

A Tale of Two Maids

by Tom Tame



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by

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We're Going to be Sexy Maids

Sophia sipped her coffee and slipped carefully into the bed beside Mark. He grumbled as she laid her head on his shoulder, getting a peek at the screen of his laptop. He was covered in paper, bills, most unpaid, some partially paid. "So, what's the bad news?"

"You're crunching all the bills."

She slipped her knee toward him, crunching the bills worse, and snuggled closer. "I'm helping. If they're crunched, we don't have to pay them."

They'd had some setbacks, casualties of the recession. They'd both

lost jobs and gotten new jobs at lesser pay. They'd reduced and saved wherever they could, but it wasn't enough. It wasn't nearly enough. Now, they couldn't even manage to sell the house.

He sighed heavily. She lifted her coffee cup to him. "Here, grumpy."

Mark's gaze flitted from the cup, traveling down her arm to her breasts, veiled by the thin material of her nightgown. His gaze lingered, but finally came to rest on her eyes, big and blue and sweet and always full of sexy secrets.

He gratefully sipped the coffee. It was black and rich and hot, and though she'd made it for herself and it was devoid of cream and sugar, it was still

delicious. "How do you do that?"

Her eyelashes fluttered. Her blue eyes gazed into his as innocent as a child's. "Do what?"

"Make me love stuff I don't love."

A mischievous little gleam appeared in her eyes. "Maybe you always loved it, but just didn't know it."

Mark asked himself again what she was doing with him. He wasn't unattractive; a bit thin perhaps, not exactly Mr. Muscles, certainly not Mr. GQ. He wasn't manly. He wasn't rich. He wasn't brilliant. He was just him, but Sophie . . . Sophie was womanly and gorgeous. Even now, with her endless volumes of thick black hair in complete

disarray, she was beautiful. Even now, though she wore only the barest of makeup, she was heavenly. Even now, with her creamy white skin and soft, voluminous breasts, her curvy body, long legs lazily draped over his. . . even now, she was perfect.

Why was she with him? She had a long string of rich, successful, handsome lovers before him. Why had she settled? He'd seen the way men stared at her, wanted her, their eyes following the bounce of her ass, the bounce of her breasts, going all dreamy when she pointed her baby blue eyes at them. They assumed in error that he must simply be well hung or rich. He wasn't either.

"What's the bad news?" she asked again.

She was a dynamo, so energetic that it floored him. He was holding her back. She was adventurous, always wanting to try new things. He was afraid of new things. She dragged him to kinky sexy clubs, but he only sat there like a bump on a log. She brought home cuffs and whips, but he couldn't let himself go enough to get into the role. She could be the slave or the Mistress, the sexy schoolgirl or the cheerleader, the supermodel, the nurse, the slut, the prostitute. She dressed the part and lived the part, but he always felt foolish and blew the role-play. She wanted to bring in another girl, another boy, but he was

afraid she'd fall in love with them and run away.

She was Ms. Adventure and he was Mr. Missionary.

What was she doing with him?

"Six months until we get the cars repossessed, if we're lucky. If you go flirt with the mortgage broker--"

"Oh! I have just the dress for that!" She giggled and stared off into the distance, licking her lips.

Just the thought of her flirting with a rich banker made him nauseous. The way she licked her lips, however, made him feel hollow and weak. He wanted her in the worst way, but the laptop and the bills were in the way. "No flirting with the banker!"

She pouted. It was playful and sexy and it made him blush.
"Spoilsport!"

His cock was growing beneath the covers. He was going to have to appease it if she didn't stop. She would, too, without complaint. She would give him a mind-blowing, long blowjob and when she was done, she'd wipe her lips and smile at him, all proud and glistening with sweat. Sometimes she even smacked her lips and said "Yum!" She did sexy so well that sometimes he was certain he'd just keel over with a heart attack and go straight to man heaven.

"A year, at the most," he told her.

She sighed. "And then we're homeless?"

"And then we're bankrupt and homeless, yes."

They lay in the bed in silence, the laptop a great burden of weight in his lap.

"I could always do porn," she suggested.

His gut turned sour. "No."

"Well, then I could be a web cam girl."

"No."

"Well, I'm not stripping. I'd kill myself on one of those poles."

He knew she was kidding or half-kidding, but it still irked him. "No stripping."

After a moment of silence, which seemed methodical and planned, Sophia finally whispered, "Then I'll be a maid."

He blinked curiously at her. "What?"

She grinned. "A very sexy maid."

"Maid's don't--they don't get paid that well."

She smiled and blushed. "French maids do." She hopped from the bed, stood on tiptoes and did a little curtsy. "*Good evening, Monsieur. 'ow may I serve you, hm?*" She stood, poised and proper, eyes downcast, hands placed delicately one atop the other, her cheeks pink with a sexy blush.

His cock groaned beneath the sheets. He was feeling the need to have her. He needed to dive into all that female flesh that she kept so soft and moisturized and never come up for air. He put on his "Daddy" voice, which was one of the few things that seemed to get her attention and throw her off guard. "You're not going to be a maid, Sophie. You couldn't clean a house to save your life."

She laughed, but then caught herself and placed herself back into her submissive pose. "*Oh, but Monsieur, we French maids, we do not clean, no? We dust perhaps.*" She bounced on her tiptoes over to the bookcase and pretended she had a feather duster

pinched between her fingers. The way she thrust out her bottom, the way she held her hands, fingers poised, wrists bent back, breasts squeezed together, made the animal inside him come roaring to life. *"So dusty. Mm, mm, mm. 'Ow can there be so much dust, oui?"*

He sprang from the bed like a leopard. Laptop be damned. Bills be damned. He grabbed her by the waist, threw her onto the bed and enjoyed the surprised squeal that left her. She bounced and the bounce of her body on the mattress made her breasts bounce more, made her thighs jiggle, which whetted his appetite.

With scarlet cheeks and wet lips, her blue eyes deepened and fell,

coming to rest on the tent of his pajamas. She grinned and gazed back up into his eyes. *"Oh, Monsieur! Theese is most irregular! You have something that needs polishing, no?"*

The nice thing about panties, Mark realized, was that they were easily shoved to the side. She was already breathing erratically and spreading her legs for him when he laid his cock on her mound and began to slide it down, down, down until it parted her wet lips, already swollen and hot. She began to moan softly. He felt his way with his cock like a blind man in the dark, and when the time was right, he shoved it inside her, deep and hard.

A short time later, she was

moaning in earnest, fingernails clawing at his back, legs wrapped around him and begging him to dive deeper into her. He realized, though he was more than a little distracted, she was moaning words, words which made him want her all the more. He wanted her even as he was having her; he couldn't get enough of her, and her little whispered chant wasn't helping. " . . . maid . . . maid . . . going to be a maid . . . going to be a sexy maid . . . such a sexy maid. . . ."

Later, as he fucked her, as he dedicated himself to trying to hold out for as long as he possible, as she screamed and leaked her warm slippery juice all over his cock, soaking the bed again and again, biting her lip and

tensing for another round with a talent for multiple orgasms that defied all male understanding . . . later he realized her little chant had changed.

It was confounding to say the least, but he was too busy to worry about it at the time. What did she mean when she whispered, " . . . maids . . . going to be such sexy maids . . . can't wait, can't wait . . . *we're* going to be maids . . . such sexy maids?"

Maid for Adventure

He gazed up at her, barely able to escape the tantalizing swell of her breasts as they hovered just above his eye level. Her blue eyes found him. How did she get them to sparkle like that? They twinkled like a Christmas elf. Merry was the word for it. She was merry. She should be. She was always in heaven when she was pushing him into something that made him nervous.

He shook his head. "I'm not . . . I'm not letting you do this to me."

She grinned. "Look up and keep looking up."

She bent over and began to apply the eyeliner, tickling the little strip of skin beneath his eye. It was almost unbearable. It wasn't the brush of the eyeliner or the bristled brush of the mascara wand that was so agonizing; it was the fact that as she leaned over him, her soft white breasts dangled like two perfect pendulums, pressing into each other, demanding his gaze, demanding the press of his fingers, demanding to be revealed so he could suck on her pretty pink nipples. He was forced to look at the ceiling instead of straight down her top, which is where his gaze really wanted to be.

She applied glue to his upper eyelids and immediately pressed the

false lashes into place. Then there was more tickling as she curled them with a little eyelash curler and painted them again. "Such pretty eyes. You have such long pretty eyelashes."

"For a man," he corrected.

"For anyone," she said. "All my friends are jealous of your lashes."

Hearing that did nothing to reassure him that she and her friends thought of him as a man.

She lined his lips and he fidgeted in the tight skirt. Having to strip down in front of her, having to pull her lacey panties up his legs, having her clasp a bra around his torso and fill the cups with bundled up socks was all too much to bear. As the blouse went on, as

the skirt was zipped up and buttoned tight, as the stockings were slid up his long legs, he felt more and more of his maleness eke away. Seeing all his body hair circle the drain hadn't helped either. He'd left the shower as slick as an eel and Sophia had slathered him with moisturizer which made his skin feel almost as soft as hers. Each article of clothing stripped away a little more of his manliness, and he hadn't exactly started with an abundance to spare.

He felt ridiculous. She could never respect him as a man looking like this. She was shrinking him down, minimizing him, making him less important, and yet all her attention was riveted to him. He was her entire focus

and it felt good. She was being a bit bossy, sure, but she was also pampering him with creams and pretty smells. Even her tone of voice had changed. He was no longer a man to be teased, no longer a cock to be woken up, no longer a hard masculine body she could dance up to and snuggle against. Instead, her tone said she thought of him now as a little brother. She had adopted a bit of a patronizing attitude, a little "I know what's best." Actually, considering the circumstances, his makeup, his perfume, maybe she was thinking of him more of as her little *sister*.

"This will never work," he told her.

She lifted his face with a finger.

He looked at her, but her eyes did not meet his; they roved over his face, studying her work. She grinned and her eyes danced with a mysterious gleam. "It's already working."

A bowling ball landed in his gut and began to spin. A lead weight perched in his throat and could not be swallowed. A hint of terror appeared in his mind because he afraid she was right.

"Part your lips. Pucker a little."

He did so. He couldn't not do so. He didn't want to. He wanted to stop it, but he couldn't. She only had to talk him into something partway and his need to finish, need to please her and make her smile and not disappoint her would

carry him the rest of the way.

She pressed the little red lipstick to his lips and began to rub and dab. It was tacky and slippery and it smelled a bit like chalk. He'd never get used to it. He just wouldn't.

"They're never gonna buy it."

"They love girls like you. You saw it."

"What do you mean, 'girls like--
"

"Shush!"

He had seen it. She'd shown him the website and he hadn't believed it. It was a dream or a nightmare: a resort in the mountains, very posh. The prices weren't just steep; they were unbelievable. It wasn't that he couldn't

conceive of paying that much for a room per night. It was that he couldn't conceive of having so much money that such a price seemed reasonable.

The maids were the stars, of course. Sophia's friend, Kelly, had told her about it. Kelly was supermodel blonde with green eyes. She worked out every day and it showed. She had her own workout videos online, but she was still a struggling entrepreneur. Three months at the resort, serving as a sexy, teasing maid to the rich had given her all the starting capital she'd needed.

"The minimum contract is for three months," Sophia said.

The maids were gorgeous and perfect. Interestingly, they weren't

airbrushed like a porn site or as heavily made up, but they were dressed in their sexy little uniforms, uniforms of different colors.

"It's a hierarchy," Sophia explained. "They won't publish it on the site, but each color uniform means something; it's a different service they provide. Like the gray uniforms are a bit pedestrian, see?"

He had seen. They were certainly tight fitting and not your typical hotel maid uniform, but they were the least tantalizing of the bunch.

"Those are actual maids. They do actually clean." They might actually clean, but they were still gorgeous.

She went through what Kelly

had told her. "The pink uniforms are for girls who aren't really girls. Although, apparently if you can pass well enough you can wear others, but with a pink cap, so everyone knows. Oh, and the guests can't touch you, but you can touch them. The blue uniforms are all about teasing. The guests can touch you, but only in limited ways. They can probably grope you a little, but can't get really sexual. The yellow uniforms . . . I don't remember what they're for. The black uniforms, typical French maid, but look at how pretty they are. They're shiny! Ooh, and you get these white fishnets. Sexy!"

There was no talking to her.
There was only looking and feeling

nauseous. She wanted to do this? Even worse, she wanted him to do this!

"The black uniforms are full service."

"Full service?"

She smiled and blushed and her lips glistened. He could see she wanted to do this, that she wanted him along for the trip, and he didn't want to think about what that meant. It was another of her adventures he would be too self-conscious to enjoy. "You know." She giggled and made her tone breathy and teasing. "Full *service*."

"It's--it's a brothel!"

She giggled. "Well, first, technically in this area of this county, prostitution is legal. Second, the maids

don't have to actually do anything, but I think if you're wearing a black uniform, you kind of know what you're there for--"

"You--you want to sleep--you want to fuck other men?"

She draped her arms over his neck and stared deeply into his eyes. "I was actually going to be in a blue uniform, all tease and setup for the other girls. I know how you feel about me being with anyone else."

He nodded and dropped his eyes. "I . . . I don't think you should do this."

"I'm not doing it." She somehow pulled his eyes back into her own. "*We* are doing this. You'll be there with me."

He shook his head. "As what, a doorman?"

"The doormen get paid very well, but not well enough to get us out of debt. With both of us there for three months, we will make enough to not only pay off our bills, but possibly even take care of at least one of the car payments and maybe even make some headway on the house."

She was right, of course. The maids got paid extremely well, too well, and he imagined with the clientele that a huge part of that was receiving money to keep your mouth shut. There was talk about non-disclosure agreements. "The money's good, I admit, but I--I just don't know--"

"And you won't be a doorman, silly." She clicked the mouse and a new page appeared. His jaw dropped in shock. "You'll be in a cute little pink uniform."

His blood turned into an arctic slurry. His heart stopped dead. He went pale as the realization of what she was suggesting crashed into him. "No."

He said it a lot. "No." He even added more stringent clarifiers like, "Absolutely not!" He tried, "No way." He even spelled it out for her. "There is absolutely, no way in hell you're getting me to do this."

Yet, here he sat in a chair in her tight skirt and even tighter panties as she tickled his face with makeup brushes. He

had a blurry recollection of the time spent between "no" and his ass hitting the chair. She'd spoken softly to him. She'd reasoned with him. She'd sat in his lap, pressed her breasts against him. She'd kissed him. There had been a lot of kissing and it was like rays of golden light filling his heart and mind. The smell of her body, her shampoo, her perfume, the lotion that softened her skin, all worked their magic on him. She whispered to him, "Won't you even just try . . . for me?" She squirmed on his lap as his cock grew and grew and grew. She hummed and giggled in his ear, "Some part of you is liking the idea. Let's just see what you'd look like. You always say you wish you were more

adventurous. You always say you feel like you want to do more. All you have to do is sit there. Turn yourself over to me for an hour. If you don't like the way you look, you can be a doorman."

He kissed her neck and heard her breathing change. He reached for her, but she caught his hands and kept them from her body, teasing him mercilessly. "Of course," she hummed and licked his ear, "if you do like it, you have to go through with it."

She'd teased him into it. She'd drawn all the blood from his brain down into his cock and robbed him of reason. He had not a single clear thought until he awoke from her spell blinking. She'd made him strip. Her hands had rubbed

the cold pink goop all over his body, the hair remover, and he was shoved him into the shower.

As his body hair fell away, he began to get the blood back into his brain, but by then it was too late. She'd already convinced him to take the first step and now he was stuck.

In the chair, in the body hugging feminine clothing, spritzed with perfume, feeling soft and small and smelling more like her than himself, he had already fallen partway down the rabbit hole.

Sophia stood back and blinked with surprise. She covered her mouth with her hands and giggled and gasped. "Oh . . . oh my! Mark . . . Mark! Oh, Mark, this is going to work. You--" She

could barely catch her breath. Her face was stretched taut with a mischievous grin. "You . . . you have no idea!"

He could only gaze up at her and blink, feeling the weight of the false eyelashes on his eyelids, seeing them in his vision like perched butterflies fluttering their wings every time he blinked. His face felt a little tight, like he was wearing a mask. He could smell his makeup, his perfume. He gazed down at his body and saw the way his blouse--her blouse--poked out with his fake breasts. He gazed down at his smooth, soft legs, made shiny and sleek by the stockings, as they slipped out from beneath the skirt's short hem. The skirt itself was tight enough that it forced his

knees together into a prim, female pose.

He gazed back up at her, feeling nervous. "Can I--can I see?"

With her hands still covering her mouth, she nodded, then thrust up a finger. "Wait! Don't move. I mean it! Don't move a muscle. I'll be right back."

She yelled at him as she rushed off. "Don't you dare leave that seat!"

He was afraid to move actually. He didn't *want* to see himself.

Sophia rushed back with a pair of silver heels.

He shook his head, his tummy turning. "No."

She grinned at him, blushing. "Oh, let's not start that again. You know you'll lose. Give me your foot."

In a daze, he stuck out his foot and felt her slipping on the shoe. Suddenly, she'd turned him into Cinderella. She slipped on the other one and whispered, "Those are called kitten heels. We'll start you off low and work you up."

He didn't know what she meant, but he blushed at the term. Kitten heels. They even sounded girly. He was a kitten now? As soft as a kitten? As cute as a kitten? He didn't want to be soft and cute. He wanted to be hard and strong.

She helped him to his feet, and the heels were not so tall that he couldn't manage. Still, she coached him. "Small steps. One foot in front of the other. Heel toe. Land on your heel first, then roll

your foot to your toe. Don't resist the way they make you stand. Just go with it. If you sway your hips a little more, that will actually help."

He knew how to walk. Didn't he?

She dragged him by the hand to the master bathroom. He glanced at himself walking in, gaze flitting from Sophia to the cute little girl behind . . . her . . . blushing. . . .

He stared deep into Wonderland. There was a girl there who looked only vaguely like him, dressed sexy, with a face so pretty, with eyes so big, with lips so perfect and wet and sultry that she looked like a doll.

He gasped. "Oh . . . my . . .

GOD!"

He touched his face, but Sophia slapped his hand away. "Don't smudge it."

He shook his head. His hair was too short, of course, and it wasn't a girl hairstyle at all, no matter how Sophia had brushed it, but the rest of him didn't look like him at all. It wasn't just that he looked like a girl that dropped his jaw; it was that he--she--was cute. She was pretty. Very pretty. Even as his stomach turned, his heart fluttered in his chest. He couldn't swallow the shock; he could barely breath. "I--I can't believe it."

"Do you like it?" Sophia whispered, grinning from ear to ear.

Now he knew why girls loved mirrors so much. You really just couldn't get enough of that pretty girl, even when it was you. "I--I look like a girl."

"But do you like it?" Sophia asked again.

He couldn't tear his eyes away from himself. He looked and looked again, each time expecting to catch sight of the old male Mark, but if he was there, he was so well hidden he was practically invisible. "I . . . I don't know what to think."

Sophia hugged him from behind and propped her chin on his shoulder, eyes twinkling beside his in the mirror. "I'd say with the way you're falling in love with your reflection that you like it.

In fact, I'd say you love it. Don't you?"

Mark laughed. "I . . . I can't . . . I just can't believe it."

Sophia's eyes met his. "Just say you like it, sweetie."

He shook his head, still stunned, still shocked, still wide-eyed. "I--"

Sophia pouted, and it was so sexy that Mark wanted to emulate it, make the other pretty girl in the mirror pout and look sexy, too. "You hate it?"

She was teasing him now and it wasn't fair. His cheeks were on fire. He couldn't meet her gaze, which was good, because he didn't want to stop ogling his own pretty girl face. "No . . . no of course not. I'm just . . . in shock."

"If you don't hate it, then that must mean you like it," Sophia whispered.

He shook his head and realized his hair was too short and all wrong. It made him look boyish. With the right hairstyle, with a wig--what was he thinking!--he would look absolutely-- "I . . . I don't hate it. I just can't believe it."

"Then--" Sophia suggested with a conspiratorial tone, "--that means. . . ."

He blushed and laughed and shook his head, imagining a different hairstyle on his head. Blonde? Brunette? Curls? Straight? Long? Short and sassy? What in God's name was he thinking? "I guess," he whispered, still lost in his own pretty eyes as his long lashes

fluttered, "I guess it means I like it."

Sophia grinned. She flashed him an "I gotcha" expression. "Good, then you'll go through with it."

He blinked. "Go--go through with what?"

"We agreed if you hated it, you could be a doorman, but you don't hate it. You just said you liked it."

"No, but I--"

"We agreed."

He stared at her.

"We agreed if you liked it, you'd go through it. Well, you like it, so. . . ."

"But--"

"We report in four weeks. That should give us enough time to work on

your posture and mannerisms and get you thinking like a girl."

"Sophie--I--I can't do this. You know that."

She patted his cheek with a smile, noticing how his blush made him positively glow like a princess. "It's already done, sweetie. Don't worry. You'll look absolutely adorable in your little pink uniform."

He opened his mouth to say something, but he'd simply run out of words.

Two Sexy Maids Reporting for Duty, Sir

He sat in the airplane seat and fidgeted endlessly, staring at his shiny red nails.

The first time she'd glued them in place, they had rendered him helpless. She'd spent an hour shaping them, buffing them, priming them, brushing on the wet polish then the topcoat, and afterward he couldn't do anything. He couldn't touch anything; he couldn't pick anything up; they were in the way of everything. He had to relearn how to

work a light switch, how to open a door, how to hold a spoon.

When she strapped the high heels on to his feet, he couldn't walk. He could mince, he could tiptoe; even short steps took concentration--*heel-toe, one foot in front of the other*--but he couldn't move as he'd moved his entire life. He stood differently, moved differently, felt differently. The shoes, simple as they were--just a puzzle of straps and buckles--had dramatically increased his sense of helplessness.

He couldn't touch his face because of his makeup. He could only scratch an itch with the tip of his shiny red nail. If he smudged it in the slightest, Sophia sent him back to the mirror for a

fix. Reapply the lipstick, fix the eyes, freshen the blush, powder until the shine disappeared. As much as he loved the mirror, as much as he loved ogling the pretty girl he saw there, it had begun to take over his life. He spent far more time staring at his own perfectly painted face than he ever had before as a man. It was as if Sophia was encouraging him to believe in the girl he saw there over the man he was inside. She was actually creating a sense of vanity in him.

At the end of his journey was a frilly pink maid's uniform with puffy sleeves, a ruffled petticoat and a sweetheart neckline. He couldn't imagine what that might feel like on his thin body. He tried not to think about it.

She'd changed him. He wasn't entirely certain how, but it had been four weeks of dreamy bliss. She'd had help, he knew. When she'd called the resort, they'd emailed her papers to fill out, including legal warnings and medical releases. Both of them had been put on a rigid regiment, sent daily to a gym for three-hour sessions with a private trainer, yoga, weight training, cardio. They were given a strict diet. They were matched with a nutritionist and a beautician, told what to eat, how much and when, told what skin products to use, how much and when, told when to sleep and for how long.

They were being molded to the resort model.

Sophia had daily sessions with a coach through a web cam to which Mark was not privy, but he soon came to understand the topic of discussion was him. It made him nervous, and that was apparently the first thing to be addressed.

Two little pills. Sophia held them out to him every morning. One white. One pink. Mark asked what they were. "Lydia says you're too tense. These will help you relax. It's a tranquilizer and a mild muscle relaxer. They'll just soften you a little and make you a little more agreeable."

Of course he was going to refuse to take them, but Sophia melted her soft body into his and took charge of his lips,

wetting them with her own, nibbling, teasing him with her tongue, playing hide and seek. When he caught her tongue, swirled his around hers, she withdrew and popped one pill into his mouth. "Swallow," she whispered, and he did. She kissed him again, making his cock stretch and ache for her, then withdrew, popping the second pill into his mouth. "Swallow."

When she was done, she turned with a grin. He watched her perfect ass sway like a hypnotic pendulum as she walked to the closet. Finally, he caught hold of himself and asked, "How--how long until they take effect?"

She returned from the Master Closet with a pair of tight, flesh colored

panties. They looked like they were made of rubber or latex. "Oh, Lydia says you might not notice it at all . . . at first. They're cumulative. Here. Let's get you into these." She handed them the panties and waited.

He intended to just stand there, holding the ridiculous thing, making snide remarks, but in just another moment he found himself stepping into them. "These are--what are these?"

"It's a gaffe. Here. You tuck your little boy toy in here, and when you draw them up tight, they smooth out your front."

He stood gawking down at his erect penis.

She stood grinning and blushing.

"Don't move. I'll go get some ice."

He grabbed her by the arm--the gaffe awkwardly wrapping around his thighs--and pressed his cock between her legs. He breathed warmly against her neck and took a bite, feeling the delight travel down her body. "Why can't we--"

She placed her hands flat on his chest and pushed. "Lydia says not cumming will make you fall into the role more. You have to give up your cock, sweetie." Her twinkling blue eyes met his. It was everything he could do not to whimper. She began to rub his nipples softly as she breathed on his lips. "Just give it up for a little while. Give it to me instead. Don't think of it as your cock anymore. Think of it as mine. My toy."

