied the blonde in the red dress and gloves.

While everyone else at the party was dressed in subtle cocktail style, this creature blazed like a beacon.

Obviously she wasn't the most beautiful woman in the room.

She certainly didn't possess the classic beauty of the stunning brunette with Brent.

But still, there was something provocative about her.

That skin-tight, low-cut, high-slit dress.

His long, meribot-trimmed gloves and the fuck-me-heels screamed, sex.

And Patrick Stern's was not the person to miss those kinds of signs.

Excuse me, please.

He said as he made his way across the room, stopping occasionally to shake hands or compliment a woman's dress.

With an air of absolute authority, he made his way to Alex.

Brandt, Alex!

So glad you could make it this evening.

According to Joanna, he extended a hand.

You must be Joanna.

Your beauty exceeds that of your picture on Brent's desk.

Donna shrank back a bit, but managed to keep the party smile on her face.

My wife, my mistress's picture is on Brent's desk at work.

Then came the voice.

Mistress must be allowed all pleasures.

I will serve mistress and her lovers.

Through the usual glad-handing and polite small talk, Stern's turned to Alex.

Please do introduce me to this ravishing beauty you've brought tonight.

Been hiding her away, have you?

Stern's reached out to take Donna's hand.

I'm Patrick Stern's, your host for this evening, and I'm delighted you're here.

And you are?

Donna smiled and bent forward, thrusting her plunging cleavage into view.

Holding out a gloved hand, she squeaked.

I'm Sissy Donna.

Really, Stern smiled.

Indeed you are.

And are you having a good time, Donna?

Being a good girl, are you?

He asked with a sly wink.

Donna wiggled her bottom and buzzed him in reply, surprising Joanna.

Where did she learn that?

Oh, yes, the party is fantastic.

And of course, I'm being a good girl, she replied as she rubbed her hips against Alex.

She stood on a tiptoe to give Alex a kiss.

If I was a bad girl, I'd get stanked with my baby.

Donna turned back to Stern's, batting her long eyelashes.

Your house is so beautiful, Mr. Stern's eyes lit up in a cruel smile played across his lips.

I'd love to show you around later, give you a peek at some of this special rooms.

Donna literally bounced up and down, her large breasts, making the red fabric of the dress flow like lava.

She looked imploring, led Alex.

Oh, can we, baby?

Can Mr. Stern's, show me the special rooms later, please, honey.

Alex shrugged, his shoulders and smiled at Stern's.

How can I say no?

Indeed, Stern's agreed.

She plucked a glass of champagne from a passing waiter and handed it to Donna.
We must see that this lovely creature is very well taken care of.
I promise you, my dear, an evening you won't soon forget.
Before they adjourn to the dining room for dinner, Joanna suggested the girls go to the powder room.
You're doing very well, offered Joanna as she touched up her blush.
Alex is enjoying himself and his boss, Mr. Stern's, seems quite taken with you as well.
Thank you, Mistress.
I'm trying very hard, Donna added more lipstick.
I'll be at a rather cheap and slutty one, but you may be able to make that work for you.
Yes, Mistress, I understand.
Do whatever you have to do to get through the evening and keep all those men happy. Anything!
Understand?
After dinner everyone assembled in the Grand Salon for a concert by a well-known jazz pianist.
Patrick Stern's made the rounds before the concert, seeing to the comfort of his guests.
He made his way to Alex and Donna as the pianist launched into his first number.
Would you like to stay and listen, or perhaps have a tour of the house?
Donna smiled at Stern's.
I'd love a tour, can we, baby?
She asked.
Alex smiled and extended his hand, indicating to Stern's to lead the way.
Stern's offered his arm and Donna linked her clubbed arm in his.
They walked down the hallway, their host occasionally stopping to offer a short commentary on a particular painting or vase.
The details lost on Donna, who simply squealed with delight and wiggled up against Stern's.
As they turned left to enter another corridor, Stern's nodded to a tall, austere butler at the end of the hall.
The somber butler, with the high forehead, gave a short bow and disappeared behind a door.
The sounds of the piano music now, long distant, the three stopped and Stern's turned to Donna.
So you're a spanked when you're a bad girl.
Donna bit her lip and coughed her head, her right toe coming off the floor, and her foot waving seductively on the rapier, thin stiletto heel.
Uh-huh.
Oh, I try not to be bad.
I try to be a good girl, but sometimes I fuck up.
Oh, I meant sometimes I'm not good.
Stern's laughed and stroked her cheek.
It's okay, baby, you can say fuck.
Sometimes I have to spank my girls as well.
It's hard for you to be good all the time.
Would you like to see where I punish bad girls?
Donna put her finger in her mouth, silently sucked on it and nodded her head.
Stern's wrapped his arm around her and slipped his hand down to cup her ass as he let her and Alex through a door and down a flight of stairs.
The stairwell was richly appointed with thick carpet and wood-paneled walls.
The walls displayed a wide array of erotic oil paintings and photographs that would

find

a home in any museum of erotic art.

At the bottom of the stairs, they entered a foyer with a small wet bar, leather chairs, and elegant lighting.

Just this warm and inviting space was a large expanse of blackness.

In there, pointed Stern's, is where bad girls get punished.

Do you want to go in?

Donna turned to Alex who stood behind her and Stern's.

Can we, baby?

I really like to see it.

I'd be very interested as well, Alex said.

Stern's flipped to switch, the darkness receded, and his dungeon was revealed.

The walls were rough-hewn stone and the floor, a smooth and polished concrete.

Throughout the room, faux candles flickered in medieval-looking iron sconces.

Cleverly hidden in the massive wooden ceiling beams were spotlights that illuminated each

piece of equipment and what an array of equipment populated the dungeon.

An iron cage, a st.

Andres cross, a spanking bench, bondage table, a pillory, stalks, and several futuristic

pieces that neither Alex nor Donna could identify.

Throughout the room were a sortment of canes, whips, floggers, crops, manacles, hoods, gags,

and every piece of bondage equipment one could imagine.

Very impressive, very, Alex said.

Stern's responded with a slight bow.

Thank you.

Before you go in, my dear, you must be collared.

From the far side of the dungeon, the tall butler appeared.

His coat removed, but the elegant shirt, vest, and tie still in place.

He walked to the group and stopped before Donna, a leather collar in his hand.

With a look of expectation to both Alex and Stern's, Donna stepped forward and raised

her chin, elongating her neck, allowing the butler to quickly and expertly affix the collar.

He's nodded to the butler, this is Simmons, indispensable in the dungeon.

He's a man of many talents.

Simmons, our guests tonight, are Alex and his date, Sissy Donna.

Simmons ignored Donna, but gave a curt bow to Alex.

Welcome to the Stern's dungeon, sir.

Very pleased to make your acquaintance.

Alex nodded in return, likewise.

Stern's clipped a short leather lead to a D-ring on Donna's collar.

Now that our little bitch is properly attired, let me show you a round.

With a pull, he stepped forward, leading them into the dungeon.

Chapter 17 Donna's heels echoed in the harsh stillness

as she followed Stern's through a tour of his dungeon.

Their journey ended at the fanking horse.

With a tug on her leash, he pulled Donna forward, delighting in how her tits jiggled

on the precarious heels.

Well, my dear, care to give it a try.

But I've been good tonight, haven't I?

She implored Stern's cruelly laugh and jerked the leash, pulling her face to face with him.

Being well behaved has nothing to do with it, but we'll see how good you can be.

Unless Alex here wants to put a stop to it.

It could make for an entertaining evening, Alex answered.

Stern's reached out to shake Alex's hand, agreed, a quick wrong, and we rejoined the party.

Before releasing Alex's hand, Stern's looked him in the eye.

But you must promise to bring her back for a more extended visit.

Alex flashed his most evil and conspiratorial smile.

Love too.

Stern's grabbed Donna by the hair, pulled her head back, and cruelly brought his mouth down on hers.

His tongue drove into her mouth, not a kiss of passion, it was a kiss of domination.

Just as violently he broke the kiss.

Simmons tied the slut down.

Simmons placed his hand on Donna's back and pushed her face down over the horse.

A wide leather strap went across her back, securing her middle to the leather padded spanking horse.

He moved behind her, pulled up her dress, exposing her garter belt, seamed stockings, and red lace panties.

Stern's licked his lips and stepped forward, slapping Donna's ass with his meaty hand, smiling as he watched the reddened handprint bloom on her ass.

A lovely picture.

He spread her ass cheeks apart, his fingers probing and searching when he suddenly stopped and looked up in surprise.

Alex, it seems you've brought us a girl with a little something extra.

Excellent!

His hand grabbed the tight package, concealing Donna's cock and balls, squeezing and pulling.

A she-mail slut.

Are the tits real?

Unfortunately not, Alex said.

Stern squeezed harder on the balls, eliciting a whale from Donna.

Again, Stern's massive hand, reddened the taut ass before him.

Shut up, girl!

He turned to Alex.

We could give her real tits if you'd like.

I know some doctors who have a unique practice.

Big tits, hideous nipples, whatever you want.

Yes, news to Alex.

It is intriguing, but she doesn't belong to me.

She's Joanna's sissy-made husband.

Really?

I say, Alex, you keep very interesting company.

Yes, you're quite right, property and all that.

I'll speak to Joanna.

I'm sure I can arrange a surgical procedure in return for services in kind.

Simmons pulled Donna's legs apart and fastened each ankle to the outer legs of the horse.

No gag, Stern's ordered.

I want to hear her cries and moans.

Simmons moved in front of her and locked down her wrists in the same manner.

Alex and Stern's circled the hapless sissy.

She was, indeed, quite a sight, tied face down over the spanking horse, arms and legs spread and tethered, and her dress pulled up around her waist.

