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Figure Fun

By Stella Satin

“Darling? I can see you having objections – really. Mother tends to be overbearing and Bertha can be cute beyond all reason. You are self made and have the right to expect deference in your own home . ” Sandra was saying.

“That would be wonderful Sandra – if only I could expect it from you!” I laughed.

My wife sniffed. I mean, I DO love her, but she is one of those spoiled women who dote on being pampered and her sense of humor is extremely limited. Sometimes I even think she gets upset with me – even though I provide her with just about anything she asks – and believe me, she’s not shy when it comes to asking.

“Don’t get miffed at me darling.” I continued light heartedly. “I can’t come up with any reason for denying your mother and aunt our company. It’s just that we’ve done so well in this house and I hate to leave . . ”

“As I’ve repeated Philip?” She butted in. “My mother and aunt are getting on in age. They’re back from that long tour and they suddenly realize that they need a man about the house for protection . . ”

I couldn’t help grinning. “That’s what they SAID. I remember it perfectly well! But c’mon dear! Upon reflection, Maxine doesn’t need protection from anybody and I don’t think I’d even like to meet Bertha in a dark alley either! I wouldn’t bet on who would come out alive!”

Sandra actually smiled. “You do have a point dear. But the two of them have some perception of needing a man about the place and we’re the only close relatives – and considering the money they could leave us on top of what we could save? I’m certainly not going to argue. On top of that? Their argument that we COULD save money by going in with them?” She shrugged and stopped, her point evident.

I found myself grimacing, knowing full well that me greedy little vixen of a wife was attracted by more money. "It does make sense economically I guess. The leasing cost on my office is going up again and Penelope would actually have less of a drive if my office were located in Maxine's house. But . . ."

She interrupted. "I don't understand why you keep that girl. She's so drab! Could be a pretty little thing I guess – but she's a disgrace to the whole female sex. Practically kisses your ass all the time!" She was aggravated and it showed.

I grinned. "Drab she may be darling. But I don't know how I'd manage my legal business if it weren't for her. I think she could do my business blindfold. Matter of fact I think that I'm probably just a figurehead more than anything else these days. And frankly my darling? I don't mind if she kisses my ass now and then. Good for my ego! It needs some stroking! You can have a try if you want!"

She blew out her cheeks and tutted disapprovingly. "Honestly darling? You sound just like my mother – wants everybody to bow down before her."

I sighed to myself. My wife was scaring me again. She spoke with unreasoning logic – but I was convinced that, despite this, she was absolutely correct. I think that I am reasonably good looking – don't have a great deal of body hair, but plenty on my head. Thin – not wiry I'm afraid but not short. I fell into my father's legal practice – personal wills mostly – when he died. I was lucky enough to hire Penelope – my meek little assistant, when I took over but, at the same time was well aware that I had a major shortcoming.

You see I am truly frightened of women – and Sandra's mother in particular. I am heterosexual as far as I knew and had, somehow, hooked up with Sandra in marriage at a much earlier age when I was more confident in my own sexual prowess. She wasn't overly sexual, as I soon learned but didn't object to my slowness which I guess I demonstrated fairly quickly. As a matter of fact, I think that she enjoyed being the initiator of sex in the bed. Often looked down on me after lovemaking with a sort of triumph on her face as she straddled me. I kidded around that I let her have her head in financial matters but in all truth had no idea of how to deny her anything. Constantly afraid that she would revert to physical violence one day and maybe beat me up? It was FAR easier to go along.

Her mother Maxine was different again. Truly self composed to a degree that was totally alien to me, she seemed to operate from a level considerably higher than anyone else. Absolutely scared the hell out of me. To make matters worse, I could often feel her look at me under heavily lidded eyes, in a wondering sort of way. Almost like a handsome little girl wondering how many petals a daisy had – and which one she should pluck first. And? How do I describe the fact that I felt she'd enjoy making that daisy suffer as she slowly and gently plucked the petals – with that loving smile on her face! How do I describe the sense of frightened delight I experienced in her presence? To make matters worse, I found it extremely difficult to avoid her when we were close – felt this frightening attraction. A bloody moth next to an open flame is what I felt like. Had this constant desire to be beside her. I felt SO excited – but weak as well.

