

# SLAVEGIRL IN TRAINING

*By Jo199*



*ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## SLAVEGIRL IN TRAINING

By: jo199

### Part 1

“Ms. Appleton is it? Oh, how delightful; we've been expecting you. Such an attractive outfit too. Maybe later you can tell me where you got it,” said the bubbly, middle-aged woman at the door. She stood under five feet tall, and had a pretty dumpy figure, though she dressed as if she lived in the place, in a conservative, though comfortable-looking, skirt and blouse. The blouse was white with a little fluff, and the skirt basic dark tweed. She was huddled under a shawl that somehow managed to look formal. I could smell the warmth from a grand distant fireplace beyond the entranceway. No doubt things were cozy in there for the proprietor and enough guests to fill her huge drive with cars. Not what I'd have expected inside a cavernous stone mansion.

My wife was not a model, but she was pretty, with tight curls of red hair and eyes that attracted what they didn't choose to pierce. Even though she was dressed more formally than the older woman, in a gray business dress, she was still a knockout. Her body was close to perfect as one could expect of a tall lady in her late thirties. She answered, “I'd love to tell you where I got it. On the other hand, maybe I shouldn't go on about my finds at the department stores. Ms. Desmond, I am delighted to see you again.” Mary Appleton took a step off of the porch as Ms. Desmond retreated. They shook hands as they moved inward.

“Hardly matters how tacky the store is. I've been known to have my chauffeur pull up in front of used clothing stores, if for nothing other than the adventure of a find,” the lady charmed. Very southern, I was thinking. Right out of old, polite, plantation society.

I started to follow, very apprehensively, aware of the fact that my wife had gone to great lengths to explain that this was an important visit; particularly for her, she'd emphasized (curiously, to my way of thinking). I had no idea what that meant since *everything* we did now was of some kind of importance to her. It had been heading that way for two years, ever since she'd discovered my stash of Femdom literature and, surprisingly, turned it from my infatuation into her quest. I'd since gotten my most demented dreams in spades, I'd thought lately; including a few things I realized now were best left in dream form. As for that afternoon, I'd spent the better part it preparing. At the moment, my eyes were searching for clues regarding what I'd been dragged into.

“The servant's entrance is to the side. Knock softly and then wait.” Her last words seemed more directed toward my wife, “Someone will probably be along to collect it.” The door was nearly closed in my face as I'd been given barely the time to step back and look to the side.

As the huge oak door swung shut, I could hear the slightly giddy and fading reply of my wife, “I should hope so. I wouldn't want to loose my de....”

The sound of crickets assailed me. I climbed down the half-dozen marble steps and found a path leading to the side of the place. Past three tall windows, laced inside with wonderful layers of curtains and the soft light of chandeliers, I found a perfectly pedestrian wooden door with a bulb of a porch light illuminating a small concrete step-up. There I knocked and waited several minutes, my legs getting chilled through the impossibly thin nylon as they blossomed goose-bumps from the crisp, early evening air.

“This way. Hurry along,” said a voice the instant the door was jerked open.

I scampered in as best I could on five-inch heels.

“Not at all acceptable, I'm afraid. You'll have to go back outside. And this time, *try* to be a little more ladylike,” said the somewhat husky-high stranger's voice. Inside the doorway, the porch light was mostly shadow. All I could make out were the skirt and heels, which I guessed would be enough to set up the pecking order, regardless of the rest of the embodiment.

I had developed this growing desire for things feminine as a part of my Femdom fantasies; by the time my wife had discovered the stash, most of it had some transformation element in it. She assumed from that that I wanted near-immersion. This is what my actions had brought me to, I lamented as I prepared to swish for this stranger. I did my best hip-swinging walk up, and then tried to tap dance my way in as if I were a damsel darting in from out of the rain. I found myself in a small room, lit only by the porch light shining through a small window and what I guessed was the kitchen light further along. Every so often, a person in an informal maid uniform would walk by the window set into the kitchen door.

“Much better. I'm terribly sorry to have been so rude right off the bat, but I have instructions to set the agenda early. That is the way it promises to be. Hope you understand. I'm merely one of the staff, so I hope you come to regard discipline by me as a bit of a favor,” explained the person once the door was properly shut.