For a moment, he could've sworn she'd said the word, "Yum."

Once she'd pressed the bitter cold ice to his cock, it began to shrink. He watched with a surreal sense of horror as she made his erection go away, as if it was a simple thing, as if it was nothing, nothing he really needed. He felt utterly powerless and he couldn't even get any pleasure from it because the very thing that would stiffen with arousal at the idea was now gone. In a strange way, he felt she was simply erasing his maleness.

The gaffe was skintight and it left him no wiggle room at all. The only sign of his erection was now a close to unbearable pressure between his legs.

As he watched himself get dressed, seeing the pretty girl take shape in the mirror, the pressure made him wince and whimper. Other times it just felt numb and senseless and made him feel as if it had never existed. He was taught to breathe through the cycles of pressure and arousal until they faded. Sometimes, it felt swollen and hot down there, especially when he worked on his lips, getting them red and shiny and as glossy as glass. He no longer felt erections; now he felt pressure.

"Lydia says that will change soon," Sophia whispered. "The pills will take the edge off. You'll see."

Lydia was right. He barely felt any effect at all . . . at first. Then one

day, he was sitting and staring off into space blissfully. He felt happy. He felt dreamy. That's when the days started to run into one another.

Sophia rubbed his nipples lightly, always in little circles, always gazing deep into his eyes. "Lydia says you should always be in heels."

He was always in heels from then on. He even slept in them.

She rubbed his nipples at bedtime and whispered to him. "Lydia says we should do this every night to tuck you in, so be a good girl and get your beauty sleep. You're doing so well. You're being a good girl for me. I love what you're doing for me. I love what we're doing to you. Good girl. Good

girl."

In the morning, she rubbed his nipples and fed him his pills. "Lydia says we should do this every morning to help you wake up. Be a good girl and swallow now. Swallow. You're doing so well. You'll be a good girl for me today, won't you? It's time to start your day. Let's both promise to be good girls today, hm?"

"Lydia says" soon became almost like a game of "Simon Says". He'd never even met Lydia, but he found himself automatically going along with whatever Sophia suggested every time she used the phrase. Was that the pills? Was that because he hadn't cum in weeks and felt the desire to please Sophia in

hopes of a release? Or was something else at work here?

He'd felt himself changing slowly, usually not noticing until the change had already been made. He held himself differently. He walked differently. He posed his hands and arms and legs differently. He stood differently. He spoke differently. *Lydia says you should speak from your throat and not your chest. Lydia says you should speak softer. Lydia says good girls don't use the phrase "I want". They say "I'd like."*

There were web cam interviews with them as a couple and individually. He never saw the face on the other end. It was always a one-way

communication.

Finally, after four weeks or so (could he remember?), they were given a report date.

There was not the usual hustle and bustle of packing and getting to the airport. Instead, it was all very relaxing. They were picked up by a car, transported to a small airport and loaded on to a plane.

He sat in the soft cushion of the white leather seats and pulled the hem of his short pink skirt down yet again. It was too short, but his legs looked so amazing in the white hose.

"Don't fidget, sweetie," Sophia whispered.

How had he come to be here?

His hair had grown out a little and Sophia had attacked it with her curling iron and hair dryer. It softened his face even more. His nails were so long and shiny and he kept staring at them. His hands looked female. His legs looked slender; his hips curvy. "Why did I let you do this to me?"

Sophia, which he only now realized was dressed as sharply as him, short black skirt, dark hose, spaghetti-strap top, leaned over and gave his ear a nibble. He'd been wearing long dangly earrings for weeks and now he barely noticed the swing of them or the tickle of them on his cheek and neck. "Lydia says we should place our hands in our laps like this."

He placed his hands primly in his lap and smiled at her dreamily.
"Okay."

She grinned at him. It was the grin of the cat that had eaten the bird.
"Good girl."

"Repeat after me," she whispered. "Hello, Sir, sexy maid Alyssa reporting for duty."

He giggled. He didn't really laugh anymore, not like he used to.
"Hello, Sir, sexy maid Alyssa reporting for duty." He popped his hand up to his forehead with a little salute.

Sophia laughed. "The salute is cute. Let's both do that. Hello, Sir, sexy maid Sophia reporting for duty." She gave him a wink and a salute.

They giggled together and practiced.

He barely even noticed that he was calling himself "Alyssa" now.

"A" is for A-Cup

James was tall and wide and handsome in a way that drew the attention of women. With a strong jaw and a heavy brow, he appeared slightly less evolved, yet his crisp British accent tampered the effect and suddenly he was a man that sounded refined, yet brutally masculine. He greeted the car and was pleasantly surprised when the door opened and a small, soft hand fell into his. He gazed down at Sophia, his eyes feasting on the soft white hills of her bosom, then her dazzling blue eyes (in that order), and he knew at once this was

a girl who knew what she was doing.
Her eyes had caught his staring straight
down her top and they twinkled in
response. Her cheeks blushed; her hand-
- swallowed by his--let him take control,
drawing her to her feet from the cool,
dark confines of the car.

She stood before him,
presenting herself, all blushing smiles
and sparkling eyes, just for his
appreciation.

Their bodies engaged in silent
conversation.

Caught you looking.

How could I not?

Did you like what you saw?

I did.

Do you want me?

I will have you.

We'll see.

And do you like what you see?

Yes. Yes. And yes.

I will have you.

He introduced himself and his voice was strong and bold and he might have added a little rolling bass to it, because the other girl in the car was coming out and she was quite delectable as well. "Welcome to Le Ciel. My name is James. I'll be your escort for your tour and your check-in."

James held out his hand and Mark slid his stockinged legs out of the car together as he'd been taught--knees pressed firmly together--and placed both heels on the ground, just like he'd

practiced. *Lydia says a girl's panties should remain a secret until the last possible moment. Good girls have lots of pretty secrets. Lydia says you're a good girl now.*

James folded his thumb over Mark's soft hand and helped him to his feet.

Mark shook his head and diverted his gaze. Did their tour guide have to be so rugged looking? Did he have to be so masculine? Did his hand have to be so strong and gentle at the same time?

Their bodies engaged in a different conversation.

Please . . . don't--

*Are you shy? That just makes
me want to devour you whole.*

*No . . . I can't . . . I want to,
some part of me wants to, but I--I can't-*

-

*If you run, I'll chase you and I'll
catch you and I'll have you.*

*I can't. I can't. I can't. I can't. I
can't feel like this.*

*Run, little bunny. The thrill of
being hunted, of being caught, of being
trapped and helpless is all I need to
turn you into a hot little squirming
meal for my cock.*

Please . . .

*Sophia cleared her throat,
watching James's dark eyes penetrate*

Mark, watching Mark's cheeks grow positively inflamed. She grinned. Her poor husband was out of his depths, and not even the suppressing tranquilizers could stop his body from responding. "It's nice to meet you, James. I'm Sophia."

James returned his gaze to the pretty brunette with the magical blue eyes while Mark extracted his hand and crossed his arms defensively over his chest. "Sophia." He spoke the word as if saying it allowed him to claim her as his own.

"And," Sophia continued with a growing grin, "this is my husband."

James turned to the pretty girl with the short curly brown hair and the

flashing green eyes and went into shock. He searched for a man, but if there was one, he was nearly impossible to find. Then with a grin, James laughed. "I see. *She* is outstanding. Miss Lydia will be very pleased."

James wasn't the only one in shock. Mark turned to his wife and was instantly overcome by a wave of hurt and panic. She had just revealed him, exposed him. She had stripped him bare before this stranger. His eyes filled with tears, but he managed to suppress them. Betrayal. He couldn't believe she would do such a thing.

"We're calling *her* Alyssa for this little adventure."

Mark stared at her with panic,

and what did Sophia do? She grinned. She grinned with mischief as if it were all a big joke. While he wanted to crawl into a hole and die, she grinned, and even worse her grin was disarming him. He wanted to be upset, and he was, but somehow it only translated into a slightly soured dreamy sensation.

He couldn't process the feelings. He stared hard at the ground--not realizing how sexy the pout was that appeared on his lips--and just went blank. He couldn't manage the anger, the hurt . . . and something else, no, please . . . yes, arousal, hot cheeks, pressure between his legs. Without any sensation from his cock, day after day, his body had begun to process arousal differently,

spreading out into his body, his weak knees, his thighs, his lips and especially his sensitive nipples which twinged with little spasms of pleasure, nipples Sophia kept stimulated with constant rubbing and tickling while she whispered daily and nightly instructions into his ear.

James reached out and swept a lock of Mark's hair from his face, his fingers lightly grazing Mark's cheek. Mark couldn't seem to gather the energy to move away. Maybe it was the pills, but his heels seemed glued in place as James's hand moved to cup his chin, lifting his face even as Mark kept his gaze fixed to the ground. "She's adorable." James let his thumb run lightly over Mark's lower lip, painted

red and glossy. Mark felt his knees tremble. "She'll do well."

Then, just like that, the harsh light of James's attention was gone. Mark sighed with relief, blinking his eyes, swallowing, wanting to wipe the sweat from his brow, but knowing he couldn't because he'd smudge his makeup.

"So. . . ." James stared at Sophia, who smiled and blushed and giggled.

"Oh . . . um, right."

It wasn't often Mark saw his wife flustered, but she was now. His tummy turned. Was it because of James? Did she find him attractive, irresistible? How could she not? Mark was still a

boy inside, but even he felt the effect James had on women.

Sophia bounced a little on her toes and stepped forward with a salute. "Sexy maid Sophia reporting for duty, Sir."

James's grinned stretched across his face. "Nicely done."

Then their eyes landed on Mark. What could he do? He didn't want to, but somehow *Lydia said* he must. Begrudgingly, he glanced at his wife and this broad shouldered, polished man and bounced a little, half-heartedly, and barely croaked out, "Sexy maid Alyssa reported--report--reporting for duty . . . Sir."

James's laugh was like a rolling

barrel of stones and it did things to both of them. Sophia giggled, too, which made Mark feel three inches high. Finally, she leapt forward and kissed him lightly on the lips, careful not to smudge his lipstick, then took his hand in hers, dragging him after her as James led them into the resort.

An hour later, a woman with cold hands was wrapping a measuring tape around Mark's waist. Another woman was measuring Sophia's substantial bosom. A third woman was writing down measurements.

Their heads were still swimming from the tour. The resort had unfolded before them, revealing layer after layer of opulence and beauty like a

glorious onion. "Le Ciel," James had explained, "means 'sky'. But it might also mean 'heaven'."

It was heaven. If you were rich enough, you came here and gorged yourself on luxury. The dining rooms were opulent; the gardens, lush. The apartments were open and spacious and filled with glorious amenities.

It hadn't taken long for them to see their first maid, a gorgeous delicate blonde girl with straight hair and blunt bangs, dressed in a satiny black uniform with lace and a giant puff of petticoats beneath her skirt. She curtsied and smiled and blushed before an older gentleman sitting in a chair before her, looking refined in his turtleneck and

jacket, but when she turned to leave, he grabbed her by the hips and dragged her back on to his lap. She squealed and giggled, but once she was sat warmly on top of him, she turned and whispered to him intimately. They spoke quietly for a few moments, and from the redness of the man's cheeks, it was a saucy conversation.

Then she extracted herself from his arms and sauntered away, petticoats bouncing. The old man's eyes followed her, clearly focused on her legs, made slender and pretty by the white fishnet stockings.

A moment later, he followed her.

Scenes like this played out

before them again and again as they were shown the resort.

The woman stretched the measuring cup around Mark's chest. "She's an A-cup. We can work with that. Let's use the *ingenue* corset."

I'm an A-cup? Mark wondered. With Sophia constantly stimulating his nipples, it was no wonder they'd swelled a little. All that blood rushing into them constantly had made them extraordinarily sensitive. Not only had his areola grown darker, but they'd expanded in size as well. His nipples, once mere pimples, had swollen and never seemed to go down anymore. Sophia rubbed them in the morning, then they got rubbed by whatever she chose

to fill into his bra, then she rubbed them again at bedtime. When did they have a chance to be free of stimulation? In fact, the whole area around his breast had grown puffy and sensitive. Yes, he probably *was* an A-cup.

When they wrapped a pretty pink corset around his waist, he was asked to hold up the front while they drew the laces tight. He felt himself being sealed up, his tummy and his ribs compressed. His chest felt like it was being squeezed breathless in a vice. It started tight and only got tighter as they tied off the laces top to bottom, then started over, tightening, squeezing until he was near faint with a swarm of black dots swimming before his eyes.

One of the women patted his bottom and whispered, "Breathe shallow, sweetie. It's just like wearing heels; you don't take big steps, you take lots of little ones. You look divine. Believe us when we say it's worth the effort."

Mark disliked the little tone of whining that crept into his voice. "But--I--I can't--I can't function--like this."

"Beauty comes from suffering, sweetheart. Heels, corsets and love place their marks on us girls. It's what attracts men, though they don't know it. That we suffer to be beautiful for them; that's what they secretly enjoy."

The corset did not have cups for his small puffy breasts. Instead the

girls pulled and stretched on his skin, drawing his soft flesh out of the restrictive confines of the garment until he was truly left with a small pair of breasts resting on top, folding over slightly. On a whim, he arose and fell sharply on his heels and for the first time ever felt his breasts jiggle. Men's breasts weren't supposed to jiggle!

One of them women began to rub an icy-hot ointment into his "breasts" then. His nipples began to burn unbearably. He winced and inhaled sharply, the tight corset cutting off his breath.

He let out a little whine of complaint. "Ow. P-please wipe it off. It stings!"

The woman smiled at him and seemed to take great delight in rubbing the caustic ointment in even harder. His skin colored red and to his horror his breasts seemed to slowly swell. "You'll get used to it," she told him. "It increases blood flow and there's a deep penetrating sodium solution that will help retain fluid."

His breasts . . . breasts . . . he had breasts . . . his breasts were no longer little puffy things, swollen from too much constant attention. They grew until he thought they wouldn't stop. They grew into healthy looking female breasts, small, yes, but painfully present. He gazed down into his own cleavage. They hung like two small pendulums and

he became dedicated to remaining perfectly still. He didn't want to feel them move. He didn't want to feel them jiggle. He had to get out of here! He had to run before they did something else to him, but Sophia was in her glory.

She was also being squeezed into a corset, but the effect it had on her was devastating. No man on Earth would be able to resist her. The corset propped up her bountiful bosom, slimmed down her waist to girlish proportions and flared out her hips. She turned and looked at herself, breathless and flushed, in the mirror. "Oh, God, why haven't I always worn one of these?"

She caught sight of her husband. He looked like a rabbit under the

shadow of a hawk, ready to bolt. With a smile she jiggled over to him, stood before him, gazed deep into his eyes and began to rub his swollen nipples with her thumbs. Though his nipples still burned, the pleasure of her touch nearly overwhelmed him. He moaned quietly and swooned, leaning into her heavily. "Oh . . . oh God, Sophie. . . ."

When he managed to return her gaze, Sophia whispered, "Lydia says good girls love their breasts. Good girls keep their breasts soft with lotion. Good girls grow big beautiful breasts. Be a good girl for me and love your breasts. Grow them nice and big for me, nice and big and soft."

By the time Mark could regain

his senses, the women were already fitting a shimmering pink maid's uniform on him. The way the built in shelf bra shaped his breasts, rounded them, lifted them, created a healthy female cleavage with them, utterly erased any lingering maleness he might've had.

In the mirror, he realized he was losing himself. Mark was fading, becoming more and more a transparent ghost. He couldn't see a sign of his old self anymore and that brought tears into his eyes. A pervasive, weak, weepy feeling fell over him. It was as if a dear old friend of his was dying.

It was hard to mourn though, because the mirror also reflected the birth of a new being, a girl, eyes wide

like a frightened doe, uncertain, timid, innocent, her figure cute and sexy, her hair short and sassy. Throwing a sweet girl like this into a pack of rich wolves would be a sin, but there was enough maleness left in Mark that he couldn't deny wanting to witness it.

Somewhere in the mirror, in the conflicted desires whirling like a hurricane inside his feminized body, "Alyssa" was slowly being born.

A girl popped her head into the room. "Miss Lydia wants to see them now."

There was a moment when time seemed to have stopped; all the women froze. Then the brewing storm broke. They hurried and scurried to get their

new maids ready. Sophia and Mark were painted, polished, spritzed, heeled, hobbled and bound in sheer femininity, poured into the *Le Ciel* mold.

Pretty Things

Like two dolls, they had been primped for the occasion. Sophia, in her nest egg shimmering blue maid's uniform, had been given a smoldering look with dark smoky eyes and glassy red lips. Mark, a.k.a. "Alyssa", was all in pink, pink satin uniform, pretty pink eye shadow, glossy pink lipstick.

They both looked like *Le Ciel* maids, sexy, feminine and perfect.

Miss Lydia was an older woman, who frankly looked ageless. It was clear she was above forty, but how above forty was a mystery. She was

dressed in a sharp, skintight blouse and even tighter skirt with stiletto heels and had a bundle of brown hair pulled back in a tight bun. Her hair was lined with long shocks of silver, which reminded Mark a little of the Bride of Frankenstein, only Miss Lydia was gorgeous. High cheekbones, soulful brown eyes, she had that bruised eye look of a Russian as if the only thing that truly made her happy was the one thing that depressed her.

Her stilettos clicked on the floor as she moved, and when she moved it was like a Sergeant reviewing the troops. Her gaze ran up and down them both, pausing only to study, analyze, then roving ever downward.

They could both see she was making mental notes, composing instructions to her staff.

Sophia had naturally fallen into an "at attention" stance, hands clasped behind her, shoulders back, head up, eyes down. Mark saw this and emulated her.

"Sophia," Miss Lydia greeted. She aimed her gaze at Mark. "And is this your husband?"

Sophia suddenly dipped into a quick curtsy. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

Out of the corner of his eye, Mark could see her blink and raise her hand to her mouth as if in surprise. She giggled and said, "Oh!" quietly.

Miss Lydia's burgundy lips

stretched into a smile and she chuckled.
"You'll get used to it, dear."

Mark was a little confused by the remark, but Sophia just blushed and stammered uncharacteristically. "I--I suppose I'll have to, won't I?"

Miss Lydia stared hard at Mark's face. Mark felt a blush rise in his cheeks. He didn't know where to look, but he knew he couldn't meet her gaze. Miss Lydia looked at him as if he were a prized cow at a fair, all meat, all property. When she spoke it was with a soft tone and clearly not directed at him.

"Have you followed all my instructions, dear?"

Sophia bobbed once and this time merely blushed without giggling or

acting surprised. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

Mark wanted to cut and run, throw off the corset, the ridiculous heels, wash off the makeup and make a break for it. All he had to do was turn and leave. It was that simple. Just go. He would. In just a few seconds, when the moment was right, he would apologize to Sophia later. He just couldn't do this.

"She turned out prettier than we imagined, didn't she?"

Pretty. Not handsome. Not rugged. Pretty, draped in pink and white lace, stuffed like a sausage into the corset, hair styled into curls, face painted, nails polished, ruffled petticoats bouncing with every high heeled step. He had to get out of this. How had he let

himself get talked into this? Why had Sophia done this to him?

"He's gorgeous, Miss Lydia."

Again Sophia curtsied.

Miss Lydia's gaze drilled into him. He felt his blush deepen. He was at a loss for words, uncertain as to what she expected. "'She', dear. It's always 'she' from now on. Does she have a name?"

Curtsy, blush, smile. Sophia answered. "I've been calling her 'Alyssa', Miss Lydia."

"Alyssa is a pretty name. Do you like your pretty name, sweetie?"

Mark stammered. He tried meeting her gaze, but it was so sharp, so judging, so forceful, he couldn't hold it

for long. He whispered, "I . . . I think this . . . I can't--"

Miss Lydia smiled. "Would you be a dear and collect that little pink leather clutch from my desk?"

Mark wasn't exactly sure what a clutch was, but he saw a small pink purse on her desk. With a rustle of petticoats tickling his thighs, he walked over and collected it, fetching it like a trained puppy for Miss Lydia.

She took it with a grin. "She moves very well. She took to her training quite naturally, didn't she?"

Sophia beamed with pride, eyes full of light as she stared at her feminized husband. "It was the ballet, I think."

"Mm, yes, the yoga helps train the muscles, but it's the ballet that conditions a girl to move with grace."

Miss Lydia unzipped the pink clutch and pulled out two small bottles of pills. One at a time, she opened them and dropped pills into her hand, pills that she then held up to Mark. "For you, dear."

He shook his head and felt the bounce of his curls on his neck and cheeks. "Oh, no, I already took some this morning."

Miss Lydia's gaze and upheld hand never wavered. "These are much better, much stronger. Would you mind starting them now?"

Mark squirmed. "P-perhaps I

could start them tomorrow?"

What had happened to his assertiveness? He'd been stronger than this before. Dressing this way, listening to Sophia had sapped his resolve. He wanted to refuse the pills, but instead he only seemed to question them.

Miss Lydia's smile was enigmatic, as if she knew something Mark did not, as if he were a mere child that did not understand the world. Her eyes were soft with love as she reached up and touched his cheek tenderly, whispering the words, "*Pretty thing.*"

He heard the click of his heels on the floor and the rustle of his dress. Sophia walked beside him. He felt the warmth of her hand in his. "That went

very well," she said.

He stumbled.

Sophia stopped and looked curiously at him. "How are you feeling?"

He peered blankly around the hallway. "Where--where are we going?"

Sophia laughed. "To our dorm. We have the evening to ourselves. Tomorrow we start working."

Mark let out as big breath as he could manage. He still felt lightheaded. "Thank God. I can't wait to get out of this corset."

Sophia shook her head and wagged her finger at him. "Oh, no, you know the rules. The corset and the heels remain on."

Her tone was so matter-of-fact,

so stern, that on a whim, Mark curtsied and said, "Yes, Miss Sophia."

They froze and stared at each other. Sophia broke out in giggles. "Cute."

Mark blushed like a fever and laughed with her. Of course he was just being cute. Before they could make it to their room, he was already feeling blissful and dreamy. There was even a little warm rush that spread through him like a waterfall cascading inside him fed by hot springs. He was warm and gooey inside. He smiled softly. The pressure between his legs was so reassuring. His nipples twitched and tingled and begged to be touched. His lips began to tingle as well.

In bed, Sophia cuddled up to him and began to slowly rub his nipples, whispering wonderful things to him. He couldn't remember what she said, except the phrase she seemed to repeat again and again. "Miss Lydia says . . . Miss Lydia says . . . Miss Lydia says. . . ."

What a wonderful day it turned out to be.

A Maid's Work is Never Done

Tatiana had golden hair and a golden smile. Her lips were neutral, but still shimmered. Her dazzling green eyes swam in pools of gold and yellow, but were heavily lined with charcoal, giving her a sexy "I know what you want" look. Everything she did was drenched in sensuality. Her movements were purposefully feline. Her lips were always parted just so. The way she held herself, the way she used her rather bosom to naturally draw attention to herself, the way she peered out at everyone from beneath her long, dark

lashes, it was all designed with a purpose, and the purpose was clear.

Want me.

Before Mark could stutter a single syllable, Tatiana's lips were on his, pressing, gliding across them. Their lipsticks smeared on one another with a greasy slip and when their lips broke with a tacky smack, Tatiana smiled, fluttered her long eyelashes and touched the smeared lipstick of her bottom lip with the golden polished fingernail of her pinky. She licked her lips as if she'd just had her first taste of sweet cream.

"Miss Lydia says you be a good girl for me. This is true, *da?*"

From that moment on, Mark was utterly enthralled with her. He

nodded slowly and Tatiana spun him around by his shoulders and gave him a little swat on his bottom. "Good. We fix faces now."

Tatiana joined him at the mirror and began at once to correct him, showing him the proper way to apply lipstick. "Men like to watch us watch ourselves. We check faces every half hour, and we make show of it."

Every thirty minutes? He couldn't imagine stopping to look at himself that often during the day.

"Check dress. Smooth dress like this, *da*? Check stockings. Pinch and fix, pull up thighs. See?"

He did see and the pressure between his legs not only increased to

mammoth proportions, but it began to pulse like a burgeoning volcano. Had he--had he just wet himself? He could just feel something cold and slippery in his gaffe. Had he just oozed precum from just the sight of Tatiana straightening her stockings?

He had to get out of here, because soon he found himself emulating her, standing sideways in the mirror to smooth his pink uniform down his tummy, hoisting up his little breasts, bending over to straighten his fishnets. He was the perfect picture of female vanity and the image in the mirror so delighted him that he felt the trap of it closing around his mind once again.

The pills didn't help. They were

traps in themselves. Whatever assertiveness he'd had was simply nowhere to be found. It was like reaching for your keys and finding only an empty pocket. The pills sapped his ability to resist taking the pills, and Miss Lydia was right: they were strong. They were so powerful that only a few minutes after swallowing them, he'd felt empty headed and light. He smiled at everything and felt oh so agreeable. The pills made him soft, inside and out. When he laughed, he giggled almost uncontrollably. When he was afraid, he leaked tears miserably.

That had just been this morning. Whatever gates he'd once had to regulate his emotions were simply gone now.

