

SISSY SERVITUDE



THREE TALES OF
MISBEHAVING MALES

By Bea

SISSY SERVITUDE

BY

BEA

Copyright © 1999 By Bea

Illustrations Copyright © 1998
By “Z i z z l e”

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

**All persons and incidents depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is coincidental and unintentional or intended purely for parody purposes.
Printed in the USA**

SISSY SERVITUDE

Three Tales of Misbehaving Males
Who Learn The Line Art of
Sissy Servitude

1. Taken To The Cleaners
2. All In The Cards
3. Lunch with Mother

TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS

Chapter One

It was one night during a visit from my wife's friend Lila that I noticed how perfect both women's teeth were.

Now Joan, my wife is fairly well to do, employed as a senior Civil Engineer by a famous architect and Lila has inherited money, so I could never have described either of having teeth as anything but well maintained. But this particular evening I saw two of the most beautiful set of teeth I'd ever seen—way past film-star quality. Brilliant white, gleaming, evenly spaced. Super bright against their lipstick, somewhat feral to tell the truth.

Speaking of feral, Lila scares me somewhat. Old money confidence, lithe body that moves like an animal, a little taller than myself. Maybe even heavier, as I am somewhat delicate of build—for a man that is. I wanted to comment on Joan's teeth, but figured that, as Lila's were just as gorgeous, it might be more tactful to compliment the guest.

"I just noticed Lila. Have you been getting special dental work? You too, Joan. Your teeth are looking great all of a sudden. Just about perfect. Or have you both been using one of those special whitening toothpaste's?"

A glance flashed between them that I couldn't read, but Lila then spoke "Well thank-you kind sir. Don't know about Joan, but I'm delighted that you noticed. Yes, we've both been going to this new dental hygienist down in the Women's Village complex. She's expensive as hell but worth it."

"What's her name?" I asked. "I haven't been overly happy with my hygienist recently. Maybe yours could work her magic on me."

Joan grimaced. "Why Daniel, you have nice teeth, I don't think I'd change just because..."

She stopped as Lila interrupted. "Why BS him Joan?" She turned to me. "No sense in giving you her name, she just treats women. That's why she's located her place in the village."

I've always been a little spoiled I guess. Do not like to

be denied things—as the two women had probably taken into account. I puffed my cheeks indignantly. “What do you mean, women only? In this day of sexual discrimination lawsuits, she must be out of her mind!”

“Oh Daniel! Don’t get so worked up about nothing.” Joan said placatingly.

“I’m not worked up!” I said huffily. “I’m just about totally fed up with the way that women scream about sexual discrimination every time they turn around, but practice it themselves every chance they get!”

“Don’t you think you’re over-reacting?” Lila said snottily. “I mean, we’re talking about women’s rights here.”

“Yes! But what about men’s rights?” I yelled. “We’re bigger and stronger than women, but we’re not allowed to use our strength. Get pushed around by a bunch of lawyers and...”

“Are you kidding?” Lila laughed. “You think that you’re bigger and stronger than me? You’re out of your mind!”

“I may be smaller than you.” I retorted. “But it’s a well-known fact that men have greater bone and muscle mass than women and...”

“Oh Daniel!” Joan interrupted me. “Please! Get off this soap box of yours. We’ve heard it all before...”

“Yeah! Muscle and bone mass!” Lila sniggered. Then she sobered up.

“Tell you what ‘muscles’, let’s have a little contest. I’m a bit bigger than you, but we probably weigh about the same, right? I’m a hundred and thirty eight. Are you in that area?”

She actually outweighed me by a few pounds, but I didn’t want her to know that, so nodded. She walked over to stand right in front of me.

“Okay! Lift me. Go on!” She lifted her arms.

“This is silly Lila.” I said. “I’m not going to do this.” “I don’t think he can.” Lila commented snidely to Joan. “I think your husband’s a little weakling.”