Stern's nodded approvingly.
Warm her up, Simmons.
The Elcide Flogger, I think.
Coming to Alex, he whispered, watch this, Simmons is an artist.
Simmons clicked his heels in a menacing, Prussian fashion and began with firm strokes to her
ass and thighs.
Donna fell into the rhythm of the blows, moaning with pleasure, enjoying the caress of the
leather until Simmons brought a hard strike up from the bottom right between her legs.
She yelped and lurched forward as much as her restraints would allow.
Simmons continued.
The blows now delivered with more force.
She put a snap in them, stinging her with the leather tails.
When she raised her head, she saw Alex and Stern's watching her.
Their face is a mixture of pleasure and excitement.
Stern's locked his eyes on hers, reached over and selected a thin, rattan cane from an antique umbrella stand filled with canes and crops.
He menacingly flexed the cane and violently sliced the air with it, the wicked reed making
a harrowing sound as it cut the air.
Donna's eyes showed fear.
Good, you should be afraid, Stern's teased as he walked behind her.
He tapped the cane on her bottom, amused as she flinched and bounced at each blow.
Donna watched Alex move in front of her.
He unzipped his pants, his hands pulling away the fly of his trousers to remove his meaty
cock.
He stepped forward and slapped her in the face with his growing organ.
You're going to let our host enjoy his pleasures with the cane, but keep in mind what you'll
have in your mouth.
If you lose control and bite down, I'll let him flay the skin off that pretty little
ass.
Donna opened her mouth to greet the bulbous head of his cock with her tongue.
The first blow of the cane fell across the middle of her buttocks.
The initial sensation was the strike of the rattan on the flesh itself, then came the
deeper bloom of pain within the muscle, a pain that grew in intensity only to be interrupted
by the second stroke.
This wasn't the first time that she had been cained.
Mistress Corin introduced Joanna to the cane, and both women had put Donna through her paces
in such discipline.
But Stern's wheel did it as if it was an extension of his being.
She felt the power, the malice, and each stroke.
The next blow and the next landed in that oh-so-sweet-and-tender spot between the bottom of the
buttocks and the top of the thighs.
Her ability to focus and endure the pain of flicking her ass were challenged by the cock that invaded her mouth.
Alex grabbed her head and pulled himself into her.
His hips thrust forward.
Take it.
Deeper.
Take it.

He slowly pulled her down on his swollen shaft as he counted ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, out.

He pulled her mouth from his cock as she gagged and gassed for air.

Just as she thought she'd found relief, she felt the savage cane bite into her ass, and she screeched as Alex growled again and pulled her mouth back down.

She wiggled her ass in a futile attempt to avoid the blows and cool the pain of the fire that infested her bottom.

Stern's large and meaty hand pinched and slapped at the red welts that striped her ass.

He snapped her garter strap and laughed as she flinched.

The slapper Simmons.

Simmons quickly produced the leather slapper and handed it to his employer.

Stern's used the slapper and painted wide red stripes over the thin, cruel welts of the cane.

She's going to look quite lovely tomorrow, and I doubt she'll be sitting much.

Alex pulled Donna's lips from his cock, a thin drool of saliva and pre-comb licking his massive cock and her wet open mouth.

He looked down at her, pleased to see her mouth open, yearning, her tongue reaching out for the cock she now so desperately wanted.

Shit, this slut loves to have a cock in her mouth, don't you, huh?

He said, holding his engorged member in one hand and slapping her in the face with it.

You want this big cock in your mouth?

Yes, baby, yes!

She screamed.

You ought to get some of this, Alex sad as he shoved his cock back into her mouth.

Try out this mouth.

I believe I will, Stern's sad as he handed the slapper to Simmons.

Alex pulled out, pleased with the way that Donna desperately moaned at being denied his massive cock.

He would definitely send Joanna a beautiful flower arrangement tomorrow.

Her husband, Donna, was a great date.

He glanced at Simmons.

lubricant?

As if by magic Simmons produced a tube of lubricant.

Alex moved behind Donna, uncapped the lid, placed the tube in her ass and squeezed.

She laughed as she gasped.

He inserted one finger, then two, and watched her moan and relax into the horse.

As Alex probed her asshole, Stern's dropped his pants to expose a shorter than average, but very thick cock.

He rubbed his cock around her lips, and, just as Alex had, found the same inviting tongue, flicking out to welcome and taste his manhood.

Pick your tongue over the chip quickly and lightly.

That's the way I like it.

She complied, her tongue catlike, making love to Stern's cock.

Alex pulled his fingers from the gaping, sissy pussy, and looked disgustedly at mess on his fingers.

He grabbed Donna's hair and wiped his hands, leaving a sticky residue and matted clumps

of hair.

Stern's watched and nodded his approval at this further debasement of their prize. Alex, you must return for one of my private parties, and bring this lovely fuck-slut with you.

He punctuated the last word by driving his short, fat cock as deeply as he could into her mouth.

The huge, fleshy intruder stretched her mouth even more than Alex's cock, and she feared she would dislocate her jaw.

She was lost now, consumed in a world of submission to the cock.

As Stern's grabbed the back of her head and pumped her face up and down on his cock,

Alex invaded her from the rear.

Her resistance to this backdoor entry was mercifully minimal.

Joanna had trained her ass with various butt plugs, and Alex's cock made only a moment's

hesitation before sliding in.

That brief bit of discomfort was replaced by the warm fullness of being filled.

In her sexual delirium, she hoped that both cocks might meet within her core, their spewing

seed consuming her.

She bucked wildly on the horse, but restrained she found little freedom of movement.

As if it was a voice from another world she heard Alex growl.

Here it comes, slut!

She felt him stiffen and lurch, and she clenched her buttocks to milk every bit of his precious

man's seed into her sissy pussy.

Stern's exploded in her mouth, filling it with powerful spurts of creamy cum.

Quickly he pulled out, put his hand under her chin, and closed her mouth.

He slapped her face hard.

Don't swallow.

Hold it in there.

Alex slid his well-used cock from Joanna's ass, grabbed a handful of her hair, and once

again wiped himself clean.

Both men stood before her as she looked up at them.

Her eyes glazed, her mouth closed, and her cheeks bulging with loads of cum.

Simmons took several pictures with a digital camera.

"'You don't mind, do you?' asked Stern's.

Not at all,' smiled Alex.

I'd like copies.'

Stern slapped Alex on the back.

"'Of course, of course,' he turned to Donna, fixing her with a lecherous glare.

Even—'

She opened her mouth, strands of cum, and drool connecting her top and bottom lips.

Her tongue buried in a reservoir of pooling, glistening, pearly white cum.

Her eyes blinked at the camera flash, as Simmons moved in to take close-ups of her face and

cum-filled mouth.

"'A very pretty picture,' Stern said.

"'All have Simmons, do a Photoshop eight by ten for your desk at work.

He's quite skilled, both in the dungeon and at the computer.'

Donna recoiled in horror at the humiliation of such a public display.

"'Thank you, that's very generous,' Alex replied.

Simmons continued to shoot pictures from every angle, as Stern's bent down to Leptana in

the eyes.

"'Gargle,' he commanded. eyes wide with fear and face burning with shame, she allowed

some of the horrid cum to slide down her throat and gargled.

Simmons switched the camera to movie mode to catch the action.

Alex and Stern chuckled at the way the cum bubbled off her tongue.

"'Swallow?

Slowly savour the taste and the texture,' Stern's ordered.

"'Show us how much you need it.'

She gulped and slowly swallowed the men's seed.

When her mouth was empty, she licked her lips, seeking out and lapping up every drop of the

precious spunk.

The men laughed, enjoying the spectacle of total submission, humiliation and degradation.

"'Let's adjourn to the foyer and relax with a cognac and a cigar,' Stern's offered.

She turned to Donna, now swallowing the last drags of cum.

"'Did you enjoy yourself, my little slut?'

nodding in the affirmative, she whispered.

"'Simmons.'

"'Simmons?'

Stern's asked.

Donna's eyes imploringly sought Simmons.

"'His cock, please?'

Alex and Stern's roared with laughter.

"'Well done, bravo!

She's a true slut.

Two cocks in her mouth and one in her ass, and she wants more,' Stern's exclaimed.

"'Yes, my dear, you shall have more.

Simmons, you may serve our cognac and cigars while we relax in the sitting area, and then

you can come back here and finish this slut.

Come, Alex, you and I can talk and watch your dates last act for the evening as we relax."

Simmons prepared cognac and cigars as Alex and Stern's seated themselves in comfortable

winged-back chairs facing the dungeon.

Drinks and cigars in hand, they watched Simmons stride purposefully back to the dungeon area

and take his place in front of Donna.

Stern's swirled the amber-colored liquor in his glass, lifting it to his nose to catch

the bouquet.

He inhaled the fragrance and then took the liquid into his mouth.

For a moment he let it play on his tongue, finally swallowing and nodding his approval.

"'Quite excellent,' he turned to Alex.

"'Funny, you never came up on my radar before, but now that you have, I see big things for you.'

Alex held up his own glass in salute, nodded his thanks, and puffed on his cigar.

"'I've certainly enjoyed this evening.'

In the dungeon Simmons was thrusting his cock deep into Donna's mouth.

Across the room the men could hear her moaning and the sound of Simmons' rather large balls

slapping her chin.

"'Enjoys his work, does he?'

Alex asked.

"'He's very useful in any number of ways and quite well endowed.

Yes, Alex, you've made quite an impression on me tonight. Of course your work has always been excellent first rate. But I'd always imagined you different somehow, and tonight I find you are. But in a way very much in accord with my own differences.' Simmons was now into a rhythm, thrusting and holding, easing back and thrusting again.

