

# The Hotel Christmas Special, Seasonal Decorations

This is intended as a self contained narrative but it may help those unfamiliar with "The Hotel" series to know that: Debbie is a male maid trapped by the machinations of the Hotel where men are tricked into becoming subservient maids while hunky lovers distract their wives. All for the financial betterment of the frightening Miss Evans.

Part 01

1

21st December

I watched Samantha standing on top the ladder, wriggling her arse at the two workmen supporting it. She reached up to hang the tinsel near the ceiling and giggled, arching her back to make her arse stick out and the rear of her skirt rise in the air.

The workmen nudged each other.

Honestly! Some sluts will do anything to get a release from their chastity belt.

We were in the restaurant preparing for a luscious green and red Christmas. The luxurious odours from the kitchens were those of seasonal treats.

All the maids have swapped their drab functional black dresses for scarlet mini dresses hemmed with cotton wool. They are a bit prickly around the

thighs and breasts but they do look cute if you admired yourself in the mirror -- not that I ever did!

Meanwhile Lucia had placed the mistletoe next to a painting of Miss Evans and giggled helplessly. She placed her finger to her pink lips and widened her eyes at the men: "Oh men? Oh men?"

The workmen looked at Lucia as she stretched her legs. "Oh men, I can't possibly hammer in the nail."

The men were in their twenties, Mister Wilkins with sexy brown curly hair and Mister Watson with short black hair. I wouldn't mind either of them having my key! The dark haired one jumped as if electrocuted: "Hang on babe."

"No I'll sort it," cried Mister Wilkins.

Samantha at the top of the ladder wrinkled her nose at Lucia before shaking her heeled feet so that the ladder shook. "Oh my, oh my. Please rescue me. Some one hold the ladder please sir."

It was so embarrassing! They were a real pair of sluts.

I just had a box of decorations to hold! I couldn't think of a way to get them to look at me.

I had to turn away and watch myself in the tall mirror near the Christmas tree. I twisted slightly to examine myself side on. Not bad, I thought, as I saw the red stockings and heels rise up to the decorated dress and then to the naughty smile that played on my lips.

At this point each of the men had a hammer in his hand, but had grabbed the shaking ladder. I could just imagine the view as they looked up at Samantha's legs.

I stamped my foot and cooed, "gosh this box is ever so heavy sir, can you help me with it?"

The men looked helplessly at me then at each other as I jiggled my boobs

(real ones mind!) at them.

"I knew it was Christmas," despaired Mister Watson "but this is too much!"

At that point the door crashed open. I glanced over my shoulder to see Miss Jaguar and Miss Tiger standing in the double doorway of the dining room next to the huge Christmas tree that stretched up to the ceiling. Miss Jaguar had taken to wearing a very tight leather outfit over her voluptuous curves. Miss Tiger wore a stretchy cat suit and high heeled thigh length boots.

Oh no! I looked into middle distance pulling my shoulders back, standing straight and perfectly still.

Lucia reached down into her box and pulled out a hammer and nail and busily nailed the decoration to the wall. Samantha suddenly found her ability to balance and finished securing the decorations.

"I hope you're keeping an eye on these lazy tramps." Miss Jaguar barked behind me making me shiver.

Mister Watson stuttered, "oh yeh, sure. Yes."

"They'll do anything to try and get you to release them from their chastity belts, won't you girls."

"Yes Miss Jaguar," we chorused.

I heard her heels approach me from behind and I held my breath. Her finger prodded my bottom through the maids dress. "Especially this one. Right Debbie?"

"Oh yes Miss Jaguar."

"In fact when were you last allowed to come little girl?"

"Oh I," my mouth went dry. "I don't know. A week ago?"

"Two weeks you airhead. Can't you count?"

"No miss Jaguar." I replied truthfully. Since attending the extra Maid Maths lessons I was totally incapable of adding up any numbers.

"And do you know why, little airhead?"

"Why what, Miss Jaguar?" I felt my eyebrows knit as I turned to face her. Her black eyes fired at me and I quickly looked down at the carpet. I swallowed. Sometime the Miss Cats think you are being rude if you look them in the eyes.

With her high-heeled boots she towered over me. The top of a riding crop peered out of the top of one of her boots. I felt her hand beneath my hair, tickling the back of my neck. I immediately gasped and cooed. Oh, I needed release. Any release, by anyone.

"Oh look at the tramp cavorting. You just cannot help yourself can you?"

"No Miss Jaguar."

I felt her face move in close to me. My breaths grew shallow. I so wanted her. "You must be wondering why," she emphasised the 'why', "why you have not been released for two weeks."

My head was swirling. I could barely hear her words. "Uhm yes, yes please, Miss ... o/oooh ..."

"It is because I have your key."

My eyes flashed open and I stared hard at her grinning face. "But why Miss Jaguar?"

She patted my nose with here forefinger. "That is for me to know and for you to find out."

"But Miss Jaguar why would you," I glanced around at my audience, my cheeks boiling like the surface of the sun, I saw Samantha nibbling her pink lips. "I mean permission to speak please Miss Jaguar."

Miss Jaguar glanced thoughtfully over the room. "Uhm, permission denied

little girl."

She marched up to the workmen who stepped back in awe of this powerful woman. I have seen real men cower when the Miss Cats are angry. "So you see, men, this particular slut is out of bounds. A waste of time." She nodded at the other two maids, "but I am sure that the others will be more than happy to accommodate any of your demands."

The two men laughed. Mister Watson went immediately to Lucia while Mister Wilkins stepped on the first rung of the stepladder. "Need any help up there Samantha babe?"

Miss Jaguar marched back to me, her face radiant with triumph. She put her finger under my chin and lifted it forcing me to meet her eyes. "So I think there will be one maid who will be particularly well behaved this Christmas don't you?"

"Yes Miss, definitely Miss," I could only perform a small curtsy with my chin held up.

"And who might that particularly obedient maid be I wonder?"

"Me, miss."

"Good girl. You'll be out of that chastity belt in no time at all. If not for this Christmas certainly by next Christmas."

The two cats thought this was hysterically funny. I burnt with rage and indignation but nevertheless managed a giggle that didn't sound too forced.

"And make sure you decorate that tree, Debbie!" She shouted as the door slammed shut.

2

That night in our maid's room Samantha and Lucia were hurriedly brushing their hair, crushed together to share the same mirror.

I sat pouting on the bed already in my short nightie and tight panties, they

still wore their seasonal maid's dresses.

The air was full of the sweet fragrances they were squirted perfumes over themselves.

Samantha pulled back her shoulders, "Mister Watkins says he is going to let me have a steak tonight!"

"Mister Watson said I could have ice cream!" retorted Lucia.

Samantha put down her brush. "I hope he doesn't choose one of those really trashy outfits. I hate red high heels. They are so obvious." Lucia giggled, "they look good with these red uniforms. Anyway what do you care so long as you get released? Oh I can feel it in my bones. We are both going to be allowed to come tonight!"

They saw my sullen reflection in the mirror and their glee turned to concern. "Oh Debbie," Samantha cooed, "I am sure someone will take you out. Those two Dutch ladies we served on table 5 last night were definitely interested in you."

"Who is going to ask out a maid if they can't have their key!" I folded my arms tightly and crossed my smooth legs.

"I think Miss Jaguar is horrible!" announced Lucia.

We heard keys in our door. We all looked anxiously at it. It would be just my luck that one of the Mistress Cats would hear that remark. Then we would all be locked away for a long time.

I waved a hand at them, "Oh you go on and enjoy yourselves. Don't care that I haven't even seen the wardrobe room for ages!"

The door opened and Mistress Tiger stood in the doorway this time wearing a pencil tight knee length leather skirt. She smiled at us, clearly she had not heard the inopportune comment.

I rose to my heels and curtsied as the three of us exhaled deeply with relief.

"Two tramps for the wardrobe room. Lucia and Samantha! Move your

arses!"

Lucia and Samantha burst into giggles as they fled the room.

Miss Tiger stood in the doorway holding the handle. "Another night in Debbie?"

"Yes Miss Tiger."

She pouted her lips. "Poor little Debbie. I wonder if Miss Jaguar will ever let you come again. Perhaps you should take up knitting to pass the long cold nights alone."