My wife laughed. “Well, he’s not very strong. But I don’t think I’d call him a weakling.” She smiled at me. “Don’t

let Lila boss you into this Daniel. She works out at the gym regularly. I can understand you not wanting to compete against her.”

Stung to the quick by this comment, I felt my face flush. “Okay. Get ready Lila. You asked for this.”

She raised her arms a little more. Grinned mockingly at me. “Ready when you are, ‘Muscles’”

“Turn around.” I said. She grinned and turned her back to me. I cinched my arms around her waist and heaved. Got her feet off the floor. She turned her head back towards me a little.

“I’m amazed! Didn’t think you’d be able to do this. Let’s see how long you can keep me here.”

Flushed and aim weary, I let her down about fifteen seconds later. As I stood there trying to hide the fact that I was panting, she walked around to my front. “Ready?” I nodded, lifted my arms and turned to face away from her.

“You really don’t need to do that.” she said. “Put your arms down.”

As I did, she walked around to my side then, without warning, bent forward a little and the next thing I knew, I had been lifted up into her arms. To make things worse, she didn’t appear to have put the slightest effort into lifting me.

“I think they call this the ‘bridal lift’” she laughed, laughing down into my flushed face. “Feel like a bride - Muscles.?”

“Let me down!” I demanded.

“When I’m ready!” she said firmly. “Going to make sure I beat your time. What was it, twenty seconds?”

I had my right arm pinned against her breasts and my left flailing uselessly around. In frustration I even kicked my legs a little, but unavailingly.

“Oh stop that Daniel.” Joan said, smiling. “You look silly. Lila? I think you’ve made your point. The poor dear is just humiliated.”

Lila looked down at me, still smiling. “Want down, sweetie? Just ask Lila nicely. Say ‘pretty please with sugar on it’.”

“Please Lila? Put me down,” I said instead.

“No. That won’t do at all. And, this time? Call me ‘Miss Lila’ when you ask. Then I’ll put you down.”

Then actually weeping a little with frustration and humiliation, I asked her ‘prettily’ to be put down. She added another humiliation by giving me a gentle kiss on the lips before doing so. “There! Always knew you’d be a little cutie if you were treated right.” she whispered in my ear.

I was so humiliated that I couldn’t think straight. Just had to get off onto another subject. “I’d still like to find out that hygienist’s name you know.” I stammered. “And, if you won’t tell me, I’ll look it up in the book myself!”

“Oh Daniel!” Joan sighed. “Once you get an idea in your head...” she turned to Lila “It’s almost impossible to stop him.”

With that statement from her, I felt that I’d regained at least some face.

“Not on matters of principle!” I announced grandly. “Wants women clients only—indeed!”

An expression of concern crossed Lila’s face. “Oh, c’mon Daniel. Don’t take it out on Janine, just because I teased you.”

“Ha Ha!” I crowed. “So her name’s Janine, eh? Got you that time Lila. I’m gonna call her in the morning for an appointment,”

Lila sighed deeply. “Look Daniel. Okay. If I say I’m sorry for beating you in that little competition? Then will you forget this? I don’t want to be a part of causing any problems for her. She’s just setting up a new practice here. A lawsuit, could really hurt her.”

“I don’t care about that ... little competition, as you call it.” I sneered. “That has nothing to do with it. Like I said. I’m going to call her tomorrow morning and...”

She held her hands up in surrender, sighed again. “Okay. I give. But let me call and make the appointment for you, okay? I was one of her first customers here and have put some business her way. Maybe for me, she’ll bend. Will that satisfy you?”

Sissy Servitude by Bea

For the first time ever, I seemed to have the upper hand on my female nemesis. “Yes. If you ask me ‘pretty please with sugar on it’.” I demanded.

A gleam of spite shone from her eyes, but she did as I asked, and I agreed to let her do as she suggested.

