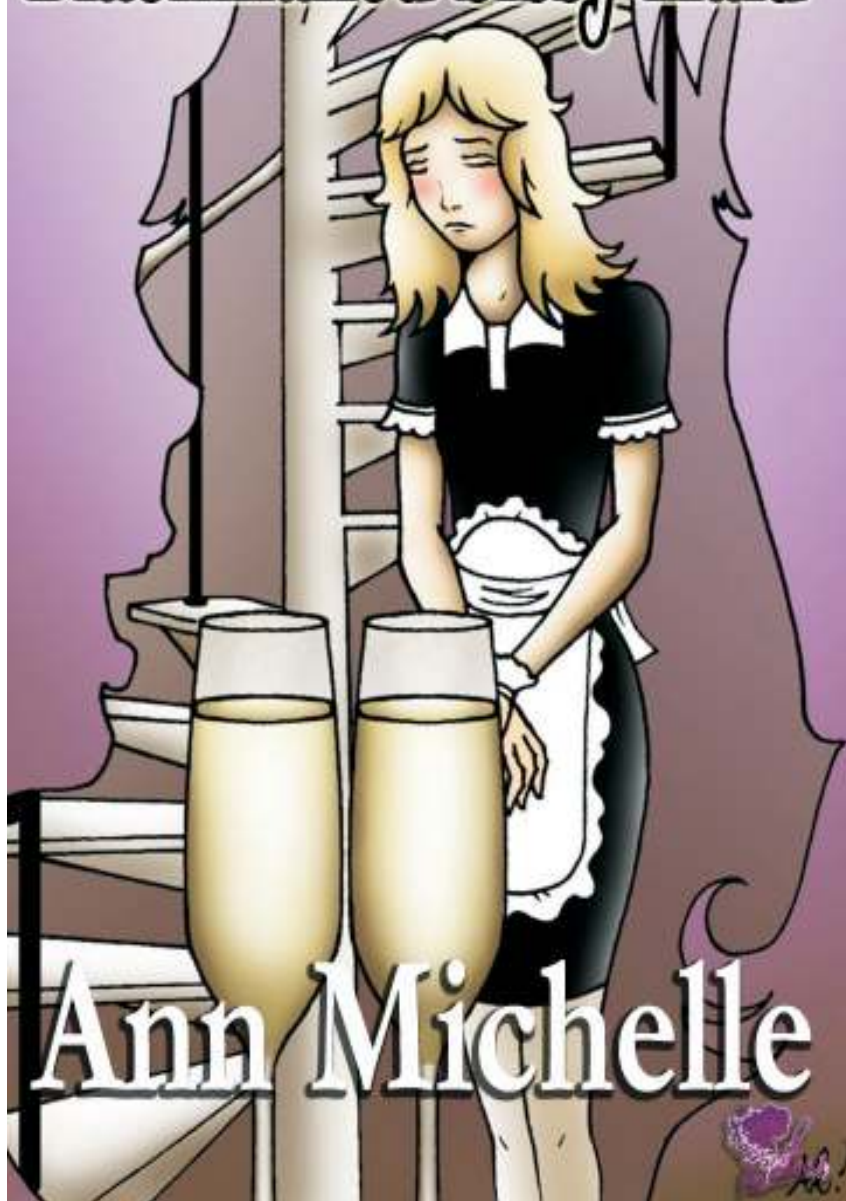


Blackmailed Sissy Maid



Ann Michelle





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Blackmailed Sissy Maid

by Ann Michelle

Chapter 1: “Caught With His Pants Down”

Powerful men need distractions. They need something that lets them forget their responsibilities and just unwind. Some go on lavish vacations to get away from it all. Others develop hobbies. Some. . . some find other ways to escape their burdens. Christopher Jordan was such a man. He was an up-and-coming politician who planned to run for governor in the fall, and the way he unwound wasn't something he would want the voters to know. Unfortunately for him, his secret wouldn't remain a secret much longer.