My eyes adjusted and it became clear enough that my tutor was in formal drag as was I. He was worse at it, though, because other than the fairly decent high registration of the voice, his face was way too square. Though his hair was a well-colored shade of brown and tied back neatly, it came off as an aging rock star's head. On the other hand, as a character closing in on a Senior Citizen's discount card, the person in front of me could maybe pass as an old maid. In a way, she made me feel a little more comfortable, as I realized I wasn't the ugliest he/she deviant in the house.

“Hands to the sides as we walk and upturned just a little. Delicate fingers. OK then. We're ready to go into the kitchen. Please remember to curtsy. Mrs. Havindish—she's the cook—is kind enough, but if she spots any pattern of misbehavior then we're in for it. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” I replied, thinking how embarrassing it was to be walking with gay, upturned fingers, particularly in front of strangers; one thing I was not, was gay. I curtsied by crossing my knees a little and holding out the hem of my formal, serving maid's uniform. No wonder, I thought, my wife had spent so much time teaching me

formal maid etiquette. No doubt she'd been on the invitation list for some time. At the last second, I remembered to lower my eyes and that I should fold my hands in front of me when stopped.

"I'm not to be addressed as 'Ma'am'. You must call me 'Miss Missy'. Mrs. Havindish is to be called 'Mrs. Havindish'. Everyone else you will assume to be 'Ma'am' or 'Madam,' unless it is another servant, in which case you'd do just as well to be quiet for now, although eventually you might know them as Miss something or other. That will be some time off for you, though. There is much to learn, so quiet is probably the best way to proceed, anyway. A tongue is almost always the downfall of a servant, particularly here," advised Missy.

"Yes, Miss Missy," I said, curtsying and feeling really foolish for it, considering we were just two nutty men dressed up like maids for the evening. We seemed to be taking the whole thing as seriously as if we'd been sent to the front lines on some battlefield. What I really wanted to do was go home and wank.

"Oh, and one more thing. I've done this with others before, so I feel the need to warn you. You've come here, I understand, with your significant other who has started you off on some training, no doubt. Under no circumstances are you to single her out. That's *not* why you are here, and my Mistress is very particular about formal behavior in formal company. All of the women are to be addressed as Ma'am or Madam. I have no idea what the arrangements were prior: 'Mistress', first names, whatever. That is the rule in *this* house. Don't dawdle by her side, and by all means, *don't* go over and engage in conversation. That's very important. You are a servant, meant to treat everyone in the house formally, with equal respect and considerable distance. Try to take that attitude seriously," said Missy, raising an eyebrow that I thought looked a little ridiculous under the obviously thick mascara.

"Might I ask one thing?" I dared, swallowing hard.

"This is the time," said Missy sternly.

"What is your exact position? Just so I know."

"I am one of the maids, just like you, only with instructions to advise you. At one time I owned this property, though it now belongs to my wife, Madam Desmond—her maiden name, which, thanks to your wife, is now the name of legal reference in all things pertaining to the estate. Does any of this impress you?" asked Missy.

"Well, actually, yes," I confessed.

"That's 'yes, Miss Missy'. We *always* speak with titles," the maid in front of me said.

"I'm sorry. Yes, Miss Missy," I said, feeling the need to curtsy, but not knowing why.

"Well, Miss Alice, don't let it impress you. I'm not the source of your salvation beyond my advice. What I've told you about being Ms. Desmond's husband is no longer the arrangement anyway. Things have changed since our marriage and as I've implied, man and wife is no longer how we regard one another. As I've said, we are maids and our roles are well-defined," said Missy, leaving me with more questions in my mind than I'd started with.

“Yes, Miss Missy.”

Missy led us, hips swaggering, into the huge kitchen. As I'd noticed before, two other maids were busy assisting a portly woman. Now I was really public, I was thinking, my head swooning with both sexual tension and near-fainting dread. Here I was intimidated, as I noticed how well the other two maids passed for women, in their informal, working maid's uniforms and with tied-up hair. Even the ample sweat rolling down their cheeks from the labor in the hot kitchen didn't ruin enough makeup to reveal their barely perceptible male underpinnings. Compared to Missy and I, these were women; they should be in their formal uniforms, I was thinking. They worked around me as if either too busy or afraid to make introductions.

