

MAID FOR REVENGE

By Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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MAID FOR REVENGE

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Bert Lambert allowed himself a small sigh of satisfaction as he lay back on the bed in the ornate guest bedroom he and his wife had been assigned in his boss' mansion. After years of hard work on behalf of his employer, things finally seemed to be going his way. Starting as a callow youth doing odd jobs for an only *slightly* older Frank Lannatto, he had slowly worked his way up as Frank had risen ever higher in the hierarchy of their company, **Trilateral Enterprises, Inc.** - a company that dealt in more than its share of shadowy activities and whose slimy tentacles extended everywhere.

Bert allowed himself to fantasize that this unexpected invitation to spend the weekend at Frank's country estate was the first signal that he was going to move further up the ranks. Up to where the big money was. Sure he made a reasonable amount now but not nearly enough, even with the little extra he managed to skim off the top here and there. Never too much, of course, as he knew all too well what happened to people toward whom Trilateral took a dislike.

Shaking his head, Bert turned his mind towards more comfortable matters as he glanced at his wife, Joyce, sitting at the makeup vanity. Clad only in her lingerie, she studiously applied makeup to an already extremely attractive face. Her good looks combined with a lush, well-formed body made her a joy to behold.

Rolling off the bed, Bert padded over to stand behind his wife and possessively stroked the silky smooth skin of her shoulders as he looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Be careful, honey," she cooed in her soft soprano, "you don't want me to make a mess of my lipstick. After all we want to impress your boss, don't we?"

Grinning devilishly, Bert ran his hands down over her large breasts which were nestled provocatively in the cups of her lacy bra and slip. "Don't worry about that, babe. As always you look good enough to be seen on my arm anywhere."

Suppressing a flash of annoyance at his macho attitude, Joyce rolled her eyes in exaggerated feminine exasperation and tittered convincingly at his feeble wit. Years of putting up with his often-savage outbursts and selfish behavior had made her a master at appealing to his vanity and at wheedling every concession from him. Bert would have been amazed and appalled to know what his supposedly subservient wife really thought of him and his bullying ways. She often berated herself for not having the gumption to strike out on her own and to find someone who could really provide her with all the important things in life. Too timid to do so, she played him like a virtuoso, extracting the last penny from his not inconsiderable earnings in an effort to make him pay for his shortcomings. If Bert had been a wiser man he would have realized

that his wife's incessant spending was in fact generating the financial pressures that caused him to appropriate money illegally from Trilateral Enterprises.

Ceasing his teasing caresses along her bosom; Bert abruptly pulled Joyce from the vanity stool, pushing her to her knees in front of him as he took her place on the small cushioned seat.

"Seeing that you haven't finished with the lipstick job anyway, give me some satisfaction, slut," he growled in his usual arrogant way.

Joyce, without the slightest hesitation, pulled down his zipper and bent her head to the task, moaning appreciatively as she did so. ...Long experience had taught her that argument would be futile and an appropriately sluttish response would make this rather distasteful act end more quickly. Even as her head bobbed up and down on his erection, she schemed on ways to make him pay for this enforced humiliation... *There was a rather pretty dress at her favorite exclusive, and so expensive, boutique downtown that would make a good start.*

Grasping his wife's long, golden tresses in his hands, Bert groaned in appreciation as her talented mouth quickly brought him to a shattering climax. Leaning back on the stool, he casually watched her seductive tongue clean his rapidly shrinking penis before she neatly tucked it back in his trousers.

Patting her on the head he stood up and strutted off to use the bathroom adjoining their bedroom, completely unaware of the venomous glare directed at his retreating back.

Recomposing herself, Joyce retook her position in front of the vanity and after carefully wiping them clean, redid her lips with sure and sophisticated strokes indicative of many hours of practice. Finishing this task, she applied a little of her expensive perfume before taking a moment to study her face in the mirror. Perfect makeup, but that fool of a husband had mussed her hair. Muttering dire threats under her breath, she used a brush to repair the damage. *And I'll have to brush my teeth now before we go down to dinner, she thought. It's definitely going to be that dress and the matching heels in order to make up for this.*

Taking several deep breaths, Joyce noted with satisfaction that her usual cool, calm demeanor was once again reflected in the mirror. Taking advantage of Bert's continued absence; she spent several minutes practicing a simpering, little-girl smile and an adoring, wide-eyed look that had served her so well in the past.

The noise of the bathroom door opening caused her to gracefully slide from the stool, smooth down her slip and glide over to her husband as she adopted the look she had just been practicing.

"Out of my way, you horny stud. It's my turn and we don't have much time before we have to go down to dinner," she breathed in apparent obsequious awe as she slipped into the bathroom and closed the door.

Humming quietly to himself, Bert stood in front of the vanity mirror while he adjusted his tie, fussing until it looked just right. Moving to the bed he sat down to place his shiny black oxfords on his feet before lacing them tightly into place.

Just as he finished this task, Joyce returned to the bedroom and took a black silk dress from the closet. Stepping into it she reached behind herself with a smooth, graceful motion to pull the back zipper fully closed. Pushing her feet into her black pumps with the two inch heels, she took a moment to make sure the dress hung properly to just above her knees and that her black stockings were shining perfection on her well shaped legs.