"I enjoy my work and my leisure activities,' Alex said.

"Yes, I see that now.

I'm giving you the Harrison account,' Stearns reached over to shake Alex's hand.

"I know you'll do the company proud, I'll be seeing more of you at work and expect to see you and that lovely little slut at my more exclusive gatherings.

"Thank you, I won't let you down, and my...

"R. Alex,' said nodding at Donna.

"Calendar will always be open.'

Stearns offered up his glass for a toast.

"I'm just excellent. Sir,' Simmons grunted close to his peak,

"shall I come in her ass or her mouth?'

"The mouth.

We need to go back to the party.'

Simmons held her head tight to his crotch and growled.

"Take it all, but don't swallow.'

He threw back his head, moaned, and shot thick streams of cum into her mouth.

Donna tried to hold it, but there was too much in his cock was too big.

Some of the precious fluids slipped down her throat, and she gagged, tasting the milky

white fluid and hearing the voice.

"Man like it one eye-gagging swallow, I love to suck cock.'

When he pulled out Simmons wiped his cock on her face, noting that her eyes were still

locked on him.

"Open,' he ordered.

She opened, revealing for the second time that evening, a mouthful of drool and cum.

Then smiled with satisfaction.

The master will be pleased.'

He held out a small jar, popped off the lid and dropped a cherry in her mouth.

He bent low and whispered in her ear.

"When I release the bonds, you will get down on your hands and knees, and crawl across

the room to master and his guest.

You will keep your mouth open, show them your treat, do you understand?'

Donna nodded and waited while Simmons removed her restraints.

She hadn't realized how stiff and sore she'd become from the ordeal, and Simmons had to

help her off the horse and onto the floor.

She crawled across the room, her mouth open and her eyes fixed on her two masters.

The polished concrete floor was cool on her hands and knees, the sensation providing a

brief respite from the degradation she'd suffered.

As she approached the men she dipped her back and tried to elongate her spine, seeking to

give herself a lean and sultry look.

She stopped before Stearns and offered herself, thrusting her open mouth forward.

Stearns smiled and motioned Alex over.

When Alex bent to look he saw Donna's lips parted, her mouth a pool of cum with a red

cherry floating on the top.

Simmons gave her a treat, one of his specialties, a cum Sunday, Stearns boasted.

She patted Donna on the head as one would a beloved pet.

Do you like your treat?

She nodded her head and battered her cum-stained eyelashes, never taking her eyes of adoration off Stearns.

At that moment she never wanted to be anywhere but at the feet of these men. Stearns smiled and melted her heart.

You may swallow, he said.

Donna slowly let Simmons seed, slide down her throat, seductively chewing the cherry and licking her lips as she finished.

There's a door behind you, the ladies room, Stearns pointed to a door behind Donna. You will crawl in there and clean yourself up.

You'll find what you need, you're not the first slut that needed to fix herself up to

rejoin a party.

Without being told and without knowing why, Donna bent forward to plant kisses of obscents

on the shoes of Alex and Stearns.

With her eyes on the floor she silently backed away, turned and crawled to the bathroom.

Stearns turned Alex and flashed a broad smile.

She's a keeper, Alex.

Donna was unsteady and glassy-eyed when they finally rejoined the party.

In the bathroom she'd fixed her hair and make up as best she could and straightened her clothing.

Her mouth and ass ached after being stretched by a continual succession of real man cocks

and her own sissy clitty was throbbing fruitlessly in its restraints.

The experience had been humiliating and degrading, but it excited her and something in her wanted

to get back to the dungeon as soon as possible.

My pleasure comes from giving pleasure.

I am a fat toy.

Joanna's eyes met Alex's and she smiled evilly as Donna teetered forward in her heels.

Did everyone have a good time?

Alex and Stearns said.

We did.

Joanna turned to Donna and teased.

And did Donna have a good time?

Yes, mistress.

Stearns gave Donna a spank on her bottom.

When we finished with her she begged for the butler.

Joanna's eyes opened wide and mocked the prize.

Really?

What did you do?

There was no further shame that could be endured that evening and Donna readily replied.

I set his cock.

It was wonderful.

He gave me a cum Sunday.

Did you really?

Joanna replied with delight and pride.

Stearns addressed the group, now including his wife Caroline, who joined them.

I'm giving the Harrison account to Alex, he announced.

There ensued, all around congratulations and shaking of hands.

Caroline gave Donna a long look.

Did I hear you say you gave my butler a blowjob?

Yes, yes ma'am replied a hesitant Donna, now worried that she committed a breach of

party
protocol.
Is there a problem?
Joanna asked.
Not at all said Caroline, I'm impressed Simmons is rather well endowed.
You know this of your butler?
Ask the surprise Joanna.
Yes, as my butler he performs many personal services.
She turned to her husband.
So tell me darling, was she fun?
Stearns put his arm around his wife and kissed her.
A marvelous piece of work.
I've invited Alex and her back for a party.
Caroline made a sweeping gesture to the group.
I do hope you all attend.
I'm sure we'd all love to play with this delicate little creature.
Chapter 18 Monday morning came early for Donna and
the weekend had been anything but relaxing.
Still, there were duties to perform.
Run Mistress Joanna's bath, help Mistress dress and prepare and serve breakfast.
She fluffed out her petticoats, straightened the white lacy headpiece and minced
into Mistress's
bedroom.
Joanna sat at her dressing table putting on earrings.
The black patent pumps, she ordered.
She found a curtsy and teetered over to the closet to retrieve Mistress's shoes.
She returned and knelt to hold the shoes as Joanna slit her feet into each stylish
pump.
With a casual wave of the hand, Joanna dismissed her sissified husband made.
Make my coffee to go.
I'm late.
I'll email you your tasks for the day until then you can have free time.
These were the last words Donna heard from Mistress that morning.
Joanna breathed through the kitchen, grabbing her purse, briefcase and coffee and
leaving
without another work.
Donna looked at the clock.
She'd have forty-five minutes before Joanna emailed an impossible to complete list
of
chores for the day.
Free time would have missed no more.
There was no freedom for her in this house, no physical or mental freedom, no
escape from
the restraints of submission and slavery.
A slave.
That's really what I am.
She knelt before the computer in Joanna's home office.
Unless given specific permission, she wasn't allowed to sit on the furniture.
So she sat on the floor and idly thumbed through a popular women's magazine.
Male subject magazines weren't on her allowed reading list.
Free time to do what?
The television was locked out with a code and Joanna used a software program to
track
unauthorized computer use.
Donna could access the computer only for work-related uses, recipes, make-up and
housekeeping tips
and special tasks for Mistress.
Still, it was good to have a few moments of peace and quiet.
She sipped her weight loss shake.

Mistress thinks I need to lose a few more pounds.
She hadn't thought about the past weekend.
They'd stayed at the Stern's party for an hour after her session in the dungeon.
Ever the dutiful date, she'd hung on Alex's arm, giggled, and planted sweet butterfly kisses on his cheek.
Joanna beamed at the uber-feminine display by her husband.
Was it his fear of her displeasure or the conditioning of Corinne's cage that was driving him to such attempts to be a feminized public slut?
In the end she decided it didn't matter, although she hoped that he was afraid of not meeting her standards.
If he was operating strictly on conditioning, he wouldn't feel the shame and embarrassment of being a date in drag for a gay man.
And she wanted him to always know what he was—a sissy husband, a maid, a fuck-toy, her property.
Brent pulled Joanna close as they watched Donna and Alex dance.
Donna shook and undulated, rubbing her body against an enthusiastic Alex.
Joanna raised her champagne glass in a mock toast to her sissy.
She's giving at her all, I'll admit that!"
Brent nuzzled her neck and whispered in her ear.
Yes, we seem to have pulled off our deception this evening.
Alex said that Stearns was quite taken with your sexy she-mail.
Evidently, they're quite the popular commodity at his dungeon parties.
Stearns wants Alex and his sissy slut back for another session.
I'll admit I'd like to attend one of those parties.
Give me a cigarette, darling.
It's wonderful that Alex got the big account, and our Donna was quite the successful slut tonight.
You too look like you're enjoying yourselves," Joanna said when Alex and Donna joined them at the table.
Donna nodded enthusiastically.
Oh, yes, mistress.
It's been a great evening, I couldn't ask for a better date, Alex kissed Donna's hand.
I'd like to take her home.
I'll bring her back Sunday evening.
The shock was evident on Donna's face.
Am I going to be pimped out for the entire weekend?
I've been so good.
Done when I was told.
Such three cocks and got asked fucked.
I just want to go home.
Joanna witnessed the change.
His hopes are crushed.
He's going to be someone's bitch all weekend.
Despair.
How precious.
Of course, Alex.
Brent and I can get long fine on our own.
Donna can catch up on the chores next week.
She has a small overnight bag and a trunk.
Go along, girl.
Do what you're told.
You've been very good tonight.