“Come on,” said Christopher to his computer. “I don't have all night.”

He looked at his watch. It had been almost ten minutes since he sent his last message, and he had yet to hear a response from Mistress Zoey. This was a little frustrating.

“This is supposed to be fun. Waiting is not fun!” he growled.

He exhaled his frustration and leaned back in his chair. He ran his fingers through his hair. He debated turning off his computer and

joining Heidi on the couch in the other room, only he didn't like Heidi all that much. Their conversations always turned into arguments because she was on the other side from him politically. In fact, he really didn't even want her living here, and he would have tossed her out, except their luxury apartment belonged to his wife Jill. She was the one with the money, not him, so when she decided that her nineteen-year-old cousin Heidi could move in with them while she attended a local college, that was the way it would be. Christopher didn't like it, but he couldn't change it, so he just tried to ignore Heidi.

BING!

A message appeared.

"Finally," growled Christopher. He wasn't used to being made to wait and he didn't like it. And while he understood that part of the appeal of an internet mistress was the idea that he was submitting to this woman, and therefore, his time was her time, he still didn't like to be made to wait.

He opened the message. "Did you enjoy your wait?" it read.

"No, Mistress," he sent back.

A response appeared a moment later. "That's too bad."

Christopher pursed his lips. She hadn't asked for a response, which meant he was to remain silent until he got another e-mail from her or was dismissed, but he couldn't resist pushing her a little to let her know that he really did not like being made to wait. "I thought we were going to play around, not sit around," he wrote.

She didn't respond. Several minutes passed.

"Come on, respond," he said.

Still nothing.

Christopher began to feel uneasy. He had spoken with many internet mistresses and he found them truly wanting. Most had little imagination and no sense of what made him tick. Most seemed like they were just reading from a script. This Mistress Zoey, however, she was different. She'd actually approached him online and she was very aggressive about getting to know him right away. He liked that. Moreover, from the very first message, it was clear that she was clever, funny and creative. She was easy to like. She also seemed to know exactly what he needed, even before he did; it was like she knew him. Even more to the point, she excited him. Everything about her excited him. He loved taking orders from her. It fired his imagina-

tion. He loved the feeling of being under her control too, even if it was only an illusion, so he happily followed orders from her which he never would have followed from another woman, and he imagined being under her thumb in real life. He loved it.

Thus, now that he had sent a message he never should have sent, and now that she was clearly not responding to his message, he began to fear he might have made a huge mistake. He feared that his message may have offended her and hurt their relationship, and that disturbed him and unsettled him.

Two more minutes passed and still there was no response.

His mouth was dry.

"I need to do something," he said with a hint of desperation in his voice. He truly did not want to lose this woman. He wrote out another message: "I'm sorry, Mistress. Please forgive me." He hit send.

Another minute passed. Then another.

BING!

Finally, a message appeared. Christopher breathed a sigh of relief; he had not lost her after all. He opened the message.

"Perhaps you need a reminder of who and what you are," wrote Mistress Zoey.

He quickly wrote out a reply: "Yes, Mistress. I am sorry and am ready to accept punishment."

"What are you?"

"I am your property," he wrote.

"You are a slave. Who do you serve?" she asked.

"You, Mistress."

"And whose pleasure is all that matters?"

"Yours, Mistress," he responded.

"It pleases me to make you wait. Thus, it pleases you to wait. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Then ask me to make you wait."

Christopher pursed his lips. He really didn't like waiting, but this was part of the game, so he would play along. "Hopefully, she'll take the hint though," he said. He wrote the required response: "Mistress, I have failed you by being anxious and selfish and not considering that it was your pleasure to make me wait. Please make me wait, Mistress."

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“Do you need punishment?”

Christopher smiled. He loved her punishments. She was inventive and kinky and he'd really been excited by each punishment he had received so far. “Yes, Mistress,” he wrote.

“You said you have two female roommates, correct?”

