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WAGES OF SHAME

By Stella Satin

Ralphie grinned at me. “Could go for another cattle call, so I could. How’s about you?”

I played it cool – as if I wasn’t interested. “Want more pussy? That it? I’d have thought you’d be worn down to the nubs since the last one. And you know kid? We don’t want to overdo it. Don’t want Megs and Alice finding out – do we?”

He grinned. “Listen to Saint Larrie! Think I don’t know that Megs ain’t giving you any at home? I’ll bet that you’re just as horny as me. Maybe even worse!” He took a gulp of his drink. “Don’t ever try to bullshit a bullshitter.” Then he yelled. “Hey WANDA? Time

you got your sweet ass in gear. How's about another drink for old Ralph?"

A few seconds passed and I saw his mouth forming to yell again, when Wanda, our secretary came out – with two drinks in glasses in her hands. She gave me a smile.

"Thought I'd save me a trip. Figured you'd be ready for another by now Larry. Want it?"

"Good thinking Wanda!" I grinned, emptying my own and taking the glass she proffered. She made an approximation of a smile at me, though her eyes were cold when she looked at Ralph.

She's tall and although black with a tendency to protruding teeth, is a real looker. Ralph and I had taken her on when we were struggling documentary film makers but an Oscar some years before had put us on top. A few fairly good films since, and Ralph and I were having life pretty soft. Although she isn't as well qualified as most secretaries are in Hollywood these days, we had kept Wanda on. Paid her a pretty damn good salary, even though we'd started hearing feminist bullshit coming from her now and then. In some ways I knew she was probably right. In my heart of hearts, knew that my partner and I were more conceited than we had any right to be. Secretly, I was also pretty sure that both of us were paying back the female sex for the rough times we'd had with girls from our early teens.

Let's face it. I knew that our 'cattle calls' as we called them were just phony excuses for Ralph and I to get laid. We made a pretense of 'hiring' all sorts of people for the making of our next film, but it was total nonsense. We HAD all of our important people on contract – but we usually picked a few girls as 'personal assistants' – paid them peanuts and screwed the living

shit out of them for as long as we could. Wanda had seen our (so called 'cattle-calls) of this nature increase over the years. I was learning not to have her involved in them any more than we could help – it had actually got down to me threatening to fire her if she didn't shut up! Ralph's a nice guy – but knew of her tendency to get angry on those occasions – but instead of shutting up about it, he'd often tease her about it. Neither he nor I are very large physically – and one time, I think she was close to punching him out. Probably could have done it as well – though I'd never tell him that – touchy little guy.

Wanda stopped and looked down on us lolling around. "You don't seem to be worried about this lady caller who's due. Dr. Judith Mills. Normally you guys are falling all over anybody when it comes to funding." She gave us an innocent look. "Or maybe you've become all rich and haven't told ME about it?"

"Knock off this sweet shit Wanda! Think that we don't know that you know everything about us?" Ralph was pretending seriousness.

I gave him a look. This was an area that I didn't want her to even suspect what we'd been up to – and he was playing a little too coy for my liking. It didn't seem to be doing much good, so I spoke up.

"Ralph's just being nice, Wanda." I broke in to change the subject. "Doesn't want to admit his sexist feelings to this female doctor."

"Yeah!" Ralph broke in excitedly. "Never heard of her. We checked her out – and all we can find out is that she's CEO of some stupid feminist movement thing. From what you've told us, we think she's after us to make a documentary about her group." He sniggered. "Probably wants us to do a documentary on a

bunch of lesbians. Probably thinks we can do it for a few hundred thousand dollars!"

Wanda sighed heavily. "Lookit! You guys do great work. That documentary you did – 'Las Putas' about the Mexican whores in Los Angeles? Fantastic! A solid, non-judgmental, piece of film reporting. I think she's looking for you to examine another part of female life." She shook her head. "Is that so wrong?"

I could see that Ralph was ready to make some other sexist remark to get our secretary all wound up, so interposed.

"Wanda? Ralph isn't so wrong when he questions this woman's ideas of what a decent documentary would cost. We won an Oscar for Putas – but we were hungry, and did a lot of the work ourselves. Nowadays?" I shrugged. "We're a lot more successful and can pick and choose what we want to do. Hire a lot of experts . . ."