In other words, I felt completely vulnerable beside this woman. Her sister Bertha? Sandra's aunt? A seemingly nice big woman. Warm and comforting. Nowhere near the looker that Maxine was – and seemed to love all sorts of things, though she had an overbearing

way that was hard to describe. She also scared me, though not in the way that Maxine did – I always sensed that she wanted to mother me to death, where Maxine expected something else from me. I didn't know what it was – but it scared me nonetheless.

Looking back, my wife's mother and aunt had been on a long trip, just returning to their large home some time before. We'd had dinner there about a month ago. I had felt SO out of my element dining with three splendidly dressed and coiffed women. It's not that I'm a peasant or anything – I wore decent sports clothes after all – I mean it wasn't formal for goodness sake! Sitting there though, I wished I had worn a dark suit or something more imposing.

Sleek women surrounded me. Their dresses weren't formal altogether – cocktail dresses or something like that? But their hair gleamed and their immaculate faces showed hardly any makeup – although I was well aware of just how much time was spent on getting that natural look. Well shod feet ended beautifully sheathed legs and discreet polish ended feet and fingers. They all – even Bertha – looked SO powerful! A miasma of light floral perfume surrounded us. I couldn't help but feel like a teenager – a young one at that – amongst a group of powerful and confident adults.

"You know Sandra," Maxine said calmly over her coffee. "I've been thinking. We're two defenseless women in this big house. Three if you count Lashonda."

Sandra harrumphed through her nose. "Defenseless? I wouldn't describe any one of you three in that way. But I'm sure you have some other point that you're going to make?"

Maxine sighed theatrically. "You STILL think of Bertha and myself as young and fearless. Keep forgetting that we are getting old and feeble! Need the strength that a young couple could bring us – especially that dashing husband of yours!"

"Come ON mother!" Sandra laughed. "Feeble? You and Bertha? And what man in his right mind would tackle Lashonda?"

"She's exaggerating dear!" Bertha explained to me. "But there's a lot of truth in what she's saying. On top of that she's being very practical. Could probably save you two a bunch of money!"

"Ooh?" Sandra said, all ears now. "How come?"

"Well? Philip – that cute little munchkinhusband of yours – is keeping up a small office, when a lot – I mean a LOT - of his business is conducted by phone." Bertha then beamed at me. "True Philip?"

"That's true." I admitted grudgingly. I had NO idea where anything was going, but didn't want to give any bargaining position away.

“And dear?” Maxine butted in gently, pointing one of her freshly polished talons at me. “You don’t have many interviews with clients now, do you darling? Weren’t you boasting about your new tele-communicating devices the last time we met?”

“Oh. Them?” I said weakly, sensing a weakness in my defense.

She raised her head and smiled at me. “Tsk Tsk! You naughty boy! You telling me that all that money you spent on them was wasted? My my! I always thought you were better with capital investment than that? Surely!”

Somehow, I’d been put on the defensive. Almost stuttered my answer. “No Maxine. I must have said something wrong. Actually, I got even better ones recently.” I found it hard to meet her smile. Studied the table instead. Realized that somehow, she had got me to weaken my own position.

“So? You don’t really need an office at all – especially when we could set you up in this large house for nothing?” Bertha broke in triumphantly.

“Ooooh!” Sandra exhaled, dollar signs all over her eyes. “Could maybe even get rid of Penelope?”

I swallowed, panicked, but managed. “Couldn’t do that dear. She’s almost indispensable to me.”

“Sandra dear?” Maxine purred. “Don’t deny little Philip his toy! Men are LIKE that! Want a little sex on the side even if it’s platonic. Surely you’re not jealous?”