“Good evening, Mrs....” I began when the short, round lady started turning toward me. I dug for the name, and finally came out with, “Cavindish.” Then I remembered to curtsy, wondering why I'd taken so long to remember what I'd felt itchy about doing the whole time I'd been talking to Missy. Out of the corner of my eye, I could tell Missy wasn't pleased, though she'd not said a word. She had apparently curtsied herself without amateurish pauses or unnecessary “good evenings”. Then I thought, No, not Cavindish. *Havindish*. Oh, shit!”

She turned to the big, central preparation table and lifted twenty plates from their stack. “Here. What is this sissy's name?” she said, turning toward me. The pressure in my neck was steel with frozen dread, though I had no idea what she might do. Conversely, the woman didn't seem the last bit perturbed, which was maybe why I instantly found her so scary when the thought was positioned next to the memory of Missy's warning.

“This is Miss Alice, Mrs. Havindish,” said Missy from my side.

“Well then. Hold these for me, if you don't mind, Miss Alice,” she said, handing me the stack of plates. They were really nice plates, I thought at first. In fact, they were gorgeous. The pottery had dancing damsels raised a quarter inch all around the sides and was opal in color. No doubt breaking one would be a week's wages, assuming anyone around here *made* wages, which I doubted, other than Havindish. I repeated in my head over and over again, Havindish, Havindish, Havindish. I found the “dish” part of her name an amusing coincidence, but dared not laugh. Then I thought, “have a dish”, and almost did laugh, but by then I was done with the dishes, since my arms ached like no tomorrow. Every so often, Missy went through some swinging doors off to the side, no doubt setting up servings. She'd give me brief glimpses of the dining room, though few of the formal guests seemed to be in that part of the house yet and my wife was never there, as best I could tell.

One thing for sure, after a half-hour of standing in the middle of the kitchen with the three maids and Mrs. Havindish busying themselves around me as if I were a statue that they had no choice but to navigate around, I was not going to forget the name, Havindish! For a silver-haired cook who apparently wasn't into female domination, who even allowed us to call her “Mrs.”, she had her way of coercing cooperation. My worst fear was that I would drop dropping the plates, which I was sure would not bode me well through the rest of the evening's entertainment. First my arms, then my back ached. My hands were wet with sweat, making me have to strain to hold the

plates against my bosom, dislocating my falsies up in my bra. Then pieces of me started shaking. Just when I thought I was not going to make another minute, the huge woman noticed me.

“I think we can find room for those over here, Miss Alice,” she said, pointing to the exact place she'd picked the plates up. I walked over and put the plates down, immediately curtsying as well as I'd ever done in my life. “Thank you, Mrs. Havindish.”

“Why, thank *you*, Miss Alice. I think you've already shown that we're going to have a wonderful time working together,” praised Mrs. Havindish as she poured the contents of a pan into a serving bowl. “Here. Take this and wait by the door. Miss Missy will show you what to do with it when she gets back.”

I walked over by the door, holding what looked like gravy. It wasn't very heavy, but everything hurt at that point. Not only that, the bowl was hot. I started imagining my hands turning red, maybe even raising a blister. When Missy came back to direct me, I had no apprehensions about stepping out into the dining room to unload. Then I put the gravy down on the table and realized I'd made my introduction. Two Mistresses were standing by the wall, chatting on the opposite side of the table. For the first time since being redirected at the front door, I was in the presence of real life, self-assured women of stature. One noticed me briefly. I did my best to keep my eyes low and turn back toward the kitchen.

“Oh, Miss,” said the lady. I walked over, and curtsied, accepting her glass. “I won't be needing it. I'll get another later,” she said. I curtsied and walked the glass back into the kitchen, feeling like I'd just done something monumental, but mostly wondering when my Mistress was going to come collect me and take me home. This was looking more and more like one of those things best left in my dreams. It was fun but, enough already!

## Part 2

The evening, however, wasn't over by a long shot. I spent the next hour serving salads and soup; then laying out the plates that had caused me so much agony in the kitchen. I couldn't help thinking, as I laid them out, that the fifteen or so seated women hadn't even given the quality of the plates a second thought, as I went from setting to setting. Otherwise, it all was going fairly well, I was thinking as I stood by the wall, ready for the slightest motion from virtually everyone in the house that might set me to some new task. This had slowly become less about some feminization fantasy and more about plain hard work.