That night getting ready for bed, Joan reprimanded me a little. “That was mean what you did to Lila. You put her in the position of asking a favor from a woman she barely knows...”

“You’re saying that I... I... was mean?” She’s on my case every time she’s over here and, by the way, she seems to be over here more and more all the time...”

Joan opened her mouth as if to protest, but I threw up a commanding arm and continued. “If it’s not the length of my hair, it’s ‘when are you going to go to work...’”

“But Daniel?” Joan interrupted mildly. “You keep giving her cause. I mean, she teases you once about letting your hair grow and you effectively stop cutting it..”

“Well, I’m not going to let some woman tell me how long I should wear my hair for goodness sake!” I interjected.

“But don’t you see? She is effectively telling you how long to wear it. It’s longer, way longer than mine! I mean, some nights when you take it out of your band? You look almost like a woman. Nice wavy hair down to your shoulders.”

“But if I cut it? She’ll think that I gave into her...”

Joan sighed, “Oh Daniel. Honestly!”

But I couldn’t leave it alone. “If it’s not that, it’s something else. Frankly, I don’t care for the woman very much. Sometimes I feel like forbidding you to see her!”

Joan’s eyebrows went up and I knew I’d gone too far. “Forbidding? You forbidding ME! How dare you! I pay more than half of this households running expenses and mortgage. You sit at home writing - or whatever you do - living on your inheritance and doing as little as possible. If you’d even help with the housework once in a while we wouldn’t have to have

the house cleaning service in so often. But NO! That kind of work is beneath you! You do nothing for this marriage, absolutely nothing—so don't you DARE talk about forbidding me anything!"

"Joan? I'm truly sorry. I don't know what I was thinking of. It's just that bloody woman drives me nuts!"

Her face softened a little. "Daniel? You were a nice sweet man when we got married, but you seem to have turned into some sort of macho monster. It's as if you can't stand women. Constantly putting them down. You really should stop it."

"Well the wrong isn't always on my side..." I started to argue.

She held a weary hand up. "Please? Can we go to bed? I'm tired and have a long day in front of me tomorrow. Okay?"

Chastened, I nodded and climbed in beside her. At first she had her back to me, but finally turned and laid her arm across the pillow. Gratefully, I laid my head on her arm and she pulled me into her embrace.

CHAPTER TWO

Lila called me the following morning about ten o'clock. She dispensed with formalities, speaking as soon as I said 'hello'.

"Daniel? Janine will see you tonight at five."

"That's inconvenient. Too late!" I snapped.

The phone was silent for a moment. I heard her sigh before she spoke again.

"Well then, you'll have to do what you have to do. She's booked solid for a while and is actually taking you after her office hours as a favor to me. But if you don't want to..? I've done all I'm going to do."

There was no negotiating tone in her voice. Strictly 'take it or leave it'. I backed off, knowing how badly I'd have looked in Joan's eyes if I'd refused this after all the fuss I'd made. Agreed to call Janine at the number Lila gave me to confirm.

I was surprised to discover that Janine was not associated with a dentist. Ran her own shop. She answered the phone herself in an extremely sultry, well-modulated voice, but was all business in getting my first appointment scheduled, and in explaining the costs involved. I got another surprise when I heard her astronomical rates but, again, did not want to lose face in front of Lila or Joan by backing out, so finished up by making the appointment.

She then gave me directions as to the best place to park. This turned out to be almost outside the Woman's Village area, at the back entrance to her office. I almost pooh-poohed the idea of parking there but then realized that it would save me a lot of time—so wrote the directions down and followed them when I arrived there that evening.

I was quite taken with the Women's Village complex. Although I didn't see too much of it getting to Janine's office, I saw enough to be surprised by the amount of business it was doing. It was a new development but all around me, I saw scads of women shopping, chatting happily in groups under bright lights, or sitting on restaurant porches drinking what appeared to be glasses of wine. There weren't any men to speak of, and a few times I felt that I was the focal point for groups of coldly evaluating eyes. I was, in fact, glad to find Janine's place.