Bertha smile at her sister. “I think that you’re being SO unfair Maxine. Anyone can see that Philip is far – FAR - too sweet and lovable to do that sort of thing. Just like the child I never had.”

“Oh auntie!” Sandra laughed. “You’re not that old! Child indeed!” She looked at me. “Sex – with somebody else? Him?” The scorn in her voice was obvious.

Then Bertha frightened me almost out of my wits. She was sitting beside me at the table and suddenly her hand – and it was a good size – was engulfing mine, and she was looking at me with bright eyes. “It would be so WONDERFUL if you were to come here Philip! I feel that were meant to be a lot closer and you coming would be SO marvelous!”

“See?” Maxine looked at me calmly, with amused eyes. “You WILL say yes to coming here, won’t you Philip?”

“Moving my office? It may have some merit.” I managed, almost hypnotized by Maxine’s confident smile now. “And with me spending time here if I moved it . . .” Struggled a little bit to free my hand but couldn’t do it without looking ungracious.

I came to a dazed halt as Maxine had arisen from her chair and come around to me. Was actually taking the back of my head in one manicured hand and was bending my face up, so that she could kiss my compliant lips gently.

"No dear. Move everything! Your own sweet selves included!" She said when she backed away. "Come and stay here with us old ladies. Bring a little sunlight into our lives! It's been SO long since I had a man around me that I won't know WHAT to do!"

Partially imprisoned by Bertha on one side and Maxine on the other, I could only gaze at Sandra in confusion as she seemed to smile fondly at my predicament. "Oh mother!" She laughed. "You are simply intimidating the poor man. Don't know what to do – indeed!"

"Yes. If I do remember – men are SO different than women." Maxine cooed, looking down at where my crotch was hidden by the tablecloth. "But what is it they call it again? An erection? I do believe that your dear little boy HAS one Sandra."

"You remember perfectly well, even if you're guessing!" Bertha laughed. "Remember that poor Italian count? He was so DARLING when you gave up on him – and gave him to me. So sweet and innocent!"

Maxine smiled at her sister. "Yes. We used to make a great pair – didn't we? I seemed to tire the little darlings out for some reason – then you mothered the poor dears! Both of us had fun, didn't we?"

Then she turned her glittering eyes on me. "You WILL come and join us – won't you dear?"

I was still dazed, but Sandra had no problems in butting in. "Mother? Do you honestly think we could save enough money if we moved – sold or rented our house?"

"To do what, exactly?" Maxine asked.

"Why – for me to get a maid. Something I've always wanted – but Philip said that our house was too small – and that live in maids were too expensive."

"Makes absolute sense to me dear!" Maxine answered her then looked at me inquisitively. "Can't see why not. Wouldn't that be lovely for you Philip dear? Being king of the hill, with all of us poor women at your command? Then to bring in a lovely young maid to join Lashonda and Penelope so that you have a WHOLE feminine army to do as you wished?"

"Oh mother!" Sandra laughed. "He has enough problems keeping ME satisfied! I doubt if he has the energy for anything else!"

Maxine turned her head slowly, taking all of us in, before she spoke again. "But Sandra darling? What is sauce for the goose may not be suitable for the gander. I have the feeling that our little prince here – Philip – may have the capacity to please ALL of the girls – and women – who may cross his path in the future. Isn't that so, my precious son in law?" She smiled at me.

I could only stare. Somehow frightened of what was transpiring all about me. But Bertha answered, "I have the feeling that you're right Maxine. As always!" She laughed.

"But what about my maid?" Sandra pressed.

There seemed to be some evil in Maxine's face as she replied. "Trust me darling. I have the feeling that getting a pretty maid will be the least of your problems. Don't you agree Philip?"

"It seems that way." I answered, unable to take my eyes off of this strong female character. Felt myself almost drowning in her self confident, limpid, eyes. "But I must put some thought . . ."