If Alex gives you a good report after the weekend, I will let you play with yourself for ten minutes.
In the recesses of her mind, Donna heard the voice.
I must obey mistress.
I must please man.
Yes, mistress.
Thank you, mistress.
Joanna stroked Donna's cheek.
Such a good girl.
You run along and be a good date for Alex.
Show him a good time.
Alex smiled and slipped his hand on Donna's thigh.
She's already shown me quite a good time, Joanna, but I'm sure we'll get along just fine.
Brent dropped Alex and Donna off at Alex's apartment.
Alex carried her overnight bag and escorted Donna to the bedroom.
Why don't you change into something sexy and I'll get us a drink.
Left alone in the room, Donna opened a small bag.
Joanna had this well planned.
All there was for nighttime wear was a sheer black teddy and black high-heeled mules.
She undressed, placed her evening gown on a hanger, and slipped into the black night gown and heels.
She touched up her makeup and liberally sprayed herself with perfume.
Men like me to smell sexy.
She had no solvent to remove the breast forms, so they had to stay on until...until...Joanna decided to remove them.
Her final act was to smooth the sheer fabric over her body, then go to her lover.
Alex gave her an appreciative look as she did a full turn, putting her assets on display.
Very nice, he said, handing her a glass of white wine.
He took a seat, beckoning her to sit on his lap.
Men like it when I walked sexy.
She slinked to Alex, taking small steps and crossing her legs with each step.
She demurely settled on his lap as he put his arm around her waist.
You put on quite a show tonight.
She ran her hand through his hair and licked her lips.
I'm glad I could help, baby.
Did you like having strange cocks in your mouth?
Men like it when I set their cocks.
I like it, too.
Yes, they were so big they filled my mouth, but I liked it.
Alex pulled her down, his mouth meeting hers in a cruel kiss.
Donna melted into his embrace, forgetting they were both men, and not caring that she'd never been alone with a man before.
As her cock began to swell in its chastity device, she felt the physical pains of frustration and winced.
Alex broke the kiss.
What's wrong, baby?
She nodded to the space between her legs.
It hurts.
He kissed her again.
I can't fix that.
Donna didn't give me the key.

He smiled.
Are you horny?
Oh, God, baby, yes.
She clung to him.
He playfully flicked at her ass.
Best I can do to satisfy you is take care of this.
Serpent-like, she uncoiled from his embrace and slid from his grasp, sliding to the floor
with her head resting between his legs.
She pulled out his cock, looked up, and smiled, batting her long eyelashes.
I want this in my ass.
Please, baby, fuck me bad.
Men like it when I beg to be fucked.
Alex let his head fall back as she took his shaft in her mouth.
Yeah, I'm gonna fuck you good.
Donna smiled as she hit send and condemned her sissy maid to another day of drudgery.
Leaves are occupied now to trouble, and my life is now one of complete luxury and indulgence.
Who knew that a few sex games could lead to this?
But it had, and now she had the best of both worlds.
A handsome alpha male in her bed as a lover and a submissive sissy husband, saying to her
every need, whim and comfort.
Women of leisure, spoiled bitch.
I can live with either of those.
Miss Galloway, on line one, came to sing song voice of her personal assistant Pam.
Corinne, how good to hear from you, how was Las Vegas?
Appressively hot, but who goes outside except for tourists with fanning packs and cameras?
I can picture it now, Joanna laughed.
But the shopping.
Yes, well, there's always shopping, isn't there?
Can you left your little Suzette with Sheila?
Oh, yes.
She doesn't mind a bit of babysitting, and she works as ass off.
She is rather strict, so what about you?
How did Donna do on her first date?
I can't wait to hear all the juicy details.
Are there pictures, video?
Yes, Alex said that the butler was taking some pictures in the dungeon.
The dungeon, Corinne shrieked, and the butler, give darling details.
Please!
Well, I only got a second hand from Alex, but according to him, Joanna relayed the events
at the Stern's party to Corinne, who listened attentively asking few questions.
It sounds like the conditioning is taking, Corinne replied, from the way you tell it there
wasn't any resistance at all.
There seemed to be moments, a slight bit of hesitation sometimes, and then he snaps out
of it and goes ahead.
It's like he's waiting for something.
Corinne chuckled over the phone.
He's hearing the voices!
When he's confronted by something that he wouldn't normally do, say, suck a cock or date a gay man.
He needs to wait for that affirmation to arise from his subconscious.
I like to suck cock, and then everything's okay.

Makes sense.
With more time in the breaking cage we could remove his hesitation and doubt.
No!
replied Joanna.
I'm good with what we have now.
I don't want him totally brainwashed.
He needs to realize what he is, a submissive, sissy husband who does whatever he's told,
whether or not it's part of his basic nature.
I like that bit of initial fear and loathing when he has to commit those acts.
And then that look of resignation and humiliation as he submits, you've got a point.
It's always best to let them have a memory of where they came from so they know how far they've fallen, exactly where they are.
Joanna finished her weight loss drink and closed up the magazine.
The weekend was over.
The Alex had used her every way she could possibly be used and dropped her off Sunday evening.
True to her word, Joanna let her play with herself.
And it didn't take the entire ten minutes to get herself off.
Everyone had been pleased with her performance even Donna herself.
Even now she missed the feeling of Alex's cock in her mouth and ass.
It's good to be a fucked oi.
The computer screen flicker does Joanna's message downloaded.
Donna hit the print button and the machine printed out a list of tasks that would take the rest of the day.
She pulled the paper from the tray.
But all she could think about was Alex's cock.
Joanna asked.
Most are married.
There's some unmarried couples and the odd single or two.
But yeah, that's basically it.
Lots of sex, swapping partners.
Brent replied.
And this is with Joanna held out her wine glass.
Paul Martin and his wife, you met them at Stern's cocktail party.
Refilled her glass, opened the refrigerator and got himself a beer.
Martin, Carol Martin, the overweight blonde with the short man.
Overweight, I found her rather herbie.
Joanna smiled.
Yes, I'll give you that.
I'd imagine she doesn't lack for partners at these swinger functions.
Brent looked around the room.
So where's our sissy?
In the basement, bouncing precariously in her six inch delectos and locked to the ironing board.
She's got two full baskets of ironing, including your shirts.
Joanna glanced at the clock and did a quick mental calculation.
She'll be ironing for another two hours, so why don't you take me to dinner and tell me more about this swinging thing?
Brent took her into his arms for a deep and lingering kiss.
Pulling back, he smiled.
That's the best offer I've had all day.
Do I have time for a shower?

Let's go ahead.

I'll check on our slut.

Joanna turned at the sound of the basement door and the footfalls echoing down the wooden stairs.

She shifted on her stilettos, trying to find a position that didn't bring pain to her feet on the cold, unyielding concrete floor.

Joanna made her wear the tallest deleteo.

She owned six and a half inches high, and while some of her other six inch stripper heels

had platforms that alleviated the strain on her arches, these shoes had no platform.

Her feet were torturously crammed, nearly vertical, into the wicked pointed toes.

She felt the pain in her feet, calves, and lower back.

Joanna made her entrance and Donna put down the iron and executed the best curtsy she

could in her painful heels.

Joanna ignored the curtsy but circled, appraising Donna, and her ironing project.

She walked to the rack of completed ironing and removed a hanger with one of

Brent's dress

shirts.

She held it up to the light and carefully inspected the work.

There's a spot here from the spray starch.

Donna cringed as Joanna pulled the shirt from the hanger, crumpled it up, and threw it back

into the basket.

Wash and iron again.

Pair of pants, a skirt, and two more shirts soon followed, accompanied by criticisms about

sloppy performance and laziness.

Donna bit her lip and shifted on her stilettos.

Joanna's harangue was bringing her to tears.

Nearly all of her work, almost an hour of standing in the heels on the hard concrete,

was being trashed.

Bend over, Joanna ordered.

Donna complied, bending at the waist and pulling up her dress and petticoats.

She knew what was coming.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw mistress with the cane, and she whimpered, frustrated,

and distraught.

But I'm trying so hard.

Joanna jerked down Donna's panties and slapped her ass.

Why do you do this?

Are you deliberately trying to piss me off?

It's ironing, plain and simple, and you can't even do that right.

I'm only giving you six with the cane for now, but when Brent and I get home tonight,

I'll check them again, and you'll get six strokes for each piece I reject.

Thank you, mistress.

Sometimes you push my kindness too far.

The first cut of the cane, slanted and Donna yelped and lurched forward.

As she caught her breath, she felt Joanna near her and smelled her perfume.

You are really pissing me off.

Hold your position and remain silent for the rest, and I'm giving you two additional strokes.

Never in silence!

The cane hurt terribly, and mistress Joanna was becoming very adept in its use.

Still, the fear of additional cuts of the dreaded cane was enough to make Donna suffer in silence.

For her part, Joanna played her victim like a musical instrument.

She never let her find a place where she could focus and escape.

Joanna attacked high and low, slow and quick, but always with terrifying severity.

Donna's knees were shaking at the last two cuts and silent tears and choked sobs racked

her body.

Joanna stepped back, returned the cane to its resting place, and extended a foot.

Donna knelt and kissed mistress's shoe.

Thank you, mistress, for correcting my mistakes and helping me be a better sissy.

Up!

Brent's taking me to dinner.

You'll stay here and finish your ironing.

Joanna turned to the wall and removed a pair of ankle shackles.

Put these on!

Donna took the shackles and locked them on her ankles.

They were sturdy steel and the twelve-inch length of heavy chain between the ankles effectively

hobbled her.

Donna took another length of chain and locked one end to Donna's right ankle and the other

to an eyebolt set deep in the concrete floor.

Pockets the keys, she smiled.

Looks like you have no option but to stay here and iron, so do it right.

If you've done a good job, you'll be released when Brent and I get back.

We might even bring you a doggy bag since you'll miss dinner.

Joanna laughed all the way up the stairs.

Donna wiped away tears of desperation and took a shirt from the basket of ironing.

Brent and Joanna approached the door.

They were a striking couple and confident they'd see abundant action at the party.

Both were dressed for a hedonistic evening.

Joanna wore a simple but very revealing red wrap dress and red high heels.

Tonight she was brawless and panty-less.

Her black-seemed stockings held up by a red lacy garter belt.

Brent looked very much the alpha male in leather pants and an open front silk shirt that revealed

a smooth and massive chest.

Carol Martin, wearing only a short and sheer white robe, warmly greeted them at the door.

So glad you could come.

We're looking forward to a wonderful evening.