I let myself into a bright, small, reception area, furnished with a comfortable looking couch and a couple of well upholstered chairs. Magazines - recent by god! - sat on end tables besides the chairs. I saw the discreet notice that told me to "ring for service" so did so.

Within thirty seconds I had my first surprise. A tall, gorgeous, blonde woman in her late twenties - early thirties, appeared. Smiled seductively.

"Oh! You must be Daniel? Janine's sorry that she couldn't be here to greet you in person. Asked me to do the honors? Hope you don't mind? I'm Leslie. How do you do?" She held out her hand and I took it, surprised by the strength in her grip.

"Pleased to meet you." I managed, then "No. Not at all." I was able to get out, astounded by this woman's good looks. "I mean, I don't mind."

Sissy Servitude by Bea

She smiled understandingly. “If you’ll follow me then?”

I nodded, and she walked through the door into another area.

There, another surprise - or I should say - a few surprises, awaited.

It was unlike any dental office I’d ever seen. Yes, there was the “chair” with the arm pads, high back, and water basin beside it. Other than that though, the room could have been the living area in the home of someone in the well to do category. Sofas, chairs, tapestries and paintings. Some (antique) Lladro figurines. An expensive woven rug. The place reeked of taste and wealth.

Another vision of womanly loveliness was walking towards us, smiling a welcome. Red headed, lithe. Walking like a model. At an antique desk in the corner another amazingly good looking lady—brunette—was talking animatedly into a phone. She also smiled at me and waved apologetically at the phone, indicating her sorrow at not being able to greet me in person.

I was mute with astonishment. These women were lovely—and that’s a word I don’t use very much. All three were in the five foot ten range in their heels. All had hair styles that accentuated their beauty—long, waved hair cascading to their shoulders. All wore non-identical white uniforms, though they were alike in the fact that they were pristine and had tight skirts, all stopping short of the wearer’s knees.

And SUCH knees! Well rounded, sheathed in various shades of glossy nylon that accentuated the gorgeous calves that supported them. As the redheaded nurse approached, I could hear the sensuous sound of her skirt rubbing against her hose.

“Hi!” she said quietly. “Daniel? I’m Keri. Janine’ll be with you in just a moment.”

“Wow!” I said. “Which one of you lovely ladies will be working on me?”

“Why, all three of us, Daniel. We believe in taking GOOD care of our clients.”

And this was Janine herself. I’d been so taken with

Keri's approach that I hadn't noticed that the telephone conversation had been terminated and that the brunette had joined us. I shook hands with both Janine and Keri becoming more and more awestruck by the moment. I was surrounded by feminine pulchritude, the likes of which I'd never seen before.

Perfect women with features that would have graced any magazine or film screen. Not a flaw. Perfect hair, perfect teeth. Breasts full and bursting under perfect white uniforms. Beautiful hair—in three distinct colors. Makeup? Perfect! Nails? Perfect! Three pairs of straight, nylon sheathed legs appearing from underneath taut skirt hemlines

Flawless!

I must admit that I was dazed because I've no real recollection as to how I'd landed in the chair, but there I was, sitting there feeling it recline and straighten out underneath me until I was lying almost horizontally looking up at three beautiful women who had eyes only for me.

Keri - at least, I think it was she - had tied a pink bib around my neck just before. Janine adjusted it on my chest. "Open up please." she said. "Wider, if you can."

And three gorgeous women bent over me, blocking out the rest of the room with their hair, their lovely faces and the scent of their perfumes. Breasts leaned into my body as they peered into my mouth.

"Not bad. Not bad at all." Leslie said.

"Good lip shape." said Keri.

"Bet he'll have a pretty smile." said Leslie.

"Probably." Janine agreed. "But that's for later. Let's get working on these teeth. Get them beautiful. Right girls?"