Bert slid into his dinner jacket as he watched her sit once again at the vanity to place a pearl necklace about her slender neck and long dangling gold chain and pearl earrings through her pierced lobes. In seconds, she placed a small gold watch on her left wrist and a matching bracelet on her right. A final look in the mirror and she turned to her husband with a small smile of triumph to indicate that she was ready to accompany him downstairs for dinner. It didn't pay to make him wait too long!

"About time you were ready," he grumbled (although *this* time it was in a good-natured way without his usual rancor if he became impatient).

Letting her smile blossom into a full-fledged look of adoration, she flowed gracefully over to his side as he opened the bedroom door. Joyce was conscious of the striking couple that they made. Particularly herself of course! After all, Bert was only an inch or so higher than she was and his build was on the slender side. He didn't like her to wear shoes with more than a two-inch heel as he had some sort of masculine hang-up about looking shorter than his wife. Yet another reason to be annoyed with him as she really liked the way a higher heel made her legs look even longer and more shapely than they already were. ...*Maybe it should be the dress, heels and a matching handbag on her next shopping trip!*

Chapter 2

Frank Lanatto gave a hearty chortle as he turned off the monitor in his den. It had been a most interesting half-hour of entertainment as the hidden camera in the Lambert's bedroom had faithfully recorded everything that had gone on.

Show time, he thought as he locked the door to his den and quickly walked toward the large living room where the Lamberts and a few carefully selected junior executives of Trilateral Enterprises were gathered for pre-dinner drinks.

Frank was one of those people who dominate a room as soon as he enters. Tonight was no exception and the gentle buzz of conversation ceased as soon as he stalked into the living room. A quick glance around the five assembled guests indicated that all was well and he graciously accepted a glass of whiskey from the tray of his trusted butler and effortlessly launched into his usual method of working a group so that every individual felt at ease.

Within minutes he had circulated around the room, talking to everyone present in a manner so sincere and jovial that they all had the impression that he considered them the most important person in the group. Joyce had initially been uncomfortable as she was the only woman in the small gathering, but this impression was quickly replaced by a feeling of enjoyment at being included in such an intimate atmosphere.

Joyce basked in the obvious admiration being accorded to her feminine beauty even as Bert allowed himself to once again dream of being made a permanent member of this upper end of the hierarchy for Trilateral. Surely the presence of the three junior executives was a good sign that he was being seriously considered for such an honor.

As if on cue, Frank interrupted the ongoing general conversation that had grown around the room as he finished his circuit of pleasantries with each individual. Smiling at Joyce, he announced, "Lady and Gentlemen, let me have your attention please, I have an important matter of business to discuss."

Bert took an appreciative gulp of the drink he held and waited with bated breath for the good news that he had anticipated for so long. Glancing at his wife, he slowly crossed his fingers behind his back and mentally prepared himself for the appropriate show of modest gratitude that Frank's imminent words would require. Joyce, in turn, knowing at least something of Bert's aspirations, couldn't help but feel some anticipation with regard to his imminent promotion although she knew that he would never be more than a partial success compared to somebody like Frank.

"Now, Jenkins, Smith and Carter," Frank stated as he nodded to the three junior executives, "may be wondering why they are here for dinner tonight. And my guests for the weekend, Bert and Joyce may also be wondering what is going on as I have taken the liberty of keeping the details of what I will now announce entirely to myself. However, I think that you will all find the remainder of the evening most entertaining."

At this point, Frank had the rapt attention of all five of his guests. None knew what he was going to say next, although the Lamberts were rather disposed to thinking it was going to be good news for them.

Casually slipping his hand into his pocket, Frank further tightened his absolute control over the group by pulling out a handgun. Swiftly cocking it, he pointed its gleaming black barrel directly at Bert who gasped in shock and only barely managed to hold onto his glass as his hands began to tremble at the implications of this action.

Observing the sudden pallor of Bert's face, Frank allowed himself a cynical chortle as he noted how everyone else, including Joyce, moved as surreptitiously as possible out of the line of fire. Bert could only stare in rapt fear at the end of the barrel that appeared to balloon to an unnatural size of deadly menace as his frenzied mind raced to understand the implications of Frank's behavior.

"Bert, Bert, Bert," Frank chanted slowly, "what am I going to do with you? Skimming money off the top when you know that Trilateral Enterprises takes a very dim view of such proceedings. What ever possessed you to do such a thing? Do you really have the desire to die so young?"

Every word hit Bert like a massive blow. As his world flipped over from one of great expectations to shattering fear, he couldn't look any longer at the business end of the gun, instead staring fixedly at his feet. His hands were now trembling so badly that his drink started to slop over the edge of his half-filled glass.

Casting a contemptuous glance at Bert's huddled frame, Frank turned to the three junior executives who were looking around with a mixture of apprehension and anticipation about what was going to happen next. Joyce stood to one side in splendid isolation while her mind raced with the implications of what was happening. As in Bert's case, fear and an overpowering feeling of helplessness held her frozen in one place.

"So, gentlemen, you now know why you have been called here. Not for dinner but for a further step in your education with Trilateral," Frank intoned to the three young men. "What do you think we should do with this unscrupulous swine? A man I have known for many years and yet one so greedy that he has bitten the hand that feeds him."

Jenkins blurted out, "Make an example of him, sir!"

Frank's eyes swiveled toward him in a hard stare. "And just what would you recommend to achieve that, my young friend?"

