





Copyright (c) 2008

Published by Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the
written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes
contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

MAGS, INC
COPYRIGHT (c) 2008

B & B

By Bea

"I'm sorry." Margaret said to our hostess in a diffident tone of voice. "You'll have to get a guy to do our baggage. John has a back problem."

Our hostess, a pretty little thing with dark raven hair looked at me in an appraising sort of way, but smiled. "I'm afraid I don't have any males working around here – so unreliable you know. But is any of your luggage very big? Of an unusual size sort of thing?"

"No, don't think so. John insists that we travel light, and also tires easily if he drives too much" Margaret said with just a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"Ah well then, no problem. I have Magda here. Polish you know and can't speak the language at all, but strong as a horse." Our hostess laughed, then called out "Magda!" Then she turned to us. "Please hold on a second while I explain what's wanted to her."

Frankly, I thought this was a little too much. Despite Margaret's guarded comments on numerous occasions I still felt that I was the superior driver of us two. Yes, it was only by the grace of some higher power that I hadn't had an accident on the funny roads on this country. At the same time I just ignored her softly spoken but sly digs at my slow speed knowing I was exhausted. The thought of waiting as some servant was told what to do bothered me a little but I smiled magnanimously until a blonde appeared.

She was a little taller than our hostess and very pert in movement. Our hostess who had introduced herself to us as Jenny as we waited, nattered something at her as she appeared. The girl shrugged and started lugging the luggage from the car with ease. As she did, she made a comment under her breath to Jenny, who had to stifle a laugh. Naturally, I had no idea of what was said but had a strange feeling that it was something derogatory about me. I shot a quick glance at Margaret. She was grinning too and though her knowledge of Polish is on a par with mine I was positive she'd caught the same implication. Nevertheless we finally straggled into the charming house with all the women carrying something, while I straggled along behind them, mostly unencumbered.

I have to admit of a little shame as this happened. I'd started a fictitious account of a sore back some time before to hide a weakness that seemed to take place when I was asked to do anything physical. Margaret had accepted this and now it was very difficult for me to get out of. Obviously, all I had to do was to join a

gymnasium and increase my strength but it just seemed like so much trouble, you know? Now it seemed just accepted that any action that required any strength at all was performed by my wife or someone standing by.

On occasion I felt that Margaret thought a lot less of me for this and this was one of these times as to free up her hands, she asked me to carry her handbag. Naturally, I couldn't refuse this small task so trailed three women as they carried luggage while I followed, performing a traditional feminine task the bright purse clutched under an arm. Again Magda gave an openly distinctive look at this and said something to Jenny, then added something funny as I blushed. That gave them something else to giggle about I think though I could not ask what. I was very grateful that Margaret didn't see them or ask what was going on. Altogether I was glad when we finally arrived at our suite.

I was especially glad as, for once, I'd had a lot to do with choosing this particular place on the Internet. Margaret had protested that B&B's were not my normal cup of tea, while I'd expounded on the benefits of a less formal place than a hotel – the chance of meeting people, the cozier rooms, etcetera. I hadn't mentioned that the roads leading to a nearby hotel where Margaret really wanted to stay because of a convention were difficult to navigate. I mention this because Margaret had shown some argumentativeness in wanting to attend the meetings associated with this convention. I make no bones about the fact that I did not want her to attend, but her unusual strength in this had finally budged me to the extent that I'd agreed to this B&B. I had not made the difficulty of getting to the hotel obvious at all.

Naturally, I was delighted once I saw that my choice had been so good. Was finally made aware that the room DID have a sort of feminine decoration in pinks and whites and mauves only after I saw Jenny's face once I'd raved over much about how nice the accommodations were. Again, she made some sort of comment to Magda and once more I was subjected to some sort of amused visual examination by a maidservant. Naturally, I couldn't say anything although I found myself getting red under the scrutiny. Magda smiled nicely at me now – a fact that made me feel funny for some reason.

Finally, we were alone and I relaxed while Margaret unpacked our clothes. She looked tired but I explained how my back was troubling me so she didn't make any complaint as she gradually emptied our suitcases hanging the stuff in the closet, putting our small stuff away in the chest of drawers – that sort of thing.