The food we carried out of the kitchen seemed produced by some kind of automation, a testimony to Mrs. Havindish's competence and Miss Missy's experience. I wasn't doing too poorly myself, considering that this was my first, though I was hoping last, formal. My wife had drilled the fifty-seven points of dining room service into my head pretty well as we'd played I was thinking when I noticed Ms. Desmond nod from the head of the table over to Ms. Appleton to her side. It was a subtle gesture that could have meant anything, but I'd gotten to the point where my servant's awareness was pretty keen. I even noticed a follow-up glance in my direction from Ms. Appleton, confirming my suspicion that I'd been under some kind of trial. If so, had been managing nicely. Of course, I did my best to not meet the glance, as I was doing my best to think of my wife as "Ms. Appleton", just in case Miss Missy's advise regarding that was as good as her advise about Mrs. Havindish. In the other half of my mind, I was hoping to catch her eye privately so I could lobby for a merciful escape. My calves were killing me, the garter clips could have been cutting groves and my bra strap was probably starting a rash in the oddest places.

One of my best accomplishments was that I'd not had to say anything. That also meant I'd had plenty of time to listen.

The woman directly in front of my waiting station by the wall spent most of the evening going on and on about her husband. Apparently she wanted the lady beside her to know that he was a, "real gentleman, in spite of the age difference, with a lot of responsibilities. Why, just last week he got a call directly from the Prime Minister, and..." There was a kind of airhead squeal in her voice; every time she finished a sentence, she threw a hand up in front of her as if emphasizing a point of feigned exasperation, even though she was obviously name-dropping. It was a fairly immature gesture, I thought. At the "Prime Minister" part of her saga, I was tempted to lean over and tell her that in America we could give a damn about Prime Ministers, Kings and even certain types of Queens. Such comments were obviously inappropriately aggressive, though, even if joking. They were just thoughts that my mind used to help it stay alert. I was also thinking that I'd seen her kind of marry-for-money schtick before, when she turned enough for me to see that she couldn't be more than twenty and was a size double-D. I wondered what strip club the old bastard had picked her up from because it definitely wasn't Harvard.

Wondering along similar lines, apparently, was the lady she'd been talking to, who seemed wiser, somewhat jaded and in her mid-thirties. "So, if you're so set on praising men like your Henry, what brings you here?"



“Oh, I don't know. It's just that Ms. Desmond has such a good reputation for service workers. We've had a vacancy lately, and I've never actually done the hiring before. To be honest, I had no idea, you know, about the kinds of servants she produces. Well, I knew, but I was hoping there'd be women, too. I doubt I'll do more than window shop; My Henry would be ruined if a guest suspected we had a man for a maid.”

“Produces?” My mind reeled!

“Nonsense. If you're worried about that, you should select one of the younger transsexuals. I've one of my own; if your Henry is all he's cracked up to be, the extra expense shouldn't be a bother,” said the woman in her thirties.

“Well, still, the thought of homosexuals running about the place...”

“My dear child,” scoffed the older woman, “these girls aren't homosexuals, for the most part. Not that it would bother me if they *were*. But anyway, let me show you. Come here, sissy,” she said, suddenly turning her chair. At first I'd thought she said “Missy”, but she turned to me. All eyes on our side of the table turned to look in my direction as I stepped up and curtsied.

She continued. “Hold up your skirt for us, dear.”

I swallowed, then lifted my skirt, exposing my garters and panties. I felt a hand pull my panties down a few inches in front, then the hand cradled my balls as if holding a lump of coal. “Now, Miss. Are you homosexual?”

“No, Ma'am,” I answered, feeling foolish as nearly every eye in the room examined my leather and brass-ringed cock and bulging genitals with a range of interest from gawking to brief annoyance.

“You don't suck cock, do you?”

“No, Ma'am.”

“So, if one were to teach you that, just in case it were to become one of your duties, it would be your first one?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” I repeated.

“And even though you disfavor men, it's something you would do for the Mistress's amusement?”

On automatic, I answered, “Yes Ma'am.” I looked around the room, and saw most of the women giggling at the show, including my wife, though she laughed no more nor less than the rest of them. I realized by watching the expressions that nobody knew to whom I belonged, other than my wife and Ms. Desmond.