"Well, you could shoot him..." Jenkins began to stammer - but seeing the look of disdain in Frank's face he quickly plunged into a different proposition. "Or of course you could make life very unpleasant for him, strip him of everything he holds dear and make humiliation his constant companion."

Frank nodded approvingly, "Not bad Jenkins. Quite good, in fact. I know that you have no idea about how to achieve that particular objective with Lambert here, but I do." Frank's gaze encompassed the group of three, "Remember that you must know an individual's weaknesses before you would destroy him or her - a lesson that will always stand you in good stead at Trilateral Enterprises, if you can apply it. If you can't, then be forewarned that someone will probably use it against you!"

Turning his baleful stare back to Bert, Frank continued, "Little Bertie here, has several weaknesses in addition to the obvious one of greed. First, he is very macho and second, he thinks very highly of his lovely wife, Joyce. Or maybe that last part should

be restated. He thinks very highly of the fact that he has a lovely wife who he can parade around on his arm and that he can dominate. But he will pay a high price for this conceit as it has undoubtedly played a part in his downfall. A beautiful woman can be very expensive — too expensive for the likes of *you*, Bert!”

Frank was not a particularly big man but Joyce could feel the force of his personality projected toward her in the moment before he said, “And what do you think of all this Joyce? What do you think of a lowlife worm who can’t even look after you properly and has even put your safety in danger by his stupidity?”

Joyce could only look at him in trembling incomprehension, her feminine wiles completely overcome by the gravity of the situation. Her lower lip twitched as she retreated into the final bastion of womanly refuge and began to quietly sob in despair - a tactic not entirely lost on Frank, although his stern visage gave no sign of his true feelings for her plight.

“Now, now my dear,” he soothed. “Bertie may be a useless degenerate not worthy of your love, but in recognition of your beauty I am willing to give you both a fighting chance to leave here alive. Would you wish to partake in a small contest? I warn you, it will be demanding, maybe even demeaning - but you could win a reprieve.”

Bert slowly looked up from his feet, the hope beginning to blossom in his eyes clearly visible to Joyce. Still in shock, tears running down her mascara streaked cheeks, she could only stutter out to Frank, “W...what m...must we d...do?”

“Simple, my dear, you will have to make it to the small cabin that I showed you earlier when the three of us took that little walk around the estate. It must be.... I don’t know, just under a mile from here. You and Bert will have a one-minute head start, and then I will unleash the three young hounds from the executive branch here to come after you. If you can reach the sanctuary of the cabin, then I promise that you will be allowed to leave here alive. If you don’t, ...well, let’s not dwell on that issue until we have to deal with it.”

Joyce felt that she already knew the answer but forced herself to choke out the obvious question, “W...when?”

Frank chortled again, “No time like the present, baby! After all, Trilateral Enterprises has a reputation for getting things done quickly.”

Having listened to the conversation in ever-increasing confidence, Bert felt compelled to jump into the conversation. “But you can’t expect us to run across country with Joyce dressed like that. We will be caught within minutes!”

Frank’s cold stare caused Bert to flinch away as soon as he had spoken. “I don’t recollect asking you to join the conversation, Lambert!” his stern voice cracked like a whip throughout the room. “However, you bring up a good point. It wouldn’t be fair for Joyce to have to try and outrun this athletic group while wearing her dress and heels. To give her a better chance to reach the cabin, you can both exchange clothing! Thank you for allowing me to come up with this refinement to the plan. Most generous of you.”

Bert could only whimper in dismay, “N...no, that’s not what I meant. That’s not fair. I can’t run in high heels...let Joyce wear them!”

Frank shook his head sadly, “And here I thought you were only thinking of Joyce, instead it is obvious that you were only thinking of your own miserable hide. Now shut up and do as you were told. Get all your clothes off, now!”

Trembling with fear and shame, Bert slowly removed his clothes until he stood in abject nakedness in front of the assembled group.

Once he had finished, Frank turned to the three young executives. “Gentlemen, I’m sure that you will understand when I ask you to go and wait in the library until I call you back. After all, Joyce deserves a bit of privacy for the next step.”

Nodding sagely at his comments, although they would have dearly loved to see Joyce’s lush body fully displayed to their eager, lustful stares, the three young men quickly filed out to the adjoining room to await their summons. The evening was indeed turning into an entertaining one.

Chapter 3

As soon as they had departed, Frank turned to Joyce with an expectant stare. “Off with your clothes my dear, quickly now,” he rasped in a hard tone that indicated he would not tolerate any hesitation on her part.

“All right, but, at least turn around for goodness sake,” she purred in a sultry voice as her strongly ingrained feminine wiles began to cut back in.

“Sorry love, I can’t turn my back on you but I will allow you to turn your back as you disrobe,” Frank answered with a semi-sympathetic smile. “And don’t forget your jewelry either.”

Joyce realized that she would gain nothing further by arguing so turning her back on their captor, she quickly removed her clothing. Once she had done so, Frank allowed her to dress in her husband’s discarded clothes. Most of them fit surprisingly well although the shoes were a little big for true comfort. Once she had tied their laces as tightly as possible, she stood up and looked inquiringly at Frank.

“Very good, my dear,” he grinned. “I must say that you fill out those trousers and dinner jacket much better than your rather puny husband ever did. Now you better help him to put on your clothes – something that is undoubtedly well past his capabilities.”

As Joyce bent to the task, Frank gave a call and soon the three young executives had all returned and watched with keen interest as the first steps were taken to strip away Bert’s macho image.