He'd wept when Sophia left. Her trainer, a beautiful young maid with green eyes and flaming red hair, had collected her. The girl wore a black uniform, which frightened Mark, because it meant that Sophia was being trained to have sex with other men. She would leave him, wouldn't she? He was being turned into a girl and she would soon look for a real man, because what real man would allow himself to be turned into a girl? They were separated and it was horrible, but the moment Tatiana had shown up, everything had changed.

Tatiana wore a black uniform, too. What did that mean for him?

She inspected Mark's makeup and made a few little touch ups before

pronouncing him ready. Then she told him to lift his face slightly. "Hold still."

He did so, gazing deeply into her perfect green eyes, only just noticing then how her golden eye-shadow glittered ever so slightly. Tatiana gave his cheeks a hard little pinch. He winced. "Hold still," she repeated.

Then, without warning, she slapped his cheek rather hard, first one side then the other. After the shock wore off, tears began to well in his eyes, but Tatiana pointed a long gold fingernail at him. "Hold still and do not cry."

She ordered it and somehow he obeyed. He wasn't sure how he prevented the tears from drizzling down and ruining his mascara, but he did.

Beautiful Tatiana. Brutal Tatiana. Cold Tatiana who he would soon learn could control him with just a glance.

She gave his cheeks several lighter slaps and smiled. "Good. *Dovol'no*. You are pretty now. The wounded beauty draws men to feel big and strong around us, see?"

He didn't want men feeling anyway around him.

Tatiana marched away, her heels hammering the floor, but somehow her hips still swung, her legs still whipped like willows and she still oozed *sex*.

Mark hurried after her, feeling more and more like her obedient puppy.

Where was Sophia? He worried

about her or at least he tried to, because the pills scattered his thoughts until he felt like having thoughts was just the silliest idea.

In the rooms, Tatiana flirted with the guests, giggled and smiled and curtsied for them, sometimes even crawling into bed with them. She kissed the men. Sometimes she kissed the women, too. Towards them she was sweet and sexy and sly, but towards Mark she was a tyrant, snapping her fingers. "Dust that." Clapping her hands twice to call him. "Did you not hear? Orange juice and a Bloody Mary. Quickly." Talking about him as if were too simple minded to understand. "Silly thing must be told every second what to

do."

In the courtyard, the world's elite and wealthy relaxed and visited. The division was clear. They were the kings and queens and all the others were mere servants. Maids came and went, maids just like Tatiana. When they were not with a guest (or several), they scurried back and forth, cleaning, fetching, dusting, straightening, but always looking their best, checking their faces in mirrors and compacts, reapplying their lipstick, ensuring their frilly uniforms were straight and perfect. When they were with a guest, they giggled like little girls, blushed and flirted and made themselves as tempting as possible.

Watching how they behaved,

being treated by the guests as if he were nothing but a pretty doll to be played with, a pretty servant to fetch things, being dressed the way he was, his thoughts sapped by the pills, he found himself behaving the same way. It was almost natural. It was truly irresistible, and having Tatiana boss him around constantly didn't help.

Somewhere in his mind, he knew he should be unhappy. He knew he should be angry and upset about the way Tatiana belittled him, but instead the pressure between his legs--his poor trapped cock--just pulsed and pulsed with delight. The more it happened, the easier he found it to obey her and before long he was snapping into one quick

curtsy after another and rushing off to fetch whatever she demanded. The colder she was to him, the more his body betrayed him with tingles of delight. The more useless and worthless she made him feel, the deeper he felt the desire to please her.

He had to stop it. He had to make a stand. It took him most of the day to build up the courage, and it took Tatiana only a second to crush him.

She snapped her fingers, still smiling and blushing at a man and woman in their lounge chairs.

"Cocktails, now."

He curtsied automatically and turned to fetch them, but managed to stop himself.

The man raised an eyebrow and drew Tatiana's gaze back toward Mark.

The woman whispered, "I think she's defying you, dear."

Tatiana grinned, and it was a grin that struck deep into Mark's soul. It was the grin of someone who knew something you didn't. It was the grin of someone who'd watched you move a chess piece and understood, even if you didn't, that they'd just won the game. "*Vosstaniye*. First day. They do this on their first day always." She whipped her head back to her guests and closed her eyes and put on a haughty smile. "Easily to be dealt with."

Petticoats bouncing, breasts bouncing, Tatiana walked purposefully

like a runway model over to Mark. He prepared himself. She wrapped her arms around his neck and drew him close and instantly he was drunk on her scent. Her perfume, her hair, her beauty simply unraveled him. She kissed him deeply and the pang of her passion ran like a jolt of lightning down his spine. He melted for her. He fell in love for her. Their lips broke with a quiet smack and Tatiana whispered in his ear, "I am being mean to you, *da?*"

She let one hand fall from his neck to her breast. Her fingers found his nipple through his top and began to rub it lightly in small circles. Instantly, he thought, *No fair*, because he couldn't help responding to her. He felt weepy.

He felt weak. He felt guilty. He felt ashamed. Softly, he whispered, "Y-yes."

With a hand in Mark's curls, Tatiana jerked his head back and gazed down at him like an imperious queen. "Why? This you should ask. Why am I mean to you?"

The slap came out of nowhere. It stung his cheek and left him in a state of shock. Her eyes trapped him, but he also felt the eyes of the man and the woman on him. It was a revelation then that humiliation was always magnified tenfold when there were witnesses.

Tears drizzled down his cheeks. He was close to breaking down into utter sobs when Tatiana pressed her lips again into his. This kiss, deep and

passionate, left him breathless and bereft of thought. His cheek still stung, but his nipples twitched. His emotions were in a competitive whirlwind; he didn't know how to feel and so he was left feeling everything and nothing all at once. When the kiss broke, he opened his eyes, cheeks burning hot, mascara running. Her eyes were green and bottomless, and in them he saw that somehow she knew he would do anything she asked. "I am mean to you," she whispered, "because they enjoy seeing me be mean to you."

The woman called from her chair. "Speak up, please. We can't hear!"

Tatiana whipped her head toward the woman and gave her a

defiant smile.

In Mark's ear, she whispered, "You enjoy it, too." Tatiana's hand slipped beneath his skirt and petticoats, between his legs and gave his pulsing, trapped cock a warm stroke. It was the last straw. His knees buckled and he leaned heavily against Tatiana's soft body. He moaned in surrender. Tatiana's utterly female body and his feminized body were both compressed in the breathless corsets, but now her warmth and the tickle of her whisper on his neck had stolen the last molecule of oxygen from his brain.

The man barked. "You, girl. Come over here. Now."

He was dizzy and certain he

would faint.

Tatiana whispered with a grin. "Now they will take me and break me and make me theirs, see? They wish to turn tables and put me in my place. Stay here and be good girl, *da*?"

He nodded helplessly, sniffing.

With a grin, Tatiana turned and gave them a formal curtsy, holding her skirt out and bending her knee with one heel placed delicately behind the other. "As you wish, Sir."

She sauntered toward them in her sexy, feline way. When she was finally standing before them, she bowed her head and nodded as they fussed at her. She pouted. She huffed. She tried to explain but was cut short each time.

Finally, the couple stood and marched away with her in the middle. The man's hand fell beneath her skirt and held on tight to her ass, his fingers digging deep into her flesh.

Before Mark could collect his thoughts, a man nearby snapped his fingers. "Here. Girl. Bring us towels."

He curtsied with a "Yes, Sir," and ran to comply.

From that point forward he had not a moment to himself. When he wasn't fetching drinks for the guests, he was picking up empty glasses and wiping down the small tables. The guests kept him on his toes, and they seemed to delight in bossing him around. They seemed to enjoy watching him scurrying

to meet their demands.

The rare times when someone noticed him was less of an acknowledgement and more of an amused smirk. His pink uniform exposed what he truly was to anyone and everyone.

"Disgusting!" a man said, but his girlfriend shook her head with a smile.

"Aw, but she's so cute!"

An older woman questioned him. "Aren't you in the wrong uniform?"

He could only blush and shake his head. He curtsied, always curtsied. He curtsied and he checked his makeup when it occurred to him, which strangely occurred to him frequently for some reason, almost as often as Tatiana had

suggested.

In the middle of serving a guest a drink, he felt someone's eyes on him and hoped it was Tatiana. It wasn't. It was James, motioning for him to come over.

He curtsied to the guest. "Will there be anything else, Sir?"

The man waved him away, but a woman giggled and pointed at a name-badge he didn't even realize he wore. "Yes . . . 'Alyssa'. Is that your real name?"

Another woman at the table giggled. "Oh, leave him alone, Nancy." She addressed Mark then. "She always does this."

He swallowed and shook his head and curtsied. It took him a few

minutes to admit it. His cheeks were blood red. "No . . . no, Ma'am."

"She always embarrasses the poor things."

"What is your real name then?"

He couldn't meet their gaze. His body burned with shame. He wouldn't tell her. He couldn't. Did he have to? "It's . . . it's Mark, Ma'am."

"Leave him alone, Nancy. Can't you see you're embarrassing him?"

"Mark! Your name is Mark? But how can that be?" The other women at the table giggled. "Mark is a boy's name. Are you a boy, honey?"

He wouldn't be happier than if he could shrink away into nothing. His emotions were so out of whack because

of the pills. He wiped away the tears before they could ruin his mascara. He had just fixed his face and he didn't want to have to fix it yet again, though he knew he probably would. It was becoming a thoughtless habit. He nodded.

"I'm sorry, dear. What's that? We didn't hear you."

As quiet as a mouse, he whispered, "Y-yes, Ma'am."

"We still couldn't hear you, honey. Are you a boy or aren't you?"

He croaked it out as best he could. "Yes, Ma'am."

The woman shook her head while the women giggled. "Yes? Yes? Yes, you are a boy? Speak up, honey."

He nodded and this time the tears trickled down his cheeks. He had to get off those pills. "Yes, Ma'am. I'm a boy."

"But if you're a boy, then why are you dressed in a pretty little pink uniform?"

"I . . . this . . . this is what they gave me."

"Are you sure you're a boy? I mean, we're sitting here with a couple of lovely men and none of them would dream of dressing that way. Are you sure you aren't a girl?"

"Nancy, please. Look at her. She's going to cry."

"She's already crying."

Mark's tormenter ignored the other women. "So, Mark? Are you a girl

or are you a boy? You can't be both. Pick one."

He wiped the tears from his cheeks and sniffled. "I'm a boy."

"No, you're not."

"Nancy, please."

"Hush. Now say it. Say you're a girl. You came here to be a girl and now you are one and I want to hear you admit it."

James awaited him patiently across the room, staring. The men at the table stared at him. There were other men nearby, staring, other women. Suddenly he was on a stage and being stripped bare in the damning spotlight. "I'm--" She wouldn't stop until he said it, he knew. What choice did he have? "I'm

... I'm a girl."

"You didn't curtsy."

He was going to break. He was simply going to shatter into a torrent of sobs and die. The pills had given him the emotions of a weepy, overly hormonal teenage girl. He curtsied quickly and forced his voice above a whisper. "I'm-- I'm a girl, Ma'am."

"Look me in the eye. I don't think you're being sincere."

He sniffled. He tasted tears on his lips. His lipstick would be ruined. His blush would be ruined. His mascara would be ruined. Where was Tatiana? He forced himself to meet the woman's gaze. She was drunk on power, grinning. She had him and she knew it and she

was showing off that fact to her friends.
"I'm a girl, Ma'am."

Her eyes filled with victory.
"You're not just a girl. You're a girly girl, aren't you?"

He nodded. "I'm a girly girl, Ma'am."

"The girliest of girly girls."
He nodded and curtsied. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Say it."
He swallowed. The salt of his tears left a tangy aftertaste on his tongue.
"I'm the girliest of girly girls, Ma'am."

She smiled sweetly. "I can see that. We can all see that. I just wanted you to see it. You see it now, don't you?"
He curtsied. He was broken.

She'd shattered him in front of everyone and there was nothing he could do. "Yes, Ma'am."

He turned to leave, but she stopped him. "We're not done."

He turned back. "Yes, Ma'am."

Why wouldn't she let him go? She'd already destroyed him. What else did she want?

"You didn't ask if there was anything else I needed."

He curtsied, his cheeks raw and stained red from his tears. "Will there be anything else, Ma'am?"

"You forgot to thank me."

He felt his face wrench with distress. "Th-thank you, Ma'am?"

She smiled. "For helping you

admit what you are."

For several seconds, he could only stand there in shock, but she was waiting. They all were. He blinked and felt new tears forming. "Th-thank you, Ma'am, for helping me admit what I am."

"You're welcome, dear. Now, don't go far. We'll be ready for more drinks in a bit."

He curtsied. Where was Tatiana?
"Yes, Ma'am."

Finally, he was released, but as he walked away, he heard them chatting.

"Why do you always do that?"

"Don't you know anything about girly boys?"

"You just want to humiliate them."

"She needs therapy. Lots of therapy, with salt on the rim."

"I prefer my therapy with a pepper."

"Girly boys love being humiliated. Look at him. He's in heaven."

"He's in hell."

"No, tonight when he gets in his little bed, he'll play with his little thing for hours replaying it over and over again in his head."

"I think she just likes being a bitch."

"Here's to being a bitch"

"--with salt on the rim."

"With a pepper!"

The women laughed.

As he slunk over to James, Mark thought about what the woman had said, about what she'd done. She was wrong. He didn't enjoy it. He hated it. He had to get out of the stupid pink corset. He had to get the heels off his feet and shed the white fishnet stockings. He had to clean off the stupid makeup. He had to stop taking those pills!

The pressure between his legs pulsed warmly. There was a fresh feeling of wetness in his gaffe. More precum. Pools of it. His heart raced; his nipples twitched unbearably. He was hot all over. God in heaven . . . he was so aroused he felt like was going to melt. He was horny. He needed relief. He needed Sophia to let him be a boy again,

to let him crawl between her legs and be a boy.

Why? Why? Why was this happening? It made no sense. While Sophia was off doing God knows what, he was being tormented.

"Is that how you were taught to greet the senior staff?

He blinked and looked up. He had shuffled his way over to James and now stood before him. Would this day never end? From one humiliation to another. Where was stupid Tatiana?

"Shall I have you report to Miss Lydia for correction?"

Mark curtsied. "Sexy maid Alyssa r-reporting for duty, Sir."

James waited. "I liked the

salute you did before. You should do that from now on."

He curtsied. His face was raw. His panties were wet. He could imagine what he looked like.

"Fix your face then report to the trophy room. Mister Zebra wants to see you."

He curtsied and blinked.
"Mister--Mister Zebra?"

"Guests do not use their real names."

"Yes, but--but I think Tatiana would be better--"

"Mister Zebra has a preference for little girls like you."

Panic settled in and nestled deep. "No, but--but I can't--"

"He's not allowed to touch you. He knows that. You're still in pink. But you can touch him, so if he talks you into it, well, that's your choice. If he does though, and if you do, you'll be required to change uniforms. He can be very persuasive, so I'd be careful if I was you."

Mark swallowed. "Y-yes, Sir."

A Maid on her Knees is Still A Maid

The bartender showed him how to serve a cigar. Clip the end, light it with a match, puff it with your painted lips and roll it between your fingers. Then offer it to the guest.

Mister Zebra's eyes penetrated Mark's. He sucked on his freshly lit cigar and smiled. "I can taste your lipstick." Mister Zebra gave it a few puffs and balanced it delicately between his fingers. His nails were immaculate; his fingers slender and long like an

artist. The material of his suit was dark and crisp and shimmered as if made of satin.

Mark was afraid of him. He was afraid of disappointing him. Although, he couldn't pinpoint why. Maybe it was because of the contrast between Mister Zebra's dark suit and his own frilly pink uniform. Maybe it was because Mister Zebra was undeniably masculine and dominant, while Mark was feeling anything but either of those things.

"Brandy."

Mark curtsied and hurried away.

The bartender showed him how to serve a snifter of Brandy. Balance it

on a platter, and warm the bottom of the glass with your hands, giving it a gentle swirl before offering it.

Mister Zebra refused it at first.
"Taste it."

Mark curtsied and hesitantly took a very small sip. Almost at once he realized he'd left a small print of his lipstick on the rim of the glass. He blushed terribly and wondered if he should apologize.

"Is it good?"

Mark nodded. "Yes, Sir."

"Have you ever had Brandy before?"

He blinked and shook his head.
"N-no, Sir."

"Then how do you know it's

good?"

He was without thought then. Didn't this man understand his predicament? Didn't he understand Mark was just trying to be pleasing? "I-I-"

"Don't lie to me."

"I-I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't mean to--"

"Mister Zebra."

"S-Sir?"

"My name here is Mister Zebra."

Mark nodded. He blanched and felt tears in his eyes again. Those pills! They were making him crazy. "Yes--yes, Mister Zebra."

Everything about him was evidence of how far Mark had fallen.

While Mister Zebra had short black hair, lush and thick, Mark had his soft brown curls. While Mister Zebra had a line of black hair on the backs of his hands, Mark's hands were smooth and soft with red, polished nails. While Mister Zebra sat there with his legs open in his dark suit, Mark stood with his knees together, feeling the lace of his petticoats tickle his thighs, curtsying incessantly. While Mister Zebra had a chiseled jaw, Mark had soft cheeks colored with blush. While Mister Zebra spoke orders, Mark strove to obey them.

Mister Zebra blew cigar smoke into his snifter and sipped the Brandy. He pointed at the floor before him. "Stand there."

It took Mark several more steps because of the high heels than it usually would have, but he stood in the spot indicated by Mister Zebra, only a few feet in front of the man's chair. "Yes, Si-
- Yes, Mister Zebra."

Mister Zebra's dark eyes wandered up Mark's feminized body, lingering on his legs, lingering on his waist, lingering on his small breasts and coming to rest on his lips. "You've always felt like a girl." Was that a question or a statement?

Mark blinked and shook his head. "No, Mister Zebra."

Mister Zebra puffed on his cigar, motioned with his hand still wrapped around the snifter of Brandy.

"Turn around."

Mark turned slowly for him, keenly aware of how the man's eyes savored every detail of his skirt and legs. It reminded him of the jewelry boxes girls had with the little ballerina turning and turning. He was just a pretty toy for the man to play with.

"Did I say turn back to me?"

Mark realized he was facing Mister Zebra again. Softly, he whispered, "N-no, Mister Zebra."

"Turn around like I told you to."

Mark curtsied. "Yes, Mister Zebra." He could feel Mister Zebra's eyes on his ass then. A tiny little shudder shook his shoulders. He reminded himself of what the bartender said, he

was in pink and that meant Mister Zebra couldn't touch him.

"Kneel."

A terrible heavy weight of dread sat in Mark's chest then. He was a pretty doll, overly emotional, sealed away under a glass Mister Zebra was forbidden to break. He clearly wanted to though, and he was looking for a way in.

"Yes, Mister Zebra."

In his tight pink uniform, he placed his knees on to the carpet, feeling how the white fishnet stockings stretched over his thighs. He heard the gentle gasp of the seat cushion as Mister Zebra stood. The dull sounds of Mister Zebra's shoes got closer. There was a whisper in his ear then and Mark could smell the

brandy on Mister Zebra's breath. "But you've never quite felt like a man."

It took all of his energy to suppress a sudden wave of sobs. The pills. The pills. The pills. The pills. The pills. He had to get off them. He had to stop taking them. He had to get out of this place.

Mister Zebra sighed heavily and sauntered in a slow circle around him. "You're certainly not feeling like a man now, are you?"

Mark couldn't both speak and keep his sobs under control. He managed to croak out, "N-no, Mister Zebra."

"It's placing quite a lot of stress on your psyche. You're male, but not a man. Here you are, dressed like a

female, expected to talk and act and I suspect feel like a female, but you're not one."

Were those supposed to be insightful truths? Was Mark expected to reply? Mister Zebra stopped circling him like a shark and stood close to him. With his hands in his pockets, gazing down at him from on high, he placed his crotch far too close to Mark's face for comfort. "Look at me."

Mark tilted his face up, unaware of how his glossy lips had naturally parted until he saw Mister Zebra's gaze suddenly drop and focus on them. Swallowing, blanching, he closed his mouth. He wasn't sure that was any better though, because when Mister

Zebra's gaze shifted back to his eyes, he felt himself shiver.

"Are you aware of how you're speaking?"

Mark shook his head slowly, the curls of his hair tickling his neck and bare shoulders. "N-no, Mister Zebra."

"It's not just the tone, the pitch, it's the choice of words you use."

Mark blinked and was overcome by how dark Mister Zebra's eyes were. He only just now became aware of Mister Zebra's dark goat-tee and moustache. There was just the slightest sprinkle of stubble on his tanned cheeks.

"How we speak is an indicator of how we feel. For example, right now,

you're feeling rather excited, a bit afraid, but also very submissive. Isn't that correct?"

With his cheeks inflamed, Mark nodded. "Yes, Mister Zebra."

Mister Zebra's lips stretched into a slight grin. "Let's play a little game. I want you to try and sound even more submissive for me. Not only is how we speak an indicator of how we feel. How we speak can actually *change* how we feel. Try that now, please."

Mark remembered Tatiana's voice, her tone, how it had oozed with compliance and pleasure when she'd turned to the man and said, "As you wish, Sir." There had been no mistaking her feelings just then. It was almost as if

she'd stopped being the bossy, I-know-what's-good-for-you Tatiana and became simply their obedient property.

Mark dropped his eyes, tilting his head down now, eyes on Mister Zebra's expensive shoes, polished to a mirror-shine. He could just catch sight of his own face in them, the curls, the lipstick, the soft, blushing cheeks. "Yes, Mister Zebra." His voice sounded soft and obedient and eager, very much like Tatiana's had when she'd given herself to the couple.

"That's very good," Mister Zebra said quietly. Was it Mark's imagination or was the man's voice getting deeper? He felt another shiver run down the back of his neck, shaking

his shoulders as it traveled past them.
"But . . . I think you can do better."

Tears trickled down Mark's cheeks. They were a mystery to him. He didn't know why he was crying. He didn't feel like he was crying. It was if his eyes had ideas of their own. "I'll try, Mister Zebra."

After a moment, Mister Zebra whispered, "I've been watching you. As you hurried about, serving the guests. I watched your cheeks color every time Tatiana spoke to you."

Mark lifted his head a little, blinking.

"Yes, I know Tatiana. She likes training girls like you. You can learn a lot from her. You'd do well to follow

her every instruction. She knows you. She knows your secret self. She knows you better than you know yourself . . . and so do I."

It was starting to work, Mark realized. However afraid and excited and submissive he'd felt when he walked in, making his voice soft and obedient was making him feel even more so. While the fear and excitement sank deeper and burned, the urge to be utterly pleasing was taking over. "Yes . . . Mister Zebra."

"Yes," Mister Zebra whispered, and it was almost as if his voice were being born inside Mark's head. "You're feeling it now, aren't you?"

He was, and he was beyond

speech. It was simply indescribable. It wasn't the pills. He'd become somewhat accustomed to the dreamy, happy, eager to follow effect of the pills. This was different. This was magic. This was like an electric current flowing between Mister Zebra and him, his heart, his trapped cock, his entire body.

"That's okay," Mister Zebra whispered, so quietly he barely made a sound. "I'm feeling it, too. You can tell, can't you? I understand what you are feeling, the little struggle to keep being a boy, even as you sink further into being a girl. Let that struggle go for now. It's too difficult anyway. It keeps you from being happy, keeps you from pleasure. Look where you are. Look what I've done to

you. With just a few simple words, you're on your knees with your pretty little head just swimming, and you know that makes me feel powerful. The more powerful I feel, the more power you give me, the less you have, the less you want. Isn't that so?"

Mark nodded. He moved his lips, aware of the tackiness of his pink lipstick. He couldn't seem to speak. He couldn't seem to think. His body was humming, vibrating with anticipation, with excitement. He wanted. He wanted. He wanted. He just wanted. He didn't know what he wanted; it was a simple yearning that kept burning and burning and burning.

Mister Zebra no longer spoke in

a whisper. His voice had tone, and it was deep and commanding and Mark shivered from just the sound of it. "Lean closer."

After a moment, where his mind spent time deciphering Mister Zebra's words, he leaned forward. Mister Zebra's pants were before him, his zipper, and something rather tense pushing toward him from beneath the fine material.

"Closer."

He did so, coming within a hair's breadth. He couldn't think about what he was doing. He couldn't think at all. He could only feel the racing of his heart, the burning of his cheeks, how his lips desperately needed licking.

"Breathe deeply. Breathe me in. That's me. That's my scent flowing into your nose. That is the musk of an aroused man. When it enters a girl's mind, it makes certain connections with her body, prepares her to be touched, used, pleased. When it enters the mind of a girl like you, it pushes everything that is not a girl away, leaving her raw and naked and receptive. Keep breathing. Nice and deep. Can you smell me? Can you feel what smelling me is doing to you?"

In the silence of the room, Mark became aware of the crackle of a fire. He became aware of the rustle of Mister Zebra's clothes, of the sound of his own breathing, panting. He felt the need to

nod, and accidentally brushed his nose against Mister Zebra's pants, against his crotch. He could smell Mister Zebra, musky and strong.

"Close your eyes. Just for a moment."