The younger woman had seen enough. “That's ridiculous. You're putting words into his mouth, anyway!”

“Is that true, slave? Are you simply being agreeable and letting me put words into your mouth?” Her hand tightened on my nuts just enough to tell me what kind of response she expected.

“No, Ma'am,” I lied.

“But, if I asked you to suck cock, you'd do it, wouldn't you, slut?” Again, her hand squeezed just a little.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Well then, since it wouldn't be because you're gay, I'd guess entertaining the thought of making that leap from sissy maid to sissy cocksucker would be for my personal amusement. Say it then. For me. Tell me that you'd really, really enjoy sucking a big hard cock and licking a nice fat pair of hairy balls.” This time my nuts were in some real danger as I could feel a single nail start to dig at the back of my scrotum.

“Madam, if it would please you, I'd truly enjoy sucking a cock and licking a hairy pair of balls,” I said, remembering my Mistress' training on keeping my answers, regardless of whether I agreed or not, short and above all else, positive.

She lifted the front of my panties, and then let go. The panties wickedly snapped back into place above what was left of a diamond-shaped patch of pubic hairs, just missing the head of my chastised penis, which for some unexplainable reason had managed to grow even though most of my blood had been rushing to my blushing face. “Well, I guess maybe you're right then. Maybe they *are* all homosexuals,” joked the mid-thirties woman. Everyone in the room broke up laughing as I, mortified, casually put my skirt back down and backed to my station by the wall. Again, I noticed my wife laughing with them, her face no different from the others.

The younger lady continued, “It still doesn't mean that others won't think of him...”

“*Her*,” interrupted the other woman.

“...that way. My husband has friends who are concerned about this very issue,” finished the young lady.

A dark-haired woman across the table joined in, as most of the women had tuned into the single conversation. “You mean one of those guys who is always talking about the great moral decay as if sex is somehow new and dirty?”

“Well, since you put it that way, he *is* working to better things,” agreed Mrs. Henry, her hands flying up again in their patented way that seemed to suggest that *everyone* knew about the “great moral decay” and had to at least agree that it existed.

The mid-thirties woman chimed, “Seems to me the jerks who keep saying that would *like* the idea that someone is taking the perverts off the streets and making good use of them.”

The woman across the table chatted back to the mid-thirties woman, “Yeah, keeping an eye on the buggers. Besides, didn't you say that you bought a transsexual? If you ask me, it hardly matters what a transsexual does; it'd be pretty hard to call it one thing or another!” Again, the ladies roared.

When they'd quieted, the same lady who'd spoken looked at the younger woman and asked, “Isn't your Henry the same Henry T. Morgan I used to date?” That caused me to notice that the woman who'd been speaking was more my age, over forty; a peer apparently in only that way. We could have sat next to one another in school, for all I knew. Imagine if we had and she recognized what I'd come to. I blushed, bearing my secret fantasy shame.

“You dated Henry? When?”

Again from across the table, “Oh, way back. It’s long forgotten, so there’s no need to see me as a rival. I do, however, know how much he likes the young girls, but I think what makes you so worried is that he might have a growing eye for the boys as well. I mean, if they’re all dolled up, making it easier for him to excuse away the hypocrisy. You know how it is when men get too much of a good thing. They start to wander into God knows what.” She looked right at me, made her eyes comically huge and nodded as if to point. That brought a round of, “Hear, hear,” which told me that most of these women met more regularly than I’d first expected. This was taking on more the air of a meeting than a dinner party. I felt even more isolated as the butt of every joke when I noticed my wife also repeating, “Hear, hear,” while she toasted with Ms. Desmond.

### Part 3

After clearing the table, Missy and I put our aprons back on and then set out with trays of Champaign and mints. We passed the two less formal maids as they replaced the dining room table cloth. I suddenly found myself in the building's great room. The women had split into several groups, as we served and retreated, doing our best to not intrude, but always be at hand when a glass was empty or a hand reached for a mint. I'd never imagined how a serving maid's job could involve mind reading, but Missy was the perfect mentor, apparently having had some incentive for perfection that I dared not pry into. My mind repeated the reminder, Mrs. Havindish, Mrs. Havindish. Every so often one of the women would reach down and fondle, slap or pinch us on the ass, or whatever else was handy, as we toured, an apparently common practice that substituted for inclusion in the conversations. I dare say it turned me on more than off. The bad part was not being considered significant enough to be allowed to put my two cents worth in when I had an insight or heard an error in logic. No, I was, at best, something to grope. Significant touches were returned with "Thank you, Madam," by Missy, so I employed that as well. I wondered how Missy did it, having once been the major of this manor.