Christopher raised his eyebrow. This wasn't the message Christopher expected. He wondered what she was thinking, and it made him a little nervous. Indeed, he never wanted anyone to know what he was doing, least of all Heidi or Jill, so any suggestion that might involve them brought out his natural caution. “Yes, Mistress,” he wrote with considerable apprehension.

“I suppose they know nothing of me?”

“No, Mistress,” he wrote. “And they better never find out!” he said to himself with a nervous laugh.

“And no doubt, you don't want them to know of me?”

“Correct, Mistress.”

“Then you will need to take great care in following my orders.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he wrote. He leaned back in his chair and stroked his chin. Part of him was nervous at what she could possibly be planning, but another part of him was thrilled that this could be something with an element of risk. . . something which always made her punishments more exciting, like the time she ordered him to masturbate at his desk in the office. That was truly exciting, knowing that any number of people might want to see him at any moment. It was so exciting, he'd used the memory of doing that several times now when he masturbated. He'd even thought about it twice when he had sex with Jill, though he naturally didn't tell her what he was thinking about.

BING!

The next message appeared and shook him from his thoughts. “I want you to take a pair of panties from one of them. Strip naked and slide the panties up your legs. Leave your penis exposed – rock hard, of course – and then take a picture of yourself.”

“A picture, Mistress? Of the panties?”

“No. Full body. You can hide your face with one hand, but everything else needs to be visible, especially your dick. Rock hard, slave boy.”

Christopher ran his tongue over his teeth. He felt conflicted. On the one hand, he didn't like the idea of sending a full body photo. If

anyone recognized him, he would be ruined. That made this a stupid, stupid thing for him to do. He also didn't like the idea of taking panties from Jill or Heidi. He enjoyed this domination game as a game. . . as a fantasy, but the more it encroached upon real life, the more it worried him. Stealing panties from Heidi or Jill and then wearing them ran serious risk. If he was spotted by either, it would end poorly, especially if he was spotted by Heidi.

"Yeah, that would be bad. There's no telling what she would do."

On the other hand, the risk of anyone recognizing him from a photo in which his face was covered by his hand was pretty close to zero. In fact, it was zero. He knew that. As for the panties, Jill wasn't here at the moment, as she was called away on business, so she would have no way to know what he wore. Nor would she have any way to know if he had worn her panties while she was gone. As for Heidi, well she didn't exactly have permission to inspect him to see what kind of underwear he was wearing, so the chances of her finding out what he wore beneath his pants were pretty close to zero as well. Indeed, unless something completely unexpected happened, he couldn't imagine how she would find out.

Then there was the other issue. For reasons unknown, it simply turned him on to follow the orders of this Mistress Zoey. That excited him. And the greater the danger in following her orders, the more it excited him. He'd never worn panties before and he had no desire to do so, but the fact she now ordered him to do something so innately humiliating excited him. It thrilled him. This was undeniable and he had the erection to prove it. So the math added up quickly in his mind to him wanting to do this.

"This is why I have an internet mistress in the first place, isn't it?" he asked himself. He laughed.

BING!

Clearly, he had taken too long thinking about this issue. "Why have you not agreed to do as I instructed?" asked Mistress Zoey.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. I was just thinking about how to do that," he lied.

She responded immediately. "I doubt that. It's a simple thing to do. You walk into one of their rooms and remove their panties from a drawer. How difficult is that? I think the real problem is that you are doubting that you want to follow my orders. And if that's the case,

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then perhaps you are not worth my time. Any slave worth my time will follow my orders without question.”

Christopher bit his lip. He really didn't want to lose her; this Mistress Zoey was special. Besides, he wanted to do what she commanded because the idea excited him. He wasn't looking for a way out. So there was no reason for this to become a problem. He wrote back, “I'm sorry, Mistress. It wasn't doubt. I can assure you. I will obey you always.”