"Permission to ask a question please, Miss Tiger."

"Permission granted but make it short. I am going to shag one of the laundry maids tonight. I am going to power his arse to jelly."

I forced a giggle at her joke. "Please Miss why does Miss Jaguar hate me so much?"

Miss Tiger laughed, "silly girl. Its not that she hates you! The world must be so strange to an airhead maid like you."

"Yes Miss Tiger."

The door closed and tears flooded my eyes

It was near eight o'clock. I imagined every maid in the hotel except me was out tonight either serving or on a date with one of the guests.

With tears streaking my face I opened my drawer and removed my night time dildo. I sucked it and went mechanically through the mantra: 'oh yes, yes', but my heart wasn't in it.

I threw the dildo onto the bed, shocked at my act of defiance. Of course I quickly picked it up again in case a Mistress Cat entered but I felt emboldened by my heroic action. I listened for the sound of heels in the corridor. It was silent so I threw the dildo onto the bed again and giggled. Right! I felt as bold and revolutionary as Che Guevara. It was time to take

the matter into my own hands!

I picked up the phone and told the sissy on the other end of the phone to put me through to Miss Evans right now!

I could hear the girl swallowing. "Uhm. Don't you mean: may you ask permission to be allowed to speak to Miss Evans?"

"No!" That shook her. No maid stood up to Miss Evans, but I'd had enough of all the humiliations and tribulations.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, erm, please ask her nicely. And, er, don't say it how I said it."

"I wouldn't dare!" came back the snooty reply.

3

22nd December

Miss Evan's was immune to the Christmas spirit. She scowled at me when I was shown in and then continued writing a report tutting frequently.

I nibbled my lips and held my hands tightly behind my back. I kept saying to myself 'be brave'. Had I not thrown the dildo onto the bed the previous night? And I had waited until the last possible moment before I pushed it inside me and climbed into bed. Mrs Evans did not appreciate what a daredevil she had before her. Finally Miss Evans threw her pen down so it bounced across her huge old desk.

"You sluts are more trouble than you are worth!"

"Yes Miss Evans," I curtsied.

"I send out two maids for a works Christmas party at the local factory and now they want six for the new years party. Six! Don't they know how long it takes to train you sluts?"

"No Miss."

"No they don't. You are quite right. And this Christmas tree, what on earth

am I going to do with it this year? Every year I do something spectacular with that tree. But this year ..." She shook her head and sat back in her high backed swivel chair twisting it to and fro before looking up as if she had just noticed me. "Ah yes." She shuffled some papers in front of her. "Debbie isn't it?"

"Yes Miss," I curtsied.

"And you asked permission to speak to me."

"Yes Miss."

"Well get on with it. I haven't got all day to waste with maids. There are adults in the hotel to deal with. Work to be done."

"Please miss. Yes miss. First of all thank you for seeing me and ... "

"Just get on with it."

"Yes Miss. You see, what it is, is that, well, I have been thinking about ..."

"Debbie would a canning help you get to the point faster?"

I swallowed. "Please Miss I think you should let me go."

"Let you go where?" Now she was scowling and I felt jitters in my stomach.

"Away Miss. I mean let me have some men's clothes and leave."

She slapped the arms of her chair and glared at me. "What are you prattling on about? Men's clothes? Why would you want them? And where do you want to go? I decide which girls go to the offices and parties."

"Oh Yes Miss. Of Course Miss. And very good at it you are too."

"Debbie!"

"Yes Miss. You see I want," I swallowed twice my mouth growing dry, "to become a man again."

Her mouth fell open. "What?"

I felt like running from the room but you get a good public canning for

leaving without permission. The room span about me as my thighs rubbed against each other so that the stockings felt electric. "Please Miss perhaps we could discuss this, er, later, tomorrow, er, next week perhaps. Maybe now is not a good time"

"What do you want Debbie?"

Tears clouded my eyes. "I want to become a man again and wear suits and not heels and not have this horrible chastity belt and not have to curtsy and smile at everyone. Not to have to walk around with my hands always above waist height. Not to have to be nice to everyone so that they will ..." Then the floodgates opened.

Moments later I was sat on her knee blowing into her handkerchief. "I am sorry Miss Evans. Its just that I can't take it anymore."

"Silly girl. No one knows better than I how hard it is to be a compliant maid."

"Yes miss. Thank you miss."

I looked up at her with my most pleading eyes. "So will you let me go?"

"I am afraid I can't. You signed the contract remember. Now I cannot go about breaking the law can I?"

"No Miss but if we both ... "

"And what would your lovely wife, er," she checked my papers, "Miss Johnson say?"

I desperately wanted to point out that Miss Johnson was her maiden name. "Please Miss may I ask her ..."

"I trust you do not intend to spoil her and her boyfriend's Christmas with some silly selfish petulance!"

"Oh no Miss Evans."

"Don't you want them to have a happy Christmas together?"

I crossed my legs and looked away from her. How I hated Paulo, my wife's arrogant cruel new boyfriend.

"Well girl?"

"Yes miss, of course miss."

"You want them to be happy together don't you?"

"Please can I ask her Miss Evans? Its just that I haven't had a release for weeks now."

She thrust me from her lap and I clip clopped in my heels across the room struggling to balance.

"Then perhaps you should be better behaved."

"No Miss you don't understand!" I shook both my fists helplessly.

"Don't you adopt that tone of voice in my office!"

The tears bucketed out again. "Please Miss, Miss Jaguar has my key and won't let anyone else have it!"

"I am sure she has her reasons."

"But I haven't come for weeks. Please let me ask my wife's permission to be released from the Hotel ..."

"You what?!"

"Oh!" I cupped my mouth with my hands. "I mean my ex-wife, no I mean er, I mean Miss Johnson. Please let me ask Miss Johnson to be released." This was all going wrong. Why hadn't I kept my big mouth shut!

"What about her nice young man?"

"Eh?"

"Shouldn't you ask him as well?"

"Oh. I er ... "

"Let me see. It is 9.30 a.m. After you have been to see Miss Jaguar you

may go to reception and invite Miss Johnson and her lover to The Hotel for a Christmas break. If they do come then maybe you will have an opportunity to speak to them."

"Oh thank you Miss Evans. Thank you so much." I almost burst into tears again, this time from overwhelming gratitude. "I can go straight away to the reception Miss. I don't have an appointment with Miss Jaguar."

"That's because I have not booked it yet stupid girl. Go to Miss Jaguar and tell her how you maligned her judgement in my presence. Ask that she punishes you appropriately. Then you may make your phone call."

"But ... "

She looked up at me her face darkening.

"Yes Miss Evans." I curtsied.

"Now Christmas trees. Perhaps more tinsel is called for."

4

Miss Jaguar took it quite well really.

She stood on her balcony overlooking the frosted fields and woodlands and nodded as I told her what had taken place in Miss Evans' office.

Finally she turned and spoke in a serene voice, "be a darling and go to the large wardrobe."

I bobbed a curtsy and dashed to her wardrobe. My only aim now was to get to reception and phone Miss Johnson, I mean Lynda my wife. Then I would get her to come here and hey presto I would be released.

I opened the wardrobe doors. At first I thought I was confronted with a gym as I saw loads of bars and exercise machines.

"See that contraption on the floor, the long one?"

I looked down and saw a metal frame about four feet square. "Yes Miss Jaguar. Are you going to do some exercises?"

She laughed. "Yes. You could call it that."

I smiled smugly revelling in my perspicacity. "Pull it out to the centre of the room. It is called a 'stationary box'. I have only just bought it."

It was heavier than it looked but I managed to lug it across the carpet by digging in with my heels and tugging hard. As I did so I thought I would give Miss Jaguar a little thrill by bending at the waist and showing off my derriere and stocking tops. The mistress cats appreciate that. I have known maids get a release just from titillating a Mistress Cat with a bit of thigh and a wiggle.

"Now if you go to the door of the wardrobe you will see a red box place it next to the stationary box."

"Yes Miss."

The red box was a couple of feet square of smooth plastic with an opaque lid. I laid it next to the oblong steel shape.

"Open it remove the four metal cuffs and screw them into each corner.