"As long as you get the financing to pay for them!" Wanda broke in with a smile.

"Got THAT right!" I laughed in return. "But keep in mind that we have to try and avoid getting type-cast in what subjects we choose and . . ."

"Yeah! We're not exactly feminists!" Ralph brayed.

"You can say that again!" Wanda laughed, despite herself. Shook her head.

We all laughed and I could feel the tension leave the room. Looked at my watch. "So, when 's she due?"

"Pretty soon." Wanda said. "Mind if I tidy up a little? This woman is gonna think she's looking at a pig sty!"

“Be our guest!” Ralph stated grandly. “Though my thinking is that she should see what we expect to give her.”

He said it jocularly and, considering what had just happened, I didn’t think that what he said was out of place – but suddenly, I saw a flash of ‘something’ - real dislike? That was in and out of Wanda’s eyes in a split second. She sighed.

“Hope you don’t mind?” She said to Ralph. “I tidied up your office a smidgin.” Then to me. “Hope you don’t mind either.” She looked around. “You’re due to meet her in the main Conference room, so I can clean up a little here while you meet with her. You might want to show her around? After you talk?”

Ralph voiced what was starting to cross my mind. “What’s UP Wanda? You’re acting like a cat on a hot tin roof. This broad’s nobody special, that I can see. Chances are that she won’t give us the time of day once she hears what a film would cost her.”

“Oh, nothing.” She replied airily. “I think I hear her car outside just now. I’ve just heard some good things about her I guess. Better go and check.” She disappeared, leaving my office and heading for the reception area.

“Better chugalug that drink Ralph.” I said following my own words to the letter and placing the empty glass down.

“Christ Larry! You’re starting to sound like Wanda!” He laughed, but did as I suggested. “Better fix your tie?” He said seriously, then laughed as I put my hands to the neck of my sports shirt – where there was no tie. “Gotcha!” He chortled.

Wanda was leading Judith Mills – excuse ME – DOCTOR Judith Mills into our small conference room as we got there. I noticed immediately that Wanda, though not falling over herself was being very deferential to this woman. Sneakily checking her out, I had to admit that she DID seem to have ‘something’. Certainly not pin-up pretty. Well dressed in a dark tweed skirt suit, surprisingly high heeled shoes, white blouse. By no means a knockout – but she moved with a quiet confidence and had an easy aura of command about her. A little on the plump side. On the far side of forty I thought – but looked about mid thirties. Hair next to immaculate. A few small pieces of nice jewelry. She wasn’t shy about sizing Ralph nor myself up as we were introduced and made small talk while Wanda got us all coffee.

“Shall we all get down to business?” She finally asked once we had the coffee in front of us.

“Good!” Ralph said. “I really hate all of the bullshit that we normally have to go through when we start out. Let’s get it ON!”

She looked at him calmly and spoke firmly. “I know that this is Hollywood – but I expect men around me to have good manners. I’m willing to have you gentlemen do a documentary on my group – but you will NOT use any form of bad language in your dealings with me.”

Ralph blinked and I knew that he was about to answer in his normal, bad tempered way, so broke in and headed him off.

“Excuse us ma’am. We have no intention of being rude. It is just the language of the trade. We mean no offense. We are, after all, just workers even though we head up our firm. We offer a service to desiring people

- if we have nothing to take our minds up at the moment – which we don't. We ARE expensive but to be honest, we are not accustomed to dealing with non-Hollywood types. In all fairness, I have to say that we may occasionally revert to our normal way of expressing ourselves. If that offends you to the point that you don't wish to deal with us?" I shrugged. "So be it. It has been a pleasure meeting you." I motioned my head at the door.

She blinked at my honesty – then to my amazement, smiled openly. Shrugged. "Hell. It was just me trying to see how you guys reacted to a bossy woman. Don't get me wrong – don't ever use unnecessary profanity around me – but I have some questions about costs. Can I ask?"

Ralph smiled. "You know honey? I think we can get along. What do you need to know?"