“Then do it now. You have ten minutes.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Christopher rose from his chair. He unzipped his pants. Then he heard Heidi laughing in the living room. He froze. What if she caught him? He shook his head. He knew there was almost no chance of that. She was watching television and she had no reason to come into his and Jill's bedroom. Still, Christopher was cautious by nature, so he walked over to the door and opened it a crack. Heidi was sitting on the couch with her back to the bedroom, and she was watching television.

“Ok, she's not going anywhere,” he said.

He then closed the door; it had no lock or he would have locked it. He walked across the room to Jill's dresser. He pulled open her panty drawer. Inside were dozens of pairs of panties in all different shapes, styles and colors. Some of these looked so good on Jill – she had a truly amazing figure and she looked amazing in lingerie. He ran his fingers over her panties.

“Which ones will be my first panties ever?” he asked.

He laughed. Finally, he pulled out a pair of pink boy-cut panties. He held them up and examined them. They seemed large enough to fit and they were definitely feminine and sexy. He felt his penis growing as he held them.

“This could be fun,” he said.

Christopher tossed the panties onto his bed and stripped off his shoes, his socks, his pants, and his briefs. When he was naked, he slid the panties up his legs. They were a little small and they fit tightly. Interestingly, they didn't feel all that differently than his normal underwear either, as they were cotton, but there was something about wearing them that excited him. They felt naughty. They felt. . . dangerous.

“This could be *a lot* of fun!” he said and he laughed again.

Christopher looked down and saw his erection pushing hard against the tiny panties. The panties could barely contain it. In fact, they really didn't contain it. To the contrary, they sort of covered it, but not entirely, as he could see the shaft of his penis through the top of the panties where his erection pulled the panties away from his body. He dipped his fingers through that gap and wrapped them around his erection. He stroked it.

It felt good. It felt really good. Indeed, much to his surprise, it felt amazingly erotic to squeeze his penis as the head of his penis rubbed against the panties.

“Wow! I should have done this years ago!”

Christopher stood there stroking his erection through the panties for several seconds. He could have done this all day, but he knew he needed to take the photo and time was running short, so he returned to his computer and turned on the camera. He aimed it at the corner of the room and took several test shots to get the angle right so Mistress Zoey would be able to see both that he was wearing panties and that he had an erection. He took a quick test shot.

It worked.

“Yeah, no problem there. There's no way to mistake what this is,” he said with a chuckle as he stroked his penis a few more times. “Let's do this thing!”

Christopher adjusted the panties to where he wanted them in the photo. He set his camera to take a dozen photos in succession so he could choose the best to send to Mistress Zoey. He intended to move a little left and right and to try different ways to cover his face. He told the computer to wait ten seconds to start taking pictures, then he walked over to the corner, took his place and covered his eyes with his hands.

“Ready,” he said after taking a deep breath and adjusting his erection to make sure it would be obvious in the photos. He held his pose and he waited for the light to flicker to tell him the camera was beginning.

KNOCK KNOCK!

There was a knock at the door.

“Oh God! Heidi!” he exclaimed.

Christopher instantly went into a panic. His mind screamed, “Don't let her see you in panties!!” and he grabbed the panties and tried to push those back down his legs, but to no avail.



CLICK!

The camera went off.

His mind raced in all directions. Part of him screamed that he should hurry to block the door before Heidi could enter, but it was across the room. Another part of him screamed to rush for the nearby bathroom to hide, but it was just as far. Another part of him screamed that he should dive behind the bed.

CLICK!

The camera went off again.

Another part just screamed, “*RUN!*”

In the end, these conflicting signals overwhelmed his rational sense and he froze; he didn’t manage to move an inch in any direction. He just grabbed the panties and stood there for a second.

“Don’t come in here!” he screamed.

Heidi burst into the room a moment later. “Did you say ‘come in’?” she asked.

“No!” he exclaimed. “Get out!”

Heidi froze. Her jaw was wide open. Standing a few feet from her was her cousin’s husband, the very uptight politician she could barely stand, naked except for a pair of panties stuck midway down his thighs. His penis stood straight up and pointed right at her.

CLICK!