"THAT'S a good boy!" she smiled as she interrupted. Patted me as if I were a small dog. Gently leaned over and pulled me in for a soft and luxuriant kiss.

I shook my head and looked around me, coming back to the present. Signs of upheaval were all about me. "Don't know what I'm complaining about!" I said with more confidence than I felt. "It'll be okay I guess."

"Don't worry darling. It'll be wonderful! Just you wait and see." Sandra said, taking my hand. "I think we can get over to our new house now? Just a few little things to do here. Just wait until you see your new office!"

* * *

I don't swear very much but a "Jesus!" escaped me when I saw my new office – that Maxine and Bertha had personally supervised the design and installation as a surprise for me.

"Yes!" Martha said, putting an arm around my shoulder and hugging me into her. "It IS lovely, isn't it?"

I looked at the office space – quite large and nothing to complain about – the French windows open to let in a glorious scent of flowers from the garden – but the windows were curtained in lilac chiffon! The carpet was a pale white and shaggy, the furniture was antique provincial – but spindly and feminine with some pink in the outer cover. The bookshelves were a pale pink – and my desk chair – and Penelope's looked comfortable, but anything but businesslike, covered as they were in a floral chintz. Even the lamp covers were done in soft hues of chiffon – it was such a feminine room that I felt completely out of place.

I heard Sandra come up behind us and let a small giggle out. "I've just seen our bedroom suite Philip – and it's even prettier than this! Absolutely gorgeous! I can't wait until you see it!"

Lashonda came out from the bathroom, her black girth barely making it through the door with her hands on her white on black polka dotted dress – her usual wear – at the hips.

"Lawdie!" She exclaimed at Maxine and Bertha (I often thought she tried to sound like a black film version of a maid, when I knew that her English was just as good as anyone's). "How yo ladies expeck a man to work here? It's like a whorehouse in Noo Olluns!"

"See Bertha? I told you that Philip wouldn't like it. Didn't I? After all that work that you put into it!" Maxine said gently.

“That’s just Lashonda – doing her black mammie act!” Bertha said complacently, then gazed at me. “Philip has hardly said a word! It may not be altogether masculine Philip – but it IS nice – don’t you think?”

I could see Sandra’s mirthful face. She knew that I was caught. Knew that, no way, could I hurt Bertha’s feelings. Not with me being the way I was.

“Looks like it may need some getting used to.” I finally squeaked. “But it really does look very nice!” I could hear the insincerity in every word, but it seemed to get past all of the women. Lashonda looked at me, her eyes round, then shook her head in a sort of denigration of what I’d just said.

I’m still standing there, a captive of Maxine’s. “Well? I never!” She said in astounded tones. “I would never have believed that you would like such a lovely place as this Philip! All this time – and you’ve been hiding a feminine streak from us!”

“Yes ladies!” Sandra said, fighting to keep a straight face. “If he likes here? He’s positively going to DROOL over our lovely bedroom suite!”

“Well?” Maxine said regretfully. “I guess I must admit that I was wrong! I was SO sure that he’d complain Bertha. But why don’t we just amble along and see his reaction – shall we?” And still imprisoned in her arm, I was led off helplessly to the suite that had been prepared for Sandra and myself.

Standing in the bedroom, with Maxine’s arm still holding me close I looked at what had been done.

The bed was a canopied four poster draped in pale white and pink chiffon with the bed itself rising high from the ground and covered in a satin spread of hot pink – with gorgeous dolls in long ornate dresses, scattered around the cover, amongst satin and velvet throw pillows.

The carpet was another egg-shell white shag, deep and fluffy. Drapes – what else – chiffon, with pink the predominant color. Antique furniture – didn’t match of course – but feminine to the extreme.

Helplessly, I found myself being led into the ultra feminine bathroom in pinks and white – perfume bottles and powder boxes scattered all over. A suite made for girls – FEMININE girls at that. Shower caps and lacy, transparent negligees or peignoirs hanging on every available hook.