Maybe it was the light? I didn't know, but I saw a look cross her eyes for a split fraction of a second. I actually shuddered! This broad could be scary! Then I laughed to myself. 'Getting stupid' I thought. Just an elderly woman – more on the plump side than a lot of the would-be starlets we were accustomed to – but just a woman after all!

But Dr. Mills was no dummy, I learned. Her questions were sharp and to the point. A few times, Ralph tried to bullshit her, but she would look at him quietly – and the two of them would laugh – then get back to business. Frankly, I was like Ralph. Thought she'd die of fright when she saw our projected costs – but shook us instead when the amount quoted didn't seem of much consequence to her. Looked at the standard table that we had Wanda bring in. I knew damn well it was high, but felt it wise to get off the subject for a little

while – let me have a chance to talk with Ralph in private. So, pressing a little, I finally tried to have her tell us in on what she actually wanted.

“Look Judith,” I said seriously. “I’ll be honest. Neither Ralph nor I thought you were doing anything but daydreaming when we first talked. We didn’t take you seriously, but now – speaking for myself? I think you may be interested. But we HAVE to be interested in the subject matter as well. Ralph and I are professionals and we don’t have the slightest idea of what your major theme is. You must understand? If we don’t like what you want? We are simply NOT interested. We DO have the power to reject your concept, so I think it only fair . . .” I paused, dramatically.

She answered. “Good point. What you’re asking of me is a little earlier than I’d anticipated. You two guys have a fantastic reputation –but you’re well known as being sexist . . .”

“Who SAYS?” Ralph asked belligerently.

“C’mon! Just about everybody!” She replied. “I just wanted to interview the pair of you to make sure that your sexist ideas didn’t get in the way . . .”

“Get in the way of WHAT?” I found myself joining in.

She drew herself back in her chair. “I’m CEO of DOMANON.” She said simply. “A feminist group, I guess you could call us. We think it time that the American woman got to know that we exist! Think that an honest documentary on our beliefs and methods of doing things will enable us to expand. Take our rightful place in the structure of this country!”

Ralph and I looked at each other, having a hard time keeping our mouths straight. Couldn't help giggling a little. "Huh?" We asked in conjunction.

She was more than a little pissed off. "I can give you a half million more than you asked – once our accountant has checked your figures. The money doesn't scare me at all – I just won't allow anybody to screw us. DOMANON preaches the right of women to hold their rightful place in society. We have NO objection to strength – not REAL strength. We simply want women to have their rightful place in society. Do either of you have a problem with THAT theme?" She was glaring at us now.

I was intimidated – and so was Ralph. This woman was obviously speaking from a heart felt conviction! A power of positive thinking that Ralph and I had lost many years before. I found myself shaking my head in some agreement with what she was saying – and saw my partner do exactly the same thing. I laughed quietly to myself. Considering the women-haters that my partner and I were? This woman was doing a fantastic job!

"Whoa!" I said. Holding my hands up. "You need to look at our financial figures once we have an idea of what's needed. Ralph and I need to talk. I can't speak for him, but I know that you've opened my eyes up. Why don't we just call it a day – get back together next week? We'll give you a sample of our costs for a recent film – just to give you an idea."

Both my companions nodded in agreement though Judith did say. "That's okay for the serious stuff like money. But I still have some questions as to what camera equipment you own – and what you lease. Studio space and suchlike. Sound equipment. Would you

mind giving me a walk through? I've never seen a working studio before."

I think that Ralph wanted to talk to me in private as much as I did, so once he nodded agreement, we all relaxed and started showing Judith through our rooms of equipment, little areas we used for sound mixing – even our tiny sound stage. At no time did she ask anything that wasn't intelligent and I ended up being very impressed. Finally, we all parted amicably after shaking hands. "I'll get my accountants to look into your cost figures, but I can't see much that will get in our way. I know that you don't mind me looking after the financial issues for my organization. I just hate to get screwed. You know what I mean?" Judith looked us straight in the eye as she said this.

Ralph and I managed to keep straight faces as we assured her that we thoroughly understood. Once she left, we headed into our most private office after making ourselves stiff drinks.