The camera went off again.

She burst out laughing.

“Get out!” he repeated. Now he finally dove for the cover of the bed and threw the blanket over his crotch, hiding his panties and his penis.

“I’m sorry,” said Heidi. She giggled. Then she covered her mouth to hide her giggling. She began to blush. “I thought you said ‘come in.’ I really did.”

CLICK!

The camera went off again.

“Get out!” he repeated. He really had no idea what else to say at this point. His mind was completely overwhelmed and he kept moving the sheets around to try to cover more of his body.

Heidi slowly backed out of the room. She was blushing bright red by now. “I’ll leave you to your. . . whatever it is.” She backed up to the door and pulled it almost closed. Then she let out a laugh and

opened the door again slightly. “Nice panties, by the way,” she said through the door. She closed the door.

Christopher could hear her burst out laughing in the living room. He had never felt so humiliated in his life. A moment later, a sense of sheer terror ran down his spine as he realized the risk he had taken and that Heidi could expose him. Something like that could ruin his career. He shivered.

“I can’t believe that happened!” he said in a broken voice.

He stood up again and yanked the panties down his legs and then pulled his pants up his legs again. He angrily tossed the panties into the corner. Then he turned his thoughts to Heidi. He wasn’t sure what to do or say, but he wanted to say something. He had to say something. He didn’t like Heidi and she didn’t like him and it burned him deeply with shame to think that she had seen him in panties and was now laughing at him. Thus, his pride needed him to say something. He also felt he needed to say something to stop her from telling this to anyone and possibly ruining him. Yes, he *needed* to say something.

He just didn’t know what to say.

So he stormed out to where Heidi was sitting watching television, without knowing exactly what he intended to say. That was probably a mistake.

When Christopher reached the living room, he saw that Heidi was now sitting before the television. She was still giggling and he could see that her nipples were erect beneath her blouse. That stopped him cold. It had never occurred to him that it might turn her on to see him humiliated in such a way. The idea. . . well. . . it, it horrified him, but somehow it simultaneously excited him, it excited him to know that she had been turned on by having caught him in a humiliating position. That excitement caused his penis to begin growing again; it had temporarily gone flaccid when he was struck by the sheer terror of being caught. This was troubling, but it also wasn’t something he could focus on right now. Right now, he needed to reclaim his authority with her, that was all that mattered.

“Look, I uh,” he said and he stopped. He suddenly realized he had no idea what to say next.

She giggled. “Go on.”

“I, uh, it’s not what you think. I was out of briefs and I needed something fast because I was going to run to the store, so I just grabbed some of Jill’s underwear, that’s all,” he said.

Heidi giggled again. “Whatever you say,” she said and she swung her leg excitedly, almost causing her high-heeled mule to fall from her foot. She was blushing brightly at this point.

“Seriously, it was just a convenience.”

“If you say so, Christopher,” she said. She could barely contain her grin and her tone was deeply condescending. It was clear she didn’t believe him.

“I’m telling you the truth,” he protested.

“Uh, huh.”

Christopher glared at her. He didn’t like being doubted by this nineteen-year old girl. He actually wasn’t used to having his word questioned at all. Yet, there was nothing he could say to her right now because he really wasn’t in a strong position to tell her off at this point. They both knew what she had seen and no matter what reason he gave her for him wearing panties, the fact was that a man should not be wearing panties and she had caught him doing something he should not have been doing. His obvious erection didn’t help either, though no one had mentioned that yet.

“Is that all?” she asked sweetly.

He pursed his lips in response.

Heidi rose. She was smiling from ear to ear. She patted him on the arm, which made his erection strain to get even bigger. “Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me. You can wear panties all you want as far as I’m concerned. I just wouldn’t let the voters know, if I were you. . . it wouldn’t fit with the tough guy image in your ads.” With that, she walked off to her room, laughing the whole way.

Christopher had never felt so small as he did watching this young woman walk away from him laughing. Strangely, he’d never felt so turned on either.