Metal cuffs? I swallowed. Sure enough there were four circular metal objects of bracelet size with long screws set into them. My tummy turned over as I crouched on hands and knees to twist each one into position on each corner of the oblong.

"Shall I leave you to it now Miss?"

She pursed her lips and gave me one of her lob sided smiles. "Oh no Debbie not yet. Now be a dear and screw the long pipe into the front hole.

I screwed a two foot long metal cylinder into the front so it stood up like a short flag pole.

"Now screw the final metal cylinder into the top of that. It is a little larger than the wrist and ankle cuffs."

I did so with my heart thundering. I didn't like the sound of this.

"Clever girl."

The unit now had the four cuffs; one on each corner and rising at the front on the end of a metal pole was a hinged cylinder. I could see it looked like a silver collar. "Open up each of the metal rings."

I did so, starting with the cuffs and ending with the necklace. They each had the same metal spring catch that you depress to make them spring open.

"Now remove your knickers girl."

I swallowed. "Please Miss I have a phone call to make and I am on bedroom duty until midday when I .."

"Good girl for worrying about your chores."

I smiled and flushed. "Thank you. So shall I leave now?"

"I told you to remove your knickers. You are wearing a pair aren't you?"

"Of course!" The only time we didn't wear knickers was when instructed not to by a date on a night out.

"Get them off."

I reached beneath my scarlet flared skirt with the cotton wool tickling my fingers I squeezed the tight red panties down passed the stocking tops to the ankles. Then, stumbling, inelegantly about, I managed to step out of them and hold them in my hands. I knew I was blushing.

"Just put them on the sofa for now and then kneel in the device."

My heart was a steam train. "Please Miss, perhaps I have not yet offered you my full apologies for .."

"Just put them on the sofa and do as you are told."

I curtsied, and placed my red lace panties on the sofa. I always felt vulnerable without underwear in the presence of an adult. A skirt seems such a flimsy obstacle offering little protection and modesty.

I knelt between the bars feeling a breeze on my bare bottom.

"Just lay your head in the open collar and grip the corners."

I edged forward so that the cold metal lay beneath my neck and then fumbled my hands out to the corners. "Please Mistress I am so sorry for any offence that may ... "

"Now spread your plump little thighs until your ankles are sitting in the rear cuffs."

I did as instructed. "Perhaps a written apology would be in order Miss."

I felt the hem of my skirt tickle my naked buttocks. She casually approached me and knelt down near my face.

"Oh that won't be necessary on this occasion little girl."

I nodded feeling the unyielding metal beneath my throat.

She slowly brought up both halves of the collar until they clicked home trapping my neck.

She then clipped my wrists shut in the bracelets that were secured to the frame.

My ankles soon followed. Whereas my wrists were held solid my stocking ankles slid a few inches in either direction. I was held firm, secured on all fours in this appalling contrivance. Who thinks these things up?

"There," she announced standing before me so that her groin was at face height, but I was left staring at her high heeled boots. "How does that feel? Cosy?"

"Frightening miss. Please let me go. I promise to be good." I tried a tug on the metal bracelets but they just made my wrists feel sore.

She laughed. "Debbie. You have been with us for six months and you are always promising to be good and I am forever spanking you aren't I?"

"Yes Miss." I swallowed. I would like to have said that she always bullied

me more than the other maids but thought it best to keep that to myself considering how I was fixed. She walked to the cupboard her muscle bound backside wriggling back and fore in her tight leather pants. "We'll start with the flogger."

Start with? Oh no. They were the words I dreaded most.

"Please Miss this is really unfair. I just told Miss Evans that you had kept me locked in the chastity belt and that I ... "

"And why did you say that?" She flicked her wrist making the leather flogger shake in her hands making little whooshing noises.

I felt my voice rise in pitch. "Please Miss because I couldn't understand why you were doing it," I sniffed up a tear.

"I see. And is it for you to understand?"

"Oh no, not at all. I can see that now Miss. I have been very silly."

"Is it for you to question a Mistress Cat's actions?"

"Oh heavens, I wouldn't do that Miss."

She looked surprised. "Oh? But didn't you say that you told Miss Evans that you had questioned my actions?"

"Yes Mistress." I wriggled helplessly.

"So perhaps she made a mistake?"

"Yes! That's it Miss Jaguar. A silly misunderstanding."

"Oh?" She appeared shocked. "I see. So Miss Evans is so stupid that she has failed to understand something a maid has told her?"

"Oh no, no. Never. No Miss Jaguar." I pulled on the cuffs but they held me neatly in position.

"Then perhaps she is lying?"

"Oh no, no." I struggled to twist my head so that I could look up at her.

"No. Please. No. I didn't say that."

She ambled around me. "I don't understand this. One moment you are accusing your betters of being stupid, the next of them lying. What am I to make of that?"

"No Miss please. No." Why was I so stupid. Why couldn't I keep my silly mouth shut. "No, no, that's not what I said Miss."

"Oh? So now it is me who doesn't understand? Or do you think I am lying."

A tear rolled down my cheek. "Oh please miss I don't know what to say. Please let me go."

"So that you can go around lying and telling anyone who will listen to an airhead like you that adults are stupid?"

"Oh please Miss I don't think that. It is me who is stupid. I am such an airhead. I have got everything wrong and I talk too much." I felt my skirt being lifted over my bottom so that it rested on the small of my back.

"Well finally we are in agreement."

I sighed with relief. "Yes mistress. You are so right and I am so wrong. Will you release me now please."

"Not yet little girl. If you are apologising like this now, just imagine how contrite you will be in a say, fifteen minutes?"

I gulped feeling my reduced Adams apple bob on the cylinder.

I had been hand spanked after serving breakfast by a silly man who said he had ordered coffee and not tea so my bottom was a little sore.

Slap.

Yowl!

Slap.

"Ow. Please miss it hurts."

Slap.

"Ouch. Thank you for punishing me. I will be ever so good in the ... ouch!"

The beating was rhythmic and slow, a hard slap across one buttock and then one across the other. It was agony. I could not even twist my hips very far because of the ankle restraints. I took every stroke until I was blubbering like a baby.

The sheer helplessness of being trapped like that while someone leisurely beats you is the most excruciating position possible. At least when you are touching your toes you know that you could (if you dared) rise to your full height. But here I was absolutely powerless and at her mercy.

"Good. My word your bottom is red. It's scarlet just like your seasonal outfit. How pretty. Perhaps I should use you as a festive adornment. Solve Miss Evans problem with the tree decorations"

"I am so sorry to have made you do this to me Miss Jaguar. It won't happen again." I sniffed.

She laughed gaily as she strode back to the wardrobe. "You always say that and you are always back to have another beating. I don't think you will ever learn. Now then where is my cane?"

Cane! I pulled furiously at the inexorable metal entrapment until I felt my neck sting. "Please kind Mistress. I promise. I promise I won't do it again."

She turned on her heel and looked down at me. "Now that is a heartfelt promise if ever I heard one. Mmmm. Let me think."

My eyes were straining wide with hope.

"Ok then." She put the cane back into its holder and pulled out an item I had never seen before visiting The Hotel but I had come to know too well.

She strapped it around her waist hauling the central belt between her legs. "You know I have not fucked you for months have I?"

I swallowed, my mouth going dry. "No mistress Jaguar." I hated the word

fucked. 'Make love to' sounds sweet; 'shagged' sounds fun; but 'fucked' sounds like only one thing: someone inflicting it and someone suffering it. I hated her having me like this. She was always the roughest of the adults. Always teasing me until I was on the point of coming and then putting me away in my belt before I had the chance to come.

I detested the way the dildo bounced so slowly as she walked. It was a weapon. I wriggled my bottom in dreaded expectation.

"I think we'll apply a little cream to your pussy hole this morning." She knelt behind me with a jar. I felt the dildo rubbing against my bottom cheeks as she smoothed the cold cream around my exposed hole, gliding it gently with her ling fingers.

"My, my you are so hot. We could use maids instead of central heating. I bet five beaten maids could warm the restaurant."

Very funny! "Yes mistress," I forced a giggle.

"There -- is that nice?"

"Oh yes mistress." As usual when someone was rubbing my bottom my mind lapsed into the well drilled mantra of 'oohs' and 'ahhs'. I felt my body submitting to this frightening woman. My hole pulsated around her probing finger. My hips jerked back mechanically to meet her prodding.