Carol noticed the leash in Joanna's right hand and followed it to the figure standing

behind the couple.

And this is...

Joanna pulled on the leash and Donna stumbled forward on her five-inch heels.

This, said Joanna, her voice dripping with disdain, is my husband.

We call her Sissy Donna.

Donna, Carol laughed.

Really?

And is she here for sex tonight as well?

I suppose, mused Joanna, after a fashion, with a flourish Joanna removed Donna's long coat,

revealing her for everyone to see.

By now many of the evening's participants had gathered to see the Sissy on display.

Donna recoiled at this public exposure and humiliation until the familiar voice calmed

her.

I may fucks let, I mused for others pleasure.

Carol eyed the creature before her.

Donna was naked, say, for a small white apron, garter belt, stockings, and a balcony at

bra that exposed her nipples.

The most obvious eye-catching item was the bright pink plastic chastity device and gleaming

brass padlock.

She fondled the package, testing the weight of it in her hand.

Smiling at Joanna, she asked, is there a key?

At home, it's really a rather useless thing, nothing that would serve anyone here tonight.

Carol let the package drop from her hand.

Interesting, yes, I see what you meant about the sex tonight.

Well, correct Joanna, I did say, after a fashion, of course she won't be penetrating

anyone, not with that thing.

Joanna cruelly slapped the chastity device as she said, thing.

That she does have a mouth, lips, and a tongue, and an ass that is open quite literally to

all here this evening.

Donna faced the crowd.

Ladies and gentlemen, for your evening's sucking pleasure, I give you Sissy Donna the

Wonder Slide.

Joanna jerked on the leash and Donna curtsy'd, bringing howls of laughter from the other

desk.

Clearly enjoying the humiliation she was heaping on her stussy, she continued.

As you can see, she is of no use for fucking snare Joanna as she viciously slapped the chastity

cage making Donna wince.

But her mouth is always hungry for a cock, her tongue simply loves assholes and pussies,

and this tight little ass, Joanna bent Donna over and spanked her ass, is begging to be

filled with cocks and strap-ons.

Take a good look, ladies and gentlemen, here is your party favor for the night.

Everyone gawked and treaked by the scene before them.

Joanna grabbed Donna's nipples and cruelly pinched them.

What's your name?

Scrawled.

Sissy Donna.

Joanna let go of one nipple and slapped Donna's face.

And what are you?

A fuck-slut.

With a feral smile Joanna turned to the party guests and gave a, what did I tell you, gesture.

See, she knows what she is and what she's here for.

Her cute little apron is loaded with condoms and lube, so please help yourselves.

A tall woman moved effortlessly through the crowd.

Her cold, rimmed eyes glaring beneath short, biker hair, streaked black and red.

Her long arm tattooed with a snake, running its length, reached out and grabbed the leash

hanging from Donna's collar.

Well, shit, I'll take you up on your offer.

She pulled on the leash.

Down.

Donna collapsed to her knees from fear of her new mistress, or the strength of the arm at the end of the leash she didn't know. Her eyes were locked on the woman's high-heeled ankle boots. She felt the leash go taut as the woman walked away. Come on, slut, I've got some big cocks you can warm up for me. I want them wet and hard, but your poor little mouth may never be the same. Donna crawled as quickly as possible to keep up with the strides of her new, long-legged mistress. She crawled through a maze of bare legs, bare feet and high heels, and felt the occasional slap on her ass. The taunts and jeers echoed in her head. Nicely Joanna to bring us a slut. I feel like a rim job. How about a DP later? Cocks in her mouth and ass? No appetizers for her, only cream pies. I see why Joanna keeps it locked away. Margot, Dwayne and I want her when you're finished. The tall mistress waved a hand to acknowledge the last request. I'll send her over, or what's left over. Again the room erupted and laughed at her. Mr. Smargo stalked down the hallway and turned into a bedroom. Yanking the leash, she directed Donna into a corner. Wait there, nose to the wall and quiet. Donna huddled into the corner glad to be away from the crowd and left alone. She heard voices and movement behind her. In round slut, Mr. Smargo ordered. Donna turned, keeping her eyes to the floor. Look up, bitch. Time for you to get busy. She raised her head to see Mr. Smargo flanked by two even taller men, one black and one white. Both men were naked and possessed some of the largest cocks Donna had ever seen. Margot took a cock in each hand and smiled. It's Andre and Steve. Now crawl over here, pick a cock and get busy, get it hard in two minutes, or I'm going to kick the shit out of you. This Amazon looks like she could do it. No problem. Donna immediately scurried across the floor on her hands and knees, making directly for the tree trunk legs of the black man. Margot grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head up to eye level with the gigantic cock. First choice, bitch, Andre gets hard if the wind is fucking blowing, so it shouldn't take you long. That's the good news. The bad news is that he's nowhere full size yet, so you're going to get a mouthful and get busy. Donna stuck out her tongue and licked the bulbous head of Andre's cock when his huge hand suddenly

slapped her head, almost knocking her to her knees.
Bucket bitch, suck it.
Get it in your mouth.
You know what suck my cock means?
He grabbed her head and savagely pulled it onto his throbbing manhood.
The cock invaded her mouth, hitting the back of her throat.
This was not the sensual blow job she would render to master Brent.
This was a brutal face-fucking.
She gagged and fought to breathe, but Andre held her fast.
Not yet, bitch.
You start sucking that cock now or you'll die on it.
She pulled her mouth further down on his magnificent shaft, even when she didn't think she could take more.
As she'd been trained, Donna looked up at her current master and battered her eyelashes.
Men like it when you suck their cocks and look in their eyes.
I must use my eyes to show him my pleasure in sucking his cock.
Calmed by these cock-sucking mantras, she relaxed and fought back the panic.
She ran her tongue over his shaft and felt the throbbing veins.
Andre relaxed his grip, allowing her a brief respite from the phallic invader.
That's better, bitch.
You just got to do it right.
Yeah.
Oh, yeah.
He started a slow rhythmic in and out, drawing her mouth up and down the shaft.
Donna flinched when she felt a woman's fingernail raked down her back.
Not too much, Andre, Margot said, I want that cock and that spunk in me.
This little bitch can lick it out when we're done.
She's the fucking warm-up, the opening act for the star attraction.
Me?
Margot grabbed Donna by the hair and pulled her off Andre's cock.
She planted her high-heeled boot and Donna's chest and sent her crashing to the floor.
I'm the fucking main event here, Margot sneered.
She grabbed Andre's cock.
Yeah, hard and wet, just the way I'd like it.
She turned back to Donna.
Crawl your sissy ass over there to Steve and get busy with him.
Margot pushed Andre to the bed and fell on top of him.
Donna crawled across the room and found herself in front of Steve as he sprawled in a chair,
his legs wide open.
He held his cock in his hand, waving it back and forth in front of her face, taunting her.
Do the balls first.
I like to have my balls sucked.
He slapped her face with his cock and no biting.
Looking on instinct, created by conditioning, she bent to the task and buried her face in
Steve's crotch, gently taking one of his balls into her mouth and lovingly sucking on it.
It's good to please men with my mouth.
She moved her mouth to the other ball and reached up to take the cock in her hands.
She was totally engrossed now, making love to the cock in balls with her hands and mouth,
stroking, kissing, licking and sucking.
Steve relaxed and let his head fall back as she gently squeezed a pool of pre-com from

his cock.
Her tongue flicked out, kitten-like to lap it up.
Mmm, baby, she mewed.
You taste good.
Men like it when you talk like a slut.
She felt the cock grow and licked up and down its length.
With a kiss on the tip, she slowly drew it into her mouth.
Oh, yeah, Steve groaned.
That's it, baby.
From the bed came the sounds of frenzied fucking from Margot and Andre.
Don't get him off, bitch.
Margot screamed.
He's mine and he's next.
Keep it hard.
Donna did her best to obey, licking and sucking at Steve's mammoth organ, and then
backing
off if she felt him close to relief.
Oh, oh, yes.
Margot moaned.
With a shudder she fell off Andre and gasped.
Get out, slut.
You can clean up later when I've got four or five loads in me out now.
Donna quickly released her mouth from Steve's cock and crawled from the room.
She quietly shut the door, but her respite was brief.
As she knelt by the doorway, she heard a voice from the living room.
Donna in there?
Get your ass in here.
We need a condiment or blowjob.
Donna entered the living room amidst an orgy in progress.
Bodies were everywhere on the floor and on the furniture.
The couplings or threesomes, in some cases, mixed the sexes in wants and free for
all.
Over here, slut.
Back into large woman with bright red hair and enormous breasts.
Now, bitch, get your ass over here.
Earl needs a warm-up.
Donna reacted instinctively to the command from a superior female and crawled
across the
room.
The redhead pointed to a man on the floor.
Get a condiment, him, and suck him off.
I want to ride that cock sometime tonight.
Donna pulled a condom from her apron and looked at the man on the floor.
Earl was certainly the hairiest and fattest man she'd seen that evening.
Certainly nothing like the hunks, Steve and Andre.
She'd already sucked off.
But like them, he possessed a large cock.
All the men at the party seemed well in doubt.
I suppose that's why Mistress Joanna locks me up and has sex with Master Brent.
I just don't measure up.
Tonight, screamed the redhead, I'd like to fuck tonight!
Donna bent down, placed the condom at her mouth, and rolled it down the length of
his
cock with her lips.
Earl laughed and placed a large hand on the back of her head, forcing her mouth
further
down his fleshy rod.
Nice, trick, bitch!
We'll definitely have use for you at our parties.