Mark let out a long, slow exhale and let his eyelids flutter closed. There was more rustling of clothing. There was the slow sound of a zipper. If the urge to escape appeared in his mind, it made no connection. That urge was being felt by someone else, a boy that would think this was wrong.

He felt the presence of something hot near his cheek and without meaning to leaned toward it, until it made contact. Yes, it was hot, like a

strong red hot poker, but it was warm like flesh and now the aroma of Mister Zebra's oily musk was overpowering. Mark began to pant quietly, lips parted. He was a single raw nerve, so easily disturbed, so easily pleased with the slightest breeze. He began to rub his cheek on Mister Zebra's cock, back and forth. He heard Mister Zebra panting as well. He fell into a gentle rhythm, brushing the soft skin of his cheek against the hot skin of Mister Zebra's cock, until he soon found himself turning his head and rubbing it on the small space between his nose and his upper lip.

Mister Zebra withdrew slightly. Mark's eyelids fluttered. "Keep your

eyes closed." Mark's eyelids stopped fluttering.

Mark's face was magically compelled to tilt up as if drawn by Mister Zebra's voice. Mister Zebra laid the underside of his cock on Mark's blushing cheek. He slowly drew it down until the tip of it dropped easily to Mark's pink lips.

Mark parted his lips to draw a breath, a panting, erratic breath. There was something moist and slippery on the tip of Mister Zebra's cock and now it was slick and wet on his lips.

Mister Zebra began to chant softly, "Good girl . . . good girl . . . be a good girl."

Mark opened his eyes and saw

the shaft, stiff and aching. Somewhere very far away alarm bells were ringing, but they were too distant to notice. There was no mistaking what was expected of him. He parted his lips further, the musky cologne of Mister Zebra's arousal drawing him closer, breathing deeply in, always in, gently testing the boiling waters with his tongue, placing it just beneath--

The door cracked open. The thuds of high heels on carpet resounded throughout the room. "Where did that silly girl run off to?"

It was Tatiana's voice.

With horror, Mark realized where he was. With horror, Mark realized what he was about to do. He

jumped to his feet and almost fell over because of the heels. Mister Zebra's hand shot out and grabbed him by the arm, saving him from tumbling over backwards.

Tatiana's eyes went wide with shock. A moment later, after she'd taken it all in, she laughed and covered her mouth with her hands. "Oh! Oh my!"

Mark blinked and blinked and shook his head. "No! No, it's not--we weren't--"

Tatiana looked at Mister Zebra and curtsied with a blush. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Mister Zebra grinned. The anger that had flared momentarily was already dissipating. "It's okay. It was

unexpected for all of us. They don't usually succumb so easily."

Tatiana grinned at Mark who was busy fidgeting and squirming and making his cheeks scarlet. "Oh, she's very special. I hope I didn't, um, ruin your fun, Mister Zebra."

He laughed. "I can wait. This one won't take long. She'll be in a black uniform in no time."

Mark hurried toward the door, but Tatiana's voice planted his feet before he could escape. "Wait there for me."

He blushed and he blushed. He couldn't think of anything else to do.

With a soft voice, Tatiana turned her attention back to Mister

Zebra. "Is there anything *I* can do for you, Mister Zebra?"

He grinned. "Perhaps later. Is she alone?"

Tatiana snapped her fingers and Mark begrudgingly answered, coming to stand by her side, unable to meet anyone's gaze. Why couldn't he break away from this place? "She has a wife, I'm afraid."

Mister Zebra's eyes sparkled. "She's new?"

"Yes, Mister Zebra. Her name is Sophia."

Sophia. How had Mark forgotten about her? His reason for living, his reason for being here. What would Sophia think if she found out--

"Yes, I saw her earlier. She's dying to get out of that little blue uniform and into something substantial. Black hair, blue eyes, creamy skin, curvy?"

Tatiana curtsied. "Yes, Mister Zebra."

He collected his cigar from the ashtray and rolled it between his lips, giving it a little suck. "Yes. Interesting. Delicious. Perhaps I can help her along. Perhaps I can help them both along."

Tatiana curtsied. "Will be there anything else, Mister Zebra?"

"Not just now." He sat in the chair and cupped the snifter of Brandy in his palm. "Perhaps later though. You'll be a good girl and come by and see."

Tatiana blushed and curtsied.

"Yes, Mister Zebra."

She turned and wrapped her hand around Mark's upper arm, intending to draw him away, but Mark whispered, "He touched me."

Tatiana stopped. "What did you say?"

"I--I said he--he's not supposed to touch me. I'm in pink, but he did."

Tatiana took a deep breath and turned back to Mister Zebra.

"I think you'll find," Mister Zebra offered before Tatiana could pose the question, "that it was the other way around." He gazed sternly at Mark. "It was you who touched me. Was it not?"

Tatiana questioned Mark with her eyes. Mark's face burned hot red.

She sighed. "Well, I'm glad that's dealt with."

Outside, she paused just long enough to slap Mark across the face. As soon as he'd recovered, as soon as she saw the first tear trickle down his cheek, she wrapped her arms tenderly around his neck and kissed him deeply. He was lost in the wetness of her lips, the swirl of their tongues and when the kiss ended, he gazed at her and realized he was just simply lost in every sense of the word. "I--I can't take anymore. P-please."

Tatiana grinned and played with his curls. "Mister Zebra is right. You won't even last a week."

Maid in Form

Sophia smiled at him and rubbed his nipples. Her thumbs made their little circuits and he watched her pretty lips move. She was speaking, but he wasn't paying attention. He was only moaning softly. Pleasure was a hot bath in which he was immersed, relaxed and receptive, knowing he could only savor all the ecstasy that occurred before orgasm, because the orgasm never came.

It had been a long day, and not for the first time he was eager to lose himself in the joy of Sophia's touch. She rubbed the stinging ointment into his

breasts and it sank deep into his flesh. Once again, he could feel his chest swelling, and as it did, his nipples became so much more sensitive. After the redness faded, after his nipples and the flesh around them no longer burned, his skin became soft and tingly. His breasts were feeling bigger every day and they never really shrank back down to their normal size anymore, but it felt so good when Sophia rubbed them that he was finding it difficult to complain.

"Miss Lydia says you're becoming a good girl. Miss Lydia says you're growing your breasts nice and big and soft for her."

It was true. He was doing it for Sophia. He was doing it for Miss Lydia.

He was doing it for Tatiana. Especially he was doing it for Tatiana, because of what she'd seen. She'd never so much as hinted that she might tell Sophia, but he knew there was nothing stopping her.

He was on his best behavior with Tatiana from then on. He no longer resisted her. Every time her gaze fell upon him, her eyes twinkled with the image of him on his knees in the parlor with Mister Zebra's cock mere inches from his lips.

He followed her around and complied with her every whim. She could be as cold and as bossy and as cruel to him as she wanted. What could he say? What could he do? She tested him constantly, he thought, fishing for

resistance. She found none. He barely spoke any more. He only curtsied incessantly, blushed feverishly and agreed with everything she said. "Yes, Miss Tatiana. No, Miss Tatiana."

In the morning, Sophia awoke him by rubbing his nipples and whispering to him. She fed him his pills and minutes later he felt the familiar pleasure of his thoughts dulling as if swimming through cotton. They showered, dressed and put on their makeup together, but mostly he stared at her dreamily, feeling utterly delighted when she smiled back.

What started as a little joke, became a habit. He curtsied to her as he did with Tatiana. He addressed her the

same way. "Yes, Miss Sophia. Right away, Miss Sophia."

He served the guests and stood quietly with his head bowed whenever they teased him. "You're far too pretty to be in a pink uniform. Are you sure you aren't really a girl?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You're more feminine than my daughters. Were you always this way?"

"No, Ma'am."

He did not see Mister Zebra again, and he was certainly on the lookout for him. He planned to avoid him at all costs. He couldn't wrap his mind around how Mister Zebra had so easily manipulated him. He remembered the bartender's warning, *He can be very*

persuasive. He remembered bringing Mister Zebra his cigar and his Brandy. Beyond that, it was like a dream that shifted from one scene to another, making sense while you were in it, but utterly confusing through hindsight.

"She's so adorable. Is that a wig?"

Tatiana fiddled with his hair.

"No, it's hers."

Mark stood there being talked about again as if he were a mere doll. He blushed and bowed his head and remained quiet. The pressure between his legs increased: his cock trapped in the gaffe struggled (and failed) to grow. It was getting so that he only felt that little aroused pressure when Tatiana,

Sophia or the guests spoke down to him. It was getting so that he craved to be spoken to that way, as if he were nothing but a weepy girl everyone loved to tease.

"Is she growing it out?"

"Oh, yes," Tatiana laughed and used her finger to lift Mark's chin. It was so much worse when he had to meet their eyes. He tried to keep his eyes lowered, but Tatiana snapped her fingers. He stared at the woman who was displaying a keen interest in him. The humiliation was complete and it roared like a jet engine in his ears. "Soon her hair will be as long as mine. I'm thinking to dye it blonde."

The woman giggled. "She'll

look like a tart."

Tatiana tilted her face sideways and smirked, studying his expression.

"She will, *da*." Tatiana's eyes had a very clear message: *I can do anything I want to you.*

Mark felt the urge to curtsy and respond, "Yes, Miss Tatiana."

"And how do you make her breasts look so real?"

"Oh! They *are* real. See?"

Tatiana rubbed one of Mark's nipples. It was unexpected. He was used to having them stroked in the morning and in the evening by Sophia, but here in front of everyone without any forewarning, it was as if she'd clicked his "ON" button.

He gasped, his knees trembling. He panted and clutched at his skirt. He moaned loudly and squirmed and arched his back and squeezed his thighs together as lightning bolts of pure pleasure shot through his body. He knew his nipples were becoming sensitive, but this was almost too much.

The woman laughed and blushed. "Oh my. I wish my breasts gave me that kind of pleasure."

Tatiana's eyes snapped to the woman. "Oh, they could if you wished. We have little ointment we rub to make them very full of pleasure. Perhaps I can help?"

The woman grinned. "I'd rather play with hers and have a little fun."

Tatiana sighed and stared dreamily into Mark's eyes. "If only you could, but pink uniform means no touching by guests."

Tatiana pinched Mark's nipple. A flash of pain brought him nearly to his knees. She slipped her hand inside the shelf bra of his uniform and began to tenderly roll his nipple between his fingers. He fell against Tatiana's soft, sweet smelling body and panted desperately, nearly hyperventilating. He felt his cock squirt a little ooze of precum inside his gaffe. The sensations coursing and surging and pulsing through him were unbelievable.

"That's easily fixed," the woman offered. "Just have him change

uniforms."

Tatiana's sharp-eyed grin only heightened his terrible arousal, an arousal that would only ever be a deep utterly overwhelming craving. He'd nearly forgotten what it was like to truly climax. The days of exploding and cumming his sticky squirty mess all over Sophia's belly were so distant, he could barely remember them. "*Da*, an easy fix," Tatiana whispered. "If you were in blue, *devushka*, all the guests could play with you, and our new friend could twist and pinch and kiss and lick your little nipples, hm? Would you like that? I am thinking you would."

The woman grinned and stood and at once Mark could smell her

perfume. She was so lovely with her gray hair pulled back and her soft blue eyes that if were truly just a doll, he would definitely want her to play with him.

Tatiana played with his nipple, giving him a little kiss on the lips. "If you were in black, she could have you and you could have her, but then . . . so could everyone." Tatiana whispered so that only Mark could hear. "Including Mister Zebra." She laughed and added louder, "What will it be, *krasivaya devushka*? Will you stay in pink or change to blue or change to black?"

Mark shook his head. The curls of his hair tickled his cheeks and neck, and they were just starting to tickle his

bare shoulders. Yes, his hair was getting longer. How long had he been here? Tears trickled yet again down his cheeks. Was it because the pleasure was too much to stand? Was it because he was being asked to make a decision after so long of being free from them? Or was it simply the pills creating them?

The woman gazed deep into his eyes with a pitying smile. "I would like very much to play with you, Alyssa. Wouldn't you like that?"

That name. Why did she have to call him that name? It robbed him of the very last of his maleness every time he responded to it, every time he began to think of himself that way. He nodded with bleary eyes and smiled. "Yes,

Ma'am."

Tatiana rubbed his nipple tenderly. "Go and ask Miss Lydia."

Without thinking, he tried to curtsy, though his knees were so weak that he could barely manage it. He smiled, wiped his tears and blushed red hot yet again. "Y-yes, Miss Tatiana."

"We'll be here waiting for you," the woman said.

Tatiana gave him a stinging swat on his bottom as he turned to go. He jumped and squealed and rubbed his cheek as he picked up his pace.

All he could hear beyond the thudding roar of his heartbeat in his ears was the sound of giggling as he hurried away.

Maids in Blue

There was a blur of hallways. He was in a daze. The tick of his heels clicking on the floor was like a metronome, monotonous, regular and soothing. They had changed his pills again, hadn't they? He felt less dull in his thoughts, but far more dreamy. He caught himself from time to time simply smiling away blissfully. Even as he swayed down the hall, his short, lacy petticoats swishing under his short skirt and tickling his thighs, he realized he was smiling sweetly at everyone.

There was a knock on a door

and he glanced up to see his hand curled into a fist. He felt the rap against his knuckles but didn't remember lifting his arm. He uncurled his hand and saw his long fingernails painted with pink gloss. He remembered sitting that very morning with one soft thigh crossed over the other before the mirror, smelling the pungent alkaline odor of the nail polish as he carefully brushed color over each long nail. Sophia had been humming merrily behind him, pausing only to peer over his shoulder with a quick kiss to his neck. "That's a good color for you, baby."

"Thank you, Miss Sophia." He'd picked it himself and was suddenly terribly delighted with the way it made

his fingers look.

Miss Lydia raised her head as he came in. She appeared happy to see him. "My, my, you're coming along nicely, aren't you?" She acted as if she hadn't seen him in weeks, but he'd been with her just the other day.

He curtsied and smiled, blushing. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

"Your wife was right about you. She said once you began it would be a short trip."

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

"She certainly did a good job on you, followed all my instructions to the letter. You were halfway there when you walked in the door."

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. "Yes, Miss Lydia." Was he even listening to what she was saying? Perhaps, he should be. Why had he come here?

"I knew pairing you with Tatiana was the right choice. She's quite merciless with her little girls, and she enjoys her work, of course."

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. "Yes, Miss Lydia." He felt the urge to fidget with his fingers, but Miss Lydia didn't like it when her girls fidgeted so he kept his hands relaxed by his sides.

She stood from behind the desk, dressed in a tight black skirt and a sleeveless silver blouse. Sauntering around him, studying him, she let her fingers dance lightly over his waist,

bound even tighter in the smaller, heavily-boned corset they'd squeezed him into just that morning. She lifted his skirt in the back, raised the petticoats and touched his soft bottom, giving it a little pinch, lifting one cheek and watching as it fell and jiggled back into place. "Your ass is utterly indistinguishable from a real girl. In fact most girls would be envious. It's very soft now. You've noticed that, haven't you?" What a coincidence; he'd noticed that very morning.

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. "Yes, Miss Lydia." Had he noticed that? He'd felt the shake and jiggle of his bottom, but he'd assumed it was due to the tall heels and the tight gaffe.

Miss Lydia stood before him and smiled enigmatically, caressing his face. "Have you noticed how soft your skin has become?" He'd noticed many things that very morning.

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. "Yes, Miss Lydia." All the lotions Sophia made him use daily had certainly had a dramatic effect. Not only was his skin soft and smooth to the touch, but his face had actually rounded off and softened.

She ran her finger over the soft hills and cleavage of his breasts, hoisted to the hilt in the shelf bra. "And how are these coming along, hm? Are they sensitive?"

His nipples twitched and twanged gently and grew until they were

like two stone pebbles sitting on his chest. "Y-yes, Miss Lydia. They're . . . they're very sensitive."

Miss Lydia grinned. "Let's see." She pulled down his top with a swift practiced motion and pressed her thumbs against his areolas, rubbing them in slow opposing circles, taking delight in how his nipples slipped and flipped under her touch. They had most certainly grown as the size of his breasts had grown.

His knees buckled and he stumbled forward with a gasp and a whimper. He fell against Miss Lydia's sweet smelling body and began to pant terribly as his heart raced. His moans surprised even him and he felt a little

squirt of precum in his gaffe once again. It was too much. The sensation of her rough, brutal thumbs on the tender raw nerves of his nipples was enough to render him unconscious. He swore he could feel the tiny lines of her fingerprints like sandpaper as they moved in regular circles. He couldn't latch on to his feelings: did it hurt? did it feel good? Was he in a torment of pain or a never-ending cascade of euphoria? Whatever it was, it was enough to steal his breath away, to make his heart thud in his face and ears and neck and especially his nipples. It was enough to send him into a high orbit of pure sensory overload.

Miss Lydia smiled and pushed

him back into an attentive stance with a single finger to his chest. "Yes, very good." She stopped rubbing and was delighted when he whined a little.

He couldn't help himself. What had started as painful and overwhelming had quickly become warm and soothing and pure ecstasy. "P-please. . . ." He needed to be touched. His nipples were hard and cold and they needed stimulation. He *needed* pleasure. He couldn't go back to just standing there without it.

Miss Lydia grinned and placed her thumbs back on his nipples. She gazed deeply into his eyes and began to rub him once again, soft, slow and regular. "You're becoming a very good

girl for me. You're becoming soft and sweet. You'll always be a very good girl for me. You're growing nice soft breasts for me. You're growing big, soft, sensitive breasts for me. It's okay to be a good girl. It's okay . . . "

" . . . Sophia is here. Miss Sophia will always help you become a good girl. The more love you feel for Miss Sophia, the softer and sweeter you become."

Sophia was there, and it was as if she'd appeared out of nowhere, though he did have the distant memory of a knock and Miss Lydia's voice telling her it was open. That had happened hours ago, hadn't it? He closed his eyes and lost himself in the gentle rubbing as his

stiff nipples flipped beneath her thumbs, transmitting wave after wave of sheer pleasure.

Sophia smiled and kissed him on the cheek. She'd changed her hair. It was straight now and long and shone like satin. She'd lost weight and it accentuated her curves even more. She had always been beautiful, always had a bountiful bosom and nice hips, but now she was a bombshell. The corset and the nest egg blue Maid's uniform formed her into an impossibly gorgeous, sensual creature. When had that happened? He saw her every morning and every night, but he was in such a dream most of the time that perhaps he simply hadn't noticed.

Sophia's eyes flashed with hesitation as Miss Lydia whispered to her sternly. "Do as I've told you."

She licked her luscious lips, swallowed and her face betrayed her nervousness. "Hello . . . Alyssa. I've missed you, Alyssa. I love you so much . . . Alyssa. How are you feeling, Alyssa?"

He swallowed and blinked. Beautiful Sophia. Warm Sophia. Sophia who he worked so hard to please, but always needed more than he could give. With a tremor in his voice, he replied, "I'm . . . I'm confused."

Miss Lydia chimed in quickly. "Girls often are when they go through puberty. They have a new body and new

feelings. Boys that didn't look twice at them yesterday suddenly can't tear their eyes away. It will all soon pass as you become accustomed to your new life."

"Alyssa," Sophia whispered. There was no mistaking the love in her eyes. "Look at you! You're so beautiful!" She spoke as if she hadn't seen him in weeks, but they'd seen each other that very morning.

"Once they start filling out, it happens quickly. All that resistance is gone and they blossom like beautiful flowers."

Sophia placed her lips on one of his nipples and began to softly suck. He gasped yet again, feeling the rush of pleasure from her tongue and the warmth

of her mouth. She smacked her lips and giggled. "Are you ready for your blue uniform, Alyssa?"

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. "Yes, Miss Sophia." Was he? What did it mean? The blue uniform meant the guests could touch him, but was that what he wanted? He had been safe in the pink uniform, untouchable, but if any of the guests played with his nipples, how safe would he be?

Sophia turned with a smile and blush to Miss Lydia, who replied, "Arrangements are being made."

"And for me?" Sophia asked.

Miss Lydia grinned. "Oh, yes, for you, too. The guests have been inundating with me requests. I'm afraid

the moment you show your pretty face in that black uniform it will be a feeding frenzy."

He blinked. Black uniform? That meant--

"Why?" he asked suddenly.

Lydia and Sophia turned swiftly toward him.

After a moment, Miss Lydia whispered, "Go on then. It's only right he should know."

Sophia sniffled and nodded and planted her gaze square on her husband's pretty made-up eyes with his pretty lashes. "Because I love you. I love you so much."

He squirmed and felt tears on his cheeks. He'd have to fix his face; he

already felt the urge. "You're . . . you're leaving me."

She shook her head. "I would never leave you. I couldn't. I love you. Sweetie, you have to understand. I need so much. I have so much love in my heart and I want to share it with everyone. I've--I've been with men who used me, and I loved them for it, but they didn't love me back. I've been with rich, successful men who loved the idea of me, but didn't really know me. Then I found you."

She wound her arms around him and laid her head on his chest. If not for the pillowy feeling of his breasts, it would almost have been like old times. "You tried so hard. I know that. You

tried to be sweet with me when I needed it, and you were. You tried to be rough with me when I needed it, but you loved me too much to really hurt me, which was exactly what I needed. You tried to role-play. You tried to go to the parties, but let's face it, you could never let yourself go. You always had that male ego, that male pride that prevented you from being free." She peered up into his eyes once again and he shivered. She was so beautiful, and she was so right. He had tried, and he knew it wasn't enough, but he'd hoped against hope that she could settle for less.

"I wanted to be with another woman and for you to watch, but you were afraid I would love her more than

you and run away. I wanted you to be with another man and watch, but you were . . . so afraid I would no longer see you as a man. I wanted you to experience all the pleasure and love that I do when I let men have me, when I let women have me, when I let couples use me, because I knew no matter what they do to me, I always have you. I knew you had it in you, but it was your stubborn maleness that prevented it from coming out. When the money situation came up, I reached out to Miss Lydia. I knew what she could do, what she would do, and I knew she had a price, and that price was me."

Finally, some semblance of intelligence returned to him. "Y-you?"

Miss Lydia spoke then. "She's being groomed, Alyssa. She has to come up through the ranks first, the black uniform, the yellow uniform, the red uniform, but soon she'll be in position to take over. At first during the times when I take my vacation. It will be a challenge surrendering once again. You'll take it easy on me, won't you, dear?"

Sophia grinned. "No, Miss Lydia."

For the first time, they watched as Lydia turned beet red. She swallowed deeply and nodded. "Good. You may have to lay it on thick at first. I can be quite stubborn. Eventually though--" Miss Lydia explained, "--I'll turn the place over to her."

He considered what they'd told him. In a strange way, he was grateful. He was still frightened, but Miss Sophia was here. As long as she was here, as long as she loved him, what did anything else matter? "The--the house? The bills?"

Sophia smiled devilishly and began to rub his nipples. From that moment on, there was only pleasure coursing through him. "All taken care of. Now, I believe there are two lovely women waiting to take advantage of you, and I can't wait to see what they do."

He opened his eyes just long enough to smile at his wife. "I . . . I love you, Miss Sophia."

She blushed deeply and kissed

him. "I love you, too, Alyssa."

"Sophia will be keeping busy with her new job for a bit, so you'll be staying with me. You won't mind that, will you, Alyssa?"

He blushed and shook his head. Someone's thumbs--he couldn't tell whose anymore--were rubbing his sensitive nipples around and around and he was simply awash with bliss. His reply was a trembling whisper. "N-no, Miss Lydia."

"You'll be under my care 24/7. Things are going to happen rather quickly, dear. Just go with it. You'll do that, won't you? For me?"

He nodded and bit down hard on his upper lip. He wasn't sure he could

remain standing much longer. His knees were already weak and threatening to give out. "Y-yes, Miss Lydia."

Suddenly, he felt her soft hand on his cheek and heard her whisper, "Pretty thing."

Hand in hand, he and Miss Sophia made the short trip back to the lounge, where Tatiana and the lovely woman awaited him. Everyone smiled at each other and made little greetings. Tatiana's grin was broad as she greeted him. "Welcome back, *devushka*. You look so much prettier in blue, don't you think?"

He had changed? When had he changed? Looking down into his own cleavage, which seemed much softer and

rounder than it had before, he noticed he was indeed in the nest egg blue uniform. He remembered gazing at himself in the mirror as Tatiana had taught him, smoothing his corset down as he admired his profile, straightening his stockings. He remembered the little pink maid's cap pinned in his hair.

He curtsied. "Y-yes, Miss Tatiana."

Sophia patted him on the bottom and gave him a little nudge, which was like encouraging a kitten to play with wolves. "Miss Lydia wants her hair restyled when you're done with her, and she wants her corset cinched up a few more notches. Also, she should start receiving lighter dosages of the

tranquilizer, but the hormones should stay the same."

Tatiana reached out and played with Alyssa's hair. "I was thinking of having them give her a little makeover as well. The pinks and the lavenders are cute, but she's in blue now. I am thinking warmer, darker tones, *da?*"

Sophia studied her husband's face. "I think she'd be darling with a little touch of burgundy."

"Really?" Tatiana said, "I am thinking gold like mine. We could be like sisters, and it will bring her to black uniform sooner."