"Oh you are a slut. You are ready so quickly!" She laughed. "I think you must love me."

"Yes mistress," I gasped as I felt the thickness press down into me.

"Tell me how much you love me little one.

"Please Miss Jaguar I adore you ... oohh." Suddenly my bottom surrendered with a greasy plop to the invader. She gently pulled it back as she patted my bottom.

"Now then what about if I release you?" She deftly touched my little clit in its chastity belt.

"Yes please, mistress. Oh please. Please. Please. I'll do anything. Please release me."

I felt her being sucked out of me leaving me feeling empty and in need. She knelt next to my panting face. Holding up a tiny key, a key that was at the centre of all my misery. "Is this what you want little one?"

"Oh yes," I sighed breathlessly my shoulders shaking.

"Do you really love me babe?"

"Yes mistress, more than anything in the world."

She smiled sweetly and kissed my cheek. "I'd love to keep you as my own pet. Maybe I'll buy you from Miss Evans one day."

She reached beneath me to the lock on my penis. After some wrestling it clicked open and she removed the cage. Looking back beneath myself, passed my jiggling breasts and through my stockinged legs I watched it bounce stiffly to attention with a little gleaming dribble at the end. It must have been the angle I was looking at it that made it appear so small. I had seen quiet a few erect penis since being at the hotel and they all seemed bigger than that little finger that was pointing back at me.

She gave it a light stroke and I almost came immediately. One more touch and I could free the load that had been trapped for so, so long.

Unfortunately with me pinned to the stationary box there was no chance of getting any purchase on it. It simply stuck out in mid air like a lost sausage.

"Here!" She dropped a cordless phone next to my left hand and unclicked the clasp holding my wrist. "If you attempt to release your other hand I will not be happy with the love of my life. Understand darling?"

"Yes Miss Jaguar."

She raised the phone and pressed a button. "Reception? Listen you worthless slut Miss Evans has left instructions for the adorable little

Debbie to make a phone call. That's it. Well put her through now."

With that she handed me the phone and returned behind me. I felt her dildo head briefly pressing on my anus before it opened and swallowed it.

I could hear the phone ringing at the other end before a familiar voice answered: "Hello?"

"Oooh," I said as Miss Jaguar pressed deep inside me.

"Answer my pet. Someone is speaking to you."

"Ahhh, yes Miss Jaguar." I raised the phone as my breathing grew shallower, "hello ... ooooh ... is that Miss Johnson?"

"Debbie! How wonderful to hear from you!"

"Yes aaahhhh, miss."

"Debs are you alright? Are they beating you right now?"

"Oh, oh, oh. No. No. Please, the reason ... aaaah ... that I am ... ."

"Are you ill?"

"No please listen!"

"Who do you think you are talking to?"

"Oh sorry. Ah, ah , ooh." Miss Jaguar was shagging me in short quick motions at my entrance. "Sorry. Its just that ahh, ah, ah. I don't have much time. I er ... ooooooh please ... oh yes ... .yes ... "

"Mmm. I think I know what's happening to you and I hope there's a video."

"Please can you stay at the hotel for Christmas?" I blurted out as Miss Jaguar withdrew altogether.

"Christmas? Well I am not sure. I will have to speak to Paulo."

"Aghhhhh." She plunged in deeply forcing me to the limit of the metal contraption. "Yes please. Please come. I would like to see ... aaaagh," she

had done it again. "I would like to see you."

"And Paulo?" She asked.

"Yes! Yes!"

"Don't shout. Look here he is now. Ask him yourself."

"Oh, please Miss Jaguar just stop a ... oooh, that's nice, just stop for a moment ... oooh."

I felt a pat on my backside. "Not just yet darling this is too much fun."

"Who is this?"

I recognised the broad Italian accent.

"Hello Paulo sir this is ... .oooh, aah, Debbie from The Hotel."

"What is it slut? Need me to come around and spank your arse for you?"

I heard Lynda in the background admonishing him. "Don't Paulo she is trying her best."

"No sir, thank you , oooh, sir. No. It is just that I was wondering ... .agh, agh not so hard!"

"What?" Paulo demanded.

"Not you sir, oh please be more agh, gentle miss. Please sir can you come to The Hotel for Christmas with Miss Johnson?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"Ooh, oh, oh. It's just that ... .oh, yes, yes, yes ... just that ... oh sir my head is spinning ... just please come ..may I ... argh, uh, uh, please may I come er may I hang up."

With that I dropped the phone as I heard Miss Jaguar bellow a climax and my engorged rod jumped like a divining rod desperate to release its load.

Miss Jaguar slumped down on the floor beside me, a dreamy far away look in her eyes. She reached up and tickled my cheek. "You are the best fuck in

the world."

"Thank you miss. Please will you finish me off? I will do anything for you."  
I was totally out of it, wholly in head space.

I saw a wicked grin push back her lips. "Anything slut?"

She rose stiffly and walked over to the wardrobe, her shimmering dildo bouncing before her. She returned with a long silver box that she opened before pulling out a slim, shiny metal collar with a dog tag jingling from it.

"Will you voluntarily wear this?"

"Yes Miss. Anything."

"But you don't know what it is yet," she laughed.

"Anything please let me cum."

"It declares that I am your owner and that I have your key."

"Yes, yes anything, anything."

She placed the collar around my neck just above the metal collar of her apparatus. "We can have the inscription done later today. I just want to see you wearing it right now."

It locked near the dog tag. I looked up at her with plaintiff eyes but all she was staring at was the collar, stroking it as if it were precious. "I have always had a soft spot for you Debbie."

"Yes Miss Jaguar."

"Do you think you can love a slave?"

"Yes, er, I don't know miss."

"Nor do I but it feels like love." Then she grinned really warmly at me, I had never seen her looking so kind. She reached below me and tugged at my penis. "So who do you belong to?"

"You miss Jaguar, you I ... "

She grinned showing her teeth as she gave me one viscous tug and I came like a fountain shaking in my unyielding bonds as she closed her mouth over mine suffocating me.

## Part 02

Debbie's plan of escaping The Hotel requires permission from his wife and her lover, what could possible go wrong? All (s)he has to do is ask.

### 1. December 24th

We were making the beds on the top floor bedrooms and I was nervous. There was a new mistress cat, Miss Cougar, and she was spanking everyone for no reason at all. They are always over enthusiastic when they first arrive. Worse, my shoes were too tight. I had pointed it out very nicely to Miss Cougar but she spanked me and told me not to sit down all day so that I could get used to them.

I mean the shoes were pretty enough, very strappy with a thin, neat heel. Not that I usually like red shoes, as they look so slutty. But black shoes would just not look right when you have red stockings and the red Christmas maid's outfit with the cotton wool around the hems and bust. We all enjoyed glancing at ourselves as we passed the mirrors.

The one gremlin, and why I was nervous, was that I was with Millicent a very tall new maid who still walked like a man in drag. I guess he had only been here a week or so. They are the ones that can get you into trouble because they get everything wrong and it always reflects on the maids around them.

He was not taking enough time over the bed corners and I would have to redo them all before Mistress Cougar checked the room.

"I think you should concentrate more, Millicent," I whispered.

He looked about the room and leaned closer to me. "Look," he checked my name tag, "Debbie, I need help."

"I know. So watch what I do when I get to the bed corners. I take the sheet ..."

"No, no!"

We both held our breaths and checked the door. Thankfully no one had heard him shouting in that silly deep voice of his.

"Look, Debbie," his voice went back to his trained softer tones, "I am not like you and the rest of the maids. I am heterosexual. I was tricked ..."

I plumped up the cushions. "Explain it to Miss Evans."

He stood very tall, his mouth curling down at the sides, with his hands rubbing his bottom. "I, er, tried that."

He followed me in to the bathroom our heels slapping on the floor.

"Look, Debbie. I'll level with you. I am not gay like you maids. I am a CIA operative and we were here to investigate the brainwashing ..."

"It sounds really interesting, perhaps you can tell me later." I got down on my knees and scrubbed the bath.

"The point is that I have been asked out on a date tonight!"

My mouth fell open and I stopped cleaning. "You! But you still look like a man! Sorry I didn't mean it like that."