Bert flushed a fiery red as his wife wrapped the black, lacy garter belt around his waist and secured it tightly. Once this had been done, she rolled up the first black stocking and pulled it over his pointed toe and up his leg until she clipped it in place with the three garters. As she repeated the procedure with the second one, Frank made a sarcastic comment about the fact that Bert’s hairy legs certainly detracted from the effect but unfortunately there was no time to rectify the situation. The resulting laughter from the three executives made Bert flinch with humiliation but the sight of the gun still firmly pointed in his direction convinced him that discretion was the wisest course of action.

Kneeling in front of Bert, Joyce indicated that it was time to pull the full-cut, lace covered black satin panties up his nylon-encased legs. Timidly he slowly stepped in to them and let her slide them up and into place around his groin, and worse, fastidiously push his penis down between his legs to minimize the unsightly bulge that would otherwise occur. By this time Bert was in such a state of shock that he didn’t even notice her actions let alone respond to the snide comments his four tormentors were still heaping upon his bowed head.

The black satin bra followed as Joyce first guided his arms through the straps and then fastened the clips at the back. Unfortunately, the sagging empty lacy cups only accented how ludicrous he looked with this totally unnecessary piece of clothing. Frank and his three minions were almost beside themselves with laughter.

Tears of humiliation rolled down Bert's face as his wife lifted up his unresisting arms and proceeded to drop the full, black satin slip over his head so that its lacy hem fell to mid thigh. Minutes later the black silk dress was zipped firmly into place although it was a little tight through the waist and the two inch high heel pumps had been crammed onto his protesting feet.

By this time Bert had withdrawn into an almost catatonic state of shock. He only watched with a numb state of disbelief as Joyce fastened the pearl necklace around his neck before placing her dainty lady's watch on his left wrist and the bracelet on the other.

"Very good my dear," Frank gasped as he struggled to control his hilarity at the image of his treacherous friend reduced to such a pitiful, effeminate sight. "But you forgot to apply the makeup. While you were dressing little Bertie, here, I took the liberty of having some brought down from your room upstairs. Please take a moment to apply it to this sorry excuse of a man."

Without a word, Joyce accepted the few articles of cosmetics handed to her by the widely smiling Carter. In spite of the serious predicament that she found herself in, she couldn't help shaking her head at the odd assortment of makeup that he had obviously brought down in a rush of masculine incomprehension.

Sighing, she did the best she could with a bit of mauve eye shadow, red blusher and pink lipstick. Nothing matched and she had no brushes to apply it properly but Bert was already such a sight that this last ignominy was really of little consequence.

"Joyce you have outdone yourself, particularly when you take into account the poor excuse of humanity that you have to deal with," purred Frank. "Now one last thing and we can get on with the fun and games! Smith, my fine fellow, do you have the needle and wood block that I sent you for? I'm sure that you do, so get on with the next step in Bertie's transformation."

Grinning maliciously, Smith stepped over to Bert and slid the small block of wood behind his right ear before he roughly jammed the large needle he was holding through the quaking captive's earlobe. Bert whimpered at the flash of pain but once again the sight of Frank's gun ensured his continued obedience as the procedure was repeated for his left ear. Tears of agony, mental and physical, flowed down his roughly rouged cheeks as Smith then forced Joyce's dangling earrings through the newly created lacerations.

Finally it was done and Bert stood in abject shame as the shouts and laughter of cruel torment showered down around his bowed head. He barely felt the tightness of the bra digging into his chest, the snugness of the garter belt around his waist or the toe crushing fit of the pumps that were at least a size too small for him.

He stood in numb silence, slowly withdrawing deeper into himself to avoid the mental humiliation that he was suffering. Even this feeble effort ended in abject failure as Frank tiring off the verbal abuse grabbed him painfully by an unresisting arm and dragged him over to a full-length mirror.

"Look at yourself, you whore. See what prostituting yourself has caused you to become, you stupid bimbo," he rasped angrily into Bert's ear.

The reflection was all too cruel to Bert's tear filled eyes. A crude caricature of his elegant wife stood there, obviously a man trying to mimic her refined appearance with no curves in the right place and short, unruly hair in place of her immaculate tresses. He looked like a puny, little sissy with nothing of his masculinity preserved. The bizarre sight thrust him deeper into despair and he collapsed weeping onto the floor.

Joyce inwardly cringed at this mere effeminate shadow of a man that she had so recently relied upon to support her in the custom that she had come to expect. He may have been an ignorant fool and a macho bully at times but surely that was far superior to this sniveling sissy who had shown no resistance at all to the crude attempts to unman him. *Where was his pride, his fortitude? Hadn't they been told there was a chance to win their freedom?* Yet place a few feminine garments on his pathetic frame and he was reduced to a crying, whining pantywaist in character as well as appearance.

Frank gave her a knowing glance as she tried valiantly to stop her true feelings from being reflected on her face. "Joyce, you have five minutes with her and then we are going to start. We won't leave the room but we will give you a bit of breathing space so that you can get organized before I explain the game that is to follow. With such a weak sister on your team, I think it only fair that you get a bit of a break."

Joyce nodded her thanks as Frank led the other three off to one side of the living room where he engaged them in an earnest but quiet conversation without ever losing sight of his two captives.