"Shit! That broad has a brain on her!" Ralph said, taking a hefty pull of his drink. "I would NOT like to cross her!" He pretended to shudder.

"Think we could say we made a mistake on the sheets we gave her?" I asked. "Lower the costs?"

"I'd say it was a damned smart move." Ralph admitted. "But WHERE? We showed her our cost sheets for the other documentaries and they're all a matter of public record. If we admit that we're scamming her anywhere? It would be like admitting how we fucked over anyone who ever appeared in our documentaries. Our previous clients included! She'd have us over a barrel!"

“Shit!” I said, taking a strong pull at my own drink. “Maybe she’ll turn us down.” I brightened. “Even better? Maybe she’ll have lousy accountants too?”

Ralph laughed doubtfully. “Maybe. I know it sounds crazy, but I have the feeling that the group she’s talking about – Domanon – is into some serious shit! Also have the feeling that we’d have to keep our heads down – but from what little I can see, it would appear to be a fantastic subject. I definitely think that she was maybe hiding as much from us as we were hiding money matters from her?”

“I got a touch of the same feeling.” I admitted. “But lets just settle back and see what happens, huh?”

“Can’t think of anything better to do.” My partner said. Laughed. Took a pull from his drink.

The shit didn’t hit the fan until three nights later.

Megs and I were sitting and just finishing dinner. It wasn’t our normal chilly silence, but it was close. Maria the maid had just served us coffee which warmed the atmosphere and was really nice. She was a pretty little thing I thought for the umpteenth time, taking in her pleasant Latino complexion and trim build inside her maid dress of black satin and white lace apron. Meg KNEW that Maria would have absolutely nothing to do with me – so dressed her as prettily as she possibly could.

I think she thought that I would be frustrated in seeing such a pretty little thing around that I couldn’t touch – but if truth were to be told, Maria provided the only nice touch to the house. I guess that Megs and I had been in love when we first married, but that was long gone. Now it wasn’t armed warfare – but it was just as close to that as we could get. Maria was friendly

only to Megs, but she couldn't be too frosty with me. It would be extremely nasty in the long run, but I could still probably fire her. I think that both of us knew that.

The doorbell rang and we all looked at each other in surprise. I live in Holmby Hills which is one of the areas where the better-off Hollywood types live. Regardless of the nonsense printed about the social life – most of the people associated with film are early to bed and early to rise on most nights. Social calls at that time of night are always prepared for by telephone in advance and we'd had no idea of any visitors. With a look at each other, Megs and I knew that neither of us had set anything up. Maria excused herself and headed for the front door. A few minutes later, she came back with a dainty little woman in tow.

She curtsied. "I'm sorry, but this lady said that she had a very important message from a Dr. Judith Mills that had to be delivered to the senor." She passed me an apologetic glance. "I hope this is alright sir? But I had heard you mention the good doctor and didn't think you'd like me to keep the lady waiting."

"No problem whatsoever Maria!" I said gallantly as I stood then introduced my wife Meg to her – her name was Barbara - across the table. Then she proffered a hand – and I took it and as I started to introduce myself formally, she started to squeeze!

"Uh – Eh – Oooh!" I found myself saying as I started to wilt under the tremendous pressure that she was exerting on my hand! I stared at her in agony until I finally found my tongue. "Eh Barbara? WHAT are you DOING? Would you please let go?"

Megs looked on. Her incredulous look becoming almost laughter as my knees started to buckle with the

pain. Then she recovered. "Having fun, you two? Like me to leave, Barbara?" She was as coy as could be.

"Absolutely NOT!" Barbara said, starting to head back to my chair – and I certainly had no choice but to follow where she led me.

Barbara continued as we went. She had a lovely, soft, feminine voice, even though she belied this with her grip of steel, speaking over her shoulder as she led me. "I know this must seem strange, Megs but I think it would be a good idea if Maria was to stay here as well? I'm pretty sure that what I have to say will be of vital interest to both of you." Then she smiled at me. "Sit on your chair please."

The pain desisted for a split second and I hastily sat down though I felt that any disobedience on my part would start the agony again. She beamed at me for a second then turned her attention back to the women. "Larry is being SO obedient! I can tell that he won't bother me much." Then she smiled at me again. "Larry darling? If you'll take my clutch bag from under my arm – and open it please?"