Sophia shook her head. "Golds? It looks good on you, but for her--"

Tatiana grinned like an imp,

picking up one of Alyssa's curls and wrapping it around her finger. "It would go well with her new hair color."

Sophia's eyes widened. "New color?"

Tatiana laughed. "How do you think she'd look as a blonde?"

Sophia's mouth dropped open. Slowly, a smile grew on her face. "Oh. Oh my. I can't--I can't imagine. Oh . . . I would *love* to see her as a blonde."

"I do this before. It helps separate themselves from who they used to be. It will change how she sees herself."

Sophia nodded with an eager giggle. "I want to see it the second it's done. I can't wait!"

"He's burning red hot." The woman standing between them pointed as she spoke. She was right. Alyssa's cheeks were bright red. Standing there, being discussed as if he were nothing but a doll for two girls to enjoy, dressed in his pretty new blue uniform, knowing that soon any guest who wanted to touch him would be able to, was nearly too much. All he could think of was avoiding Mister Zebra at all costs.

"She'," Sophia and Tatiana corrected the woman together. They turned and laughed at one another.

"Well," Sophia said, "I'll leave my pretty husband in your capable hands then. There are several guests I know who have been waiting to get their paws

on me."

"H-husband?" the woman exclaimed. "This . . . is your husband?"

"It was," Tatiana giggled.

Alyssa looked like she might melt from shame.

"Did--did he always look like this?" the woman wondered.

"Oh, no," Sophia replied, "he's changed quite a bit."

"And," Tatiana added, "he's hardly your husband anymore."

Alyssa suddenly looked worried.

Tatiana took his hand and drew him forward to the woman who was waiting to feel him up and down. "*She* is more like your little girl now."

Sophia giggled and agreed. As

she walked away, Tatiana called after her. "Shall I drop her off at your room after we're done?"

Sophia shook her head. "She'll be staying with Miss Lydia for awhile."

Tatiana raised her eyebrows. She grinned at Alyssa. "Oh, sweetie, you're not going to know what hit you." She laughed and enjoyed how Alyssa's cheeks flamed with heat every time she did so. "Your life is going to change very quickly."

The woman leapt forward and mashed her lips into his, reaching around to sink her fingers into his soft bottom. She moaned. "I can't believe you were ever a man. You're so soft!"

Tatiana nibbled on his ear,

feeling the shivers run down his body.
"He wasn't. Would any real man ever let
someone do this to him?"

Maid Unmade

He lost himself in Miss Lydia's light blue eyes. He was afloat in a world of pleasure as she softly rubbed his nipples. Her touch was confident but light; he wasn't overwhelmed by the sensations, but somehow it was just enough to make him want so much more. Her gaze was firm, but reassuring. Her tone was quiet and magical. She seemed to know just what to say and how to say it.

He realized with a rush that he'd fallen for her.

He never stopped loving Miss

Sophia. She was his reason for living, his first Mistress. (Mistress?) Miss Lydia, however, had wrapped him around her little finger without any effort at all, and he loved her for it. He was devoted to her. He worshipped her.

He admired her. She was so elegant. He found himself emulating her without meaning to, perhaps just because he enjoyed being around her so much. He began to hear her crisp, sensual, playful tone departing his own lips every day, all day. She had a way of standing, a way of holding herself that was so feminine, and it seemed to soak into his very being until he was holding himself the same way.

Worst of all, she knew exactly

when to give him attention and when not, and it was a whole lot of no attention with a few small special moments of pure joy. He was a flower in the dark, longing for the sunlight of her smile.

He knelt for her at the door every day and worried that the knees of his light blue stockings would be soiled. He had to always be clean for her. He made sure he was always pretty. His hair must be brushed just so; his makeup must be touched up until it was perfect; his uniform must always be clean and well arranged. It's what pleased her. It seemed unfair that he should serve the guests all day and then come home and serve Miss Lydia all night, but he did, and she never really told him to or asked

him to; he just did. He found that he desperately wanted to make her happy.

Finally, when she'd finished talking to him, she patted him on the head like a pet and smiled and he understood his breasts should be tucked back into his pretty top once again. She was finished using them for now. "Did they bruise you today, Alyssa?"

He no longer felt so utterly dreamy and out of it all the time. He had a clear mind, but he still felt a lot of uncertainty about what was happening to him. "I . . . I don't know, Miss Lydia. They pinched my bottom a lot. Some of them really hurt. They pinch so hard. Why do they do that? Why not just kisses and caresses like the other guests?"

Miss Lydia moved past him, slipped out of her blouse and dropped it on the floor. He hurried to collect it and fold it. Miss Lydia unzipped her skirt and let it drop down her legs. He waited for her to step out of it. Her legs were so slender and smooth. Miss Lydia allowed him to rub lotion into them daily, running his hands over her soft skin, back and forth. Miss Lydia allowed him to shave them for her, too, lathering them up, running the blade across them, rinsing and moisturizing and kissing. He longed to do those things for her again and again.

"Every expression on a pretty girl's face is a portrait. Expressions of pain are virtually indistinguishable from

expressions of pleasure. Perhaps you tempt them. Perhaps you're bringing it on yourself. Every time you squeal or pout, it encourages them. Don't you understand that, Alyssa?"

He unconsciously rubbed his bottom and pouted. "But . . . I can't help it." Sometimes, he felt and acted like a child, because it felt good, because Miss Lydia seemed to enjoy it.

Miss Lydia sat before a mirror. Alyssa rushed to collect her skirt from the floor. Her eyes found his in the reflection. He felt silly. He felt ridiculous. He felt like crying. She was so beautiful. Her dismissive, impassive expression made him fidget, made his thighs press together. He wanted her so

very badly. "Very well. Let me see."

He turned, lifted his skirt and gathered up his petticoats. His gaffe was a well-designed g-strings and his soft, womanly rear was suddenly on display, which embarrassed him greatly. Miss Lydia turned and inspected him, noticing several yellowish bruises. She reached out and pinched one and heard him whimper. She couldn't help but smile. No wonder certain guests had taken such an interest in his little peach of a bottom.

She turned to the mirror and began to remove her makeup. "That's enough."

He dropped his petticoats and turned to face her with pink cheeks.

"Alyssa, you're obviously

enjoying the attention."

Alyssa's jaw dropped. "N-no, Miss Lydia." He shook his head, his blonde curls dancing. Tatiana had made good on her threat to give him a complete makeover, and she'd been right about its effect on him. When he saw himself in the mirror now, he didn't see the husband he'd once been. He only saw Alyssa, the pretty little maid with the blue uniform. He had started connecting with that image, started to recognize himself as her. If his old male face had suddenly reappeared, he wasn't sure he'd recognize it.

"Then why does it keep happening?"

"Because--because they keep--

they keep--"

"A smart girl would stay away from the guests that pinch her bottom . . . if she didn't like it."

"But--but I can't! They call me over, and I have to--"

"A clever girl would avoid their cruel little fingers, unless she liked it."

"But--but--I don't . . . I don't know how--"

"A reasonable girl wouldn't have asked for her blue uniform if she didn't want the attention."

"But--but--" He blinked rapidly, eyes drifting, looking dazed. He was his prettiest when he looked vulnerable like this, Miss Lydia thought.

"But you're not a smart girl, are

you?"

He blinked and blinked. "I--"

"You're not a clever girl by any means. You spend all day acting like a silly, brainless maid."

He blinked. "I--I don't--"

"Look at yourself in the mirror, darling, and tell me what color your little maid's uniform is."

The pretty girl in the glass with the long blonde curls and the wide-eyed, stunned expression gazed back at him. "It's--it's blue, Miss Lydia."

"It's blue, Alyssa. It's a blue uniform. Blue uniforms are for girls that like attention. Blue uniforms are for girls that like to be touched, want to be touched, need guests to touch her. Blue

uniforms are for girls that like to tease and tease until the guests can't keep their hands off her. Blue uniforms are for girls that like to be handled. What color is your uniform, dear?"

Shame faced, cheeks on fire, he dropped his eyes and whispered, "Blue, Miss Lydia."

Miss Lydia began to whisper as well, so quietly he had to strain to hear. "Do you like the way they look at you? Do you like the expressions they wear when they see you?"

He nodded. He did like it.

"Say it," she barked softly.

"I . . . I do, Miss Lydia."

"How do they look at you, dear?"

"Like . . . like they want me, like

they like me. Some of them--they look at me like--like--I'm not even sure what they want. Some of them frighten me."

"Mmhmm, intense gazes, I'm sure. You know what they want though. They want you."

He nodded bashfully, picking at the lace of his restrictive corset, noticing his perfect slender fingers with the gold nail polish, just like Tatiana wore. "Yes, Miss Lydia." He was looking more and more like her. Twice, guests had mistaken him for her so far. He was around her so much that some of her behaviors and mannerisms had become infectious.

"What do they want with you, Alyssa, the ones that frighten you?"

Even quieter, he tried to whisper, unaware of the answer until it left his painted lips. "They--they want. . . ."

Miss Lydia interrupted softly. "Keep looking at yourself, dear. Now . . . what is it they want?"

His eyes snapped back to the pretty blonde in the mirror. He saw himself, herself. "They . . . they want . . . they look like they want . . . to devour me."

"What good is a pretty toy if you can't play with it?"

He nodded, swallowed, feeling the lure of her gaze again. Somehow, as she always did, she was silently willing him to stare into her eyes, and every time

he did so, he was lost. "Y-yes, Miss Lydia."

"What was your name before it was Alyssa?"

Blinking, he parted his lips to answer, but the name didn't come. It was there, like a silent little wisp of smoke in his mind, lingering somewhere in the back of his brain but refusing to descend down to the tip of his tongue. "Oh."

Miss Lydia grinned. "You're such a pretty thing."

The hot water felt good on his hands. He squeezed the sponge over Miss Lydia's beautiful back and glanced around curiously at the bathroom.

"Hair next and then let's finish up. I have plans for you tonight."

"Yes, Miss Lydia." Shampooing her hair was his chance to make her moan with pleasure. Not that he didn't get to do that between her legs, but that was always out of his control. With her strong thighs wrapped around his head and her hands clutching at his head, commanding him, he could only struggle to keep up with her and to give her what she needed. Massaging her scalp, rinsing out the shampoo, rubbing in the conditioner was a chance to be tender and sensual with her, to give her pleasure without her demanding it.

Plans? She had plans?

An hour later, she'd dressed him, primped him, polished his feminized body and once again stood him before

the mirror to admire himself. He spent so much time staring at himself now. He couldn't remember what his hair used to look like, except that he thought it had been short. Now, it was long and blonde with streaks so light they were almost pink. He knew his face had not been this heart-shaped before, this soft. In fact, he knew his body had not been this soft before. He had never been this thin, but the corset was like a clutching fist around his waist that he'd gotten used to, but which also severely limited his appetite.

Standing there in the white baby doll lingerie with the white stockings and the silver heels, he noticed how thin his arms were, how his waist had been

trained to dip inward, giving an even greater roundness to his hips. It was the breasts though that he found the most alarming. He could no longer believe it was because of the ointment or the rubbing. He knew now that they'd been feeding him hormones and the hormones had worked. His breasts were full. He gawked at them as they filled out his lacy little top. They were full and round and perfectly female; the areola had expanded, the nipples grown large and sensitive, and they were the key to unraveling him. Whenever he showed the lightest bit of resistance, Miss Lydia would rub his little nipples and talk to him and he'd find his thinking had changed, feeling in earnest whatever she

wanted him to feel.

Why had Miss Sophia done this to him?

He knew the answer, but he couldn't seem to make it make sense. Miss Sophia had explained it, but it still didn't help matters. He barely saw her anymore. It felt like forever. Once, when he'd been serving a guest in their room, they'd brushed into one another, but they were too busy to stop and talk. He wanted to throw himself at her feet and beg her to stay, to talk, to touch him, to come back to Miss Lydia's room with him and just spend time with him again, but the guest was demanding.

There had only been enough time for Miss Sophia to blush and smile at

him and give him the lightest little pat on his bottom before she was hurrying off once again. There was no doubting her role in her tiny black maid's uniform.

Even as he was hurrying out of the room, being called away, he'd glimpsed her curtsying before the bed and giggling at the man laying on it. "Oh! Is that for me, Sir?"

They were having her. Again and again as he once had. They were having her and they were pleasing her and they were fulfilling her as he had never done. She was in her glory, role-playing with them, serving them, being used by them, all the things she'd resisted doing with him because it had made him uncomfortable.

Once, he'd seen her in the lounge. Miss Tatiana had just dyed his hair blonde and the mirror had become an aching beautiful heartbreaker. Miss Sophia hadn't even spotted him. He stared and stared and tried to make eye contact, and the one time her eyes had found him, they'd simply roved past him as if he hadn't been there. She hadn't even recognized him. That was when he'd realized she was no longer in the black uniform; she'd graduated to yellow. He didn't even know what that meant, but it depressed him horribly.

Miss Lydia snapped her fingers in front of his eyes several times. "Come back now."

He blinked and saw himself, the

white teasingly transparent baby doll, the little thong gaffe, his sleek little body posed just so. He was dressed like a bride on her wedding night, a pretty package waiting to be unwrapped by hard male hands. What was in store for him?

She'd applied false lashes to his eyes and painted them with smoky gray and rich burgundy. His nails complemented the deep gleaming red of his lips. He no longer looked sweet and innocent. He looked . . . ready. He looked like a shiny red apple ready to be picked and devoured.

He gazed at Miss Lydia and she grinned wickedly. Her expression told him everything; it told him, *I have you*

right where I want you and there's nothing you can do about it.

"Wh-where are we going?" His voice was softer, breathier than he remembered. He suddenly recalled long hours of listening to audio files, repeating phrases he heard as if learning a new language. He *had* learned a new language though, hadn't he? The female language. Except for the change in his tone and pitch, he wondered what else had changed. Was he choosing different words now? If so, he didn't notice. As with everything Miss Lydia did to him, it was suddenly natural though it hadn't been natural before.

"You're going to see Miss Sophia, dear."

His heart leapt. She studied him, top to bottom. "You do want to see her, don't you?"

He couldn't begin to describe how badly he wanted to see her. "Yes, yes, oh, yes, Miss Lydia! Thank you!"

Suddenly, he realized he wasn't in uniform. His waist wasn't being compressed; his thighs didn't feel the familiar tickle of the lace petticoats. He felt out of place and odd like a third thumb. A terrible feeling of dread swept over him. He actually longed for the familiar embrace of his blue corset and the tickle of his petticoats again. He needed his blue skirt and his blue stockings. It was cruel to make him go without them.

Miss Lydia swept a curling strand of blonde from his cheek. "Hm. Hold still." She collected a tube from the counter and pursed her lips. "Pout, sweetie." He stuck out his bottom lip for her and she dabbed it with lip-gloss. She laughed at him. "You're awfully good at that."

He blushed scarlet and gave her a shallow curtsy. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

She brought him by the hand to the door, but paused. "Are you ready to see Miss Sophia, darling?" The sexy little baby doll . . . he couldn't go out like this!

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. It was so automatic, he no longer even thought about it. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

Her eyes narrowed slightly. "Are you ready to see your wife?"

Curtsy. Smile. Blush. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

She shook her head.

"Something's not right."

He blinked. He just wanted to see Miss Sophia. He was ready to go home now. He was ready to go back to the way things were. He would be better, more daring, more adventurous, but he wanted to be a man again, Miss Sophia's man with her no longer as a "Miss", but just his wife.

Miss Lydia placed a finger to her lips and tapped. "No. I think we'll have to resort to drastic measures." She grinned, her eyes sparkling in a way that

made him severely nervous. "Come with me."

He followed her to the bedroom and when she pointed to the bed he slid onto it. It wasn't so unusual to be here with her. He had brought her to one crashing orgasm after another with his mouth and fingers, and his mind was filled with the memories of her moans, gasps and squirming. He couldn't help the little smile that stole across his face.

Miss Lydia twirled her finger in the air. "On your hands and knees like a good little doggy."

That was different. He gulped and nodded and maneuvered himself so that he was positioned as she desired. The baby doll tickled his back and he

felt the pull of gravity on his breasts. Miss Lydia pulled his gaffe down his thighs and for the first time since he could remember, his cock was free.

For a moment, he was certain he had lost the ability to gain an erection. The hormones, the tranquilizers, the life they'd made him lead had certainly robbed him of any pleasure he might receive through his cock. It hadn't been touched in ages. Even in the shower he received only the tickle of water and not a single moment of blissful handling. In his mind, even the pressure he sometimes felt between his legs when the guests spoke down to him, teased him, pinched him, had stopped forming the image of a cock in his mind. With a

shock, he realized that over the past few weeks, he'd imagined only a soft pair of lips in his gaffe, plumping with arousal. In his mind, the little squirts of precum that fell cold into his thong had become simply the leaking wetness of a girl's arousal.

Before he could ponder it too deeply, he felt his cock growing, stretching, aching. He needed to touch it. He needed to wrap his hand around it this very instant! He needed to reclaim his masculinity. It was the only way for him to escape this place.

"Be a good girl and remain perfectly still for me. Perfectly still . . . no matter what."

He simply couldn't muster the

will to touch himself, and this made him whimper with desire. How could Miss Lydia make him resist the need of his own body so easily?

His cock felt odd. It felt foreign. It felt out of place and weird now. He was a girl with a girl's body. His name was Alyssa and his breasts were soft and full and his ass was soft and full and his body had become soft and curvy and he felt childish and silly and six steps behind everyone else. More importantly, he realized his cock didn't feel like his cock. He didn't even feel like a "he" anymore. He felt like a girl with a strapon. Someone had placed this awkward, strange cock onto his womanly body, but it wasn't truly

connected, even though he could feel how it throbbed and ached.

Was he that far gone? What had they done to him? If he could just get his hand (with his pretty red glistening nails) wrapped around his cock, he could reclaim it and make it his again.

Miss Lydia tapped him on the head and he raised it instantly. "Good girl. Now . . . this will feel like you're being punished. You'll think you've been naughty and disobedient, but I want you to remember this as a means to an end. I want you in the right frame of mind when you meet your sweet Sophia and this will accomplish that. So, be a good girl and take it and let it work, okay?"

He nodded slightly. The air was

cold on his ass. He felt that the head of the odd cock between his legs was already slick with precum, wet and cold. He struggled to remember what it used to feel like, so normal, so natural. A cock. His cock. It was attached to him. It must be his. It had felt like his once long ago. He'd even used it on Miss Sophia.

Something cold and hard pressed against his cheeks. He knew instantly what it was. Long and wooden, wide and flat, Miss Lydia was going to paddle him. He'd never been spanked before, even as a child. He thought to himself, "This is crazy. I can't let her do this to me. I won't."

His hands curled into fists on the bed as he waited, motionless. "You'll

find you naturally want to tense up," Miss Lydia's told him with a soft, caring tone. "But tensing will make the pain worse. Focus on relaxing, breathing. You only have one instruction to remember. Remain perfectly still. Focus on that."

She rubbed the paddle in large circles around his ass and gave him a few little love taps. They didn't hurt, which gave him hope, but still he rebelled inside. He absolutely couldn't let her do this to him. He wasn't a child. He didn't need to be spanked. Had he not done everything they wanted? It was time for them to end it. It was time for him to go home, for them to give him back his normal body. It was simple

enough: all he had to do was hop off the bed and leave.

Miss Lydia tapped his bottom in a quick little rhythm, making the taps progressively harder until he found himself breathing harder in response. His ass was getting awfully warm. How far was she intending to take this?

She swung the paddle wide then and when it landed, it did so with a SMACK and a moment later a furious stinging sensation crawled across the flesh of his ample bottom. He bucked forward and whined, "Ow!"

She wasn't being playful. That had really hurt! She gave him a sharp, quick smack and whispered, "Didn't I tell you not to move?"

He nodded and reached back to soothe his poor bottom. "Y-yes, but--"

Miss Lydia slapped his hand. "Every time you move you get another one until you learn. Is that clear?"

This wasn't fair! He'd been her good girl all this time. Why was she punishing him for it? "Y-yes. . . ."

She gave him another swat. "Yes . . . what?"

He licked his lips, which had suddenly become inexplicably dry. She SMACKED him again! "Yes, Miss Lydia!"

She smacked him again. "That's to help you remember. Think of it as sealing the deal. Now, scoot back to the end of the bed where you were. I

shouldn't have to stretch, and stop moving or this will take all night."

She struck him lightly for a while, and then increased the pain until he couldn't catch his breath, until he clutched at the bed sheets, until his toes curled in his silver heels and his body broke out in a sweat. Then she struck him fast and hard, and again he bucked forward.

"Back into position," she ordered.

It wasn't fair. He slid back hesitantly.

She struck him again. "Why did you move?"

"I couldn't help it!" It was true. His body naturally jerked away from the

pain. She was asking the impossible!

She struck him. "You couldn't help disobeying me?"

"Y-yes, I mean, no, I mean--"

She struck him again. Already he was learning the difference between spankings. The blows she was landing on him now were instructional. The light ones were a tease for the hard ones, and the hard ones were a test. "Didn't I tell you to breathe?"

"Yes, yes, but--"

She struck him again, teaching him. "Yes what?"

"Yes, Miss Lydia--"

"Yes, Miss Lydia what?"

His mind went blank. His ass was throbbing. Tears trickled down his

face. What did she want from him?

She struck him again and he sobbed miserably. "Didn't I tell you to breathe?"

"Yes, Miss Lydia!"

Her voice--so calm, so reasonable--was like a lighthouse beacon holding vigil in the stormy night of his mind. "Yes, Miss Lydia . . . you told me to breathe!"

Her hand fell on his shoulder. It gripped and pulled him further back toward her, back into position, though he thought he'd already scooted backwards. His body had obviously not wanted to return to the very end of the bed; that was the origin of great pain. "I'm going to hit you again. Very hard. And you're

going to breathe. And you're not going to move. You're going to do what I told you to do. Is that clear?"

It wasn't clear! He couldn't simply not move. His body wanted to get away from the pain and he couldn't stop it! He knew he should tell her this, but he only sniffled and nodded.

She struck him. Instructional. "Is that clear, Alyssa?"

He blathered out, "Yes, Miss Lydia!"

"Hold still," she whispered and he waited with closed eyes, so tense his entire body was trembling. "Relax." He did. Or he tried to.

The paddle *whistled* through the air and struck with a loud CRACK!

A moment later, he squealed as the pain rushed through him; the stinging, like a swarm of angry bees, was having a field day with his poor brutalized cheeks.

"Breathe," Miss Lydia counseled softly and he did.

"Don't you move now," she warned, and somehow, he remained in position.

Suddenly, he felt Miss Lydia's small warm hand wrap around his cock. It grew into her grip as if made for it. Pleasure. Pleasure? It had been ages since he'd received pleasure from his cock. It turned rock hard and she gave it a light stroked and he threw back his head and moaned loudly. His world

suddenly was filled with color. It felt so good.

"Good girl," Miss Lydia whispered. She giggled. "You're learning. See?"

She let go of his cock and it dangled heavily beneath him. The rest of him deflated like a leaky balloon; his head fell forward, his long blonde hair in his eyes, glued to his face by smears of sweat. The pleasure of Miss Lydia's touch on his cock was gone, but the memory of it remained, and it was like a kind of torture knowing such ecstasy had coursed through him only seconds ago but was now absent until she chose otherwise.

She struck him. Instructional.

"Yes, Miss Lydia," he answered quickly.

He couldn't see the grin on her face, but he knew it was there.

I Sing the Maid Electric

He was a wreck. His face ruined, his ass throbbing like a pulsing tomato, his joints weak, he felt wiped, exhausted, but somehow he remained on his hands and knees while she paddled him into submission. He was past caring, past desire and dread; he was only a trembling body now, under Miss Lydia's thumb.

He wept and sobbed and cried out when the paddle hit, and then gasped and moaned and squirmed when Miss Lydia rewarded him with pleasure. His cock shrank away from the pain, then

grew into her small hand to receive its pleasure. Finally, not knowing which direction was up, it stopped deflating. A little lever had flipped in his mind and he couldn't unflip it. The pain was still distressing (to say the least), but Miss Lydia's sweet, caring tone reached into the core of his mind and caressed it. He felt the sheer ecstasy of being manipulated by her. She was building the pain in his mind, collecting it like rainwater in a barrel, and then releasing it with a flood.

He floated in a dreamy euphoria for a while, then she began again.

When she was done, it barely registered. She smeared a cold, soothing

cream onto his ass while he sniffled. She played with his cock a little as if it were a toy, flicking it with her finger, lifting it with one finger and letting it drop. It was fully engorged, fully sensitive. She ran her hand down his sweaty back as if petting him. She smoothed his long, blonde hair down the back of his head and smiled at him, enjoying how flushed his face was, how glazed his eyes were.

"You're a good girl now, aren't you? A very good girl. Aren't you a good girl?" Her whisper made him shiver.

He whispered back. "Yes, Miss Lydia. Th-thank you."

Her eyes roved over his face. She tilted her head from one side to the other, studying him. "I asked you a

question, Alyssa. Shall I get the paddle again?"

He shook his head, swallowed deeply. "N-no, Miss Lydia."

"Aren't you a good girl?"

"Y-yes, Miss Lydia." He risked gazing into her eyes and was instantly lost. He felt it, tears leaking again, nodding. He felt in the deepest part of his soul. "I'm a good girl, Miss Lydia."