Dropping to her knees, Joyce roughly pulled Bert's head up



into her lap before giving him a hard slap across the face. “Stop your sobbing, you stupid bitch,” she blazed furiously as anger at his absolute collapse ran rampant through her. “How can you be doing this to me? You should be helping me, not the other way round. Your stupidity got us into this and, by god, I won’t let your stupidity keep me from getting out of it.”

Stunned by the savagery of both her blow and her hissed commands, Bert shook his head in bewildered confusion as he tried to pull himself out of his self-imposed state of surrender.

Seeing rational thought slowly returning to his eyes as his frenzied crying ceased, Joyce held his made-up face firmly in her hands as she attempted to pump some resolve back into his shattered ego. “What they have done to you is nothing. Nothing to what *real* women have to put up with all the time. A man like you should be able to persevere if mere females can do so! Now pull yourself together and listen to me. Can you understand what I am saying?”

Bert blinked his eyes to clear them of tears and gasped out a weak affirmative answer to her query. Sudden shame for his complete abdication of his masculine role and responsibilities flooded through him. Joyce was right, the others may have forced him to dress like a woman but only he had allowed himself to act like one.

“Sorry girls, but your time is up,” Frank called brusquely from the other side of the room as Joyce slowly pulled Bert up to stand, albeit unsteadily, on his tight fitting, black pumps. “Come over here and I will explain the facts of life to all.”

Giving Bert an encouraging smile, Joyce took his hand and pulled him over to the other group, happy to see that he tried to stand straighter even though he still kept his eyes fixed firmly on the floor as a sign of his continuing overwhelming humiliation.

“Now people, the game is simple. We have a boy’s team and a girl’s team and I don’t think I have to tell you who is on which,” chuckled Frank. “As I said earlier, the girls get to leave here exactly one minute before the boys. You all know where the cabin is and if the girls get there without being caught, they will be allowed to leave this estate alive. If they are caught, they will be brought here and justice will be done. To make the game a little more interesting both teams will be unarmed. Any questions?”

Bert felt a surge of further hope as he heard Frank’s comment about no weapons. Maybe there was still a chance to win through to the cabin if they weren’t going to be shot in the attempt. If nothing else the pursuers would have to physically catch them to stop them from doing so. And if it came to a fight, well, he knew a trick or two that these punks probably hadn’t seen in their executive offices.

“No questions from anyone. It must have been a good briefing,” exclaimed Frank with a large grin. “Well, Joyce and Bert, no that doesn’t sound right, hum, ...let’s see, “Barbie,” yes *Barbie*, are you ready?”

Joyce, still holding tightly to Bert’s hand, slowly nodded her head in agreement as Frank added with an ominous tone to his voice, “And what about you, Barbie?”

Hating to acknowledge being called by such a ridiculously feminine name, Bert slowly nodded as well.

Frank walked to the living room's patio door and slid it open. "Then it's time you left, girls. Once you step through this door, I start the clock and exactly one-minute after I do, the three amigos here will be on your heels. I, of course, will stay here. After all, I have to remain apart from the game if I'm to be the ultimate referee of the outcome. Come on now, you two wenches, or I'll start the clock running before you go through the door!"

At these last words, both Joyce and Bert stumbled hurriedly towards the door. It was obvious that Frank was going to have his fun and they needed every advantage if they were going to win. Still holding hands, they pushed by him and stepped out onto the lighted patio.

There was a fine mist-like rain drifting down and a light breeze that caused a whisper of cool air to slide under Bert's skirts causing him to feel the touch of moving air on his nylon clad legs for the first time. Beyond the patio lights the dark gloom of the evening was already settling in around the wooded areas just past the manicured gardens immediately surrounding the mansion.

"Come on you stupid girl," snarled Joyce as she pulled him toward the edge of the patio, "we can't stay here all night or we will be caught before we start."

Recognizing the truth in her comment, Bert bit back a sharp reply even though he had only hesitated a second as they first came out of the door. Wincing at the pain in his poorly shod feet, he valiantly stumbled after her as she broke into a quick trot around to the back of the house and to the dim opening in the tree line that marked the start of the trail leading to the cabin.

Within seconds their clothes were already damp and Bert's silk dress clung tightly around his shivering body while his pumps were squelching with every step. Joyce, better protected in her heavier male clothing, plowed ahead pulling Bert along as he frantically tried to keep up in spite of his movement inhibiting garb. They had barely reached the path leading to the cabin when a loud yelping signaled their pursuer's excited departure through the patio doors.

"Oh shit," rasped Joyce as they plunged into the damp, dank tunnel of a path that led deeper into the increasingly dark woods. She had hoped to be even further ahead by the time their precious minute was finished. They would need every foot of lead that they could gain. Digging deeper into her resolve to survive, she clung determinedly to Bert's hand and upped their pace as they doggedly stumbled along in spite of not being able to see more than a foot or two ahead.

Bert was lost in his own world of torment. His breath came in short gasps as his chest fought to expand beyond the limits set by the tight bra strap binding his rib cage. The garter belt was already rubbing what felt like great chunks of flesh from around his waist, as it had never been designed to be comfortable while its wearer was attempting to run through a damp wood. The soaking fabric of his dress and slip slopped and slithered over his wet thighs and dripped maddeningly down his legs into his soaked pumps while his pinched feet felt every stone, of which there seemed to be thousands, through the thin soles of his shoes.