"Like this?" I asked using my free hand to open the handbag.

"Perfect!" She cooed. "Now see those handcuffs on the top?"

"Yes."

"They're open just now." She smiled tenderly. "Now handcuff the hand that I'm holding to your chair, and click them shut. Okay?"

"Do you think . ." I started, then squealed as the pain in my hand grew more intense. Didn't say any more and cuffed my self securely to the chair as quickly as I could. Sighed in immediate relief as she let

go. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed, seemingly delighted. "Now I can concentrate on the ladies for a while. So just sit there, like a good little sissy!"

"Sissy?" Megs laughed. "Don't think he'll like that very much!"

Barbara shrugged carelessly. "You'll see. He'll get used to it very quickly." She delved into her purse and produced a long envelope. This she opened up and took a few sheets of computer print out from it. Handed it over to Megs. "This is a summary of your husband's financial statement." She sniggered. "Or should I say. Shenanigans!"

"I'm not really into . ." Megs started, then, "Wait a minute. . . ."

"Can I suggest that Maria sit while you take it in?" Barbara asked as Megs started doing good old-fashioned double takes. "This may take a few minutes – and for reasons that will become obvious, I don't think it a good idea for a woman to stand while a sissy sits."

Megs scarcely looked up, obviously entranced by the spreadsheets. "Oh. Sure. That's okay!" Finally after a moment or two she looked up. "I see how this is put together. Very clear. Has his business account, our joint checking and our joint savings. But what is this "CI" heading?"

"Cayman Islands. That's his account there. It's an off-shore account. Set up to eliminate taxes."

"But I don't understand." Meg continued. "I'm assuming that this date is the date it was opened – and these others are the date of various transactions." She looked at me. "How come I don't know anything about this account? Is it some sort of business account? Held joint with Ralph?"

"No." Barbara answered for me. "Ralph has an account as well – just like it."

"But I don't understand?" Meg shook her head. "This is the balance in his Cayman account? SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND CHANGE?"

"You should maybe ask him?" Barbara answered smoothly.

"I have the feeling I don't want to talk to this son of a bitch!" Megs said coldly. She stared at me. "Getting ready to cheat on me? That what I'm seeing here?"

"Don't think so." Barbara said honestly. "Doctor Judith is my boss and expects one of the most thorough check on anyone she does business with. She thinks, and I agree, that he and his partner are just playing it safe in case you get divorced and . . ."

"I don't think there's ANY question about that now!" Megs retorted angrily. "I'm going to make his life a misery. Make him wish . . ."

"Please?" Barbara held her hand up. "It's obvious that he's not been a perfect husband. You can . . ."

"PERFECT? Little bastard!" Megs stormed.

"Please?" Barbara repeated. "I work for Dr. Judith Mills. She's CEO of DOMANON. We make men into perfect little husbands. Honest. From what I've seen already, I'm SURE he won't be the slightest bother to us. That's one of the reasons I'm here tonight."

Megs was puzzled. "I didn't understand that handshake thingamabob. Now that I think on it. What were you doing there? I know that Larry's no tower of strength, but he sure paid attention to you." Megs laughed. "That's a trick I wouldn't mind learning."

Barbara shrugged. "It's bit more than a trick actually. A form of karate that specializes in nerve endings and points. I DID make his hand very painful. The little dear learned very quickly to do as I suggested." She patted my cheek. "Isn't that so, darling?" Then she laughed out loud as I gritted my teeth and didn't answer.

"So let me explain a little." She continued. "Your husband and his partner have been skimming money from their customers, over and above the legitimate profits they make for years. Instead of letting the wives know? Those naughty little men have been hiding those monies instead."

"Bastards!" Megs broke in angrily. "You're not saying that your boss is STILL considering having these guys make a documentary for them? After all this cheating and so on?"

"My boss." Barbara laughed "is NO dummy! Think about it this way. She finds out that someone who has skills that she wants – has been trying to cheat her!" She cocked her head. "So now she can take the high moral ground – knowing full well that if they even TRY? She can report them to the tax man. Probably put them away for a long, long, time."