He flapped a hand at me. "That's all right. Two women from Holland think I am, well," he looked away his cheeks reddening, "cute and funny is how they put it."

I clenched my fists. "Well no one asks me out on a date! Just because of that horrible Mistress Jaguar!" I gasped and looked back at the door. Oh God if someone had heard me I would be in serious trouble. "She has taken the key to my chastity belt!"

"Debbie help me. These women say they have these dildos and a whip. One of them says she has a pony harness. Debbie are you listening?"

"I have been asked out twice since Mistress Jaguar collared me and each time they cancelled when they learned that they could not have my key. Humph!"

"But they want me to wear a short white dress and high heeled boots. It is a nightmare. What should I do?"

I looked him up and down and nodded. "Wear a dress with a tight skirt."

His eyes widened. "What?"

"Well flared short skirts look flirty and everything, I know, but they are so impractical. You'll learn."

She stamped her foot and raced out.

Oh, I thought with a smile, she is learning.

I opened the bath room window and looked down at the car park where all the adults were arriving for the Christmas break.

It was a moment before I recognised her. I gasped. I had never seen my wife Lynda wear such a short skirt before.

That oaf Paulo threw a suitcase to the gravel and patted her bottom. How I hated him. Once Lynda and Paulo had given me permission to leave the Hotel I would win my wife back. With her once again as my spouse I would then endeavour to find Paulo, no matter where he hid. I had plotted my revenge for weeks. I would corner him in a place where he was with his friends and then I would confront him. Once I had everyone's attention I would proceed to call him 'a bastard, no good, selfish womaniser!' and if I was really being mean, I would add 'and you behave like an animal when you have a woman at your mercy!' That would tell him.

2.

As expected Miss Evans had called me up to her office. I knew that she would have another misguided attempt to make me stay. I am very popular with the guests and adept at cleaning and polishing. You cannot

say the same about all the maids here!

I knocked her door, bobbed a curtsy and my jaw dropped open. Miss Jaguar was standing near the window wearing her familiar tight leather cat suit. She gave me a sweet smile when I entered.

"Hello gorgeous."

I curtsied. "Hello Miss Jaguar, Miss Evans." Why would Miss Jaguar be here, except to cause problems for me?

As usual Miss Evans looked as though she had the pains of the world on her shoulders. "Really this is getting out of hand Debbie."

"Please Miss," I gushed, "I just saw them arriving and wondered if I could meet them straight away before ..."

"Calm down, calm down," miss Evans said, Miss Jaguar sniggered at me. "Who is arriving?"

"Miss Johnson," I was careful to use my wife's maiden name, "and master Paulo Miss. I just saw them."

She glared at me blankly.

"Remember? I am being allowed to ask their permission to leave."

"Oh yes, yes. I am sure that silliness will be sorted in due course. No, I am more concerned about you giving yourself to Miss Jaguar here."

"Oh."

"Don't you release Debbie that we have spent time and effort training you?"

"Yes Miss... I ..."

"How could you be so ungrateful? Didn't we organise your breast operations? Your bottom enhancement? Your nose and chin remodelling?"

I pouted but forced a smile. "Yes Miss Evans, thank you Miss Evans." The first thing I was going to do when I was free was have those operations

reversed, especially this silly bottom that gets me noticed everywhere I wriggle.

"And now you thank us by throwing yourself at Miss Jaguar here."

Miss Jaguar gracefully rounded the desk. "And quiet voluntarily Miss Evans. I don't see a problem." She smiled sweetly at me.

"The problem is the complaints I am getting from guests who want to date her and then discover that you have her key!"

Miss Jaguar threw an arm around my shoulders and hugged me tightly. I felt the leather creaking around me. "I don't want anyone dating my girl."

Miss Evans groaned and shook her head. "Give me strength."

I curtsied as best I could with her strong arm about me and offered.

"Please Miss, once I have spoken to Miss Johnson and Master Paulo then perhaps ..."

"Be quiet girl. When I want to hear your opinion I will give it to you."

I blushed and bobbed a quick, "yes Miss Evans. Thank you Miss Evans."

"Both of you love birds get out of my office. I still haven't sorted out the Christmas tree design for this year and it's Christmas Eve. Miss Jaguar: get it sorted."

3.

Outside Miss Evans office Miss Jaguar crushed me up against the wall, knocking the wind from me. Her tongue thrust into my mouth as her arms enveloped me. I rubbed my stockinged legs up against her leather boots giving a muffled protest. I was aroused immediately.

"There babe. That's what you're missing." She edged my steel collar into position. "Come on now, you don't want to hide your ownership details. Some waste of space might want to date you."

I smiled, "no danger of that Miss Jaguar."

"I know!" She kissed me again. It was like being suffocated. "Now you be good. Once I have bought you, I'll take you away from here to my own home. I have a lovely cage already kitted out for you. With your own mirror and swing and everything."

Her eyes were blazing with lust.

"Er... cage Miss Jaguar?"

"Cage? Cage? Did I say cage?" she laughed. "Do you see how you get to me babe? No, I meant, er, a, er, nice room of your own. You know for doing girly things when I have my karate classes."

"You go to karate classes?"

She slapped my thigh playfully. "Go to karate classes? Bimbo! I give them darling, I give them!"

"Ah!"

I watched her wiggle down the corridor singing a catchy pop song. I folded my arms. Humph. I am not going to spend the rest of my life in Miss Jaguar's cage, thank you very much!

I had little time. I didn't know how long my wife would be staying. I first of all had to find out which room she was in so I headed for the reception.

It was nearly deserted. Only a single maid was clearing away a few glasses near the bar entrance. Millicent was sat behind the reception desk, on a tall stool, her long legs crossed. Now was my chance.

"Millicent?"

She looked sorrowfully up at me. "Debbie," she whispered. Her eyes were huge and in shock.

"Can you do me a favour Millicent? Just check the timetable for a Miss Johnson."

Millicent remained frozen. "They made me cum Debbie."

"Eh?"

"Those two women I told you about. From Holland."

"Oh yes it happens. Lucky you. Please check the book ..."

"But you don't understand. They made me beg to cum ..."

I turned the reception book around on the desk and thumbed through the entries.

"But what am I to do?"

"Hope they date you again by the sound of it. Now then where is Miss Johnson?"

"But Debbie I no longer feel like a ..." she gazed into the distance. "You know, like a man."

I flicked back and fore. "Oh? That's a shame."

She beamed at me. "You mean I will feel like a man again?"

"Of course. Sometimes you will feel like having a man, sometimes a woman. Sometimes both. That's how they want us to be. I wouldn't worry about it. Men are more fun but a bit unpredictable and can be too rough."

I closed the book. There was no sign of Miss Johnson's name.

Millicent suddenly grabbed my hand in panic. "Debbie. Tell me. What is The Point?"

"Oh ask your teacher in the morning. I am not very good at explaining things."

"But I am told my wife will be visiting here in the New Year and I will need to pass The Point when she is here or I'll never be allowed to leave."

I smiled at her and patted her hand. "By the sound of it, you won't have any problems in passing The Point. Then you will be like one of us."

I thought that would put her mind at rest but my last sight of Millicent was

of her mouth hanging open and her damp eyes staring into space. But I had bigger concerns. Where were my wife and that horrible Paulo?

"Debbie!"

I turned on my heels to see Lynda in a tiny tennis white dress holding a squash racket. She was waving at me from near the double doors that led to the gym and swimming pools. Paulo stood behind her in his whites with his ridiculously hairy legs and that awful smirk on his face. "Hello tramp," he laughed.

Lynda gave him a playful punch, "oh Paulo," before marching over to me and giving me a big hug and a kiss on both cheeks.

I kissed her back on the cheeks keeping an eye on Paulo, I wouldn't want to upset him. That would come later when I would be able to send him poison pen letters written in ink as red as my dress. I had it all planned.

"Debbie how are you keeping? You look wonderful."

I bobbed a thank you. "So do you Lynda ...er Miss Johnson. Listen ..."

"We are only here for Christmas and we really must get together."

"Yes please Miss Johnson. I need to talk to you about something."

"I really look forward to that, but we have a court booked. Maybe dinner tonight?"