The redhead began to spank Donna's ass as she sucked Earl's cock.
Suck it, cunt!
I want it nice and hard!
Earl pumped his rod in and out of her mouth.
Her lips stretched by its growing length and girth.
Oh, yeah, Earl grunted.
Yeah, suck it.
The woman roughly pulled Donna away and slowly eased herself under Earl's cock, grinding her hips into Earl as she descended.
She turned to Donna.
Not so fast, let you not throw yet suck his balls while I ride him.
Donna bent to the task, finding Earl's balls, Harrier, and a great deal more unpleasant than Steve's, but it wasn't her job to make distinctions.
I must pleasure men without hesitation.
No sooner had she been dismissed than another couple grabbed her.
The man had just pulled out of the woman and held his spent and flaccid cock in his hand.
He grabbed Donna by the neck, pulled her head to his crotch, and wiped his cock clean with her hair.
She submitted to this degradation while the man's lover giggled.
Donna hoped for relief, but knew full well that the evening would bring only despair and more humiliation.
She felt her leash tighten once again and crawled away following the black high heels of the woman pulling the leash.
The woman was very short, her high heels making her average height, but she was quite attractive with a compact body and shoulder-length brown hair.
She purposefully led Donna across the room to a leather sofa.
The man reclining on the leather sofa was something out of a body-builder magazine, rippling and chiseled muscles.
The woman stopped short and jerked on the chain, bringing Donna to her knees.
I brought you something, baby.
Frank meets his side on a.
Frank stretched and yawned.
Yeah.
And what, Diane, do you want me to do with this?
Diane pulled on the chain, leading Donna into Frank's crotch.
I want you to fuck it.
Come on, baby.
I've done the girl-girl thing for you.
I want to see you take a guy in the ass.
She pouted, come on, baby.
Do him or it for me, please.
I told you I'm not gay.
Hello.
I alert the media, I fucking know that.
Look, it's not even really a guy.
She tugged on the leash, pulling Donna's face into view.
See, does this look like a guy to you?
It, she, is this sissy, just fuck her in the ass for me, okay, baby?
Frank stood up, his cock in his hand.
Shit, thought Donna.
It looks like he's holding a club.

As if Frank could read her thought, he slapped her face with his cock, poking her with it, rubbing it over her lips.
You want this, bitch?
You want this in your ass?
You're going to give my lady here a good show?
Show me, show me, show me how bad you want it.
Donna didn't even realize she opened her mouth until Frank's fleshy pole invaded her gaping cavity.
She felt her tongue sliding over its length and closed her lips around it, feeling the texture, the veins pulsing with the blood of lust.
She looked up through her long dark lashes, adoring the owner of this most wondrous cock.
Frank paid no heed to her worshipful gaze.
He closed his eyes and allowed his shaft to sink further into her mouth.
His pubic hair scratched and tickled her face as she was pulled time and again down his length, burying her head into his crotch.
When he pulled away, she leaned forward to quickly lap up his stream of drool and pre-com.
Diane shook her head.
What a fucking slut!
Donna grabbed the massive cock with both hands and took it into her mouth.
Diane stepped in front of Frank and they kissed, trapping Donna between them.
You better fuck this slut quick.
I want you to come in her ass, not her mouth.
Come on, baby, put it in her ass.
Diane pulled away from Frank and grabbed Donna by the hair.
On your hands and knees, bitch, open up for my man.
Donna moved into position quickly, catching more calm and drool with her fingers and licking them.
A sissy can never eat enough calm.
She felt Frank move behind her and grab her hips.
When she looked up, Diane was staring her in the face.
I've been waiting for him to take a guy in the ass for a long, long time.
Okay, so maybe you're not a real guy anymore, but you'll do for now.
You fucking back and make it good.
Diane reached down and grabbed one of Donna's nipples, causing her to gasp in moan.
You like that, don't you?
What are you?
I'm, I'm up.
Diane slapped her.
You're a fucking whore, say it.
I buried his cock into her ass as she gasped.
I'm a whore.
That's right, Diane said.
A fucking whore.
And what do whores like?
A cock?
Yeah, that's right.
You're a fucking whore, and you want to cock up the ass.
Diane turned and pulled her ass cheeks apart, backing into Donna's face.
Eat my asshole, bitch, time be good.
Their attack was relentless.
Frank pounded her ass, and Diane's ass mauled her face.
Donna moaned, squirmed, and rocked back to meet Frank's attacks.

Soon the trio fell into a rhythm.
The sensations were overwhelming.
The relentless ass pounding stimulated her prostate, and she leaked out her precious fluid through the chastity device.
Donna wept with both frustration and joy as she felt Frank ease out of her. She felt Diane's fingers around her chastity device.
"Lose something?"
Diane asked as she held up a gooey finger.
Through tear-stained eyes Donna saw what had to be her own ejaculate, milked from her, by Frank's brutal ass assault.
Diane brought the finger to Donna's mouth, and she opened to receive it.
"Mmm, good girl.
There's more,' Diane cooed, and offering another finger.
Diane grabbed a handful of Donna's hair, and wiped off his now-flaccid cock.
"You know, baby, that wasn't bad.
We need to ask Joanna if we can borrow her some weekend.'
Diane squealed and threw her arms around Frank.
"Oh, baby, I love that.
We keep her chained up in the basement and feed her nothing but your come and my piss."
Across the room, Earl watched the scene with great interest.
"Now that,' he said pointing a pudgy finger at Donna, has potential.
The big redhead riding Earl's cock reversed cowgirl style, nodded her agreement.
"Yes, I put her to work, honey."
Donna lost count of how many cocks and balls she sucked, how many asses and pussies she serviced.
Her hair and face were a mess, and Joanna hadn't permitted her to bring her purse or any makeup.
Party guests wiped their privates on her hair, cleaning themselves with her formerly soft and silken trusses.
After an evening as a sex party toy, she truly looked like a slut.
She was given a glass of water and told to go stand in the corner while everyone else helped themselves to the buffet and drinks.
When the guests decided to use the jacuzzi, the host just pulled Donna from the corner and led her outside, forcing her to kneel on the hard flagstone surrounding the giant jacuzzi.
She pointed to a stack of towels.
"You'll clean the guests before they enter the jacuzzi."
Donna mutly nodded as she waited for the first guest, a man to arrive.
She reached for a towel and moved to wipe the man's wet and slimy cock and received a slap to the face.
"Use the towel after you lick it, clean slut."
Donna licked and sucked the man's cock clean and then wiped him off with the towel.
He was followed by another man and a woman who laughed as she spread her legs.
There must be four or five loads in there, kid it all out.
When Donna saw the red pumps, she immediately knew it was Mistress Joanna, who stood before her.
"Having fun yet,' Joanna moth, "I don't know when I've had so much cock, certainly

not during our marriage, but I'm making up for lost time.
There are several loads down there so eat up my little darling."
Joanna slid into the jacuzzi, joined by five other swingers.
Brent pulled her close and under the water her hand found his cock.
She squeezed it and smiled at him.
"'It's been a great party,' Brent half closed his eyes, enjoying both the warm pulsating water and the warm pulsating feminine hand.
They do it nearly every month, interested in becoming a regular."
"'Mmm, that's something I could get used to.'
Our little Donna seemed to be quite popular.
She looks like she's been road-hard and put away wet."
Joanna laughed and released her grip on Brent.
"'Yes, I must say that Corinne and her cage have made a true believer out of me. So there were moments of hesitation.
Our little sissy was the perfect slut tonight.'" So capitalized on that, Fat Harryman stepped over the edge and into the jacuzzi.
"'Make it pay for you.'"
Earl Kleinman, he extended a large, fleshy hand.
"'Joanna Barnes,' she said, taking his hand.
Pay for me.
How?"
Earl eased his bulk into the water, causing it to slosh up the sides of the jacuzzi.
"'Videos,' I produced adult videos.
"'Porn,' adult videos, het, gay, lesbian, some fetish stuff like latex, smoking, and BDSF.
I'm thinking of expanding into she-mails and sissy-maids.
Your sissy sucks of good cock.
She passed the audition,' he chuckled.
Joanna and Brent looked at each other, obviously considering the possibilities.
Joanna leaned forward, studying Earl's face.
"'You're serious!'
What's involved and how much money?"
"'Definitely serious, and there's not much involved.
The money can be good.
We shoot these in a day or two.
It's not like we have a plot or a script.
It will mostly be your sissy dressed up and sucking cock or getting fucked.
Basically, what went on here tonight?
Only I film it and you get a check.
What do I have to do?'
I'll send over a contract and I need to have a few pieces of documentation to keep the feds off my ass."
Joanna beamed.
"'Our little sissy is going to be in the movies.'"
Chapter 20.
When Corinne reached for the ringing phone, it gave Suzette the chance to take a deep breath.
She didn't know how long she'd been secured in Corinne's face throne, but that moment's relief was much appreciated.
Unfortunately, it didn't last long.
As Corinne settled back down into her chair, wiggling her bottom just so to seal Suzette's face firmly in the crack of her ass.

Suzette's tongue sneaked upwards and inwards as Corinne purred and pressed the talk button.