Having been made the goat at dinner, the young Mrs. Henry was looking for some dignity. She called, "You! The maid in black. Come here!" I stumbled over in my heels; I was not quite used to them, particularly when I felt eyes looking at me.

From the way people were looking at what had suddenly become an "us", I had an urge to be away from her. She was a bit odd, mostly by virtue of how she tried to make herself out to be more special than the more common-looking women around her. She acted so foolish no doubt because of "her Henry" and her model-like looks. Even I could tell both of those were negatives in the eyes of some of our present company.

Standing beside her made me guilty by association; I knew that when it came to slaves, any excuse is good enough to convict. I'd much rather have been called over by my wife (my potential salvation). She, on the other hand, was distracted, obviously fitting in just fine, treating me with practiced aloofness, like most of the women seemed to be doing. It dawned upon me that my wife had probably been here before. She and Ms. Desmond, in fact, were almost inseparable. Maybe Ms. Desmond knew my wife from some legal work my wife had done in the past, I was guessing. So you can see how unfair it seemed, being called over to attend to the new member who had a knack for saying and doing the wrong thing. It made me wonder how this was going to work out. I mean, how *can* a servant do the right thing when confronted with a situation like that? Even Missy's face seemed to show the dread of witnessing a good party turn ugly.

"You can hardly stand up in those things," she started.

"Sorry, Ma'am. I'm new."

"Well, since you're having so much trouble, why don't you kneel down right there and take a little off your feet, slave?"

I could sense a little hesitancy in her voice, as if she wasn't sure she had the authority. It made no difference how her voice wavered though. I fell to her feet, my head bowed,

“That's right, on your knees. Oh, how interesting. I can see why you people like doing this,” she commented to the women nearby. Even as she tried to fit in, she came across as rude.

The woman beside her, feeling the slap of the words, “you people,” commented, “Not much of a trick, dear. Kneeling is basic. Think of it like putting a wheel in a hamster cage. It just comes naturally to men like him. Perhaps you can teach your Henry?”

“My Henry has no such inclination. He's completely unlike *this* sort of person. Here; let me show you. Come on. You know what you want. Let's see how he does licking my shoes. Go on. Get down there and clean my pumps, maid boy,” continued the lady.

I bowed and started licking a shoe that she'd inched close to my leaning lips. I started to methodically clean the shoe, heel to toe. Doing that brought back fond memories of the first few kinky things I'd introduced to my wife when we'd started with domination. Things had progressed rapidly as she got used to the idea that she was in charge. On that day, I'd been assigned my first shoes to lick and my first personal pair of panties. So, strangely, kneeling in front of this novice brought back thoughts of when licking shoes was new. I missed that innocence, though I missed it with my *wife*, not this thing above me. Growing bored, she picked up her foot. I followed the shoe with my lips, as I'd been trained, so she stuck the heel between my lips and drove it in an inch. My wife, sensing my weakness for feminization, had used such an act as a reward, so I eagerly suckled the spike like a drooling dog, feeling my face warm with blush.

“We really should have the use of our maid back,” said a voice above me. I glanced over and saw the legs of Ms. Desmond. Beside her were those of my wife.

“I'm sorry, Ms. Desmond,” offered Mrs. Henry, replacing her shoe to the floor. Apparently, even she knew Mr. Desmond carried most of the weight around here.

“What is your name, dear?” said the hostess.

“Miss Alice,” I answered toward her knees as I remained kneeling. It stuck me odd that she'd not known my name even though she'd spent the evening chatting with my wife.

“Well then, Alice, I imagine that Miss Missy will need your help keeping us refreshed as we retire to the meeting room and get on with the business portion of our evening.”

“Yes, Madam,” I answered, getting up, curtsying and doing my best to walk in my heels toward where Miss Missy awaited me with a fresh tray.