We had been late checking in – as my driving had delayed us according to Margaret – a point that didn't escape her. Luckily, it turned out that Jenny served an evening meal and as we were now in the off season, there weren't too many guests to take her mind off of us. Accordingly, we trooped down to dinner some time later after showering and changing. At the table, we met two spinster ladies in their sixties who greeted us like long lost family. Not quite in evening dress they were decidedly formal and their names were Kathryn and Louise. I luxuriated in a house full of women. Don't get me wrong. I'm

heterosexual but have always found the male sex so – 'different'? Is that the right word? It's immaterial I know, but I've always enjoyed being amongst women, that is a fact. Now amongst four women and being served by one? I could feel myself blooming. Felt myself to be master of all I surveyed – that sort of thing.

It was over liqueur and coffee that things started to go wrong. To be perfectly honest, I probably started it all myself. Looked over my snifter at Jenny. "You commented earlier on that you didn't have any males around. They were 'unreliable' you said? How did you come to that conclusion, may I ask?"

She shrugged and smiled gently. "Present company excluded I guess? It was a long time before I discovered that males are only good for sex." She looked around the table. "They're good for that – when I'm in the mood. But other than that? Kinda bossy and want to tell us women what to do."

"Yes!" Louise laughed. "My departed husband was always telling ME what to do. It was a long time before I discovered that I knew better than him!"

"Got THAT right sister!" Kathryn laughed. "I missed being married but got over it." She looked at me nicely enough. "Now I find that I enjoy the little sissy boys who do my hair much better." She laughed. "They're SO bitchy – but their gossip is great!"

I blushed which didn't go entirely unnoticed.

"Don't know if I'd go that far," Jenny said. "But looking back, I think it was Magda that changed my outlook on men."

"Magda?" Margaret asked.

"Oh yes. She immigrated here some years ago. Luckily I'm fluent in Polish and needed someone. She's great and through time she's taught me a lot about men."

"No offense," Louise laughed, "But you seem a bit older than her. She taught you?"

Jenny took another sip of her drink. "I don't know if I should say this or not – having a male guest?"

"Oh, go on! He doesn't mind, do you John?" Margaret butted in.

Actually I did have a feeling that I didn't like what was happening but shook my head in and attempt to look pleasant. Jenny still didn't look convinced but continued after a moment. Laughed. "No question about it Louise. I AM older than her. But she has experience of a type that I'd never had when we got together."

"Experience?" Kathryn said.

Jenny laughed a little. "Magda had spent some time in a college – if that's the right word – where men were taught to behave properly. I pooh poohed her at first but around then was having one employee who was giving me a bad time? I took her advice in treating him. He turned out to be SO sweet. After that, I gradually stopped hiring males if I could help it." She laughed throatily. "I probably took advantage of the poor dears if the truth be known."

"You lost me." Louise asked. "Magda was in a college where they taught men to behave properly?"

Jenny made a peculiar sort of shrugging motion with her shoulders. "Basically? It says that most men can be dominated. Treat them properly and the little lambs do what you want."

"Properly?" Margaret said, her eyes wide open, but with a lot of interest in her voice.

Jenny sighed apologetically as she looked at me though answering her. "Yes. Most of them? They don't mind – not really. After that? They're good as gold."

I looked around the table. Could feel myself blushing. Had to say something! "Ha Ha! Don't know if I fancy that myself. Not that I believe it of course, but I'd just as soon pass on that kind of training."

Then Margaret surprised me. Laughed a little aggressively but spoke up. "Well I for one sure could use a little 'niceness' in a husband!"

"You sure?" Jenny asked.

"Damn right!" Margaret exploded, but then looked at me a little nervously.

"You wouldn't really mind – would you?" Jenny asked me. "Like I say, it doesn't work on everyone."

I wanted to respond. Make no mistake about that. But now all the women at the table were looking at me searchingly, most of them smiling and my throat seemed to constrict for some reason, making this next to impossible. To be quite honest I felt like a rabbit must feel in the glare of a car's headlights. I was even stupid enough to feel relieved as Magda entered the room to do some clearing up. She must have noticed the form of tension as she paused for a second. That relief didn't last too long.

"Magda?" Jenny asked, then said a bunch of stuff incomprehensible to me. Magda ceased what she was doing, but only for a second as her eyes swept over me in an appraising but amused fashion. She answered Jenny in a very short statement then went back to cleaning off the table.