“Damn it,” screeched Joyce as Bert lost his footing and went down in a tumbled heap almost wrenching her arm out of the socket as his fall brought her to a jarring halt. “Get up you stupid slut, we can’t stop. Come on Barbie, for god sakes, come on!”

Groaning at the pain in his skinned knees, Bert heaved himself to his feet and lurched into a shambling run hissing, “Don’t call me Barbie, you stupid cow!” He would have liked to say more but wisely conserved his breath for further movement. A quick glance over his shoulder had shown the stabs of light given off by their pursuer’s flashlights were disturbingly nearby.

Joyce had heard their hunter-like shouts slowly getting closer for some time. *They had not even gone a third of the way to the cabin.* Success was starting to look less and less likely but she refused to give up. Putting her head down and gripping Bert’s hand even more tightly, she plunged ahead in an effort to stave off the inevitable.

For several more minutes this extra effort seemed to gain them a bit of breathing room as the gap between the two groups appeared to remain relatively constant. By now both Joyce and Bert were literally staggering with the demands of the pace, their chests heaving as they gasped in short pants to supply yet more oxygen to their bodies. Heads hanging on their chests, hearts pounding, leg muscles screaming with pain and feet stumbling on unseen obstacles, they mindlessly hurried on towards the promised sanctuary of the cabin.

“Noooo...,” Bert screamed as the ground suddenly disappeared from under their feet and they both fell forward into a tumbling, bone-jarring roll down a steep incline of a small ravine with a creek running through it. Even as they came to an abrupt stop, feet splashing noisily into the brook, he realized that he remembered crossing over this particular landmark on their earlier walk to the cabin.

By some miracle they had stayed on the relatively soft and clear path during their rolling descent and the pumps had stayed on his feet. For the first time, he was thankful that they were really too tight. Struggling to his knees, he looked around for Joyce and saw her dim form just in front of him slowly pulling herself to a sitting position. “A...are you all right?” he hissed.

“Yes, just shaken,” she groaned. “Let’s...”

Joyce’s comment was abruptly interrupted by the sudden appearance of flashlight beams at the top of the step but short incline. Bert glanced up in horror as the three beams swept down towards them until they converged on the two cowering figures by the creek.

“There they are lads, come on!” screeched one of the pursuers, the excitement of finally seeing their prey obvious in his voice.

Bert gibbered in panic and lurched to his feet. Kicking Joyce aside he bolted across the stream and scrambled up the other side, ignoring her shouted pleas for his help. Summoning up his last reserves of strength, he broke the crest of the small ravine and scuttled quickly down the trail as Joyce’s calls abruptly ceased. The only sounds he could hear were the rasping of his laboring lungs, the drip of countless drops of water and the soft breeze in the treetops.

A sudden lightening of the sky in the distance announced the opening in which the cabin was located. Heartened by this sign of success, Bert pushed forward even faster only to trip once again and to sprawl forward onto the path in a gut wrenching spill that left him breathless on the ground. Dizzily he shook his head and fought to refill his lungs with air. Finally succeeding, he reached back along his bruised and cut legs to see if any further damage had been done. Nothing, but his hands closed around the short but sturdy piece of wood that had caused him to trip in the first place.

Even as he pulled the two-foot length of wood up to his chest in preparation for standing, he saw a beam of light bouncing towards the bend in the path that he had just come around before tripping. Bile raised its ugly acidic taste in his mouth as he realized that the bend was only a few feet from where he lay. He wouldn't even be standing, let alone running before his pursuers would see him. Fighting down a reckless sense of abject fear, Bert rolled quickly off to the right of the path and lay quietly under the cover of low lying pine tree branches. By lying on his stomach with his left arm stretched over his head and holding the stick, he was able to peer back under his armpit and see along the path in the direction he had just come.

The beam of light exploded around the bend and he was able to tell immediately that his pursuers now numbered only one, obviously the fastest runner of the three. The sound of heavy breathing reached his ears as the man pounded towards him the flashlight beam bouncing wildly from side to side on the trail. Steeling his nerves, Bert lay absolutely still, praying that he wouldn't be seen. Thankfully his pursuer seemed more concerned with catching up with him than looking for anybody lying in the underbrush alongside the trail. The light flickered over his hiding place and then danced on ahead to the clearing that was so tantalizingly close.

It was just as the dark form drew level that Bert realized that it would not be wise to allow anyone to get into position between him and the cabin. Instinctively he rose to his feet in one fluid motion as the runner started to pass and holding the stick in both hands brought its heavy tip down on the right shoulder of his pursuer. It hit with a satisfying thwack as he had swung it from above his head and all the fear and misery of the last few hours were telescoped into the strength of the blow. The flashlight flew from nerveless fingers as a startled scream pierced the night and the dark form slumped to the ground with a muffled groan.

Throwing away the stick, Bert ran forward and grabbed the flashlight as fear once again coursed through his body. In spite of his quick victory, there was no fight left in him as he ran out into the opening and used the light that was now his to quickly find the small cabin. Feeling as if the hounds of hell were at his feet he let all rational thought escape from his reeling brain and raced for the promised sanctuary.

Rushing up to the door, he banged it open and slumped across the threshold. He had made it! With trembling legs he turned and slammed the door shut, firmly dropping the wooden security bar in place. Placing his back on the closed door he slowly slumped into a sitting position on the hard floor gasping for breath, his whole body twitching from exhaustion and fear. Without warning he retched down his front, the stink of his vomit and the taste of bile mixing in a noxious assault on his senses as he blessedly lost consciousness.