"Great. You need to reserve me at reception then we can meet up tonight for a few drinks."

I heard high heeled footsteps march up behind me and the dreaded voice of Miss Jaguar boomed: "Did I hear drinks tonight Debbie?"

Oh no! I bobbed a curtsey. "Please Miss Jaguar Miss Johnson asked me first. I didn't ask her. Honestly. I was standing here thinking what should I ..."

Miss Jaguar raised my chin with her riding crop stopping my jabbering. I

hated the way she towered over me. I felt my knees shaking. "Did she ask you or were you posing around her like the slut you are?"

My wife blushed. "I am sorry if there's been a misunderstanding..."

Paulo came to join us resting his arm around my wife's shoulders. "Is there a problem," he asked in his rich Italian accent.

"Oh no," I offered quickly, but the crop tapping against the back of my thighs soon shut me up.

Lynda looked up at Miss Jaguar and explained: "Debbie just said she wanted to tell us something."

"Oh?" Miss Jaguar said, tapping the cane a little harder now, so that they left stinging lines across my thighs. "And who may I ask are you?"

Paulo gripped Lynda's shoulders, "she is the lady who brought Debbie here. And I am the man who took her away from here."

Did he have to smirk at me like that? I blushed hot red.

"Oh?" Miss Jaguar said with a laugh, suddenly relaxing. "I see. And Debbie here has something to tell you?" She cuddled me hard and kissed the top of my head. "She certainly does! We'll meet up tonight in the Bulls Bar at eight then? It's about time I met her previous owner. We have so much to tell each other."

Oh no!

4.

We were sat in tight cubby hole of the crowded bar. Christmas carols mixed with the shouting and singing from the residents. I was glad I wasn't on duty; the maids were red faced in the heat as they raced back and fore with their trays of full or empty glasses, depending on which direction they headed.

"It always gets busy around Christmas," explained miss Jaguar with her hand resting on my knee.

I crossed my legs tightening the short black leather skirt and letting my high heeled ankle boot bounce as she tickled me. Miss Jaguar liked me to wear black leather so that people could see that I belonged to her.

Paulo made no effort to hide his tedium, as he sipped at his beer.

Lynda and me had a glass of Cinzano with lemonade, ice, lemon and a little umbrella on the top. Miss Jaguar was chugging brandy back like there was no tomorrow. She had not stopped talking since we had sat down.

Lynda wore a short black dress with spaghetti straps and I wondered whether Paulo had made her wear stockings just as Miss Jaguar had insisted with me. I told her how we are allowed to wear tights when skirts are this short but she gave me that certain look and I knew what was required.

"You know, I fell for her as soon as I saw her. Didn't I darling," Miss Jaguar lifted up my chin.

"Yes Miss Jaguar."

"That was the sissy for me, I said as soon as I spanked her on her very first day."

Paulo laughed, Lynda blushed and sipped at her drink.

"And I even spanked her tonight before we came out didn't I darling?"

With her finger under my blushing face I managed a giggle and a "yes Miss Jaguar."

"All because she was late getting to my room. And then we had this commotion about stockings or tights. I ask you!"

Paulo dropped his beer glass hard on the table. "That's nothing. I had to spank my tramp because she wanted to wear a trouser suit!"

"Paulo!" Lynda sat up straight, her eyes wide with shock.

Miss Jaguar leaned closer to him. "It is never wasted on them."

Lynda and I looked at each other and raised our eyebrows.

"Men!" she whispered to me.

"Mistresses!" I whispered back.

"Do you fancy a game of pool Paulo?" Miss Jaguar asked eagerly. "I am the champion here."

Paulo emptied his drink down his throat and rose. "Not for long you're not."

My heart beat fast. They were leaving us. We could have a chat and I could ask Lynda to release me from 'The Hotel'. It was all working out. Usually my plans end in disaster and a sore bottom but here, for once, I was winning!

Miss Jaguar stood at the bar and called over the bar maid, whispering something in her ear.

I turned to Lynda, there was not a moment to lose. "Please Miss Johnson I need some help."

Lynda smiled, patted my bare arm, before saying, "and so do I. I have to choose a dress for the Christmas party from The Hotel's Adult Wardrobe Collection and I know you are good at things like that so if ..."

"No!" I squealed. "It's more important than what dresses we are wearing tomorrow!"

Miss Jaguar leaned across the table with something the barmaid had given her. I recognised it immediately. It was a gag with a small dildo.

"Open tramp."

I dutifully opened my mouth and she pushed the short dildo in and tugged the leather straps behind my head. I heard the lock clicking home.

I ducked my head down in shame.

"There," announced Miss Jaguar, "no whittering on and on about shoes and handbags."

Paulo laughed. "That's a great idea. Can I have one?"

Moments later a laughing Paulo and Miss Jaguar sauntered off to the games room leaving us both gagged in the corner of the bar.

I stole an embarrassed look at my wife who simply blushed and sat back with a resigned look in her eyes.

I folded my arms and crossed my legs. "Humph!" I hated Miss Jaguar and her silly pranks!

Of course everyone in the bar thought it was hilarious that two women were sitting at a table together but couldn't chatter to each other. Believe it or not even a cheeky maid called Julia came up to us giggled as she asked if we wanted any other drinks. Of course everyone thought this was hilarious.

Ooooooh!

5.

Christmas Day.

The conference room had been turned into a wonderful Christmas setting with the huge tree erected and maids darting about everywhere putting up last minute decorations and hurriedly laying the tables for Christmas dinner.

I must say I was quite taken up with the buzz of the place and made an extra effort at putting the baubles on the tree. Fortunately Miss Jaguar was too drunk the previous night and had fallen asleep after tethering me to the bed. So I was neither spanked nor shagged but I was left feeling very

horny. I was even smiling at the two workmen who had been so helpful in setting up the electrics for the tree lights. But they were quite smitten with Samantha and Julia so I had to keep an eye out for a nice adult who was at a loose end.

Miss Evans strolled around examining the details: a fork here, piece of tinsel there.

I swallowed and took my chance. I nipped up beside her and curtsied quickly. "Please Miss Evans may I have a word?"

"Oh not now girl? Oh you again. You are more trouble than you are worth. Now look at that tree."

I gave the huge tree a quick glance. It looked pretty enough with its lights and trimmings.

"What can I do to really lift it? Make this a special Christmas for our guests?"

"Please Miss Evans I haven't spoken to Miss Johnson yet ..."

"Who? Oh yes. Remember they are on holiday girl. The last thing they want to endure is you prattling at them while they are trying to unwind. A man and a woman should be left alone together to enjoy each others company."

"Oh indeed yes, Miss Evans but ..."

"Debbie! Ask one of the Mistress Cats to give your bottom six swats for being lippy and do not approach me until new year." She marched away, stopped and then walked back. "I mean new year in a decades time!"

I bobbed a "yes Miss Evans."

Damn. I now only had a few hours before Christmas dinner. I knew everyone would be partying until late and I would never be able to speak to her.

Worse, I now had to find a Mistress Cat to spank me!

The only mistress in the room was Miss Cougar the new Mistress Cat. The last thing I wanted was her beating me. The new cats are always too enthusiastic.

I picked up a box of rubbish and walked to Miss Cougar. "Permission please Miss Tiger to take the litter out."

"Granted."

I wiggled away from her. I can have good ideas sometimes, though I knew I should get an adult's advice before acting on any initiative. I needed to be spanked quickly so that I could continue my quest to find Lynda.

I marched around the hotel with the box of rubbish. Usually maids aren't stopped if they look as though they are busy doing something.

At last I saw Mistress Tiger coming out of the laundry room. Through the open door I just caught site of a maid crying and rubbing her bottom before it was closed. Good she may have worn out her arm. She would be the ideal Mistress Cat to spank me.

I bobbed quickly and said. "If it pleases Miss Tiger ..."

And then I saw Lynda near the Adult's Wardrobe Room at the end of the corridor next to the games rooms. Being a maid I had never been in the Adults wardrobe room but I had heard that it is full of wonderful dresses and outfits, some of which are elegant rather than merely slutty.

"What is it," she glanced own at my name tag, "Debbie?"

"Er..." Lynda was carrying a red long dress on a hanger. Damn. I had to catch her. I looked back at Miss Tiger and smiled. "Oh. Permission to take this rubbish outside."