“That a girl! I'm getting finer material, it seems. Not that it will do much for the price, ladies, because it only means the product on the other end is worth an even more handsome fee,” said Ms. Desmond to the women in the room. The room echoed with approving comments, all of which had my curiosity aroused as we maids followed the group through the hall and into the meeting room.

## Part 4

We waited just outside until the women were all comfortably seated. From my angle, I could see the back few rows of padded folding chairs, four per row, four deep. When we finally entered to serve, it was as if I'd entered a stock holder's meeting. Up front, on the side of a one step-high stage, behind a small lectern, Ms. Desmond stood over her notes. My wife was in one of the four front seats. A cough and a couple of whispers spoke formality.

“Well, as you know, we at Ms. Desmond are well-kept by our family business dealings. The domestic services industry is but one of our newer enterprises; something we have taken on as a satisfying hobby of sorts. What brings most of you here, though, is that we are also a local chapter of the Sisterhood. Most of you are members and we can see no reasons, barring a medical examination of course, exempting the rest of you from joining.”

That brought some laughter, despite her use of the “royal we”. Missy and I would fail to pass the medical exam, I thought. My penis twitched at the thought of such an organization as I imagined Ms. Desmond talking about. The idea of a Sisterhood devoted to Femdom is both a submissive's greatest dream and nightmare.

“We've seated prospective members near the aisle in case you need some literature about joining us. Please do not feel pressured; the Sisterhood is not for everyone. If it is not to your liking, we understand that your personal taste is no reflection upon your character. You are, after all, women, which places you above men, transvestites, even transsexuals. You're doomed, I suppose, to the better half regardless of your outlook,” offered Ms. Desmond. Her half smile and glance over her reading glasses lingered a little longer on Mrs. Henry than the rest of the new faces. Then, as Missy handed me some folders to give to the outstretched hands, it occurred to me that my wife wasn't in one of the aisle seats. While troubled to realize that my wife was already a member, I caught Ms. Henry's hand going up at the last minute and handed her one of the folders.

I think it wise to pause this story to explain the troubled feeling I had. It goes like this: I started out with an all-consuming desire to experience domination. I noticed that emasculation was leading to a desire for complete submission. One thing led to another, and soon I was in panties, bras and just about everything feminine. My wife got involved, and it was like every item was new because all of a sudden it wasn't just some panties I'd put on, but it was panties my wife had *ordered* me to wear. In time, I found myself in panties exclusively, another first; another high. I even began to ask for increasing levels of domination, even though I was aware of the certain regret I'd have minutes after the asking.

Of course, I never expected to get to where I'd be nearly always in panties. As I stood there at the party, I'd not seen a pair of jockeys in two weeks. Sure, my fantasy required this, but that's different. Once a sub male finds himself having completely repressed his male identity, there are times when he wants some of it back. It's almost as if the fantasy of being dominated changes places with a new fantasy of returning to something society might regard as “normal”. Almost, but not quite.

The Catch 22 is that I knew I'd be right back to asking for my wife to rule and even feminize me again soon. She, I assumed, wouldn't be as willing the second time though, if I showed inconsistency. Women are less willing to be jerked around about things related to their relationships than men are. They seek consistency. I had to stick with it; I had to take the bad with the good. After all, would it really be "domination" if I were calling the shots? If I wanted to be truly dominated, I had to learn to love doing things when my mind screamed "enough!"

It was like an unwritten gospel, a fact of life alluded to in all of the Femdom literature, that one simply accepts uncomfortable stuff. A slave needs to adjust in order to fulfill the greater good of pleasing the Mistress. So, when I felt like saying no, I sucked it up like a good sissy servant and took my medicine. That way I could have my feminization when it was pegging my own meter and my dominant wife's meter as well.

I knew how valuable a dominant wife could be too. It's not like every woman on the planet is ready and willing to go dominant on her man. I could appreciate what Ms. Desmond was saying about the Sisterhood not being for everyone; from what I'd seen, it was a rare woman who could relate to it at all. I'd been lucky to find a woman willing to play out my fantasy with me. All of this playing maid at the big social gathering stuff was fun, but I'd been perfectly content to be a simple servant in my own house. I can't wait to get home and prove the commitment I feel toward my wife, I was thinking as I shifted from handing out application literature to juggling the drinks. I was appreciating the simpler thing a great deal, having gone beyond comfortable humiliation so far.