Chapter 4

It was the cold that brought him to his senses. He was still sitting with his back against the door; legs sprawled open with his soaking wet skirts bunched up around his upper thighs, the flashlight lying on the floor where he had dropped it. The beam of light it projected was the only light in the dark, cold cabin.

His whole body felt as if it had been beaten with large sticks and the soggy bodice of his dress reeked of his earlier retching. Wrinkling his nose in disgust, he used the flashlight to probe the dark recesses of the cabin. It appeared to consist of one room with a small wood stove in the far end. Its furniture was simple – a wooden table and a few chairs in the center of the room and a rustic wooden cupboard in the end not containing the stove. All in all a room of not more than 10 by 12 feet, about the size of the guest bedroom in his own house. There was no sign of any other doors than the one on which he rested his back and only two small windows, one at each end of the cabin.

Not much to look at, he thought as he eased himself to a standing position. But still he had made it, he had done it, he had beaten bloody Frank and his minions. He could leave the estate alive. *Eat **that** you bastards, you can't touch me now!*

As quickly as it started, his self-satisfied gloating ended and the second thoughts began. *What had happened to Joyce? She hadn't made it. Still, better her than me. I'm no bloody hero, I'm just a survivor. Always have been and always will be. I can get by without her if Frank did her in. But what is going to happen now? Do I dare go outside or am I only safe in the cabin? Where is that bastard, Frank? He didn't explain it properly. It's so cold. What can I do?*

Struck by a sudden thought, Bert hobbled over to the stove and opened the door. Empty! Slamming it shut, he rushed over to the cupboard and wrenched open the doors. Nothing! Damn it, no heat, no food, not even water. Sobbing in self-pity he slumped in one of the chairs while wrapping his arms about himself in a futile attempt to get some warmth into his wet, battered body.

A small noise at the front door jerked him awake. In spite of the cold, his exhausted body had dragged him into an uneasy slumber. Shivering, he looked frantically around and noticed that a dim light was coming through the two small windows. It was obviously early morning. He strained to hear but the noise at the door was not repeated.

Shaking his head to clear the torpor from his mind, he staggered to his feet, yelping at the pain shooting up through his bruised feet and aching legs. The flashlight lay on the table where he had dropped it. Picking it up, he noted in dismay that he hadn't turned it off earlier and the batteries were now quite dead. With a muffled groan at his own stupidity, he dropped it back on the table.

The diffused light coming in through the windows was getting stronger but it was still too dark for him to pick out any details in the gloomy cabin. Doubts began to assail him again. What could he do? He was hungry, he was freezing cold, he was afraid and he had even let his sole possession, a flashlight, become useless because of his own stupidity.

Finally his sense of curiosity overcame his dread sufficiently for him to shuffle slowly over to one of the windows and peer out. The rain had stopped but black clouds were still evident in what he could see of the sky through the surrounding trees. No wonder it was so dark inside the cabin. Taking his time, he looked around the clearing observable from this side of the cabin but there was nothing moving.

Moving like an old woman with severe arthritis, he crept over to the other window and repeated the process. Still, nothing moved.

Fear gnawed at his guts like a hungry dog on a bone but he forced himself to skulk as quietly as he could over to the door. A cold sweat broke out on his brow as he eased the security bar up out of its brackets. Slowly, ever so slowly, he eased the door open while his eyes darted nervously through the widening gap. Nothing, there was nothing. And the only sounds he heard were rustling branches stirred by the light breeze and the call of some small birds chattering unseen in the trees.

The door was now completely open and still he could see nothing but he felt an ominous menace in the air. He knew that he wasn't alone and suddenly he felt terribly vulnerable in his light, formfitting feminine clothing designed to accent rather than hide his body. Taking care to keep his bloodied legs with their tattered stockings tightly together and using one hand to cover his damp, vomit and mud-spattered front, he slowly began to close the door as the feeling of being watched grew to intolerable levels.

It was only at the last minute, just before the door was fully closed that he saw the small, white envelope lying on the doorstep. Gasping at the pain, he hesitantly knelt to pick it up, instinctively bending at the knee while forcing his legs together so that no one could see up his skirts. Reaching between the gap in the door and the frame, he plucked the piece of paper up and slammed the door shut.

Dropping the security bar back into place, he breathed a deep sigh of relief. He was trembling and shivering and it wasn't just the cold but a numbing sense of fear and loneliness that continued to eat away at his self-respect and resolve. Forcing himself to his feet, he hurriedly scuttled over to the window down by the wood stove accompanied by the womanly sound of his high heels echoing off the cabin's wooden floor.

He held the envelope up to the light coming in through the window. It was addressed to 'Barbie'. Stifling a muttered curse at the nonsense of continuing to use a feminine name for him, he eagerly broke open the envelope's flap and pulled out a folded sheet of paper with a shaking hand. Taking an intense breath, he opened the paper and blinked his eyes to read the message.

It was simple. 'Stay in cabin. Further instructions to come. Obey or pay the consequences.'

The paper fluttered down to the floor. Staggering back to the table, he flopped into one of the uncomfortable wooden chairs. His mind swung back and forth between relief at having been told what to do and despair at continuing to be imprisoned in this drab, cold building with nothing to do but wait for further word on what would happen to him next.