She smiled and blushed and he went dizzy with happiness. "You'll always be a good girl for me?" She cupped his hanging breast and gave his nipple a gentle rub. "You'll always be a good girl for Miss Sophia?"

He nodded, gasping, his eyes fluttering closed for a moment. How

could such a soft touch on his breast feel so good? "Y-yes," he whispered, "yes, Miss Lydia, I'll--I'll always be a good girl for y-you and Miss Sophia."

His cock still hung below him, stiff and aching, but without touch it was just a cock and nothing more, not his exactly, not connected. It was as if it floated in the air below him, apart from him, there, but not there. It remained hard though, hard and yearning. It was her voice that kept him that way, the sweet lilt of her tone, playful, but so utterly in control. She had him so deeply subdued that she could have fun with him now, and he felt it, and his cock showed her how utterly under her spell he was. His erection made him helpless; he

couldn't hide it, couldn't pretend.

Miss Lydia smiled and giggled while her eyes danced. She studied him closely, whispering. "Tell the truth. You prefer it this way, don't you? You prefer being our good little girl, don't you?"

Did he? He didn't want to admit it. He wanted to shake his head.

"Shy, humiliated, turned on, fondled by the guests, bossed around by everyone, even Miss Sophia, especially Miss Sophia. Miss Sophia, your wife. Teetering around on your little heels, breasts bouncing, skirt flouncing, flashing your panties." She laughed. "Tell the truth."

He was locked up inside. He couldn't think, couldn't breathe.

Miss Lydia pressed one finger gently against the base of his cock and drew it down gently to the tip. She dipped her finger in the glaze of precum, which had collected on his head and smeared around it slowly until he whimpered. His body began to tremble again; he'd almost forgotten how sore and hot his ass had become.

He held his breath. He inhaled sharply. He dropped his head down, then lifted it. There was no comfort. There was only her wet finger running slickly around the head of his cock, pausing to give the underside extra attention every now and then.

She giggled and painted his lips with his precum, spreading it around his

red lips. He instinctively licked, but it was mostly tasteless, not enough to flavor his tongue. "Answer the question, Alyssa."

The words fell from his lips before he even knew they'd gathered in his mind. "Yes, Miss Lydia."

She snuggled closer, pulling his head up by his hair, staring with earnest deep into his eyes. "Yes what?"

Yet again, he felt tears dribbled from his eyes. "Yes . . . I prefer being this way, Miss Lydia."

Miss Lydia appeared skeptical. "You're not just telling me what I want to hear, are you, Alyssa?"

He closed his eyes and the tears dribbled faster. He shook his head and

cried quietly. "N-no, Miss Lydia."

"Why? Why do you prefer being this way?"

He couldn't answer. This was worse than the spanking. The paddle had rules, rules he could learn and follow. This was pulling things from the center of his being he didn't even want to admit to himself.

"Why do you prefer being this way, Alyssa?"

"Because--" He sniffled and licked the tears from his lips. They tasted salty, but there was a coppery tang to it and he realized he was finally tasting his own cum. All of his life he'd spurted it out, but never tasted it. Miss Sophia had taken long swallows of it;

she'd had her mouth filled with it, her nostrils, her face and breasts and belly and ass covered by it. Now he knew at least a little of what she'd endured.

"Because . . . because I couldn't make Miss Sophia happy the other way."

Miss Lydia smiled. "That's right. She prefers you this way, and so do I. She's out there getting her every little hole filled, getting used in every sense of the word. She's in utter heaven, darling, but she misses you. She wants you, and so I'm going to return you to her. I'm going to give you back. She gave you to me so I could work my magic on you, and now I have. Your relationship is going to be very different now. You'll have to adjust. You will. I know you

will, and if you're a little reluctant, she knows exactly how to fix you."

He nodded. He was exhausted, drenched with sweat, drained, but the thought of seeing Miss Sophia again, his wife, of being with her, filled him with a new spark of energy. "Please . . . may I see her now?"

Miss Lydia giggled and tapped him on the nose. "Almost. We have one last little thing to do before you fix your face and clean yourself up, and we're already late. She'll be wondering what happened to you."

He was left on all fours on the bed, still trembling, realizing how suddenly parched he was while Miss Lydia hurried away, opening drawers,

gathering items. When she returned, he felt her weight on the bed. She laid her hand on the small of his back and said, "This will be a little cold at first."

It *was* cold, and wet, and it was deposited right where he hoped nothing would ever go, right on the small, puckered rose of his anus. She spread it around with a finger. It began to warm, began to tingle a little, and alarmingly, it began to feel good. It was a violation of the worst kind, but Miss Lydia kept his reluctance at bay with the occasional soft stroke to his cock. As she worked his anus looser with her finger, pressing it in a little, then rubbing, then pressing it in further, she played with his nipples from time to time, sending him into

confusing spirals of shame and pleasure.

His anus puckered like a pair of lips squeezed tight, but then it released and her finger slipped deeper. He whimpered and thought, "No. Please not this. Please not there," but Miss Lydia was methodical and obviously an expert. In only a matter of moments, her finger was pressing, warm and wet and deep, into his opening. She held it there, maintaining the pressure, never yielding, but never forcing. "Breathe, sweetie. Nice deep breaths."

He tried, and he hoped desperately she would stroke his cock again, play with his super sensitive nipples again, but for the longest time she didn't. Then, as if by magic his body

betrayed him. Miss Lydia knew it would, of course, and the fact that she so expertly and quickly manipulated him, drove him into a strange giddy state. She knew him, knew his body better than he did, and she worked it so easily that he never had a chance. To his dismay, his anus didn't just yield to the pressure of her finger; it actually felt as if it drew it in, sucked it in.

Her finger was inside him now and she held it there and whispered "Breathe" again. He did so and after a few moments, it was as if he didn't feel her finger at all, then she began to work it inside of him, loosening him up. He didn't want to be loose down there, but she whispered "Relax" and "Breathe"

again and again and he realized he couldn't stop it. He couldn't stop any of it.

She worked his finger in and out of him, deep and shallow until the slick way it came and went could only remind him of how it must feel for a girl to get fucked. He was being fucked like a girl. His mind crumbled with despair, simultaneously squealing with delight. One part of him was dying, while another was part was being born. Finally, she withdrew her finger but told him to "stay".

Soon, another intruder pushed up against him. Cold, hard. He hoped he could resist it, but just like before, Miss Lydia worked it, rubbed it, pressed it

and finally it slipped deep inside him with a pop. He could feel the cold, indistinct kiss of it inside, but most of all he felt the stretch of his anus as it acclimated itself.

Finally, she told him to stand and he struggled to comply. His legs were rubbery. He was weak all over. As he moved, he felt the tenderness of his red ass cheeks once again. As he moved, he felt the strange intruder inside him moving with him, filling him.

Miss Lydia snapped her fingers in front of his face quickly. "Look here, please."

He did so. Yes, he was lost again. Lost in her eyes, but also lost from himself. He felt different,

desperate. He felt terrifying filled down there. The hardness inside him reminded him of its presence with every move.

Miss Lydia gazed deep into his eyes and whispered, "How do you feel, Alyssa?"

His expression was new; he'd never worn it before; the twist of it, the fatigue of it, the anxiousness, the desperation, was unidentifiable. It was obvious by the way Miss Lydia grinned that she'd seen such an expression before and was happy to see it on his face now. "Mmhmm. That's more like it. Don't try to make sense of it. It is what it is. This is what you are now. Accept it, honey, and your life will be filled with more pleasures than you ever thought

possible."

She forced him to sit on the stool before the mirror to fix his face. The intruder rammed deeper inside him. There was no way to get comfortable with it. Strangely, he preferred to stand. It was still there, but feeling it shift slickly inside him was far more pleasurable and naughty. Yes. Naughty. He felt like a naughty girl. He'd been spanked, plugged, and now his reward was to report for duty to his wife, Miss Sophia, feeling naughty and frighteningly vulnerable.

Maid by Hand

Before sending him on his way, makeup fixed, hair pulled back in a cute little ponytail, blue uniform tightly gripping him once again, petticoats swishing, Miss Lydia melted the last of his resistance with ice.

His cock, free at last for the first time in months, stood tall and proud beneath his skirt, mostly concealed by his petticoats. The tender caress of the soft lace was a whispering reminder that he might be able to cum if he just got a little more tickle, a little more rub. It was impossible now not to have an

erection. He gazed at the pretty blonde girl in the mirror and his cock twitched harder. He saw the expression of her face and it both frightened and thrilled him. Her cheeks were still stained red from crying. Her nose was red from sniffing. The nervous but ready look in her eyes made her look innocent, but oh so sensual. This was a girl who had been teased for weeks on end with no relief and needed to be used. It wasn't just a physical need; it was a deep down in the soul emotional *craving*. This was a girl who wore the evidence of a cruel spanking on her blistered ass and was so softened by it that her will had simply melted away. This girl with her wet lips and "please" in her eyes was him. There

was no denying it any longer. He was Alyssa.

He felt spaced out again, disconnected from whoever he used to be, attached to the girl that he now was and the only thing left to anchor him was the anxious yearning of Alyssa's body, but he still had his cock and that was incredibly disorienting.

His cock, his beautiful cock that he'd loved so much his entire life . . . his cock was ready to split at the seams it was so hard. As much as he wanted to fuck someone or some thing, anyone and any thing, the plug shifting inside him and stretching his anus made him reel with confusion. Did he want to fuck or did he want to be fucked? The intruder

below simply would not let him get comfortable, yet with each passing second he was getting more and more used to it. It was a slippery little reminder of Miss Lydia's will.

Miss Lydia stood before him with a smile that said, *I know everything and I'm going to help end your confusion, but not the way you want.* She held up an ice pack before his eyes. "Now--" She looked at him slyly like a girl trying to flirt her way out of a speeding ticket. "--no matter what happens, Alyssa, I want you to stay hard. You keep that cute little erection of yours up. That's an order. Think whatever you have to think, imagine the naughtiest, filthiest, sexiest thing you

can, but keep your cock hard, sweetie." She gazed deeply into his eyes once again as she lowered the ice pack. "I'll even help, if you like. I'll play with your pretty pink nipples, but you have to keep your little cock hard for me. Do you understand?"

He swallowed and nodded. "Y-yes, Miss Lydia."

She gently pressed the ice pack to his record-breaking erection. He gasped once because of the intense cold, but quickly the ice began to invade and pervade and dissipate the heat of his cock.

He panted, tried to imagine Miss Sophia on her hands and knees, puppy dog style, while he drove himself

into her, but the image in his mind switched to someone else fucking her. Hard. Fast. Eliciting little moaning whimpers from her, the cheeks of her ass rippling from the thrusts. The hard plug in his ass transformed the image to a pretty blonde girl, him, on his hands and knees with someone behind him . . her . . with their hard cock like his . . . placing it against her rear, breathing, putting his hard hand on her soft shoulder and pulling her back into--

No. That's not what he wanted to see. He had to get hold of himself.

True to her word, Miss Lydia began to rub her thumb on one of his nipples and again he the pleasure zapped through him like erotic jabs of lightning.

They'd spent weeks, months sensitizing his nipples and now the merest touch helplessly aroused him. His cock, however, was slowly starting to wilt.

"Keep it up, Alyssa. Keep it hard." Her whisper was seductive and he wanted to obey her. He tried pulling away from the ice pack, but she pressed it harder against his cock, against his balls. He whimpered, panted, whined, but it was no use. His once molten flesh was turning cold and shrinking away.

"How about this?" Miss Lydia grinned. "If you keep it up, I'll let you go back to being a boy. You and Miss Sophia can stay here as long as you like, and you can be your old manly self again. All you have to do--" She

wrapped the ice pack fully around his shrinking cock. "--is keep your erection."

He leaned against Miss Lydia. She smelled so pretty. He smelled pretty, too. He'd smelled pretty for so long, he couldn't remember what it was like to smell any other way. "Please. . . ."

The sensations that once filled his cock like a red hot poker straight from the fire were gone now. The stiffness, the aching of it was gone, yet the yearning desire remained. He whimpered. He panted. He resorted to imagining himself as Miss Sophia's perfect feminized maid, and it aroused him, it drove him wild, but his cock

continued to surrender to the ice.

Miss Lydia laughed. "Can't you keep it up, honey?"

He shook his head, cheeks burning again.

He didn't want to give up, but he had no choice. Defying his will, obeying hers, his cock went limp. She was in control of it; she always had been. Miss Sophia had given her control over his cock to Miss Lydia, and now she was showing him how much power over it she really had. His testicles shrank and withdrew inside his body. He was left feeling as if he had no cock at all, just a frigid numbness between his legs.

It was gone again, and it was as

if it had never existed.

Her eyes filled with pity. "I guess it's back in the gaffe for you then."

He couldn't stand the shame. He couldn't even make himself nod.

She handed him the tight pink gaffe and watched as he stepped into it and pulled it up his soft legs. With a practiced hand she folded his limp cock back between his legs, trapping it there as it had been for months. Just like that, he was a maid again. He felt a shift in himself. He felt himself suddenly hold himself differently, closing his legs, ankle to ankle, weight forcibly shifted because of the high heels (were they extra high today?). He felt different, too. He felt hopeless again, helpless to do

anything but what he was told. He was overflowing with desire, with need, and he would do anything they wanted, anything at all.

"Th-thank you, Miss Lydia." He sought to please her. He didn't know why. Maybe because she was in control of his cock and he hoped . . . hoped. . . or maybe simply because she was the Mistress.

She patted him on the cheek then, and gave him a little swat on his rump and watched him wince and jump. He was obviously still tender back there and the way his soft butt cheeks clamped down on the hard plug sent strange sensations spiraling up through his body.

She addressed him as if he were

a desk lamp. "I wouldn't worry about it. Miss Sophia wants you this way and it was really just another lesson for you to learn. Your maleness makes you helpless, darling. That little cock that you think makes you strong and formidable is actually your greatest weakness. Women have been controlling men this way for centuries, convincing you to forego your own pleasure for us, knowing how it makes you soft to our wills, but we've only gotten good at it in the last few decades. I am an expert, and I've taken the liberty of teaching your Miss Sophia everything she needs to know. It's been awhile since you've seen her. She's learned a lot. She's changed, darling. I think you'll find your sweet

little wife is a different person now. I can't wait for you to find out."

Had she? Had she changed so much? Was she still his Sophia? The last time he'd seen her, he'd been shocked by how much she'd slimmed down, how she'd suddenly oozed sex. He'd changed too though, hadn't he? Changed so much she hadn't even recognized him. Would she still love him? Would she still want him?

He was pushed into the hallway before he could collect his thoughts. Miss Lydia was sending him home, she said, home to his wife, but the walk was a new experience. The heels were taller than he was used to which forced him to focus on his gait; smaller steps, one foot

in front of the other (which made his hips sway uncontrollably), heel-toe, heel-toe. It was the plug in his bottom, however, that he found the most distracting. It wasn't just changing his walk, pushing his butt up in the air, forcing his thighs to squeeze together as if to keep it in (though the truth was it wasn't going anywhere--in fact it only ever felt as if it were sliding *deeper*). It was also changing how he felt. That plug was the center of his world now, and it felt enormous inside him, as if his legs needed to swing *around* it with each step. It's what a puppet must feel like with its master's hand shoved up inside it, controlling it, directing it without mercy. It was almost as if Miss Lydia

had never removed her finger, but was even now twisting it inside him, warm and wet and hot, and driving him where she wanted him to go.

Before he knew it, he'd arrived at Miss Sophia's room, which not so long ago had been their room. He smiled. He couldn't wait to see her. He missed her terribly, and it was only now that she was a door width away that he realized how much. He blushed and felt his heart thud heavily in his chest. Any moment now, he'd see her bright, smiling face, he'd feel her love again, smell her hair again. In just a moment, he'd be back in her arms, warm and safe and hers, however she wanted him.

If she wanted him to be her girl,

then he would be her girl. He didn't care anymore. He just wanted her, to love her and be loved by her, to be next to her, close to her.

He knocked and felt the blood rush into his cheeks. His toes were tingling. His nipples were hard as pebbles. He bit his lip and leaned forward, waiting for the moment when he would see her, when she would see him, when their eyes would meet and--

The door opened and a smile broke across Mister Zebra's face.

His world fell away. It was a roller coaster drop into terror and dread. What was *he* doing here?

"Well," Mister Zebra grinned like a shark, "what do we have here?"

Alyssa blinked and blinked and his--her lips parted as her mouth dropped open and he--she stared, wordless with shock.

Mister Zebra whispered, "The one that got away." He placed one finger under the pretty maid's chin and lifted her face. Her deer-in-the-headlights expression amused him to no end. "Well, you're not getting away tonight, are you?"

Unconsciously, Alyssa began to shake her head, perhaps agreeing that no, she would not be getting away or perhaps denying it. It didn't matter. He--she was trapped and she knew it. There was nowhere to go.

The door whined open a little

further, and suddenly Miss Sophia appeared. She smiled happily and blushed and suddenly his world was right again. "Hello, Alyssa." She shook her head. "I can't get over how different you look now. It's as if you were always this way." She turned and spoke to Mister Zebra. "Don't just leave her standing there. Bring her in."

Mister Zebra took a step back and Alyssa moved through the door, feeling at once his warm hand on the small of her back. It happened all the time now. Since she'd changed into the blue uniform, men and women alike handled her, touched her, squeezed and pinched her. She'd gotten so used to it that she barely even noticed it anymore.

She noticed this touch, however. There was some deep significance to it that she couldn't put her finger on.

"Stand by the bed," Miss Sophia said, and there was sternness in her tone that he'd never heard before.

He did so and spun around to see his her, noticing then how much she'd changed. Her once full and wavy head of black hair had been restyled into a saucy set of bangs, which hung, flirty and bold, in her eyes. Her hair was ironed into straight satiny sheets with a blunt cut set of bangs that fell in her eyes. Her makeup was heavier, bolder, with flashing red lipstick and smoldering dark swirls of gray and burgundy, making the blue in her eyes startling.

With a shock, he realized she was in a red maid's uniform. There was no petticoat, no flounce; it was a tight, straight A-line skirt that ended at her upper thighs. Her corset was smaller, the crisscross laces drawn taut, pulling in her waist so that her hips flared even wider than before. He'd never seen her so slim before, yet her face still had that soft heart shape, and her breasts appeared even larger, softer, rounder than he remembered. She was so impossibly beautiful and luscious; she was almost doll like.

She was still his Sophie though. When their eyes met, just like always, it was as if they were silently singing to each other, as if their bodies were

magnetically drawn to one another, as if they wanted to attach and never separate. For an eternity, they stood and stared at each other, utterly happy, blissfully so. It was if they'd never parted, as if nothing had changed, even though everything had.

Miss Sophia was moving toward him, floating it seemed, and he knew he would soon be in her arms.

"Sophie," Mister Zebra warned.

Miss Sophia shook her head, eyelashes fluttering, cheeks blushing deeply, and she flashed an irritated expression at him. "I know."

Alyssa glanced between the two of them, man and woman. What was this secret communication between

them? It wasn't fair. Were they . . . together? It couldn't be true.

"You do now," Mister Zebra replied.

"I knew. I hadn't forgotten, just-" Miss Sophia shook her head and rolled her eyes so only Alyssa could see.

Yes, good, she was frustrated with him. That was good. Wait, was it good? Was it the frustration of a couple interacting, of a woman in a relationship with an overbearing man? It sounded far too much like "Yes, dear" for his comfort.

Miss Sophia brushed Alyssa's hair from her face, twirled one of her blonde curls around her finger. She

looked her up and down, stepped back to take her all in, her short flouncy skirt, her blue fishnet stockings, her high heels, her thin arms, her polished fingernails. She shook her head with a soft whisper. "I can't get over how much you've changed, even since the last time I saw you. It's not even just how you look. Tatiana took care of that. It's how you move. Miss Lydia was right. I just can't believe it. It's like you're not the same person. It's like you were never a man at all."

"He wasn't," Mister Zebra chimed in.

Alyssa bowed her head and burned bright with shame. It wasn't true. He had been a man once. He whispered,

"No . . . I--" but he didn't get the chance. Miss Sophia parted her painted lips and drove the figurative nail in deeper.

"He's right, Alyssa."

No!

"No man would let someone do this to him," Mister Zebra said.

No. They were tag-teaming him and it wasn't fair.

Miss Sophia searched Alyssa's pretty eyes. "You were only pretending, weren't you? Trying so hard to be a man for me, but this is who you were secretly. We didn't change you, Alyssa. We only brought out who you really were all along."

No.

"No man could ever turn into

this," Mister Zebra agreed. "No man would allow his wife to do this to him."

Alyssa leaned forward. Her expression said, "Don't do this to me. Please." She--he couldn't stand it any longer. He needed to be close to her, to melt his soft female body against hers, to fill his nose with her scent, to feel her soft body against his, to press his soft breasts against her soft breasts, to taste her lipstick, her tongue, to melt his hot mouth into hers.

Miss Sophia retreated a step. She raised a finger and he felt the cold sting of rejection. "No. I'm sorry, Alyssa, but there's one rule for tonight. I'm so sorry--"

"Sophia," Mister Zebra warned

again.

She ignored him. "I'm sorry, but . . . you can't touch me. You're not allowed."

Alyssa snapped her eyes to Miss Sophia's. "Miss--Miss Sophie--please--I--"

Sophie bit her lower lip. Nervousness and fear filled her eyes. It was clear she was about to do something she didn't want to do. "Miss--" She closed her eyes, made up her mind, and opened them once again. "Miss Lydia says you can't touch me. Miss Lydia says you find it impossible to even try to touch me. Miss Lydia says you trust me to do this to you."

The emotion rushed up inside

him like floodwaters overtaking a dam. He felt the twisting of his face, then all at once everything inside him burst. All the months of denial, torment, confusing ecstasy, it had all been for her and now she was pushing him away. He sobbed miserably into his own hands. He'd lost her. He'd lost her for good. Everything he'd done, everything he'd given up had been for nothing. It was his only chance to keep her and it hadn't worked.

Miss Sophia took a sharp step back in shock. She blinked her eyes, glanced back at Mister Zebra and returned her attention to her wailing husband. Alyssa was surprised and more than a little hurt to see that his wife actually had a small smile on her face.

He was even more surprised by her comment. "I can't believe how soft you are now. So much more so than a girl."

Tears trickled. "I'm . . . I'm a girl. I'm a girl, Miss Sophia. I'm a girl just like you wanted."

Miss Sophia smiled as if he were the most pitiful thing she'd ever seen. She lightly brushed his hair out of his eyes again. "See? That's the problem. It's not what I want. You have to want it. You have to truly feel it. You have to know it, feel it, believe it without question."

He dropped to his knees, wiped the wet trickles away and peered up at her as submissively as he could manage. "I do. I do, Miss Sophia. I do."

Her pleased smile told him it was working. "You almost do. Trust me, Alyssa. Miss Lydia has done this a hundred times. It's worked on a hundred other boys, and it's working very well on you. Trust me. By the end of the night, you really will believe it. Will you trust me? Please, Alyssa?"

He nodded, sniffled, tried to smile for her.

Miss Sophia wiped the tears pooling at her eyes before they could escape. She stepped to the side and addressed Mister Zebra. "She's ready."

Mister Zebra grinned and shook his head. "No, she's not. They never are."

Mister Zebra and Miss Sophie

stood looking at the kneeling little maid for a while, before he finally broke the silence. "Come here, Sophia."

After a moment's hesitation, she left her husband and presented herself to Mister Zebra. Her cheeks were flushed. Alyssa watched, unable to do anything else, as his wife gazed up submissively into Mister Zebra's eyes. Miss Sophia's voice suddenly became soft. "I'm not sure I can do this in the red uniform. It sort of puts me in a different mental state."

"Then we'll have to get you out of it, won't we?"

She giggled. "Then my fat belly will flop out."

Alyssa watched as Mister

Zebra slung one arm around Sophia's small waist, drawing her close, cupping the back of her head with his hand. They grew quiet then. The intimacy of their touch, of their soft whispers was like a fist clutching at Alyssa's heart. They were together; she knew that now. Perhaps they had been since day one. Perhaps before that. Perhaps Alyssa had been tricked into coming here to get her out of the way. Perhaps Miss Sophia didn't want a husband anymore.

Alyssa listened to the soft smack and wet click of their lips, his wife's lips being used with tenderness by another man, his wife breathing heavily in response. Her face would be flushed. Her eyes would be glossy. She

would have a dreamy smile. Her soft body would flow against his hard body begging to be cuddled.

"Are you going to be naughty then?" Mister Zebra whispered.

"No," Sophia said, "not unless you want me to be."

He patted her tummy. "You don't have a fat belly. Are you fishing for compliments?"

"No," she whispered.

"Liar."

"Am not."

"So you *are* being naughty."

Silence. Yes, they were gazing into each other's eyes. Yes, they were having a *moment*. Alyssa felt something inside herself quietly dying.

"Yes." Sophie smiled and blushed deep and red.

"I think I'd like something to drink," Mister Zebra said.

"Shall I?"

"If you like."

Miss Sophia turned and snapped her fingers rapidly. "Alyssa, drinks! Red wine."