“Isn’t this just loooovely?” Sandra grinned at me.

“Don’t need to ask him, do we?” Maxine said liltily, shaking me a little. “Like you said Sandra? My sweet little son in law just must feel so much at home here? Isn’t that SO Philip? After all, didn’t he just LOVE his new office?” She was staring at me now, and I knew better than to argue.

"Lovely Maxine." I said, and she gave me a strong little hug of approval.

"But Sandra? I was just thinking?" Maxine said.

"Yes mother?"

"With all this talk about you two saving money? Does Philip really need a car?"

"Ha ha Maxine!" I managed. "Of course I do!"

At that point, she proceeded to put me under her thumb a little bit. Looked at me coldly.

"I sense disagreement Philip? First of all I am older than you – and I don't like to be interrupted. It smacks of disrespect!"

"I'm sorry Maxine." I whispered.

"Second?" she continued as if she'd never been interrupted. "I really don't have a terribly high opinion of males. So when two ladies are talking?" She stared at me and paused.

"Yes Maxine?" I asked softly.

"I don't CARE for us to be interrupted by a MALE! Is that understood?"

"Understood."

"Good. Now Sandra? I was just thinking of all the savings you'd make by selling Philip's car?"

"But how would he get around mother?"

Maxine smiled. "To where – exactly dear? His house is here. His work is as well. You have your car of course – you need it for all of your charity and volunteer work." Then she spoke again, hugging me to her side and giving me a gentle kiss before adding. "But with myself and Bertha here? Why my little darling here has simply to ASK! And we are here for him! What could be simpler? Isn't that so, Philip?"

And as I nodded in meek agreement, I could see clearly, that I was going to be her prisoner – allowed to leave the house simply when SHE wanted me to go.

She smiled slightly as she saw the realization cross my face – and my docile acceptance. Patted my face. "We're all going to have SUCH fun!" she whispered seductively.

A few hours later, Penelope dropped bye. Not to do any real work, just to see her new working space and try out the drive to the new place. As usual, she was dowdy and drab – but excited as all hell when she saw the new office.

"It's so – so – elegant! So lovely!" she sighed at me. Then her eyes widened as Maxine arrived to meet her for the first time. She actually started to CURTSEY!

But Maxine smilingly stopped her, obviously flattered by Penelope's reaction.

"Stop it – you silly girl. I'm just the mother in law of your boss. It's him you need to defer to. Not me."

But Penelope was struck completely. Couldn't take her eyes away while Maxine started to glow and, at the same time took immediate control – which Penelope sucked up like a sponge. Truthfully? I found myself a little jealous – Penelope had always been deferential

to me – but I started to fear that I was perhaps seeing her as a rival for Maxine’s affections? Scary indeed!

“But dear? Why are you making such a plain Jane of yourself – when you’re so obviously gorgeous underneath? I have to ask.” Maxine arched her brows. “I DO like my girls to be as pretty as they can.”

Penelope blushed. “Oh, thank you ma’am. But I really have no sense of . . .”

“Don’t worry about THAT darling. If you’re going to start coming to this house on a regular basis? Perhaps I could guide you a little?”

“Oh, I’d LOVE that!” Penelope gushed.

Maxine had to leave on some business after that, but Penelope was mooning about like a moon struck calf and I knew that I had a lovesick employee on my hands!

That night in our bedroom, Sandra was giggling. “Dear? You should have SEEN you face! The office was bad enough – but when you saw the bedroom? I almost wet my pants!”

“I must admit that I feel like I’m the wrong sex in here.” I laughed.

“Wouldn’t surprise me. Want to borrow one of my nighties? That way you’d fit right in!” She giggled again.

“Hey! Things are bad enough without you piling it on!” I protested.

“Oooh! And when mother put you down about that car? I almost died!” She put on a stern voice. “Don’t you interrupt ladies when they’re talking Philip!” Then her voice reverted to the usual. “Dear? I know that mom is a very intimidating woman but honestly?” She left the rest of the sentence unsaid.