"Carry on and hurry back to your chores."

"Yes Miss Tiger, thank you, Miss Tiger."

I raced along the corridor tripping in my heels; the spanking would have to wait.

Lynda disappeared through the door towards reception.

I opened the door onto the swarms of residents heading to the bar for a pre Christmas drink.

I craned my neck and stood up on my toes peering over the crowds. I caught sight of Lynda taking the stairs.

I squeezed through the hoards feeling the usual hand beneath my skirt. I counted five pinches before I reached the wide staircase.

I darted upstairs with the box.

"Debbie!"

I recognized Miss Jaguars voice at once, not least because my heart missed a beat. I pretended I had not heard her and raced on. My boobs always bounced like jellies when running upstairs, the adults like that. It makes them laugh but right now I felt they were slowing me down more than my heels.

There was no one on the first floor so I took the next set of steps.

"Debbie?" Miss Jaguar was following me. Oh no. My chance would be lost.

I dashed up the next flight with my boobs jiggling in front of me. Pretty soon I would be free and then I would be able to get rid of the breasts once and for all.

On the next floor I saw Lynda half way down the corridor opening her door and entering her room.

"Miss Johnson!"

I raced down the corridor the rubbish in the box spilling everywhere. I reached her door. I was breathless. I knocked it hard.

"Debbie!" Miss Jaguar was standing near the stairwell, legs apart, hands

on hips. "Are you ignoring me?"

The door opened and Paulo stood there in his boxers with his all too obvious male equipment creating mountain of a bulge.

"Debbie? We're busy right now. Piss off."

He slammed the door in my face.

With tears in my eyes I banged on the door.

It opened with Lynda looking very concerned. "Debbie what is it?" Paulo placed an arm around her waist. "Come on tramp, you can chat to her later."

"Please miss Johnson I have something to say to you! Yowl!"

The crop had slashed across the back of my thighs.

I turned with my eyes swimming in tears. "Please Miss Jaguar I just wanted a word with.. Ouch!"

"This is outrageous!" Miss Jaguar sliced at my thigh again. "A maid disturbing guests at The Hotel. Worse. My maid!"

Lynda edged forwards, "it's all right Miss Jaguar. Really. We weren't busy."

Paulo tugged her back into the room. "Yeh but we were about to be."

He took my wife into his arms and gave her a huge wet kiss. At first she pushed at his shoulders and kicked her feet as she howled into his mouth. Finally she became limp and ran her hands through his dark curly hair. Her moans became whimpers and when Paulo pulled his mouth from hers she was left breathless and sleepy with sexual desire.

I guess that is how I look when an adult is teasing me.

The door closed.

I looked up at the furious Miss Jaguar.

"Uhm, please Miss Jaguar, er... there's been an awful mistake ..."

She nodded. "How dare you embarrass me like this in front of guests! I'll make sure you are more sorry than you can ever imagine!"

I nibbled my lip. "Yes Miss Jaguar."

Just then the lift opened and Miss Evans marched out. "What is all this shouting about. Guests may be having a snooze. Debbie! What are you doing up here? What is all this rubbish doing strewn over the carpets?"

"I er , er ..."

Miss Jaguar tapped my bottom with her cane. "She has been insolent and naughty."

Miss Evans shook her head. "She is trouble with a capital 'T'. I have just had to send her to a Mistress Cat for a spanking." Her eyes narrowed as she marched towards us. "I trust you have asked for your spanking from a Mistress Cat."

I looked up at Miss Jaguar whose eyebrows cut down to a 'v' shape with anger. "No. The little minx hasn't asked me for one." Miss Jaguar crowded into me backing me up against the door. "Have you asked a Mistress Cat for the spanking?"

"Uhm..." I looked from Mrs Evans to Miss Jaguar and back again. Not being able to think of anything to say I burst into tears.

Miss Evans grabbed my ear so harshly I thought she was going to tear it off. She raised me on to tip toes and marched me away from Mistress Jaguar. "Right young lady, I suddenly have an answer to all our problems." She tugged me into the lift. "Miss Jaguar! Come with us. If you wish to take charge of this little minx I suggest you join us right now!"

6.

Christmas Dinner

Most of the girls in the maid's wardrobe room were humming with

excitement. Everyone wanted to have a date at Christmas, after all, who would want to be serving and then sent to bed locked in a chastity belt at this special time of the year?

That is everyone was excited and happy save me.

As I watched the other girls excitedly pulling on their short frocks and skirts I was near the back with Miss Jaguar personally supervising my apparel. I didn't have good feelings about this.

She had caned me twenty times and later, when I tried to cuddle up to her, she pushed me away.

She had put me into a white Basque and had squeezed the strings at the back until I could barely breathe.

"Please Miss Jaguar. It is too tight!!"

Slap. "Quiet girl." And just for good measure she tugged the strings another notch tighter.

She gave me sheer white stockings to put on. I couldn't bend so I sat on a footstool to pull them up over my smooth legs.

"Hurry it up tramp."

"Please Miss Jaguar may I know what is to become of me?"

Slap.

Ouch! She always slaps my thigh!

She offered me a pair of white glitzy strappy shoes with a five inch heel. I pulled them on and tightened the straps. Unusually there are no locks so I can remove them at will - if I dared!

I stand in my Basque and heels as Miss Jaguar smiles lopsidedly offering me a mess of pure white taffeta and frills. It isn't until I hold it up that I see it's a cross between a ballerina's tutu and a short fairy godmother dress. I step into it and squeeze it up passed my thighs, tugging it around

my boobs until I can put my arms through the spaghetti straps. It is a mass of frills with the skirt flared almost to right angles by endless petticoats. I look in the mirror to see a vision of white flourishes.

I shift one heeled foot then the other to see that although the effect is a bit silly and flirty, it is quite flattering. If this were a usual date night I am sure that I would get an adult to release me if I were wearing this.

I smile at Miss Jaguar and she tickles me under the chin like a pet. "Happy darling?"

"Yes," I reply. I am so relieved I thought I was in for some awful punishment outfit in which I would have to parade around Lynda and the dreadful Master Paulo. This would not be too bad, a little embarrassing but then so are most of the outfits in the wardrobe room.

"Hands!"

Miss Jaguar offers me satin arm length white gloves which I readily pushed my fingers down experiencing the lush cool silkiness of the satin.

She buttoned the gloves down along my arm until they hug me like stockings.

I like this outfit!

She then offered me a hat with a wide brim covered in silvery tinsel. I placed it on my head and Mistress Jaguar pulls a glittering white scarf down under my chin, tying it into a bow. The tinsel falls about my shoulders.

"I'm like a Christmas present!" I giggle.

"Airhead," dismisses Mistress Jaguar. "Hold out your hands palms upwards."

I do as I am told to be horrified at the sight of her squeezing a tube of super glue over the palms and running a thin stream up the fingers. Now I am frightened again. I have seen the mistress cats do awful things to the

maids with super glue.

She places the tube on the footstool and holds up two silvery wands: long slim metal poles with glittering silver stars secured to their heads. She commands me to grasp them firmly. I do so feeling the glue squelch around my hands.

"Good girl. Now open your fingers."

I try to but I merely succeed in shaking the wands around so that bits of glitter fall about us.

"I can't mistress." I feel the familiar wobbles in my stomach. "Please Miss Jaguar, I don't like this. I cannot open my hands."

She strokes my cheek. "Honestly if you weren't so naughty then you wouldn't get into these predicaments would you?"

She puts a hand in my back and propels me to the exit.

"No Miss Jaguar but I don't mean to be naughty."

Miss Jaguar laughed and patted my bottom. "I know. And you wouldn't be half as much fun if you weren't so scatty."

"No Mistress," I swallowed.

Outside the wardrobe room were the usual groups of adults waiting for their maids to finish dressing in the outfits that had been chosen for them. I looked around in vain for a friendly face to rescue me but all I saw were grins. I heard comments like 'what a pretty fairy'.

The dress flounced about my thighs as I pushed it down with my two helpless glued fists, desperately trying to not reveal my stocking tops.

We entered the lift with a rather tall maid dressed as a green and red elf attached to two giggling middle aged women. It took me a moment to recognise the elf.