So that was it. He was to be their maid and nothing more, while they cuddled and kissed and played with one another. He was trapped in his tight corset, his little limp cock, trapped and tucked away, and he was supposed to scurry about fetching their desires, obeying their whims like he did with all the other guests.

He got to his feet and went to the bar, utterly desolate, the height of his blue heels making the distance twice as far with twice the number of steps to get there.

"No," Mister Zebra corrected, "champagne, and bring the strawberries."

"I'm not terribly fond of champagne," Sophie told him.

Alyssa grinned privately to herself.

A gasp drew Alyssa's attention. Sophie stood awkwardly, arched backwards, hands pressing lightly against Mister Zebra's chest. He had her by the hair, head jerked backwards, and he was staring sternly and deeply into

her eyes. Her breaths were coming and going in a rush, obvious by the rise and fall of her breasts.

He whispered to her so softly, Alyssa couldn't hear what he said. Sophia nodded slowly in response, however, whispering "Yes . . . yes . . . yes" again and again.

Their eyes were locked together for the longest time, and when he finally released her, she swallowed, straightened her skirt and blinked repeatedly, finally gathering up enough breath to address her husband. "Alyssa . . . ch-champagne, please, and the strawberries."

Disappointed by his wife's surrender, Alyssa collected the glasses

and began to pour the champagne.

"It's--it's difficult for me to switch roles like that," Sophia complained.

"Also exciting for you." At statement, not a question, as if he had no doubts at all.

"I--I suppose, yes."

"That's why I'm here."

"I thought--I thought you were here to help me with Alyssa."

"I'm here for both of you."

Softly, Sophia said, "Oh."

"Don't look so sad. You've done really well. Miss Lydia is really impressed with you, both of you, actually."

Sophie blushed and bowed her

head. "I'm very glad to hear that."

"You've worked your little tail off." He chuckled and patted her on the bottom. "Literally. There's no guest who isn't vying for time with you. You're a hit. Both of you are. I'm just here to help you two over the final little hump."

Alyssa brought them two flutes of champagne on a little silver trail. She'd placed a little bowl of gleaming red strawberries placed neatly between the flutes. Mister Zebra took his glass and laid down on the bed, not even bothering to remove his shoes. That was the type of thing that usually bothered Sophie, a pet peeve. If it bothered her now, she gave no sign.

Miss Sophia gazed at her

husband, standing primly before her, corseted, stockinged, painted and polished. She still had to suppress a gasp of surprise. Miss Lydia had performed some kind of magic spell on him. She couldn't believe this was the same man who stood in the corner at parties, who blanched pale with dread at the mention of role playing, who got all huffy when she mentioned introducing other partners into their bedroom.

"I've always said," Mister Zebra said with a chuckle, "the only thing that fascinates a girl more than her own beauty is the pretty face of another girl."

Alyssa's face deepened its shade of red.

Far from giggling at Mister Zebra's joke, Sophia sounded hypnotized. She didn't break her gaze from Alyssa's face for a moment. She stared at him in wonder. "You're embarrassing her."

Mister Zebra corrected her again. "I'm turning her on."

Miss Sophia stepped closer to her husband. He refused to raise his eyes, but she could see the arousal pulsing through his body: his incessant swallowing, his flushed face, how he kept wetting his lips unconsciously, the tiny little way he squirmed, no doubt pressing his thighs together, no doubt unaware of how he was arching his back and pushing his chest out. She could

even see the evidence of his hard little nipples. His breasts were so heavy and full now. It made her nearly swoon from it all; it was almost too much for her to stand.

"Is that true, Alyssa? Is it turning you on to be talked about like this? In front of me?"

Alyssa finished the thought in her head. . . . *talked down to by a man, a very alpha man, in front of his own wife, helpless in his maid's uniform, rendered useless--*

"Answer me, baby," Miss Sophia quietly commanded.

He raised his eyes to meet hers and managed to squeak out the word "no", but the look in his eyes--pleading

beneath his long false eyelashes--was a look of great intensity, euphoria, agonizing need . . . and submission.

"Oh my," she whispered and smiled.

"Well go on then," Mister Zebra said. "Show me a little of what you've learned."

She turned to him with a giggle. "Should I?"

He grinned. "Oh . . . I insist."

Miss Sophia's sweet smiled turned wicked. Alyssa swallowed nervously. Sophia sauntered lazily around him, running her finger up her husband's arm, over his shoulder, tickling his neck, and drawing a little circle on his back. She crept up from

behind him and nibbled on his ear, whispering, "Do you see what being all repressed did to you? It left you ripe for this. Look what I did to you, baby, took away the only thing you cared about more than me . . . being a man, not that you ever really were."

She reached down and gave Alyssa's bottom a little squeeze and was surprised by his sharp reaction, the quiet little gasp of pain, the sharp rise of his shoulders.

"What's this?" She lifted the back of his skirt, got a gander at his punished ass, cleaved in two by the g-string gaffe, and laughed. "Someone was naughty."

"Oh?" Mister Zebra.

"Oh, yes," Miss Sophia said and turned Alyssa around to show him.

Alyssa made sure not to spill the strawberries from the little silver tray, but he was finding it more than a little distressing that his wife would do this to him. It was as if she *wanted* to humiliate him. She picked up his skirt and petticoats and showed Mister Zebra his red bottom. Alyssa felt the cool air on his ass and the heat in his face. He shouldn't like being on display this way, but the pressure of his pulsing cock trapped between his legs and the erotic anguish he felt in his stomach and chest said different.

She played with his ass, poking it and enjoying the white impression her

finger left, watching it fade as the blood enveloped it once again. She gave him a pinch and he whimpered. "That's what you get for being naughty, you little slut."

"Maybe we should add our own impression," Mister Zebra suggested.

Alyssa's body revealed her arousal and her anxiety. The way she tensed; the little gasp she let out told everyone what she thought of the idea. Even in her tight maid's uniform, she was realizing how utterly naked she was to them. "Maybe we should," Miss Sophia agreed. "Which do you think she would like better, being paddled by me or you?"

Mister Zebra grinned. Alyssa groaned quietly. "Why don't you ask

her?"

"I think I will. Alyssa, darling. .
.."

He didn't want to turn. He wouldn't, but his wife's voice called to him and he found he couldn't refuse it. Shame-faced, he looked at her and Mister Zebra and tried not to cry. Miss Sophia didn't seem to understand his predicament, his struggle. On the contrary, she seemed hell bent on making it worse. "Alyssa, sweetheart, you heard the question. We've decided to paddle you for our own amusement. But, we've decided to give you the choice of who does the spanking. So, which will it be? Me, your sweet, adorable loving wife . .
."

Alyssa's face flushed again. Every time they thought he couldn't get any redder, he proved them wrong.

". . . or Mister Zebra?"

Little stress lines appeared on Alyssa's face. Her grip tightened on the platter. Her breathing sped up so much that she felt she might hyperventilate, causing her soft breasts to very nearly jiggle. Miss Sophia giggled. "I think we have our answer."

"We have half of an answer."

She turned to him, still grinning. "Hm?"

"Well, we haven't asked why, have we? Why would she find it more humiliating being paddled like the naughty little slut of a maid that she is

by me, rather than by you?"

Miss Sophia caught her husband's gaze and held it. "Oh," she whispered, "I know why. He thinks you've fucked me already. Don't you?"

Alyssa's eyes went wide. They hadn't--they weren't--

"See?" Miss Sophia turned with a laugh to Mister Zebra. She turned back to her husband and whispered intimately, "He hasn't fucked me, sweetheart. Not yet. But he's going to. That's why you're here. You're going to wait on us hand and foot while this lovely caveman plows your adorable wife. You have no idea how wet that makes me. And I can see by the look in your eyes that it's making you wet, too, isn't it?"

He wanted with all his heart to shake his head, but the truth was there was some kind of unquenchable bonfire burning in his body. The idea of his beautiful wife being ruthlessly fucked by this man--the same man who had nearly convinced him to do something against his nature--should not arouse him, but it did, and the very fact that it did, told him how twisted around they had him.

The softness he remembered in Sophia's eyes was gone. The times when they filled with hurt and disappointment, because he couldn't force himself to let go for one of her proposed sexual adventures haunted him. She had the same look Miss Lydia had now, the same look Mister Zebra had. It was a

look that said, *I have you. You're so under my control you can't help yourself, and now I'm just having fun with you.*

He was a toy. They had been not so secretly training him to be nothing but a toy for weeks, perhaps months, and the training had worked. Not only had he become everyone's little sex toy, but every time they reinforced the notion in his head, he spiraled into one pleasurable heaven after another. Still, he felt some part of himself struggle against it. Still, he hoped he would somehow be allowed to take Miss Sophia and escape back to their old lives, back to the place where he was a man and she was his sweet, plump wife.

The paddling began as Miss Lydia's had, with him assuming a "position". He thought he might be on all fours again on the bed, but Mister Zebra commanded him with terse whispers. *Turn around. Bend forward. Lift your skirt. Legs together. Knees bent. Face up.* He felt Mister Zebra's forceful hands on his head, positioning his face up. Miss Sophia stood before him, smiling. "Sophia, if she closes her eyes for a second, I want to know it."

Miss Sophia nodded and placed her hands on either side of her husband's soft face. She rubbed his cheeks with her thumbs and gazed intimately into his eyes. If only he could kiss her, just once. Her lips shone like glass and he yearned

to disturb their perfection with his own glossy lips.

Mister Zebra's technique was not as expert as Miss Lydia's. He did not wait long to work up to the hard spansks. The flat CRACK of his hand on Alyssa's already tender bottom sprang tears to her eyes in seconds. Miss Lydia had teased him into it, rubbing him softly for a long while, giving his cock little strokes, confusing his sense of pain and pleasure. Mister Zebra was merciless. His spanking hurt so much more, far beyond physical pain. There was some pain deep inside that was awaking a deep terror of the man. He must be obeyed. He must never be given a reason to discipline. He must never be

disappointed. Somehow, these notions were born in Alyssa's mind and were being forced deeper with each blow.

Miss Sophia stared at her husband's pretty face and said, "Your mascara is running."

Whether it was the sound of her voice or the fact that she expressed no sympathy, he didn't know, but it triggered a terrible sobbing in him. Sophia shushed him. "It's okay. It's okay, Alyssa. Just let go. Let it all out."

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm s-sorry."

Mister Zebra paddled him until his soft curvy legs began to shake, then he stepped back to inspect his damage. "I think you should come look at this."

Alyssa wasn't even aware that Sophie had left. He was busy crying and sniffing and holding up his skirt and maintaining his position.

Miss Sophia caught sight of her husband's painfully red cheeks. He really had taken a beating, but then Mister Zebra pulled the g-string of the gaffe aside. She gasped then, and then giggled. There was a big jewel in his ass, which she knew from experience was the handle of a butt plug. "Oh, Miss Lydia has outdone herself."

Mister Zebra gave it a quick twist it inside Alyssa, who suddenly moaned from the sensation. She'd almost forgotten the invisible stranger, but she remembered it now. It felt huge and it

made her feel controlled and naughty and used. "Look in his eyes while I do this and tell me what you see."

Sophie hurried back to stand in front of her husband. The look in his eyes was priceless. She touched his cheek softly. "I don't care what you say. I think she's ready."

Mister Zebra played with the plug for a bit, enjoying the way it made Alyssa's body squirm, her thighs tensing and releasing, little sighs and moans escaping her. Then he joined Sophia to get a gander at the stupid little maid's face. wrapping his arm around Sophia's waist, grinning down at her feminized husband, spanked and plugged and holding up his short maid's skirt with

"I'll do anything" in his eyes.

Mister Zebra made a deep guttural grunt. "Well, as much as I am loathe to admit when I'm wrong. . . ."

Miss Sophia giggled and turned to him, placing her small hand flat on his broad chest. "Go on."

He kissed her then, not just a kiss but an assault on her soft mouth. He forced his lips onto hers hard, forcing his tongue deep. For a moment, caught off guard, she let out a quiet "mph!" and tried to pull her away, but then her body went soft against his.

Alyssa watched helplessly as his wife closed her eyes and surrendered to the brutish attention.

Mister Zebra squeezed her hard

enough to leave bruises. His arm snaked around her and ripped her skirt up, revealing her shimmering red thong and her beautiful ass. He clutched at one soft cheek, lifting it, mangling it, certain to leave a set of bruised fingerprints when he was done.

Alyssa understood: he wasn't just kissing her; he was claiming her. He was taking possession of her, taking possession away from her husband who knelt, helpless to do anything but watch, squeezed into his corseted maid's uniform, fishnet stockings, high heels, painted red lips, freshly spanked, breasts full and ripe with taut nipples. . . .

She was blank. Hot, aroused, melting with the desire of a voyeur,

actually hoping to see Miss Sophia fucked as mercilessly as she herself had just been spanked. Blank. She simply couldn't process it. She didn't need to though, did she? She was just the maid, just *a* maid, a toy, brought here for their amusement. Whatever identity Miss Sophia had once had, she was just another Mistress now. She wasn't a maid anymore. She was one of Miss Lydia's administrators. The burgundy skirt, the red silk blouse, the black hose, the red high heels, Alyssa recognized them now.

When their kiss finally broke, breathlessly, Sophia barked a soft order to Alyssa, "Turn down the bed."

She hopped to her feet and curtsied. "Yes, Miss Sophia."

Maiden Voyage

Miss Sophia wore the flushed expression Alyssa had come to know so well over years of marriage, the eyes narrowed and glazed over with pleasure, the tense lines of her face twisted by euphoria. Mister Zebra was a masterful lover, patient, commanding, knowledgeable. Alyssa watched him slowly turn up the heat inside Sophia. First, there were long wet kisses where Mister Zebra held Sophie's head securely in his grip, then soft touches here and there on her body, her arms, her neck, her lips, like logs on a fire to

increase the blaze. . . .

He placed her on the edge of the bed, skirt taut, legs spread open to receive him. He forced her face up and his lips shot pleasure down through her body. Alyssa watched as Sophie stretched to deliver more of herself to him, breath held, fingers curling.

When Mister Zebra finally broke the kiss, he noticed that Alyssa had drifted backwards in retreat. "Stand closer," he ordered. "It's time for you to know your place."

Yes, Alyssa realized, it was her place to attend to Miss Sophia and watch as this man placed her into a heightened sexual trance. Mister Zebra was slowly stealing her away, and there

was nothing she could do about it but tremble with arousal. This was what Miss Sophia wanted. She'd had a husband once; now she had a pretty maid.

With shivers of delight that she simply couldn't get her head around, Alyssa replied, "Yes, Mister Zebra," and moved closer, her skirt brushing against lightly his slacks.

Sophie's eyes drifted to her husband, but they did not remain there long. Mister Zebra unbuttoned her blouse and placed his warm hands on her sides. As his hands slid lightly up, her eyelids fluttered closed. Her arms lifted by his silent command and he relieved her of her corset and red

blouse. Oddly, the corset did not require unlacing, but only a simple unclasping before she was free of it. She began to lower her arms, but he caught them, clamped them together with one large hand and grinned as her first whimper of the evening fell on their ears.

Alyssa swallowed down the guilt. There was a rage of jealousy storming in her, but it was severely tempered by the excited chills running across her flesh. Miss Sophia was being taken over. She was a willing participant in the surrender of her body, and Alyssa could feel the touch of it in her own quivering flesh. She was weak in the knees just as Sophie trembled with anticipation. She was hot all over just as

Sophie was melting.

When Mister Zebra commanded her, "Come hold your wife's arms while I to fuck her unconscious," Alyssa felt an intense pulse from her trapped cock as it squirted precum into her gaffe. Now there were two wet maids in the room.

Mister Zebra pushed Sophie onto her back while Alyssa slipped to the other side of the bed and placed her hands securely over her wrists, wanting to meet her eyes, wanting to apologize, but when Sophie shifted her arms to make it easier for her to hold them, any desire or need for an apologize disappeared. It was clear what she wanted.

Mister Zebra released the clasp

on Sophia's skirt and began to slowly unzip it down the side. He knew her clothing. It was as if he'd practiced taking it off her a hundred times. Alyssa hadn't immediately seen how the skirt had been fastened. Again, Mister Zebra proved he knew something about Sophia that Alyssa didn't. He knew how to undress her so that every lost garment stoked the fire hotter. He knew how to cause a craving inside her. He knew how to start a fire inside a woman (and a maid) without even touching her. He knew how to make her part her legs, open and blossom and surrender without even realizing why she was doing it.

"It's too quiet," he said.

"Perhaps some music."

He pulled Sophia's skirt down her long legs, throwing it away into the room, catching her by the ankles, running his hand across her stockings, up her shin, cupping his hand and sliding it beneath her soft calf, tickling the back of her knee. She squirmed and gasped with a giggle. "D-don't--"

He grinned and raised her legs high above her, exposing her ass enough so that he could give it a well-delivered loud SMACK with his hand. She smiled, blushed and turned her head to the side, unable to bear his gaze. Her husband, now deliciously feminized and holding her down for Mister Zebra's pleasure, gazed down upon her, and as much as she basked in their attention, she simply

couldn't stand to look at them any longer, not when she was so exposed, so vulnerable, and becoming more so with each passing second.

"Look at me," Mister Zebra commanded. He noted with some interest that both Sophie and her husband's gaze snapped to him. He addressed Sophie. "You will never ever say that word again, 'don't' . . . unless it's followed by the word 'stop'. Do you understand?"

What Alyssa saw then in Miss Sophia's eyes matched exactly what she was feeling in herself: absolute submission. Sophia whispered, "Yes, Sir."

"Good girl."

Sophie shivered with pleasure. With a grin, she added, "Don't . . . stop. . ."

Mister Zebra grinned like the predator that he was. He released one of her legs, and held the other up by the ankle, enjoying the way it exposed the shape of her mound and puffy lips beneath her red panty. Her white belly was exposed. The soft curve of her hips and the inward slope of her waist nearly distracted him beyond all reason. He stripped off his tie and wrapped it around her ankle with a quick neat knot. She felt the taut pull of the underside of her thighs as he fastened her leg to the bedpost. Suddenly she was half captured, half stretched.

Then he whipped off his belt. "It's too quiet, but I think music will be distracting. Perhaps . . . we should hear from your lovely husband. I bet she doesn't even realize how much her voice has changed."

Had Alyssa's voice changed? She had noticed every now and then that her speech patterns had changed, but that was because she was emulating the girls around her, especially Miss Lydia whose diction seemed extra crisp and delicate.

Sophia's voice trembled. "P-please. She's--she's been through enough. Everything we've done to her--"

He looped the one end of the belt around her ankle, cinched the other

end tight to the bed frame. Now she was stretched open, her arms pinned down, utterly exposed. "Sophie . . . we both know it's the only way. For her opinion of herself to truly change, you must change how you view her, how you think of her. You do her a disservice by keeping thoughts of her as your husband lingering in your mind. She's just a pretty little maid now. Do you see that?"

Sophia peered up into Alyssa's eyes. He--she had changed so much. It was startling what all they had done to her. She blinked and whimpered. "I'm--I'm trying."

In Miss Sophia's eyes, Alyssa saw something that only of the two of them shared: fear. Sophie was afraid of

losing her husband. It was shocking and reassuring.

Mister Zebra began to softly stroke Sophia's pussy through her silk panties, using his hand like a feathery paintbrush. Her eyelids fluttered closed and her breathing became suddenly erratic. "It's okay. We're going to change that. That's what I'm here for."

He gave her pussy a little spank and watched as her body responded, flinching, tensing sharply, legs jerking against their bonds. Her eyes snapped open with alarm. Mister Zebra grinned. "I want you two to look into each other's eyes . . . and keep looking. Don't you dare look away for an instance or you'll be punished. To be more specific,

Sophie will be punished." He gave her pussy another quick slap and her body flinched again.

She looked into her husband's eyes. Alyssa gazed back with sympathy. She'd never understood why Sophia would *want* to be hurt, but it was becoming clear now. The pain was one instrument in a symphony. It gave the pleasure an edge, made the pleasure more real, more palpable, gave it contrast. All those years as Sophie's husband, Alyssa had been unable to spank her or hurt her in any way, even when she'd asked for it.

"You, too, Alyssa. Look nice and deep into your wife's eyes and repeat, '*I'm a pretty maid*'."

Of course, she wouldn't do that. She couldn't, but without thinking, Alyssa found herself clearing her throat, the expression in Miss Sophia's eyes suddenly enigmatic. Would she do it? Would she do anything Mister Zebra commanded? "I'm--" She didn't have to do this. She could simply say no, refuse. Mister Zebra couldn't really do anything. She cleared her throat again. Miss Sophia was so beautiful with her splotchy red cheeks and her bountiful bosom rising and falling. "I'm . . . a pretty maid."

It was just a trial, Alyssa told herself, a test to see if it was something too humiliating, to see if it had an effect on Miss Sophia.

It did.

Sophie moaned and stretched with her body, reaching for Alyssa with her lips. "Please," she begged Mister Zebra, "please let her kiss me."

"No. Keep repeating, Alyssa, and don't you drop your gaze for a second."

Alyssa grinned. It was a kind of torture, wasn't it? Depriving Sophie of a kiss drove her deeper into submission. Finally, Alyssa had a little control and it was too delicious not to enjoy. She held Miss Sophia's eyes firmly. "I'm a pretty maid. I'm a pretty maid. I'm a pretty little maid."

Miss Sophia tossed her head, obviously struggling to keep her eyelids

open, but knowing she'd been ordered to and receiving a punitive spanking in front of her husband wasn't something she wanted to endure.

While Mister Zebra hurried over to the desk, Alyssa tried everything she could to turn up the heat, twisting her hands tightly around Sophie's wrists. "I'm just a maid, Miss Sophia. I'm just a pretty little maid." She tried a cute little pout and was rewarded with a painful whimper from Miss Sophia. "I'm just a stupid little maid now. Do you see what they did to me? I haven't cum in months, Miss Sophia. I'm so turned on all the time that I couldn't stop them from turning me into this. Now I'm just a pretty little helpless maid. You helped

them. You set me up for it. You turned me over to them. I'm not your husband anymore. I'm just a maid."

Sophie panted miserably, tears of stress appearing, her body squirming with arousal, ankles straining against their bonds. "No, please--"

Alyssa grinned. It was fun to hit the right notes, to know just what to say to tease someone into a state of captured bliss. She shook her head and leaned down as if to kiss her, getting close.

"Alyssa," Mister Zebra warned.

Alyssa withdrew and grinned down at Miss Sophia's face. "This is what you wanted, remember? '*We're going to sexy maids.*' Remember that? Well, now I am, and that's all I am. I'm

not your husband anymore. Maybe I was never your husband. Now, I'm just a pretty maid. *'Thank you, Miss Sophia. Yes, Miss Sophia. No, Miss Sophia. How may I serve you, Miss Sophia.'*"

The sound of scissors slicing through Sophie's red panties caught Alyssa's attention. Mister Zebra made short work of them, pulled them away and tossed them. He glared at her. It was clear the fever of arousal she and Miss Sophia felt had caught him as well. "Eyes," he barked, and Alyssa blanched and obeyed, returning her gaze back to the squirming woman beneath them.

With a swift cut, Mister Zebra slid the scissors beneath Sophie's brassiere and both cups popped free.

She was naked now, except for her stockings and red heels. She was tied down, exposed, tormented, teased and unconsciously begging with quiet little whimpers. If they kept this up much longer, she would probably pass out; the lack of breath alone would undo her.

Alyssa's gaze traveled over Miss Sophia's blushing breasts. Had they actually gotten bigger? Had they been feeding her the same hormones that caused Alyssa's to grow? Or had it simply been so long since she'd seen them? Her brown nipples were fully engorged, straining. They craved sensation; they craved touch; they craved a hot mouth to suck on them. If Mister Zebra would allow her. . . .

"That's right," he growled, proving that there was on wavelength in the room and they were all tuned into it. "Suck on her tits."

Alyssa dove down, only noticing out of the corner of her eye that Mister Zebra was unbuttoning his pants, unzipping them, dropping them, stepping out of them. She attacked Miss Sophia's breasts with her hot mouth, drawing as much of her flesh between her lips as she could manage. Sophie moaned; she twisted her hips to the side, arched her back to force more of her breast into Alyssa's mouth.

Alyssa withdrew until she had only Sophie's nipple in her mouth. She began to give it loving licks, to and fro,

up and down, swirling it around.

"Give it a bite," Mister Zebra.

In all her years as a husband, she'd never bitten Sophie's nipple.

Women were soft, weren't they? They were sensitive, weren't they? Their breasts, their pussies, their clits should be treated with care and tenderness, shouldn't they?

She tested the waters by gently catching hold of Miss Sophia's nipple with her teeth and was rewarded with a deep and panicked breath, then a long moan.

"Harder, stupid slut. Do as you're told. Make her squirm."

Alyssa licked an apology into the poor nipple, but bit down on it again

harder than before. Again, Miss Sophia's body tensed and her breathing caught in her throat. She whimpered. She sucked air between her teeth and it sounded like a steam valve releasing pressure. Alyssa had been about to let go, but Mister Zebra had different ideas. "Hold it. Bite it. Pull it. Give it a tug. Make her feel it for what she did to you. Make her pay."