I let a few seconds pass before I admitted. “It IS kind of difficult to stand up to her you know?”

She nodded. “Maybe. Now undo the back of this dress, would you?”

“What did your last servant die of?” I laughed.

“Overwork probably.” She replied. “You can hang it up when I get out of it.”

“Okay,” I said, before I knew what I was saying, suddenly aware that she might not be kidding now.

The following day was the day that the disaster began. I was already feeling the pinch and the fact that Maxine and Sandra discussed the selling of my car at the breakfast table didn’t make me feel any better, especially as Maxine gave me ‘that’ look that told me to be quiet – and like the little wuss that I was fast becoming, I sat there and heard my wife agree that she would have the sale taken care of quickly., and nodded meekly when Maxine ‘asked’ me if that would be alright. That was bad enough, but worse was to follow.

I’d retreated – that was the only word – to the office. For the first time, I was in there by myself and fully realized what a feminine ambience I was surrounded by. Definitely felt

peculiar walking around, familiarizing myself with the layout of the place, where my law books were – that sort of thing. Felt decidedly queasy – a sort of fright. What the hell was I doing there!

Penelope came in – a sort of return to normal for a minute. She busied herself getting oriented for a while, looking sort of funny at me. On top of that, she looked different.

“You been doing something Penelope?” I asked. “You don’t look the same.”

She blushed. “Nothing much.” She said. “My eyebrows maybe? I thought they could use a plucking?”

“Mmmm.” I said.

“Just LOVE this new office! It looks so pretty!” she said enthusiastically.

“Glad you like it!” Bertha said, coming in. “You must be Penelope. Maxine was telling me about you.”

Penelope blushed again and met Bertha who refused a handshake and kissed her instead and the two of them made small talk for a moment.

I certainly was NOT happy at Bertha just breaking into my office and was looking for the right words when she turned her attention to me.

“Philip dear? You look all peaked. Do you feel alright?”

“Yes. Well – maybe the change? I don’t know?” I actually felt fine – it was just that she was SO motherly that it seemed all wrong to argue.

“Penelope darling? Be a dear and get me a glass of water, will you?” Bertha asked. “We’ll soon have my little bunnykins feeling just right!”

Penelope blinked to hear me described that way, but from somewhere, Bertha had brought out a small bottle of pills and was shaking a small one out.

“Now Philip? Just get this down you – and you’ll be right as rain in nothing flat.”

I felt that backing away showed how frightened I really was, but licked my lips. “Oh Bertha! I have this thing about taking drugs and. .”

By this time, Penelope had returned with a glass of water.

“Thank you dear child.” Bertha said to Penelope. “Now Philip? Enough of this nonsense! Take this pill and wash it down with the water. Trust me!”

“What is it for?” I asked weakly as I did as she said and swallowed the pill.

“Make you feel better. Just give it a second.” She said.

Then she took my hand. “Why not come over here onto this couch and rest a minute. Bertha has to leave, but will be back in a few seconds. Just sit here. Okay?”

Actually, whatever that pill was, I thought – I was definitely feeling more comfy by the second. “That sure is something Bertha!” I found myself giggling a little bit. “What is it?” Then I found myself sitting down on the couch, feeling as if my limbs had turned to water.

I’m not too sure how long I was there. Not very long, because Maxine came in and met Penelope with ‘hello’ kisses.

"I'm a little concerned about Philip?" Penelope said. "He's acting rather strangely."

"Oh dear!" Maxine laughed. "Bertha given him one of her pills? Not already!"

"Of course I did!" Bertha said. "Got fed up waiting. He took that pill like the cute little bunny he is!"

"You mean – like the cute little bunny he is GOING to be?" Maxine smiled and came over and stood in front of me.

"Same thing!" Bertha laughed as she assembled some large wooden thing in a corner.