"Well?" Jenny said laughingly to Margaret. "She says he'd be easy." She shrugged. "She says that he is practically begging for a nice strong woman."

Margaret's mouth fell open and her eyes went from Jenny to Magda to me – then back again. “John? My husband? Actually would LIKE to be dominated? That's too much!” She let out a small disbelieving snort.

“Yes! Does seem a little presumptuous to ME,” Louise said.

Jenny shrugged again. “Have to admit that I'm not overly surprised ladies, but you must remember that I've seen Magda in action before..” She paused, obviously thinking, then spoke to Margaret. “I could have her give a demonstration but you have to remember that he's a short term guest here and, to be quite honest? Some of the results are kind of . . kind of. . almost . . .”

“Permanent?” Kathryn asked, a delighted question in her voice.

Jenny smiled. “Exactly! Perfect word! After Magda is finished with him? He might be kind of sissyish. Depends on how long she has with him.”

Margaret still looked strange. Shook her head. “I must admit that I'm confused, but define short term for me Jenny? My convention plus some of the stuff I want to do around here is going to last for more than three weeks.”

It was Jenny's turn to look confused. “I've only got you both for two days and nights. I even made reservations for you across the country. I've forgotten the name of the hotel, but I can look it up for you. . .”

“Don't bother Jenny,” Margaret said coldly, then turned her attention to me. “This true John?”

My grin must have been a parody. “I must have made a mistake dear.” Spread my arms. “You know how it is?”

She ignored me by shaking her head and spoke to Jenny. “No, I don't know how it is! You don't seem too busy. Can you put us up longer? Say three weeks?”

“At this time of the year?” Jenny laughed. “These two ladies are semi-permanent around now, but they are the only bookings I have for a while. No problem.”

A cold look came over Margaret's face then. “So do that, will you dear. And?”

“And?” Jenny parroted.

“Is that long enough for Magda?” Margaret said, her face taking on a questioning look.

Jenny looked at me with a strange expression then said something to Magda. Magda put her tray down and her mouth opened and her eyes widened. She made a quick expression to Jenny and stared at me with a pleased intensity.

“She wants to know when?” Jenny asked Margaret.

Margaret shrugged. “No time like the present, is there? But I'll leave that up to Magda.”

Jenny translated and Magda walked in front of me. Smiled and beckoned to me with her fingers. Said something to me.

“She wants you to go and stand in front of her. Warns you not to argue. Says she’s a lot stronger than you are.” Jenny said. Then she turned to the other ladies. “She’s started!”

“What does she mean by that warning?” Louise asked Jenny but Jenny just laughed.

“I think she means she’s going to spank him.” Kathryn said.

“But he’s a grown man!” Louise answered. “Spank him?”

“Mmmm! We’ll just have to wait and see.” Margaret said, leaning back in her chair with a pleased and relaxed air about her. “This is VERY interesting!”

I looked at Magda’s smiling but implacable eyes. “But I have a sore back?” I said without much hope.

Magda shook her head, obviously not understanding me but came a step closer and now smiling widely and invitingly beckoned me with her fingers again.

“Can’t you say something - anything - to her?” I found myself pleading with Jenny.

“I wouldn’t get her pissed off if I were you,” was Jenny’s only answer.

This made sense, so I got up slowly and approached Magda. “Magda? I know you have a hard time understanding . . .” I started but stopped speaking as her finger came across my lips in the universal ‘shushing’ gesture. Then, smiling prettily, she patted my cheek softly and approvingly as I became quiet – but more in the manner of a child being patted by an adult than anything else. Then she took a gentle hold of my arm and started to slowly guide me over towards a room corner.

I heard a soft combination of whispers and muffled giggles from the ladies behind me and almost halted as I turned around to make some sort of explanation. I have no idea what I was going to say which is probably to the good as Magda stopped also. Cupping her hand, she slightly slapped my face, then put a finger over my lips again, shaking her head in a ‘No’ gesture in warning. Sensibly, I brought my head to the front and she beamed and started leading me towards the corner again. At that time though, I was made aware of the women grinning behind me – Margaret included.