"Corinne here.
Hi, it's Joanna.
I didn't catch you at a bad time, did I?"
Corinne ground her hips and smiled as she felt Suzette squirm below.
"No.
In fact, I'm having a quite wonderful time.
How was your swinging weekend?"
"Lovely, Donna and I have never had so many cocks.
And that's one of the reasons I've called."
Evidently she made quite an impression on a producer of adult videos.
He thinks I can hire her out for a series of sissy maid and she-male adult videos.
"Really?
Your little sissy getting it on for the cameras?
And getting paid for it.
Or rather, the checks will come to me.
It seems like a rather sweet deal, and I thought I'd call and see if you wanted to make Suzette a star as well."
Corinne wiggled her bottom and smiled as Suzette struggled for air.
"That is an intriguing possibility exactly what what our girls be doing besides each other."
Earl, the producer, said it was mostly cocksucking, cum swallowing, and ass-fucking.
Our girls would be little sissy fuck toys that get taken by bigger males and women with strap-ons.
It sounds deliciously humiliating.
"Sure, I think we should give it a try, at least once, just to see what it's all about."
"Wonderful," Joanna replied.
I'll take care of everything."
Corinne hung up the phone and lifted her bottom.
"Okay, down there?"
Suzette choked out a feeble.
"Yes, Mistress.
Good.
I want to finish this book.'
Settling back in her chair, Corinne wiggled her bottom, pinioning Suzette's head into the specially-built cushion.
My sweet Suzette a porn star."
Brent drove the car up the long winding drive.
The film's shoot was in a secluded location off the canyon road.
If the landscaping and huge swimming pool were any indication, whoever was hosting the shoot had plenty of money.
She pulled up in front of the house, behind a van where two large bearded and tattooed men were unloading lighting equipment.
He stopped the car and turned to his two passengers in the rear seat.
Suzette and Donna sat demurely in back, holding hands as they'd been instructed.
Joanna and Corinne took great pains to make the girls presentable.
For their first film outing, they dressed them as real sissies, with pink party dresses and yards of crinoline petticoats.
They'd given the girls slutty makeup jobs, cute blonde wigs, and white gloves.
Pink seemed fishnet stockings and developed their legs, and their feet were crammed

into
pointy toad pink patent pumps with five-inch stiletto heels.
Each sissy clutched a pink patent purse which contained the key to their chastity device,
just in case the director might want to do something with their precious little sissy clitties.
Ever the gentleman, and perhaps as an extra dose of humiliation, Brent got out of the car
and opened the rear doors, offering a hand to help each sissy out.
Be good girls, and do everything you're told, and don't forget to swallow.
Brent spoke loud enough so that everyone around could hear them.
They'll call me to come back and get you later.
Both girls curried to acknowledge their instructions, their actions drawing hoots, cat calls, and
wolf whistles.
Hey, sweetie!
Aren't they cute?
Hey, baby, wanna do me?
I got something you can swallow.
As Brent drove away, Donna and Suzette stood in the driveway holding hands, unsure what
to do or where to go.
Over here, girls!
Wave the woman from the patio at the side of the house.
The girls turned, and hand in hand walked to the woman.
Her blonde hair was pulled up and tied behind her head.
She wore black spandex leggings and a t-shirt that read, Keep It Tight For Me, Baby.
Leaving the girls forward, she pointed to a cabana by the pool.
I'm Laverne.
I'll be doing your makeup and costume in here.
Let's take a look at you.
So what are you, girls?
Donna and Suzette raised their dresses, exposing their chastised sissy clitties.
Laverne laughed and bent for a closer look, taking Suzette's device in her hand and giving
it a close inspection.
It's locked on.
Suzette held up her purse.
This just provided the key if it needs to be removed.
Well, shit!
This is going to be one interesting day.
Up in the chair, girls, let me fix your makeup and hair.
Today you're going to be French maids.
The girls sat nervously as Laverne removed their makeup and applied new product.
Don't get me wrong, your girls look sweet, but this stuff here has better staying power.
That's a good thing when you spend your day under the hot lights with your face in a sweaty
crotch and get cum facials.
You want to look your best, don't you?
And unison the girls offered a feeble.
Yes, ma'am.
Ma'am, shit!
You two are just too damn cute.
Laverne worked on their eyes, applying long eyelashes, heavily coated with waterproof mascara.
Hell, I'm actually going to have to watch this one today.

Either of you ever do an adult video?
Now ma'am, but we have set cocks before, to that said.
Have you now?
Well honey, I bet you ain't never seen cocks like these world-class fucking monster
cocks
that stay hard all day and shoot bucketfuls of creamy cum.
You make it through today and then you can call yourself a cocksucker.
These, the sissy sluts.
The girls turned to the gravelly voice coming from the cabana entrance.
The owner of the voice was a heavyset man whose bald, shiny head had been sunburned
a bright red.
His jeans, faded t-shirt, and multiple tattoos were in stark contrast to his very
neatly
trimmed Van Dyke beard.
Yeah, who the fuck else would they be?
Shit, look at their pink dresses, Laverne snapped.
Okay, okay.
Get them in costume and then into the kitchen.
We're setting up the first shots there.
They're chastised.
What?
They're dicks.
Are locked up.
Laverne laughed.
We have the keys.
Who's that said?
He shook his head.
They need to do each other unlock them.
Get them on the fucking set.
The man turned and walked out.
He's the director, Rat Dog.
These are Rat Dog video productions.
Laverne began teasing the girl's hair.
Rat Dog?
Donna asked.
Not many people use the real names in this biz honey.
What about you?
Laverne finished up with a load of hairspray.
Strip.
We need to get you in costume.
You girls got working names?
The girls looked at each other and then it Laverne.
Sisidana?
Sisat?
Sisidana and Sisat cute and it fits.
Hang up your dresses over there.
Laverne pointed to a portable clothes rat.
Get into these.
She handed them short black maids dresses, very similar to what they often wore at
home.
Both girls gave each other a, so what else is new luck, and began to change.
Unlock those things and get out of those pink shoes.
Laverne jerked a thumb at a box.
There's shoes in there.
Find your size.
The girls quickly removed their chastity devices and took a brief moment to touch
parts of themselves
for the first time in weeks.
Laverne smiled at the sight.

Leave your purses and stuff here.

It'll be fine.

Come on.

Laverne and Sisat slipped on matching six-inch platform stripper heels and followed Laverne

out of the cabana and into the house.

They found Rat Dog talking to a well-muscled man in a black silk robe.

Laverne looked at the girls and nodded at the man in the robe.

That's rex strong, you're leading man.

In one large hand, Rat Dog held an expensive professional video camera, and with the other,

he pointed to the kitchen island.

Take one of them over the kitchen island.

Rex greedily eyed the girls.

Which one?

Rat Dog turned to look at Sisat and Sisat.

Doesn't make any difference.

You're going to do them both.

Do one and then the other.

Raven!

Rat Dog called to a stunning brunette.

Do you want to do the strap on first or get eaten out first?

Raven uncrossed her legs, crushed out her cigarette, and slid off her stool.

Literally gliding across the floor in her stiletto heels, she stopped in front of Sisat.

I'll do this one first.

She can eat me.

Then I'll take her in the ass.

First time, baby.

Sisat Kurtzied.

No, ma'am.

I've been asked such before.

A Kurtzied?

Where'd you get these two?

Earl hooked up with a couple at a swing party.

He turned to the girls.

Which of you is Donna?

Donna Kurtzied and raised her hand.

Rat Dog continued.

Said this one here spent the whole night sucking cock, eating pussy and taking it up the ass.

Hell, they're working cheap and supposedly they'll do whatever they're told.

Okay, people, let's go.

I want this in the cam by tomorrow afternoon.

Fucking time is fucking money.

Kimmy!

Kimmy appeared out of nowhere next to Rat Dog.

With her sweatshirt and glasses, she looked out of place on the set of an adult video.

In reality, she was the director's assistant and scripted girl.

Okay, the two maids are in the kitchen kissing each other when Raven comes in and says,

Kimmy thumbed through the pages of her shooting script.

She says, what are you doing?

Now I know why you never get your chores done.

You're always fooling around.

You want to fuck around?

Okay, I'll fix that.

Steven, Kimmy turned another page.

And, okay, Rex comes in and Rex and Raven fuck the maids.
Okay, you two.
Rat Dog pointed at the girls.
Stand over there by the sink.
When I say action, you start kissing and fondling each other.
When Raven and Rex come in, you do just what they want.
Follow their lead and make it good.
No reason you shouldn't enjoy this.
Donna and Suzette took their positions at the sink and took each other in their arms.
Rat Dog stepped back and made last minute adjustments to his camera.
Okay, action!
Donna and Suzette leaned into each other.
Their lips meeting, their tongues intertwining.
Suzette ran her hands down Donna's torso, grasping her bottom and pulling her closer,
while Donna's hands slid up to Suzette's breasts, slipping inside the low-cut bodice of the maid's uniform.
The girls groped and kissed to appreciative nods of the rest of the cast and crew.
Rat Dog moved in close, personally filming the girls' sexual exploration of each other's body.
When Suzette brought her hand under Donna's dress to play with her cock,
Rat Dog zoomed in for a close-up.
Satisfied, he slowly pulled back, while at the same time Kimmy pointed a finger at Raven.
On cue, Raven strutted into the room.
What the fuck is this?
Is this the reason you never get your chores done?
What kind of sissy maids did I buy?
You want to fuck around?
Okay, we'll fuck around.
Stephen!
Rex walked into the scene, coming up behind Raven and taking her in his strong arms.
What is it, baby?
It's these fucking she-mail sissy maids sluts you bod.
They're fucking worthless.
All they do is play with each other.
I say we return them and get our fucking money back.
Laverne leaned over and whispered to Kimmy.
She's off-scrapped.
Kimmy nodded.
Yeah, a little improv, but it's okay, it works.
This ain't fucking check-off.
Rex picked up his line.
Relax, baby, all we need to do is give them a little aversion therapy.
Too much of a good thing and they won't want any more of it.
Rex grabbed Donna and pushed her to her knees.
He let his robe fall to the floor and grabbed her head, pulling it into his crotch.
Donna reflexively opened her mouth and moved toward his growing cock.
Meanwhile, Raven slapped Suzette in the face and forced the shaken sissy to her knees.
Shedding her skirt, Raven towered over the cowering Suzette and lowered her sex onto Suzette's upturned face.
Seck me, bitch.
Seck me good.
Satisfied with the size of his erection due to Donna's cock sucking, Rex pulled her up and bent her face down over the kitchen island.
He lifted her dress, grabbed a handful of vegetable shortening and rubbed it in her

ass.