"Penelope? Come here dear, would you?" Maxine said, taking one finger and putting it under my chin. Lifting my face up. Then in a sort of fog I could see Maxine and Penelope looking down at me.

"You don't have anything for Penelope to do – not for a little while. Do you Trixiebelles?" Maxine asked me.

"Trixiebelles?" Penelope laughed as I realized who I was and shook my head.

"Just one of the names that my sister likes. So as the pair of them are going to be busy for a while? Why don't you and I get to know each other better? You and Philip have SUCH potential! But Philip looks like he'll be busy for a little time."

"Are you sure?" Penelope asked, but Bertha had moved in underneath me now in some way, and I was sitting on her lap.

"Absolutely!" She laughed, putting a fairly large bag beside her on the couch. "My little flower is coming along just prettily!" And now she was putting a hand on my crotch! In front of the two other women! I was dazed, but still capable of blushing.

"Would you look at that blush!" Bertha cried out happily. "Any second NOW!"

"Oh dear Penelope. We may as well stay for the show now. That okay Bertha?"

"Absolutely!" Bertha repeated with gusto. "I love this bit!"

Suddenly, I wanted to urinate. The urge was very strong. I licked my lips and managed to get my lips around the best smile I could manage.

"Please Bertha?" I mumbled softly.

"Yes my little pussy cat?"

"Would you mind letting me up – just for a second?"

"What for, my little pussy?"

"I have to go!" I said, realizing that I didn't have time and starting to struggle. With a terrible shame running through me, I realized that Bertha was hugging me to her lap – and was far too strong for me. On top of that, I could see Maxine looking at me with an amused expression and Penelope with a sort of dumbfounded look as I struggled ineffectually against the strong, motherly, arms that surrounded me..

"Go pee pee?" Bertha asked.

"Oh yes!" I said, pleading now.

"Little Trixiebelles have to learn to ask properly. Now what do you want, little puss?" she cooed at me.

"Please can I go to the bathroom Bertha?" and I was starting to cry now, feeling a little seepage start in my crotch.

"Little Trixiebelle shouldn't cry. Mummy Bertha going to change her pretty soon. Okay?"

Please – please?" was all I could say as my control left me and I could feel the warm liquid soak all around me. I was crying in earnest now and I felt Bertha start to remove my soaking pants, pulling off my shoes and socks. I could not look at the other two women, feeling SO ashamed – but worse was to follow.

Bertha had worked herself out from underneath me and had now cradled me in her arms and lifted me to a changing table – not the thing I'd seen before – which looked to be some sort of high chair – and put me flat on my back. Then Maxine was looking down on me. "I much prefer grown ups – but you look SO cute! Maxine wants to give little bunnykins a kiss!" And she leaned over and gave me a kiss. Then she stood back. "Want to give little pussy here a kiss Penelope?"

"No. No. I don't think so." I heard my assistant mumble.

"You'll hurt little Trixiebelle's feelings. She'll think you don't like her!" Bertha said.

"Her?" Penelope said weakly.

"A weakness of mine!" Bertha admitted. "I always wanted a baby girl – they get to dress MUCH nicer than little boys."

"And just you wait until you see what Bertha can do!" Maxine laughed. "C'mon Penelope. I've got some clothes you might want to look at."

"Oh, I'd LOVE that ma'am" Penelope breathed at her.

"Maxine – you silly girl! Call me MAXINE!" and then all I could see was the ceiling.

"We'll be back later!" I heard Maxine say.

"Take your time!" Bertha laughed.

They probably took almost two hours and I couldn't altogether blame Penelope for the horrified giggle she made, even though she tried to stifle it with her fist in her mouth. You see, Bertha had finally trained me to be – and act – as she wanted me to be. It hadn't taken her long. She had totally undressed me until I was completely nude. As I had started recovering from the effects that the pill I started to complain.

She hadn't spoken a word until she had spanked me on my bare ass so completely that tears were running down my cheeks.