"But that's blackmail?" Meg said thoughtfully.

"Yes. And I for one wouldn't blame Judith one bit for wanting to get her own back – but there's something else."

"And that is?"

"Our society – DOMANON – seeks to 'educate' men into realizing their proper place in the scheme of things." She grinned. "And your husband Larry and his friend Ralph have been very naughty little boys."

Have never really appreciated women. I'd suggest that you might want to take advantage of them after we've finished . .? "

"You can say THAT again!" Megs laughed. "Can't keep their dicks in their pants!"

"EXACTLY!" Barbara laughed. "That's why I wanted to talk to you – and Maria – tonight."

"Maria? No offense to you dear." My wife looked at her maid, then back to Barbara. "But why Maria?"

"What we recommend that happens is that we want to embarrass and humiliate your husband – and doing it in front of all the women in the house means an awful lot."

"But ma'am?" He'd fire me the moment you left." Maria spoke up for the first time in a while.

Barbara answered her. "Trust me dear. That is not going to happen. If your mistress gives me the go ahead, you will find that the structure in this house changes after tonight." Barbara came over and patted my cheek lovingly. "He'll be SO respectful of women – ANY woman – after tonight. You'll find out how nice it can be to have a perfect man around to do your bidding."

Megs grinned. "This I gotta SEE! How long will it TAKE?"

"You're positive?" Barbara asked.

"Where do you want me to sign!" Megs laughed again.

"What about you?" Barbara asked Maria.

"I'm with Mistress!" Maria laughed. "I think I'd like to see this."

“Good!” Barbara laughed and came over to me again and carelessly un-cuffed me from the chair.

I had been waiting my chance. The handcuff wasn't too tight and I'd been clenching and unclenching my fist to make sure that my circulation wasn't impaired. It wasn't and as I'd listened to the conversation between the three women, I'd been burning with shame and humiliation. I HAD to reaffirm my dominance over those sniggering females. I must admit that I've never been into physical violence – but they'd just gone TOO far!

Barbara had turned her back on me and I must admit that what I did was cowardly, but face it – I was a little scared of her. Wanted her weak from the first minute. Swung a hard fist at the back of her head – didn't care if I burst my hand. HAD to knock the fight out of her immediately.

But it was as if she could actually see my move. Suddenly, she wasn't there – and my fist was swinging through nothing but air! Then, her smiling face was in front of me.

“Tut Tut!” She giggled. “And I thought that you would be as good as gold!” With that, she stepped into me – and simply laid a forefinger on my left forearm!

The pain didn't last for more than a second or two – but it was excruciating. Then my whole arm was numb. I stared at her – then to my own horror, knew that I was starting to weep!

“Jesus Christ!” Megs said, incredulous. “Larry, what on earth . . .”

But I was talking to Barbara as she came towards me, her forefinger poised again. “Please Barbara?” I asked, obviously weeping as I pleaded – but she

touched my right arm – and after a few seconds of extreme pain I was effectively paralyzed about both arms.

“You sorry Larry?” Barbara asked softly.



“Yes. Yes! I’m sorry!” I answered as sincerely as I could.

“Going to do what Barbara asks you to do?”

“Oh yes Barbara!” I sobbed truthfully.

“That’s a GOOD little sissy. Why don’t you sit down again and let Barbara make you nice and comfy. Back in your chair please?”

I sat and she immediately started taking my shoes and socks off! As the shoes were loafer type, they were no problem. I had no idea of what she was doing, but had the feeling that I certainly wasn’t going to enjoy it.

“I really AM quite comfortable Barbara?” I whimpered.

“Silly!” She said fondly. “I want to humiliate and embarrass you some more. Now you just HAVE to learn that when a real woman wants something? You have to ENJOY making her happy. Do you understand that?”

“Yes Barbara!” I said, almost weeping again.

“Oh dear! You’re just a sad little sissy. Aren’t you?” She cooed. “Starting to cry like a little girl – but that’s what little weak sissy boys do, is it not? Cry like little girls?”

She was standing between me and the women so I couldn’t see them, but I could hear the two of them start to snigger as I nodded in agreement and meekly said. “Yes Barbara.”