"Millicent!"

Miss Jaguar slapped my bottom. "Shut up Debbie."

"Yes Miss Jaguar.

The ladies looked me from head to foot. "Doesn't she look cute," one said in a European accent. The other replied. "I never saw the fairy outfit."

Miss Jaguar held my arm, "she does look cute doesn't she. The fairy outfit is for very special occasions and we have special plans for her today. She has been very naughty."

One of ladies slapped Millicent's thigh making her squeal. "Not as naughty as this mischievous elf I am sure."

The lift doors opened and Miss Jaguar pushed me into the warm lobby. "Don't you believe it."

Christmas pop music filled The Hotel and grew louder as we approached the hectic dinning room.

I heard Millicent squeal again before we edged into the restaurant that I had helped decorate. It was full of guests and maids and maids on dates in a variety of costumes. It all looked wonderful with the trimmings and decorations. The tree stood in the corner with a stepladder and the two workmen Mister Wilkins and Mr Watson.

I swallowed and tried again to prise open my fingers. They were not for moving. I waved my fists helplessly and the wands waved around me sprinkling sparkling dust.

"Debbie!"

It was Lynda my wife. Never had I been so glad to see her. I pushed up to her and awkwardly put my arms around her kissing her cheek.

"Miss Johnson," I squealed. "Please help me."

Miss Jaguar grabbed my bare arm and guided me away from my wife towards the tree. "Sorry Lynda but I think you'll enjoy the entertainment."

Paulo was approaching with two glasses of champagne. He eyed me up and down and laughed so hard he spilled the drinks.

"Please Miss Jaguar you don't understand. I need to say something to her."

"Tell her tomorrow."

I stumbled on my glittering white heels. "Please Miss Jaguar, you don't understand, Miss Johnson is going home tomorrow."

"They'll be other times for you girlies to have a chatter."

Mister Wilkins smirked. "Ah it's the little tease from yesterday."

I blushed red and waved my wand. I saw their eyes light up at my appearance and instantly recognised this as a situation in which I could get my belt removed. I posed, one knee in front of the other, smiling coyly. "I am not a tease!"

"Ha Debbie!"

I recognised the voice before I turned around and curtsied. "Hello Miss Evans."

"Don't you look delightful."

I bobbed a "yes Miss Evans" and she stood on a small stage next to the tree where she tapped the microphone. The music was turned down as her voice echoed around the room. "Ladies, gentlemen and maids. May I have your attention?"

The cacophony of voices quietened to a hush. Even the maids stopped serving drinks. All eyes were on the stage.

Miss Evans smiled confidently around the room. "I am so pleased we have so many guests this year. Every year the number grows. We must be doing something right."

There was a general agreement and I did not feel it an appropriate moment to disagree.

"Now we have guests; we have food; we have maids to serve the food. We have decorations. We have a Christmas tree. Can anyone see what we are missing?"

I glanced about me but could not see anything untoward. Oddly a lot of people were grinning and pointing at me.

"That's right. You've got it. A fairy for the top of the tree!"

I looked up the fifteen foot tree but could not see a fairy. She was right. It was missing.

"Now where can we find a fairy on Christmas day?"

Everyone indicated me and shouted "there, there." The room bellowed with laughter. I blushed and grinned.

"Exactly!" announced Miss Evans. "Step up here Debbie."

Mister Wilkins and Mister Watson lifted me onto the stage to general applause.

"What a pretty fairy."

My cheeks were scolding red at this point. I could not bring myself to look at the cheering crowd. I tucked my chin into the bulky frills of my dress and raised my hands. I only succeeded in waving the wands casting glitter on those nearest us.

"Now for the fairy to be fitted to the top of the tree she needs one or two adjustments."

Fitted to the tree? Adjustments? I swallowed hard. I didn't like the sound of this at all.

"Bend her over gentlemen."

The two men arched me forwards and twisted me so that my frilly white knickers faced the audience.

"Panties down!"

Another cheer. I closed my eyes feeling tears forming. Why was I so naughty? Why did I get into so much trouble?

I felt the men tugging my knickers down to my ankles, the tight elastic snapping around my legs.

"Lubricate her holder."

Holder? I looked up to see Miss Jaguar carefully lubing what looked like a short butt plug with a flattened base. I could see that it was hollow with grooves running up the inside. I wondered what they for.

"Insert!"

Miss Jaguar disappeared behind me and with only a little effort pushed home the dildo.

"Ooh yes, yes, please, more," I chorused with my well-rehearsed mantra. It was impossible to insert anything in my mouth or anus without me automatically reciting the noises by rote.

"Knickers up! Maid to be returned to an upright position."

The men pulled me up straight leaving me feel the awful cold wet invader slipping around inside me. The dildo was unable to rise any further because of the flattened plate and unable to be ejected because of its size above the tiny stem part.

There was general applause.

"Put her into position!"

I squealed as the men lifted me up and carried me up the wide stepladder to the top of the tree.

I hated heights. I waved my wands about helplessly looking at a grinning Miss Jaguar below as she shook her head at me.

We passed through the ferns and branches to the very top. It seemed awfully high up here. The ceiling was only another six feet above us.

"I've got her," cried Mister Watson as he held me aloft with his hands under my arms.

"Good, hold her steady," Mister Wilkins replied as he pulled down the top of the tree which I could now see had a thick metal screw attached to it.

"Ups a daisy." They said as they lifted me perilously over the tree and settled my butt plug over the metal screw. They then lined us up and twisted me around in dizzying circles screwing me to the tree.

"Oh no. Please. How will I get down?"

"There's going to be a raffle for you babe!" Mister Wilkins said with a leer as he helped me balance on the top of the tree.

Mister Watson pushed my white heeled feet into two hanging stirrups, "and I am buying ten tickets!"

"Oh. Ooooo!" as they released me I felt my weight settle on the butt plug. I straighten myself in the stirrups to balance myself by waving my wands about.

The men climbed back down the ladder chuckling to each other.

Applause rippled around the room, with wolf whistles and cheers.

When they reached the bottom, they folded the stepladder and carried it from the room.

Miss Evans tapped the mic again. "So now we have our fairy -- the festivities can begin!" She waved an arm: bunting, balloons and tinsel fell from the ceiling. The music was turned up louder than before.

I wriggled on the plug and involuntary said aloud. "Oooh yes. More." I went to put my hand to my mouth and almost stabbed myself with the wand. Thus I was sent shaking back and fore on the treetop with my wands waving helplessly to balance myself. The dildo shifting oily inside me.

"Oooh yes. Mmmm." I felt my penis, I mean my little clitty, harden in its device. It even dribbled into my knickers. "Oh, yes."

I must keep still or else ...oooooh. There I went again, flying in a small tight circle while I helplessly waved my hands. "Oh yes."

I straightened my legs to alleviate the pressure on my bottom making the butt plug slide downwards. "Oh, Oh"

Glancing around the room I saw everyone tucking into the first course. Maids fled back and fore to the kitchens on their endless procession.

The diners were too busy to notice me.

I saw the maids released on dates kneeling obediently next to the seats of the adults who had signed them out. I saw the huge variety of costumes, nurses, waitresses, schoolgirls and lingerie of all descriptions.

I nibbled my lip and felt my eyes getting hot. Had I been better behaved I could be one of those free maids looking forward to the possibility of being released and being satisfied.

Near the window someone was looking at me. A man! Perhaps he would win me in the raffle. Then at least I would get released. I certainly deserved it and I would point this out to the winner in no uncertain terms. I waved my wands at him and tried to pose but just swayed unceremoniously around.

Then I saw that the man was that horrible Paulo. He toasted a glass of champagne at me and I stuck out my tongue at him. He laughed and as my wife patted his arm to discourage him making fun of me he took her in his arms and engaged her in a full mouth on mouth kiss. It was then that I saw a maid dressed as a bunny girl kneeling next to them. It was Samantha! They were going to entertain themselves with her tonight.

I was furious. So jealous! It should have been me. I am sure that Lynda would have been sympathetic to my needs and even Paulo would have let me come once he had humiliated me.

I was determined never to be naughty ever again.

The tree swayed and I waved my arms. "Ooh, wow. Please. More."

The end.