By the time Christopher returned to the bedroom from his failed attempt to reclaim his always-tenuous dominance over Heidi, Mistress Zoey had sent him another message. It read only, “Five minutes to go.” Clearly, she had no idea what had happened and she still expected him to send her the picture of himself in panties with his erection showing.

“Five minutes? Forget it. I’m done,” he said.

Having been caught by Heidi on his first try to wear panties was too much. There was no way he would put panties on again. The risk was just too great. And there was no way he was sending pictures of

himself in panties to anyone! He started to type out his refusal. . . but then he stopped.

“Hmm,” he said.

He looked down at his erection poking up beneath his pants. He couldn't deny that this had turned him. In fact, he recalled getting hard the moment he slipped into the panties and staying hard ever since, except for the brief moment he panicked at being caught by Heidi. So it was undeniable that this excited him. Even more interestingly though, his penis became hardest when Heidi mocked him. . . the same point when he felt the greatest shame. This puzzled him.

“Why would that turn me on?” he asked himself.

Christopher furrowed his brow. There was no doubt this was true, whether he wanted it to be or not. He had been greatly turned on by Heidi humiliating him. He had been so turned on by it, that he knew he would need to masturbate about it later tonight just to get it off his mind. That bothered him.

“This doesn't make any sense! I don't even like Heidi. How can I be turned on then by anything involving her? She's an unpleasant, opinionated, arrogant girl. I want nothing to do with her!”

He scratched his head. He found it hard to say the next part.

“Why would I want to be humiliated by her?”

He felt a tingle run down his spine and it made him feel weak. He didn't want to admit that this thought was true. He didn't want to admit that he craved humiliation. To him having a mistress was a game, it didn't mean he had some deep need to submit or to be humiliated, did it? “Only weirdoes need that,” he often told himself. But now it seemed that he felt this too.

He shook his head. “That can't be true.”

As he debated this, he realized that he was stroking his penis absentmindedly. It felt good too, so he didn't stop.

“You know,” he said to himself, “I have to admit this has been exciting. Sure, I didn't like getting caught by *that girl*,” something he called Heidi when he wanted to dismiss her from his thoughts, “but the rest of it was rather. . . well, enjoyable.”

He looked at the panties lying on the floor. “They were comfortable too,” he said, though comfortable wasn't really the word he had in mind. He was instead thinking, “thrilling.”

He scratched his chin.

“If I was being truthful, I guess I would need to admit that the last few minutes have probably been more exciting than anything I’ve done in months. . . as strange as that may sound.” He paused. “Maybe, this is worth continuing?”

A moment later, he stood up and stripped naked. He pulled the panties back up his legs. Again, he felt incredibly excited, not only by the panties and the naughty feelings they gave him, but by the memory of the emasculating look on Heidi’s face; that really turned him on, seeing her smirk in his mind and hearing her mocking him, though he tried to blank that out of his memory and just focus on the panties.

Christopher stroked his penis a couple times and then decided he would comply with Mistress Zoey’s orders. He looked at the pictures he had taken before and none of them worked. The good one showed his face and the rest were just the panicked scene that followed, with him diving for the bed.

“Nope, can’t send her those,” he said. He did laugh though at some of the images. “Definitely was hard as a rock, wasn’t I? Well, time is wasting.”

He got up and set up his computer camera again. It would again take a series of pictures. He moved into position and covered his face.

CLICK!

The camera went off.

He waited.

CLICK!

The camera went off again. And again and again. Several more times.

“That should do it,” he said when the camera stopped.

Christopher moved to his computer and pulled up the images. He looked for one where his face was completely hidden. He found it. No one would ever be able to tell who the man was in the pink panties with the huge erection. He attached the image to the e-mail he intended to send to Mistress Zoey. The thought that he had taken this picture and would now send it to a woman. . . a total stranger, sent shivers down his spine. That shiver felt like a drug; he wanted more.

He hit send.

There was no response. Five minutes passed and there was still no response.