She stepped to one side. “Matter of fact? You can ask the two ladies if they want me to keep humiliating you. Would you like to do that?”

"I don't know Barbara." I said, suddenly aware of what the answer could be, but she prodded me gently with a finger and then laughed gleefully as I shied away from her in pure fright. "Don't be scared of big, bad, Barbara dear. You're going to be the very best little sissy for Barbara and the two ladies, aren't you?"

"Please Barbara. Don't do this. I'm sorry." I sniffled.

"That's why you should be asking both of them – nicely – for me to treat you nicely. After all, you know that Megs is the boss in this house. Then, of course, is Maria. You know this now, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Very well! Why don't you ask them now?"

Tearily I looked at Megs. "Please Megs. I know that you must be mad at me, but..."

"You SILLY little sissy" Barbara stormed – and an awful pain shot through my shoulder. "She's your Mistress now! Unless she tells you different, you will call her exactly that! You don't have to curtsy just yet – you're not properly dressed but..."

"Curtsey?" Megs brayed out a laugh. "This is starting to sound like fun!"

"Of COURSE!" Barbara laughed. "This little sissy is yours now – and to a lesser extent, Maria's. I'm suggesting that he calls you Mistress – and Maria as 'Miss Maria'. Don't you agree?"

Megs looked at Maria, and they both burst out laughing. "Sounds just about right to me!" Megs finally managed.

"Very well sissy!" Barbara said. "I think that you can talk to your ladies now. Go ahead."

“Mistress?” I asked Megs brokenly. “Barbara’s hurting me and embarrassing me. She says she will stop if you ask her? Please ask her. I’ll be good!”

Megs face took on a thoughtful look. “I can see that she’s hurting you – but as you seem to have been a little pansy for years – and hid that - and..” She waved the spread sheets in the air. . . .”other things? I find it hard to believe that she’s really hurting you.” Her voice grew scornful. “Crying and blubbering like a little girl!” She turned to Maria. “You think we should ask Barbara to stop?”

Maria looked innocent. “Stop what?”

“Good question!” Megs laughed. Turned to me. “What is Barbara supposed to stop doing?”

“Hurting and humiliating me. Please stop her Meg - I mean Mistress!”

“Well Maria and I think that you’re just being a little sissy! You can’t even tell us what all the noise you are making is about! Crying about nothing. Maybe Barbara should give you something to cry about!”

“Oh I will. I WILL! I’m sure little Larry here is going to have something to cry about.” Barbara giggled. “Come to mummy then, my little pansy! Let’s make you comfortable! Just like I was going to do before you started making all this fuss!”

In a futile way, I tried to stop her as she slowly undressed me. I never gave her enough reason to hurt me again, but she waved my weak attempts to stop her with comments about how weak and feminine I was behaving. Didn’t I agree that my clothes were just TOO masculine for me? I didn’t answer but it wasn’t too long before I was back to standing in front of the two giggling and snorting women, stark naked, my hands

crossed over my privates and blushing modestly. Then she made me drop my hands and pirouette in front of the ladies – as if I was showing off my masculinity. Believe me, I wasn't. I'm not overly well developed down there to begin with – and the shame and humiliation was making me even smaller.

"There, there, there." Barbara cooed at me sympathetically as she finally stopped me. "Embarrassed?"

"Yes – yes – Barbara." I gulped, right on the point of tears again.

"I understand! I truly do!" She said. "Would you like something to cover yourself with?"

I didn't trust her in the slightest, but what was I supposed to say? "Yes Barbara, please?" I answered.

"Lovely!" She smiled. "Take my hand!"

Unwillingly, I did so – and found myself being led to the side of the table where Megs and Maria sat, their eyes just as puzzled as my own must have been – except they had a LOT more humor in theirs.

"I was just thinking Maria?" Barbara asked slowly.

"Yes?"

"Have you finished for the night – clearing up I mean?"

"Maria looked around. "Well. Almost. Isn't much left."

Barbara pulled me forward a little. "Well? I'd just BET that our little sissy here would be DELIGHTED to clean up for you!"

Maria giggled. Looked at Megs. "Well I don't . . ."