We'll see how much she likes fucking around after this.

As Rex pounded Donna from the rear, Raven rode Suzette's face.

Rat dog moved around with his camera, capturing the action from every angle.

Near her own climax, Raven grabbed Suzette by the hair and pulled her away.

Like that, she spat. You're a fucking whore, a sissy-made whore, and now I'm going to fuck that sissy-made ass on your hands and knees, bitch.

Suzette turned away from Raven's crotch and fell to her hands and knees, offering herself to the demonic mistress.

Rat dog moved to the kitchen island and shot more of Rex and Donna while Raven donned at the Aiden strap on.

As Raven cinched it tight, Rat dog moved back to capture the impending ass-fucking.

Raven grabbed a handful of shortening, rubbing it up and down the shack of her dildo and slapping the rest in Suzette's ass crack.

Open up for the lady of the house, bitch.

Suzette howled as Raven rammed her hard.

Raven's hands sought out Suzette's nipples and tightly grasped them, using them as anchors for her vicious pelvic thrusts.

Bet you're going to think twice before you let your chores slide, huh, bitch?

Oh, yes, mistress.

Suzette squealed.

Yes.

Two hours later they broke for lunch.

Laverne took the girls to the bathroom, cleaned them up, and let them enjoy the excellent craft fair.

Get something to eat and then we'll fix your makeup for this afternoon's work.

It seemed that their performance earned them a measure of respect from the rest of the cast and crew, and both girls made small talk while they helped themselves to the delicious takeout Chinese food from the craft table.

Stu, one of the grips, was especially curious.

So you're like what, slaves?

Submissives, who's that answered?

We serve our mistresses and masters, we could leave, but we don't.

It's who we are, what we want, where we belong.

Donna, merely nodded, preferring to let Suzette speak.

Much of this was still new to her, and Suzette seemed to have a better grasp on it and was better able to talk to people.

She picked at her Chinese food, glad for the spicy kung-pow chicken, to take the taste of kung from her mouth.

After lunch, Rat Dog set up the second shot, still in the kitchen.

He placed the sissies in the center of the rim.

Okay girls, I'll talk you through this one.

Just do what I say.

Follow my direction and we'll loop the dialogue later.

Ain't gonna be much talkin' anyway.

Stu, give me some diffuse lighting, huh?

Doin' my best, dog.

Rat Dog turned to the sissies.

Okay, your owners have finished with you, and you're cleaning up the kitchen.

He pulled Suzette's arm and pushed her towards the sink.

You! Stand here. You're doing the dishes, and you?

He pointed to Donna.

You're gonna come up behind her.

He backed off and looked at the scene through his camera, making the final adjustments.

Okay, everybody, here we go, quiet.

You girls, just do what I say.

Suzette put her hands in the sink and Donna stood behind her.

Rat Dog yelled, action!

Okay, sweetheart, walk forward and put your hands on her shoulders.

Yeah, that's it. Rub your tits against her back.

Kiss her neck.

He moved to the side to catch the both of them from the side in the same shot.

Grab her tits?

Donna had Suzette pinioned against the sink and was grinding her tits into Suzette's back.

She leaned in to nuzzle and kissed Suzette's neck, and Suzette let her head fall back, lost in the moment.

In the back of the room, several of the cast and crew nodded appreciatively.

Yeah, great, great, said Rat Dog.

Suzette, spin around, grab her, pull her in for a kiss.

Suzette, needing little encouragement, spun around, wrapped her arms around Donna, and pulled her in for a kiss.

Rat Dog slowly panned up to catch the sissies in full kiss.

Pulling back a bit, Rat Dog got the sissies in full frame.

Okay, one of you go for the tits and the other for the cock.

Donna dropped her hands and they disappeared under the petticoats of Suzette's dress.

At the same time, Suzette let her arms slide from Donna's neck to her tits and both sissies began to fondle each other.

Do it?

Yeah, keep that up, lots of tongue, in the kiss, pull up the dress.

I want to see the cock action.

Despite his relative bulk, Rat Dog moved like a ballet dancer with the camera, catching every angle while verbally walking the girls through their moves.

Suzette, down on your knees, suck off your sissy sister.

Suzette broke the kiss, gave a sultry shake of her hair, and descended like a stripper, working a pole, undulating her ass while tracing a line down Donna's body with her hands.

On her knees, Suzette threw up Donna's petticoats and grabbed her cock.

She leaned forward and kissed the swelling head, then slowly ran her tongue around it.

All the while Donna's hands had found her breasts and she furiously pinched her nipples.

Suzette licked her lips, then opened her wide mouth and descended on the cock.

After weeks of chastity, it was too much for Donna who dropped her hands and grabbed Suzette's head, thrusting her cock repeatedly in Suzette's warm and inviting mouth.

Do it, girls, one of you come and one of you swallow, coaxed Rat Dog.

Even with the sexual energy playing out before him, Rat Dog was focused, intent on getting the money shot.

Okay, when she comes you take it all in your mouth, but don't swallow, not yet. Hold it in your mouth and then turn and face the camera and smile.

Suzette's tongue flicked across Donna's cock and Donna knew she was close to letting go.

She grabbed Suzette's head to pull her even closer.

With a final thrust, weeks of chastity, teasing and denial sought their release.

Suzette felt Donna reach her peak and knew the torrent was coming.

Pulsing jets of milk become filled her mouth, but she held on, collecting each new stream.

Finally Donna slowly disengaged and Suzette felt the limp, slimy cock slide from her lips.

Suzette turned to face Rat Dog, held open her mouth and smiled.

Rat Dog panned in from Suzette's damp face and must hair to her smeared lipstick and finally to her cum-filled mouth.

Her pink tongue coated in pearly cum, the money shot.

Suzette wiggled her tongue, then lifted it, thick strands of cum slowly dripping back into her mouth.

One of the grips elbowed the man next to him. She's a fucking natural. No shit. Great baby now swallow for me.

Rat Dog pulled back for a full frame face shot as Suzette greedily swallowed the cum and ran her tongue around her lips, getting every last drop.

Cut?

Rat Dog handed the camera to a grip.

Yeah, that's good. We'll loop in some moaning and shit later and throw in some soundtrack.

He looked at his watch.

We still got good like people. Let's get in one more cocksucking scene. Just change them around.

Laverne fixed their makeup. I want to see if this one swallows as good as Suzie here.

By the end of the day's shooting, the sissies were well on their way to becoming she-mailed sissy slut stars.

Laverne, like a proud mother, cleaned them up, helped them get dressed and fix their makeup.

Each sissy went home with a contract for a minimum of three more videos and autographed pictures of Rex Strong and Raven.

They even posed for Polaroid pictures of themselves sucking Rex's cock and Raven's strap on and autographed the pictures for the grips and technicians.

When Brent returned, the girls were back in their pink party dresses and their chastity devices were once again secured.

As before, he opened the car doors, placing them in the back seat where they held hands.

Did you girls have a good day? In unison they replied, Yes, Master.

Good. Your mistresses will be pleased, both for your performance today and when they get your checks.

I understand Corinne is going to host a special viewing party when your video is released. Won't that be fun?

Yes, Master. As Brent drove them home, the girls sat in silence, clutching each other's white gloved hand, sharing the same thought.

What will they do to us next? The end.

This is Ms. Erica Kanche. We hope you've enjoyed listening.

Watch for more fetish audiobooks from Romance Divine and from Constance Fennington Smythe and from me, Ms. Erica Kanche.

And be sure and look for other audiobooks, both written and narrated by me, Ms. Erica Kanche.

You might also enjoy Mistress Corinne.

What happens when a man gets his wish to be submissive, when a woman embraces her dominant self?

Her Corinne Callaway and her hapless husband, known as her submissive maid Suzette, it becomes an erotic power exchange that gives them both what they desire.

Will Suzette be a cuckolded sissy maid?

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Thanks to her cuckold sissy maid husband, Tim, Tammy.

Deborah enjoys the amorous attentions of her young lover, Sean, and both Mistress and Master take their turns in tormenting the hapless Tammy.

Things don't get any better for Tammy when the simpering sissy is melt before Deborah's guest, Miss Sandra, and when wicked sissy maid Amanda is added to the household.

And don't forget my own books, female domination with Miss Erica Kent, vintage volume one and volume two.

Volume three will be released shortly.

Volume one, in Mistress Savage and slave Tommy, a new slave is introduced to the basics of proper slave etiquette and training.

The second story, melting mistresses, finds an unlucky slave about to be put in bondage and melt, used and abused by a bevy of beautiful mistresses.

And the third story, Mistress Savage and slave Roxanne, forces this unlucky slave to be bound, spanked, and forced to masturbate.

The second of this series, female domination with Miss Erica Kent, vintage volume two, also contains three dialogues.

The first, Pantyways Pussy Michelle, Jennifer School Discipline, and Slut Regina's humiliation.

In Pantyways Pussy Michelle, Michael gets caught in his mother Barbara's undergarments and is blackmailed into continued daily sissy pussy training.

In Jennifer School Discipline, disobedient schoolboy Jennifer, endures a much deserved pink panty punishment and spanking.

Slut Regina's humiliation finds Richard dressed in Virgin or White Panties and prepared to be defloured at one of Mistress's parties.

Thank you again for listening.

This is Miss Erica.

We hope you've enjoyed the breaking cage, written by Constance Pennington Smythe, and narrated by me, Miss Erica Kent.

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Audible hopes you have enjoyed this program.