She let go when I was facing directly into the corner then bent forward until she had one of my thighs in her hand. Puzzled I let her adjust my leg until the foot was pointing straight into the corner, then nodding silently she adjusted the other until I understood. My legs were now tight together with my feet tightly together and I was at a sort of attention, facing into a blank corner. I couldn’t help but sigh softly at my predicament. She heard me and sympathetically but

openly, patted me softly on the backside saying something in Polish gibberish – but affectionately.

Then quickly – I was starting to get the idea – she flattened one of my palms and keeping the palm inward placed my arm so that my palm now crossed my genitals. Then she did the same with the other hand and stepped back to admire her handiwork. Braced my shoulders a little then stood back again. I was well aware now that she had placed my body language into that of a maid awaiting instructions, while placing me in a corner like a child awaiting discipline. I wanted to say something but she beat me to it. Once again she murmured something in Polish but was obviously warning me not to move. I nodded abjectly in acceptance and once again she patted my backside approvingly.

Then she surprised me. I heard her go back to the main body of the room and take over her clearing up duties as before. Then I heard her leave and close the door behind her!

There was a momentary hush before my ex-companions started talking about me. At least that was what I thought, but then the two other guests started questioning Margaret about the convention and the conversation grew mundane – as if I wasn't there! I could even hear the sound of coffee cups and the clink of glasses. After about five minutes I started getting uncomfortable and chanced a slight move. Jenny must have saw this and spoke sympathetically behind me. “John? I know this must be difficult but Magda is very pleased with you so far. I wouldn't recommend that you move though. She catches you? I don't think you'll like it. Just hang in there. I don't think she'll be long now.”

“It's very uncomfortable. Honest!” I said pleadingly.

“Up to you dear. But I wouldn't,” she said. “Ah there! I think I hear her coming now.”

Seconds later Magda proved her correct as I heard the door open. She nattered something to Jenny who explained to me. “Better accept the fact that Magda never apologizes to a male, but she wants you to know that she would have been quicker but the shoes gave her a little trouble.”

I started to ask what shoes had to do with it but a chorus of laughing 'shushes' came from the other ladies – I heard Margaret there – so kept quiet. Then I was aware of something like a large cardboard box being put down behind me. Magda said something I assumed to be complimentary as she went along with it by stroking me very sexually and slowly on my buttocks.

Then, for some reason, Magda had knelt down and was removing my shoes and socks! I was nonplussed of course but after a moment, even helped her a little. While she was still kneeling, I felt her hands at my trouser belt and my pants were down at my ankles! I protested at this and, for the first time, felt the sting of her hand as she smacked my buttocks. I let out a “wow” as I stepped out of them. Could see Magda carelessly throw away my pants, socks and shoes as she

straightened up. Then, shock of shocks, she had taken a hold of my sport shirt hem and was tugging it over my head! Now I was standing naked in front of everyone, except for my underpants as she threw the shirt away too. Okay, it was my backside that was showing but that didn't lessen the embarrassment any.

Before I could think any more she was close to my back and I could feel the heat of her body and feel the material of her dress as she came in close to me. She was now reaching around me and taking my hands and holding them almost straight out in front of me. Something of a satiny, metallic, blue was dangling from one of her hands. Looking back, I think I knew what it was yet showed some surprise as two loops of material encircled my hands and then the full article was drawn along into my body. It didn't take much imagination to know what she was doing now as I felt her step back a little to give herself some room then fasten the small catches that imprisoned me in the brassiere.

I let out a small squeak. Nothing else, but for some reason put my hands back to where they had been. To protect my groin perhaps? But it didn't do me any good. I could now hear her gently hum as she raised my arms almost vertically and something that felt satiny and lacy cascaded down over my body. Hanging my head in shame it was now easy to see my slip and bra encasing my chest, the lace hem of the slip coming down to just over my knees. There was no sense in protesting now as she reached up under the slip and pulled my boxer shorts down. I even helped to kick them off and stepped into the blue matching panties that she held open in front of me. Blushed furiously as she laid my hands on them and actually helped to pull them into place, straightened the slip and stepped into the diaphanous skirt, making sure that the slip hem went into the waistband of the skirt.

I stood there docile as she partly fixed my skirt, then obediently used my arms to dive into the blouse she opened up in front of me. Humming quite loudly now, she made sure that the blouse fitted down inside the skirt then made some final adjustments.