As the light slowly grew stronger in the cabin, he took the time to examine himself more closely. His dress was almost dry but still clung in clammy folds around his legs. Its delicate material was covered in a mixture of dirt and vomit stains. His stockings were filthy, badly run and ripped in numerous places while his pumps were irreparably blemished and worn from being so wet the previous evening. The bra and garter belt still rubbed and irritated his skin but he was so cold that he didn't dare remove any article of clothing, even the toe-crushing pumps. Although his lacy lingerie and light silk dress were not designed for warmth, they were still better than nothing.

The day passed very slowly. He alternated between huddling on the chair and pacing slowly around the table in a feeble effort to keep the cold from settling too far into his chilled body. Nothing really worked. If he sat for too long his body began to cramp from the cold and his uncomfortable sitting arrangements. Walking made his tired legs and feet ache relentlessly, with his pinched toes feeling as if they were being worn down to raw and bloody stumps.

By the time dusk had brought almost full darkness back to the dim cabin interior he was becoming increasingly despondent. His thoughts became blacker and blacker. It was extremely unfair. He had reached the designated safe haven but he wasn't being accorded any recognition for his achievement. Why was he being treated like this? Damn it, he was cold, hungry and thirsty. Worse, he had to pee in the worst way. What was wrong with these people?

As full darkness descended he was reduced to hopping from one foot to the other and squeezing his thighs together as the urgency of his full bladder became increasingly demanding. Finally, he could stand it no longer. Grunting with pain he waddled to the door and pushed up the security bar. The door squealed loudly on its hinges as he heaved it open with one desperate pull and stepped into the opening. His fears for the unseen dangers outside were momentarily eclipsed by his need to go to the bathroom.

Eyes darting fearfully in all directions, he stepped cautiously onto the doorstep before stopping to listen. Nothing! Another cautious step and then another. The oppressive silence became too much for him to bear so he stopped and fumbled up his dress and slip in preparation for a much-needed piss. Just as his unoccupied hand was reaching into his panties a shot rang out. The bullet cracked by his ear and thumped into the log wall of the cabin behind him.

Screeching with fear, Bert dropped to the ground and on his hands and knees scuttled back into the cabin as quickly as he could move. No further shots followed his frantic progress so the meaning of the signal was clear.

Slamming the door and dropping the security bar into place, Bert collapsed in a heap on the floor. It was only after he regained control of his ragged breathing and wildly pounding heart that he realized that he wouldn't need the bathroom again for some time. The panic generated by the shot had caused him to void his bladder in a most humiliating way. Now he was sitting in once again soggy skirts and the reek of urine had been added to the unsavory smell of dried vomit on his dress' bodice. Tears of self-pity and fear once again streamed down his cheeks as he was left with rapidly dwindling stocks of hope and determination.

He finally dragged himself back to one of the chairs and slumped over the table where he cried himself into a fitful sleep for the night. A long night of broken slumber and disturbing dreams as the cold and his growing hunger pangs continually pulled him back from the blessed tonic of uninterrupted rest.

When the dawn once again announced its presence by sending in the signs of diffused light, Bert was a shattered shadow of his former self. Broken physically and mentally he was ripe for the plucking. A shivering, smelly apparition who trembled and jerked at the slightest noise or provocation and had no more fight left in him than the humiliated little sissy that he had been dressed to represent.

A loud knock on the door caused him to start in abject fear from his dark brooding thoughts and for another uncontrolled squirt of urine to saturate his now dry but smelly panties and to trickle down his nylon covered legs.

“W...who i...is it?” he stammered before succumbing to a frenzied fit of coughing as he huddled listlessly on one of the chairs at the table. He was so far-gone that he didn’t even notice that he had wet himself again.

“Open up, Barbie, it’s me, Joyce,” came the faint answer through the heavy wooden door.

Deafened by his own coughing, Bert couldn’t believe his ears. “W...who?” he asked incredulously.

“It’s me, Joyce, you stupid girl, now open up,” was the bellowed reply. A reply that he had absolutely no trouble in hearing although he still found it difficult to believe.

“Joyce, it’s really you Joyce,” he cried in astonishment as he knocked the chair over in his haste to stand and scuttle over to the door.

“Yeah girlie, it’s really me. Now enough of this idle chitchat and let me in. If you want my help that is.”

“Oh, yes. Please help me. I’m so frightened,” he squealed in a frenzied tone of helplessness as he pushed the security bar out of the way and started to open the door.

Joyce indeed stood there in the dim early morning light, clad in a long, gray cloak that covered her completely from shoulder to ankle. For somebody that he assumed had been brutally killed several days ago she looked remarkably well, although there were lines of strain and fatigue drawn into her beautiful face. Still, she looked one hell of a lot better than he did.

Imperiously pushing the door open the rest of the way, Joyce brushed by him before turning and closely examining him in the gloomy light. Her haughty eyes appraised his slovenly appearance while her nose wrinkled in disgust at his odor. “God, Barbie! You look like shit - and worse, you *smell* like it. And what have you done to my lovely silk dress and my pumps? They are ruined, you silly bitch!”

Unnerved by her frank stare and crude comments, Bert nervously wrung his hands and hung his head in overwhelming shame. He knew that he looked and smelt like a flaming pansy that couldn’t even control his bladder.

“So Barbie, are you ready to leave this cabin?” Joyce demanded.