Barbara interrupted her. "But he just SAID that he'd like to cover up is nakedness – and if you weren't using that pretty lace apron?"

"Oh NO.O.O .O!" I moaned seeing what she was offering.

But it didn't do me any good. Megs didn't hide her contempt for me now as I docilely let a giggling Maria divest herself of her white lace apron and put it over my head. Then turn me around – and fussed with the bow until she got it – perfect! Nothing would do now but that Maria had to take off her silly maid's cap and pin it securely on my head. She stood back, proud and flushed – knowing full well that the position of female girl servant had now was now temporarily mine. To my shame, I started to weep a little. She stepped forward and kissed me softly. "Nothing to cry about!" She whispered, though loud enough for everyone to hear. "Nothing wrong with being a maid! Lot's of us girls do it!"

"I know you're not dressed properly for it dear." Barbara said to Maria. "But as he probably doesn't know his way around the kitchen. Think you could bring me two long spatulas? If you have them, of course?"

"No problem." Maria answered. "Long handles?"

"Perfect!" Barbara answered. Maria smiled and took off.

"While she's gone? Let me explain something to you." Barbara said to Megs. "You probably have the idea already, but I'd just like to reinforce it if it's okay?"

"Be my guest." Megs said.

"I've humiliated your husband – but even though neither you or Maria will forget it. He will. Trust me!"

“You’re KIDDING!” Megs laughed.

“Nah. Experience has shown us time and time again that you can shame the hell out of men, but sooner or later they manage to ‘explain’ it to themselves. Start getting all cocky again.”

“But? Do I hear a ‘but’ in what you’re saying?” Megs asked.

Barbara nodded. “Exactly! He’ll get all cocky and out of line – IF YOU LET HIM!”

“I don’t think I want that to happen – not one bit!” Megs said angrily. “I owe this little shit a LOT – and I want him to suffer. I’ve no intention of letting him get bossy again. But if you have any tips? I’ll listen.”

At that point, Maria came back in waving two spatulas – the kind with the wide plastic blades. “These do?” She asked Barbara.

“Perfect! I was just explaining to Megs that if you gals want to keep Larry in his proper place? You have to work at it. She’s okay, but what about you?” Barbara took the spatulas from her as she asked.

Maria took a big breath in through her nose. “It’s okay with me – but just as long as the boss goes along.”

“Oh I do! – I DO!” Megs said.

“Good!” Barbara said, looking at her watch. “Now this has been a lot easier than I thought it would be – so now I think I have time to get over to Ralphy baby tonight. Strike while the iron is hot, so to speak. The only thing is I have to leave it with you ladies. First of all. Megs? Is there one thing – a little one – that he does to drive you nuts?”

“Hundreds of them.” Megs said. “But one is his CONSTANT bitching about how much time I spend

putting on makeup! Never misses a chance! Nag, nag, goddamn nag!”

Barbara nodded then turned. “How about you, Maria?”

“Not much. Mistress protects me from him a lot. But he’s always on at me about his underwear. Never cleaned right. Never ironed properly!”

“This is SO easy!” Barbara crowed. She turned to Megs. “I’m afraid that you and Maria are going to have to spank him to tears with your spatulas!”

“A pleasure!” Megs laughed. Maria didn’t look too sure.

“I’ll stand by, just in case.” Barbara said, looking at her watch again. “But after that? Tonight. MUST be tonight. You tell him Megs that every night when he stays at home – that he put on his lipstick and eye makeup – just perfectly! You Maria? Have him hand wash and iron your undies from now on. Got it?”

“I think I’m getting it.” Megs said thoughtfully. “If Maria and I spank him tonight. Make him do the rest of the maid chores, we’ll never forget that. To us, he’ll always be the little sissy that we spanked and made clean up – while wearing a pretty maid apron.”

“And a gorgeous hat!” Maria hooted.

“And?” Megs continued. “By making him put on makeup every night – and doing Maria’s undies – we won’t let him ever forget – will we?”

“In a nutshell. Perfect! Your spatulas ladies?” Barbara said, handing them to each.

“Naughty little sissy!” Megs sneered, and whacked me across the rump with the spatula!