Did I mention how much high heels can make a person's back hurt when you're one of the few still standing?

Ms. Desmond was continuing, "There are many benefits from joining, but first we'll introduce you to the membership portion on page two. Our dues are a thousand a month, most of which is used toward increasing the stock funds of the Sisterhood in general, with the aim of making the organization into a world class operation. Honestly, ladies, we personally get very little of that, and we offer our summer home as our clubhouse below cost. If this is too steep for your pocketbooks, remember that the Sisterhood has a wide range of chapters, many of which have fees no higher than your local PTA. Fine then. Any old business?"

Parent's Teacher's Association? Of course, I thought. There was no reason to assume that most of these women weren't married, mothers, running off to the occasional school function. They were normal; most of them were either wealthy or professional women; people whom the general population would expect to have servants. It was me who was the abomination they were choosing to "set right" by making me one thing or the other. Somehow, the reality of my psychological situation became the most humbling thought of all.

In the shadow of my thoughts, my wife got up from her chair and replaced Ms. Desmond at the podium.

My betrothed began, "Last week we had a vote regarding the investment club of our chapter. As you know, we make a new investment on behalf of all members every two months, putting between sixty and seventy percent of all dues into shares benefiting each of us. Some months we invest sooner if we find it wise to liquidate any troubling

investments. To date, members who have been with us for over seventeen months have gains that make up for all dues paid, which should be interesting for potential members. The appropriate share of these gains is given back to the individual investor at age sixty, or later, if you choose to allow more maturity. In the meantime, they collectively give this Sisterhood chapter a voice.

“Last month we proposed to invest in either Beachum Telecommunications or Julian Private Schools. Both of these have good potential and can be useful toward the unique aims of our organization, should we accumulate enough stock to become persuasive with their boards. This is, of course, a long-term strategy for us at this time, similar to that which we have with ACG Webhost, where we already have a controlling interest. Though carefully researched by our research committee, the final decision is left to the vote of all active members of the group. How many hands do I have for Beachum Communications at this time?”

I served a lady with a large but cute nose a glass of wine as she raised her hand for Beachum. I knew that they controlled nearly forty percent of the AM wavelength in the local area, not to mention a rag or two. She barely noticed me as I retired and found another upraised hand to fill.

I returned to the wall, lamenting the discovery that not only was my wife a member, but an officer of this thing called the Sisterhood. What *other* secrets did she harbor?

The vote ended with my wife's declaration, “That will be an order then for one thousand, fifty-seven shares of Beachum, as of today's price.” She went on with old business and was soon into new business. Someone made a speech about Amy's List of approved politicians, and then it was back to Ms. Desmond who said the meeting was over. Then she announced, “On with the fun part of the program.”

The lights dimmed to half, except on the stage where three spotlights made circular mini-stages. Missy hustled me toward the back, where we waited. From a wing, a striking woman in a black leather skirt and a shimmering red halter marched on-stage, clicking her thigh-length leather boots. Her hair was mid-length, jet black and wet; slicked straight back so we had a good view of her ears and the three-inch oval earrings that dangled below. Light sliced through the room from the reflection of the spotlights off her leather boots. Her lips were full, inviting, and the color of Bing cherries as they opened.

In a voice that sounded slightly too soft, but sexual, she spit her P's wetly into a hand held mic while introducing, “Madam Desmond presents the product of intensive domestic training. She delights in displaying prime quality ‘C’ items first. Madam!” She curtsied toward Ms. Desmond who was sitting beside my wife in front. It struck me that this leather-clad beauty was probably a transsexual. I wouldn't have thought it had I not already seen the other two serving maids, and how feminine they looked. There was more suspicion than any hard evidence, though. The figure on stage was more strikingly female than ninety percent of the women I knew. Oddly, perhaps it was this that had me thinking she was transsexual in the first place. The others in the room dressed attractively, yet more often than not, conservatively. Only Mrs. Henry had dressed with a hint of sexual appeal. That was a blunder that might have her mix-



ing with the submissives, should she not find her way to the front door quickly after the festivities, I thought.

But it was not the insignificant Mrs. Henry that I was really interested in at the time. Instead, all eyes watched the figure in dark leather as she turned toward the wing, uttering a single, stark command as she clicked a heel, "Come!" Eyes were transfixed upon the stage's wing.