Finally, Alyssa let it go and Miss Sophia gasped terribly, whimpering, panting.

Then the room stopped as Mister Zebra flopped his fully engorged cock down on Miss Sophia's belly. He grinned. He had their attention and he was enjoying it. "Now, girls, gaze into each other's eyes again. Sophie, you

little slut, show your *husband* what I'm doing to you. Alyssa, you watch close, because you've never seen anything like this before. I'm going to fuck her like you never could, and once I do, she'll never want you again. Not like that. She'll take you as one girl takes another, soft and sweet, but this is it for you."

He chuckled even as the minds of the girls churned with fear, anger and arousal.

Alyssa did look into Miss Sophia's eyes. *What's going to happen?*

Miss Sophia blinked and swallowed. *I don't know.*

Mister Zebra was methodical. For the longest time, he only rubbed his cock on Miss Sophia's belly. Centimeter

by centimeter, however, he slowly made the journey down, until he was rubbing the head of his cock up and down over Sophie's pussy lips, so light she couldn't truly get any sensation, only a whisper of a promise.

Even as she stared into Miss Sophie's face--seeing her struggle, the pleading to be entered, to be filled, to be fucked--the image of Mister Zebra's cock lingered in her mind. It was big and it was perfect. No husband had a cock like that, so hard and supreme. What hope did any man have when there were men like that in the world?

Suddenly, Miss Sophia's lips parted and she gasped. Alyssa peeked long enough to realize that Mister Zebra

had divided her pussy with the head of his cock and was sliding it between her swollen lips. Sophie was so wet that they could all hear the sweet little comedic tune her pussy was playing, squish, squish, squish, squish.

It went on forever and with each passing moment, Alyssa could see the need growing wild in Miss Sophia's eyes. She was trapped, helpless, and all she wanted in all the world was to be filled completely with Mister Zebra's cock, and the man was an expert at holding back. Waves of emotion rolled through them both, appearing first on Miss Sophia's face, then spreading like a contagion to Alyssa. The need turned into raw emotion which expressed itself

as wanton sobbing. The sobbing wove around itself and melted into a hot fist of arousal. She began to moan and plead. The arousal tied itself into a knot and Miss Sophia collapsed, limp, exhausted from the tension, the waiting, the anticipation, until the exhaustion faded and the arousal began anew, only deeper.

Through it all, Mister Zebra kept up his gentle, devilishly slow rubbing, until even he finally had enough. He growled at Alyssa. "Look at her eyes now. Watch what happens to her." He chuckled like the devil making a bargain with a fool.

Alyssa tightened her grip on Sophia's wrists, gazing down at her.

What's going to happen?

Please . . . God . . . please. . . .

Sophie wasn't home anymore.

The light in her eyes, the intelligence was gone. There was only the need and the need was supreme.

Mister Zebra placed the head of his cock just inside Sophie's pussy and began to slowly push inside her.

Sophie bit her lip and cried out, but then Mister Zebra began to withdraw. "No, no, no, don't stop, no, no, no, no--"

He grinned and began to push himself inside her again. His eyes found Alyssa's and what she saw there sent chills down her spine. *It's all going to change now.*

He was inside her by degrees, increments that lasted forever. By the time he was thrusting himself fully inside her and pulling out, Sophie was beyond all reason. They watched the motion of his contact reverberate through her body like a pebble rippling the smooth surface of a pond. Each thrust sent ripples across the flesh of her hips and belly, shaking her breasts violently. Her mouth was open and gasping for breath between moans. Where beads of sweat had once formed on her skin, now there were rivulets. Sweat pooled in her naval, matted down her hair to her cheeks and forehead, made her wrists slippery beneath Alyssa's gripping fingers.

After an eternity, Sophie began to swallow reflexively, gathering up enough saliva in her mouth to plead for an ending. "C-clit. P-Please . . . t-touch my c-clit."

Mister Zebra laughed. "No. You're going to cum the old fashioned way." She tossed her head violently and moaned in response.

It was clear to Alyssa that Miss Sophia was exhausted, and probably dehydrated. She'd come to close climax several times, but always Mister Zebra slowed his pace until she could only weep with frustration.

Miss Sophia's eyes reached out to Alyssa then. "P-Please . . . touch my clit. Please, Alyssa. Please."

It was as simple as pulling a trigger on a gun. One touch and it would all be over. Mister Zebra was torturing her and it was an easy thing to end.

Alyssa looked pleadingly at him. He shook his head, out of breath, but mostly in charge of his senses. "Kiss her."

Alyssa bent over Sophie and softly brought their mouths together. Their lips were wet with sweat and as Sophie parted hers, the wetness increased. Their tongues danced around one another. If Alyssa could kiss her deeply enough, hot enough, maybe they could defy Mister Zebra's will and spark the great orgasm he'd been denying her.

Miss Sophia moaned and hummed the words--even as her lips

slide in the wet mess of their kiss--"I love you."

Alyssa pulled away and nodded. "I love you, Miss Sophia."

Mister Zebra thrust into her faster, stealing her away again. He barked an order at Alyssa. "Make her suck your tits."

Alyssa nodded. It was everything she could do not to automatically curtsy. She pulled the top of her dress down and crawled onto the bed, gathering up Miss Sophia's slick, sweaty breasts, intending to lick the salt off of them. Sophie caught Alyssa's soft breast in her mouth and began to suckle them, tenderly at first, then harder, then cruelly, paying special attention to her

nipples, because she knew what it would do to her. It was almost revenge.

Their moans joined each other like two cats in heat warbling in the night.

Mister Zebra slid his hands under Sophie's ass then and tilted her pelvis up. "It's time. Time to cum, you little slut." He bent his knees and began fucking her at an angle, forcing her hips up so he could fuck the upper wall of her pussy, gauging his thrusts until he saw her body spasm once. Her shrieking moan came a moment later.

Alyssa felt the convulsion in Sophie's body and blinked with surprise.

Mister Zebra cackled. "I've got her." In a pant, he began to chant to

himself. "I've got her. I've fucking got her. Watch this."

One spasm was followed by more, like contractions, minutes apart, then closer, then closer, until soon Sophia was moaning unintelligibly and bucking wildly. Mister Zebra held her by the hips firmly and began to thrust himself with such force that Alyssa couldn't believe it wasn't hurting her.

She was still busy sucking on Miss Sophia's breasts when she felt a hand in her hair, jerking her head up. "Here," Mister Zebra ordered. "Watch this. Watch what I'm doing to her!"

Sophie went rigid then. She thrust her hips up, arched her back painfully and tensed until her legs began

to shake violently. After a moment, she released and screamed. It sounded like a hose had burst. There was the spatter of drops on the floor and Alyssa watched in wonder as Mister Zebra pulled out just enough for Sophie to spray him with her juices. The smell of it was oily and wet; it smelled like sex; it smelled like her, like her pussy. He pushed himself inside her and plugged her, and when he pulled out, she sprayed him again.

Alyssa gawked with open-mouthed disbelief. Sophie had never done that before.

Before Alyssa could say a word, Mister Zebra bent forward and mashed his lips into hers. It was a shock and Alyssa didn't know what to do or

what to think, but as his lips began to move across hers, as his tongue lured hers forward, it was so tender and hot that she was soon giving herself over to him without a thought.

He kissed her and he kissed her. He withdrew long enough to gaze longingly into her eyes and then leaned forward again, not kissing, but letting his lips question hers. After barely a hesitation, Alyssa threw herself forward with a moan and surrendered her mouth to his. She felt his hand clutch a fistful of hair and soon he was in control of her.

When they broke again, Alyssa was flushed and staring at his mouth, his cruel, tender mouth. Mister Zebra commanded her softly, pulling her

toward him by her hair. "Come here."

She crawled across the bed, slipping over Sophie's wet, limp body, until she was standing before him, looking up into his bottomless brown eyes. They were so dark, so beautiful. He held her gaze as he snaked an arm around her and began to unlace her corset. When it finally fell away, she gasped in air as she hadn't done for months. He kissed her again and released her skirt and her dress. It slid down her body, leaving her utterly naked before him, her breasts glistening from sweat and Sophia's smeared lipstick, her nipples up and yearning.

As he kissed her, he played with her butt plug, pulling on it, pushing

on it in a curious searching way. Whatever he was searching for he found soon enough, because when he tilted it a certain way, it collided with something cool and indistinct deep inside her, something that delivered a type of pleasure she'd never felt before.

With a desperate sigh, signaling her final surrender, Alyssa realized that not only did Mister Zebra know Sophia better than she ever had; he knew Alyssa's body better than she did as well. He made a game of it, playing with her butt plug, hitting that pleasurable little g-spot deep inside her again and again, stopping only to kiss her and roll her super-sensitive nipples between his fingers and thumbs.

It didn't take long before she felt the desperation take hold of her and when she looked up into his eyes again, she knew he could see it. His grin told her that.

"Before I make you cum in a way you never thought possible," he whispered to her, "I want to pick up where we left off."

She knew what he meant at once. In the parlor so long ago, when he'd very nearly talked her into sucking his cock, she'd escaped by good fortune. At the time, she remembered thinking how lucky she'd been that Tatiana had walked in at just the right moment. Now, she wasn't so sure.

Concern filled her,

accompanied by dread and fear. She glanced over at Miss Sophia who was utterly still on the bed. For a moment, Alyssa felt a swelling panic rising in her, but then she noticed the soft rise and fall of Sophie's beautiful breasts and realized she was just . . . unconscious?

Mister Zebra caught her train of thought. "She's okay. She just passed out." He placed his finger on her chin and turned her face to meet his again, kissing her deeply, then laying his hands on her shoulders and giving them the gentlest press down.

Alyssa slipped down to her knees and was met with his stiff cock. Her heart thudded in her chest. She'd never done anything like this before.

This was an adventure she never thought in her wildest dreams she would ever want to take, but here she was.

Pretty thing.

His cock had a slightly purplish hue, which she recognized right away. He needed to cum. Bad. He'd been holding back all this time and now he was all charged up. She knew exactly where he was going to release it all, and it filled her with dread and more than a little excitement. What would Miss Sophia say? What would she think? Her husband sucking off a man?

Then Alyssa noticed an odd thing. His cock smelled like sex, like Miss Sophia's pussy, but there was also little curdles of white clinging to it. She

blinked. But he hadn't cum. Had he? She didn't think he had. How could he still be hard if he had?

Mister Zebra chuckled. "You've never seen a woman cream before? She never did that with you?"

Alyssa gazed up at him and shook her head.

He grinned. "It needs cleaning up." He twirled her hair around his hand until he had her head securely under his control. "You are a maid, aren't you?"

She nodded as much as his grip would allow, mesmerized by the engorged head of his cock.

"Aren't you?" He insisted; he wanted to hear it. He got his wish.

She nodded again. "Y-yes, Sir."

"Then be a good girl and clean it up."

She wrapped her hands around it and swallowed incessantly, her mouth suddenly watering, her lips suddenly smacking together unconscious, her body utterly betraying her. She was just so maddeningly turned on, she would do anything, just anything, to gain some relief. His cock was hot under her fingers. It was hard, but rubbery. Just the musky scent of it, the oil and sweat and maleness of it, was enough to repulse her, but there was something else in it that was also causing her blood pressure to rise, causing her little trapped cock to pulse warmly and ooze precum.

How Mister Zebra knew, she

couldn't fathom, but for the umpteenth time, he seemed to know her thoughts. He forced her nose into his crotch, his fiery hot penis laid against the side of her face. "Inhale. Deep. Deep breaths. Take it in. Smell that? That's me. That's the smell of an aroused man. All those pheromones do lovely things to the brains of women. You're probably wondering why it's having an effect on you. After all these months of saturating your little body with female hormones, it's a wonder it's not making you absolutely dizzy." He laughed, and she tried not to inhale, but couldn't help herself.

Most importantly, she struggled to hide the fact that his scent was indeed

making her dizzy.

He pulled her away, his finger clutching in her hair, causing little sprinkles of pain to scatter along her scalp, then he placed the tip of his glistening cock lightly against her lips. "Kiss it."

Alyssa wet her lips and reluctantly gave it a quick kiss. He had a glaze of precum smeared over his head and without meaning to she ended up licking her lips again and tasting him. It was pungent, tangy, but perhaps because of his musk still filling her nostrils, it somehow seemed much more pleasurable than she anticipated. "Again," he ordered softly.

She kissed his head, then

decided to plant a few sweet kisses along his shaft. It pulsed with heat. She made her kisses slightly wetter, gripping it now and then with her lips just to see his reaction. It twitched and leaked precum, almost as if her attention, her wet lips and warm breath, was making it dance. She giggled inside. It was almost like a toy she could play with.

The glaze of his eyes showed she was having a powerful effect on him.
"Arms behind you."

She hurried to comply. He gazed down at her with the madness of power lit in his eyes. *I have you, don't I?*

She swallowed. *Yes, Mister Zebra. You have no idea how much you*

have me.

"Open."

She parted her lips, feeling the fear and tension crease deeply between her eyes. He gently inserted just the head of his cock into her mouth. "Go like this." He demonstrated how he wanted her to cover her teeth with her lips.

It started slowly, just her sucking on his head, licking the underside when she felt adventurous, because at least she remembered that's where a man was most sensitive. He did not force her, though he kept a tight reign over her head by way of her hair. Now and then though, he gave her little nudges, encouraging her to dive a little deeper, to let his cock truly fill her

mouth.

"Breathe through your nose."

Yes, she knew that. She'd been a man once. She knew what girls had to do, but she'd never forced it on Sophia as it was being forced on her now. Why not? This was humiliating and utterly degrading, but there was a fiery heaven burning in her body. It felt good to be used. It felt good to be a sexual object, used for a man's pleasure without regard to her feelings or humanity.

She thought back to her first meeting with Miss Lydia, the strange, slightly lost way the woman had peered into her eyes. Her soft touch on her cheek when she'd whispered, "Pretty thing." She'd done it many times since,

and always there had been a little blank spot deposited in her mind. What had Miss Lydia done to him? How many times had she done that?

Alyssa was just a mouth now, just a hole. Mister Zebra's cock was thrusting in and out and it was clear he was already getting close. Something about his scent changed, got stronger, muskier. He was thrusting with urgency now and his grunts were sharper and more guttural. His erratic breaths said he was expending every bit of his energy and willpower to hold back.

Suddenly, he reached over and slapped Miss Sophia on the pussy. "Wake up and look at what I'm doing to your husband."

Alyssa panicked. *No, please, don't let her see me like this!*

Sophie stirred to life, blinked, took a deep breath and gazed down at the two of them. Her jaw dropped. Her eyes went big. Alyssa felt tears burst loose and begin crawling down her cheeks, even as she was keeping her lips posed just so, keeping her throat open just so, breathing through her nose, accommodating the deep, endless thrusts of his cock.

Sophie's big blue eyes stared with shock while Alyssa squeezed her eyes shut.

Mister Zebra slapped her cheek. "Look at her!"

She would've shaken her head

if she were able. She squeezed her eyelids tighter.

Mister Zebra slapped her harder. "You get those eyes open and look at your wife, you little slut! I want her to see this. I want you to know she's seeing this. I want her to see it when it happens."

Alyssa's eyes popped open. For a long endless moment, there was only Miss Sophia's face, still shocked and staring. She would never forget this. Alyssa knew she could never lose the memory of watching her feminized husband sucking a cock. Their eyes locked on each other and whatever thoughts they had remained a secret to them both.

Then Mister Zebra began to grunt. He began to growl. He shoved his cock deep in to Alyssa's mouth and held it there. Alyssa breathed through her nose, hard and fast. She grabbed at her own ass in a struggle to keep her arms behind her as she'd been ordered.

Mister Zebra barked sharply and then began thrusting rapidly into her mouth. Then he screamed and Alyssa felt the hot, sticky explosion filling her mouth, overflowing. It was too much. At once she started to gag, but Mister Zebra shook her head by the hair and whispered, "Take it."

Alyssa swallowed and swallowed and tried to move the sticky, pungent mess with her tongue down her

throat as swiftly as he could, but he was still pumping more of it into her mouth as he moaned and thrust. She swallowed and flailed her hands wildly, finally slapping them against his thighs and trying to push herself away.

"Take it," he whispered again, and like magic she stopped trying to escape. She swallowed and swallowed, finally making headway. "Good girl," he whispered. He reached down to her lips and scooped the glaze coating her chin back into her lips. He spoke with the tone of a doctor feeding medicine to a puppy. "Just a little more. Get it all. That's a good girl."

Utterly bewildered, Alyssa fell to her hands and knees and tried to

regain her senses.

Soon, there was a warm soft body behind her. Sophie wrapped her arms around her and began to nibble little kisses along her shoulders and neck. Alyssa could feel Mister Zebra's warm hand on the top of her head, caressing, patting. "Make her cum, Sophie. That's all that's left. Make her cum like the little slut she is and we can all cuddle up on the bed and take a nap."

Sophie kissed Alyssa softly on the cheek, turning her head to get at her lips, still sticky and tangy with Mister Zebra's cum. "I'm so proud of you. You're amazing. I love you so much."

How could she love her?
Seeing what she'd seen? Knowing what

she knew?

Before she could fathom the answer, Miss Sophie's fingers found the little jeweled handle of Alyssa's butt plug and began to softly shift it inside her, searching as Mister Zebra had searched, until she felt Alyssa stiffen suddenly, until she heard Alyssa's quick gasp.

It didn't take long. Alyssa was raw and ready, beyond all comprehension, exhausted, but the little g-spot inside her awoke and began to transmit little jabs of pleasure which built and built until she heard herself whimpering and moaning and squirming. She arose to a kneeling position and arched back against Sophie. Mister

Zebra's fingers found her nipples then, but that was almost a distraction because the true miracle was taking some place deep inside her rectum.

Sophie knew what she was doing, and she kept at it until that little g-spot was no longer a spot at all; it was a spreading warm pool of hot honey. The little jabs turned into floods inside her, which kept the jabbing at the same intensity but somehow spread out further across her body. It was a frustratingly slow process. Just when she felt she was on the edge, it seemed to retreat a little, but soon, she knew she was going to cum. She could feel it. It was approaching like a lethargic steam locomotive. It was happening and it was

unlike any orgasm she'd ever had as a boy. A boy's orgasm took place in the cock. This was starting inside her and was traveling from the center of her out into every limb, triggering every sensitive spot as it passed.

Then, it was there, but not there. It was happening. She felt the grip of it, but it wasn't an all explosive tantrum of pleasure. Instead, it was an intense (and getting more so) gripping fist of pure ecstasy, slowly growing bigger and bigger and bigger.

She gasped and laid her head back on Sophie's shoulder, eyes closed, past all knowledge of anything. She was only a warm honey flow of pure pleasure now and it showed no signs of

slowing. If anything it was getting stronger. It was already too intense; she couldn't stand it if it got any stronger.

"She's cumming," Mister Zebra said and Sophie hummed in her ear and repeated it. "You're cumming, baby . . . cumming like a girl."

In a daze, she looked down for her penis but saw instead the tight pink gaffe, but in her panties she could feel the ooze of her own hot, sticky cum leaking gallons. It was overflowing and dripping on her inner thighs. She wasn't cumming, but yet she was.

The hot pool of pleasure filled her insides and after an eternity where she could only wallow and sip little breaths of air and moan and vibrate with

pleasure, finally it began to relent. Sophie moved the butt plug once more and another little jab of pleasure erupted within her. With a shock, she realized if Sophie kept doing that she might actually make her cum again! If she did so, she'd be the second girl of the night to pass out from pleasure.

Then there were only voices. Hands picking her up, transferring her to the bed. A straw inserted between her lips. "Sip." Then bodies beside her, intertwining, embracing. There was the sound of kissing, wet lips. Then someone was kissing her. Then someone else was kissing her. Then there was soft whispering. Finally, gratefully, there was only the deep sinking sensation of

falling quickly into sleep.

Epilogue:

Miss Sophia searched high and low for her, but she was nowhere to be found. Tapping her blood red fingernail to her glossy red lips, she pondered the whereabouts of the stupid little maid. Guests milled about. Maids hurried and scurried, some giggling, others dancing, one or two looking a little shy. New maids took a lot of training and she wondered if they were more trouble than they were worth. Still, every now and then you found a natural.

She grinned and snapped her fingers.

Across the lounge area, she swept through a pair of doors marked "PRIVATE".

There, she found Mister Zebra in a rather dashing gray suit. She swore he had the silver buttons of his coat polished daily.

"Miss Sophia!" Mister Zebra beamed an extra-toothy, extra white razor sharp smile. "What a pleasure!" He gave her a sly expression. "Have you come to play?"

She grinned at him. "I'm afraid not. Do you have her?"

He raised an eyebrow. "Have who?"

There was something about his face, a bit too much pink for such a cold

bastard, and the couch was blocking her view. Sophie blushed and stepped to the side. Behind the couch was a rather sexy little maid with blonde hair, bundled up tight with straps, her mouth working feverishly to lower the zipper on his pants.

"Oh," Mister Zebra chuckled, "did you mean her? Why didn't you say so?"

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but I need her for a few."

Mister Zebra nodded. "Well, she is in a rather receptive condition at the moment."

Somewhere buzzing in the silence, Sophia could just hear the telltale signs of a bullet vibrator

embedded deep inside the maid. She saw now that the girl was blindfolded, cheeks flushed with arousal.

She sighed. "Very well, but after she's recovered I need to speak with her. I have a few questions about the accounts."

Mister Zebra patted his prize and cooed gently. "Do you hear that, Lydia, darling? You'll be my plaything for a little while longer. Isn't that nice?"

Lydia blindly nodded and whimpered.

Sophie grinned at her predicament.

It had been a long day and she made the short trip up to her rather plush room. Once in the door, she heard the

scurry of high heels and Alyssa rushed in and dropped to her knees before her.

"I'm sorry, Miss Sophia. I didn't think you'd be back until later."

She kissed her husband's soft head and gave her a little grope on her breast. "Lydia was tied up. Something smells wonderful."

Alyssa beamed a smile up at her, proud and pretty. "A roast chicken with seasoned vegetables on a bed of polenta."

"Sounds delicious."

"Thank you, Miss Sophia. May I go finish preparing it?"

"Will it burn if you don't?"

Alyssa blinked. "N-no. Not for awhile, Miss Sophia."

She snapped her fingers and marched into the bedroom, sitting on the edge of the mattress, marveling at how neat Alyssa kept things. Alyssa knelt before her, clearly wanting nothing more than to lean against her and lavish her with attention. She was so well behaved. Ever since that night, she'd done nothing but try to be the best, sweetest maid possible.

"Truth time."

Alyssa blushed and looked at her anxiously. "Always, Miss Sophia."

Sophie touched her face, ran her thumb back and forth across her pretty lips. "Do you miss the house, sweetie?"

Alyssa stared at her contentedly. "It's very nice here, Miss

Sophia."

"That's not what I asked."

She swallowed and looked down. "Sometimes. I don't miss the bills though or the mortgage."

Sophie thought about it. "Me either. Sometimes I miss being husband and wife though. Do you ever miss that?"

"Am I--" Tears appeared in her eyes. Miss Sophia thought they might need to lessen that hormone dosage again. "Am I doing something wrong?"

Sophie smiled and bent down to kiss her lips tenderly. "No, dear, and I plan to show you that after dinner. I hope the guests didn't use you all up this evening."

Alyssa's smile reappeared,

along with a deep scarlet blush. "I had quite a nice time. The Reynolds are back and they made good use of me . . . but not too much."

Sophie grinned. "Good, because whatever you have left is mine. Is that clear?"

Alyssa blushed and fidgeted with nervous anticipation. Softly, she replied, "Yes, Miss Sophia."

It was three simple words, but it spoke volumes.

"Go take care of dinner. I want to rest my eyes for a bit."

She hopped to her feet and started from the room, but paused. "Miss Sophia?"

"Yes, Alyssa."

"Have you seen Miss Lydia lately?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact. I just left her."

"How--"

"And she's hardly 'Miss' Lydia anymore."

"Yes, Miss--"

"She's sexy maid Lydia now."

"Yes, Miss Sophia."

"I think Mister Zebra is delighted to finally have his wife at his beck and call."

"Yes, Miss Sophia."

"Why do you ask?"

Alyssa risked another step back into the room. She straightened her little black maid's uniform. "I was just

wondering how she was. I haven't seen her sincewell, for awhile."

Sophia smiled at her pretty husband. "I'd say she's right where she belongs."

Alyssa grinned. "Yes, Miss Sophia."

"And so are you."

The End

WTF?!:

I love women, and that's all there is to it. You wouldn't be reading this if you didn't feel the same way. Whether or not women are the superior gender, I could care less.

Sometimes it seems like they're years ahead of me. Other times it seems like they're just little girls that need a good shoulder to cry on or a warm body to cuddle with. Sometimes I want to write something that moves me, arouses me, and touches me emotionally (that's a whole lot of me touching myself, isn't it?).

Sometimes I just want to write . . . anything, anything that keeps the juices flowing in my brain.

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I don't bite. I don't always respond, but I'm pretty friendly.

If you see spelling or grammar errors or just the usual "WTF?", please do write me and let me know so I can fix them.

My blog can be found at

<http://www.TomTame.Blogspot.com>

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