



Reluctant Press

Twisted Fantasy

By Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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TWISTED FANTASY

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Fred Tanner allowed himself a small smile of self-satisfaction as he stood on the steps outside the rear door of his house. A cool autumn morning breeze blew up under his skirt and thin coat to caress his nylon-covered legs as he stood clutching a small suitcase. In spite of the relative isolation of his home's location, he could not help but cast a nervous glance around his back yard as he stood in his feminine finery. It was something he had worn often enough within the security of the large two story house that he and his wife owned, but this was the first time that he had dared to venture outside in skirts.

His smile reflected his surging excitement that he had finally talked his wife, Lydia, into participating in his long held fantasy of being her maid for a week. This was something that had seemed unattainable until a few days ago as she had always seemed rather reticent about allowing him his cross dressing pleasures during the ten years of their marriage. But his persistence seemed to have finally worn her resistance down so that she had agreed, even if hesitantly, to allow him his week of feminine servitude.

There was no financial impediment to Fred indulging his desires for an extended period. He no longer worked on a regular basis, having amassed a sizable amount of money before he was thirty. The only problem had been Lydia's reluctance in allowing him to assume his feminine persona for more than a day at a time. Now that problem had been overcome even if she still seemed less than enthusiastic about the scenario that he had devised. She just couldn't understand why he would want to debase himself by taking up such a submissive role. Nor did she know if she could abandon her natural caring instincts and become the demanding, dominant mistress that Fred's fantasy seemed to require of her.

In spite of her obvious reservations, Fred was determined to carry on. He knew that she had the potential to fulfill the role he had in mind for her and even if she didn't, he still wanted to make every effort to bring his cherished fantasy to life.

Quelling his sense of apprehension at being outside—after all the nearest neighbors lived at least a hundred yards away— Fred glanced at the dainty feminine watch on his left wrist. Noting that it was two minutes before he was supposed to knock, he took the opportunity to ponder the events of the last few days

As a first step, he had given his wife several of his favorite books to read. Books dealing with stories in which dominant women forced their husbands to become feminized maids. Lydia complied with his request, and two days later, told him that he could prepare himself the following day and report for work at 9 o'clock in the morning.

“Be punctual, appropriately attired as a woman looking for work as a servant and make sure you use the back door, the only fitting entrance for someone of the lowly status that you will obviously be,” were her parting words as she abruptly left the family room where he had been sitting watching TV when she had found him to make her harsh pronouncement. Her uncompromising words sent tremors of anticipatory delight through his slim frame. She had obviously absorbed at least some of the lessons of demanding wifely dominance outlined in the pages of the stories she had studied over the last forty-eight hours.

Fred could hardly sleep that night as he eagerly contemplated how his long anticipated fantasy would unfold. He had already placed his meager feminine wardrobe and a small suitcase in one of the guest bedrooms, so when he could no longer contain his excitement at 7 o'clock, he crept from the master bedroom, leaving his wife slumbering quietly.

He quickly consumed a small breakfast of cereal and toast washed down with a cup of coffee before scuttling into the bathroom adjoining the guest bedroom that he intended to use for his preparations. Filling the tub with a fragrant bubble bath, he settled in with a sigh of contentment to soak for ten luxurious minutes before taking a pink razor and carefully shaving his body, or at least making sure that any stray hairs were accounted for as he had diligently applied a depilatory cream the previous evening. When he had finished, the only surviving patch below his neck was a small triangle of pubic hair. His skin gleamed white and smooth on his well-toned, but not overly muscular, form.

Softly groaning at the thought of leaving the luxury of the hot water, Fred reluctantly heaved his way out of the tub and patted himself dry with a large fluffy towel. Gently rubbing a scented body cream onto his nearly hairless body, he hummed quietly while contemplating with growing anticipation what the day would bring. A delicate feminine deodorant and a few dabs of his favorite perfume, White Linen, quickly followed his application of the cream.

Moving quickly to the bedroom, he took a few minutes to contemplate the small collection of female clothing lying on the bed. Not much to choose from, he thought, but there must be something that would fit Lydia's instructions to dress appropriately for the part of someone applying for a maid's position. Hmm, the uniform was too obvious. Maybe the brown dress, or should it be the blue denim skirt and white blouse? Decisions, decisions!

Finally deciding on the brown dress, he turned his attention to what lingerie he should wear. White would be the most appropriate color, so he lovingly set aside what he would need and carefully packed the remainder of his limited wardrobe in the small suitcase. Picking up his gaff, he slid it up his smooth legs before fastidiously arranging his penis and testicles so that the flesh-toned latex garment did its appointed job of

giving him a nicely feminine flat crotch. The full, satin panties with lavish lace on the front and leg openings were next and, as always, he took a moment to appreciate their luxurious feel and snug fit.

Now for the matching bra, he thought, as he slipped his arms through the straps before reaching behind and securing the rear hooks with the ease of long practice. Once he was satisfied that it was properly in place, he reached down and picked up the two silicone, B-cup-sized breast forms and snugged them into the lacy, satin pockets of the garment. The resulting pull on the shoulder straps caused him to smile with delight; he stroked the forms until they jiggled realistically in their feminine restraint.

Ceasing his teasing action on his pseudo boobs, Fred stretched open a rather old-fashioned girdle and stepped into it, struggling to pull it up over his hips so that it snugged his midsection tightly into place. The nylon and latex material of the foundation garment gleamed sleekly in the light and gave him a sense of almost erotic confinement.

Chortling with growing contentment, he picked up the tan colored, 15-denier stockings and pulled first one and then the other up his smooth legs. Gently tugging the wispy material fussily into place, he secured each of them with two tabs dangling from the girdle. The full mirror on the closet door reflecting the delightful sight of his long, slender legs highlighted by the glimmering nylon and the taut feel of the stretched stockings gave him the usual rush of sensual excitement.

Grabbing his brown pumps with three-inch heels from the bed, he slipped them rapidly on his feet and gazed intently in the mirror to absorb the even more erotic view of his nylon-encased legs, now shaped by the high heels. God, if only there was more time, he thought, how I would love to do something about the growing pressure of my cock straining against its imprisonment. Fighting to regain his composure, he rationalized that there would be more than enough opportunities to do just that during the coming week. Oh, yes it was going to be a grand experience to be Lydia's sexy maid!

Shuddering with the boiling emotions threatening to overcome his resolve to be prepared on time, he groped for the full, satin slip heavily trimmed with delicate lace at both the bodice and hem. Taking a deep breath, he lifted it over his head and allowed it to slide slowly and sensually over his body, smoothing it gently into place until its lacy hem swung lightly against the middle of his stocking-covered thighs. By now his charging feelings of sexual arousal were so inflamed he only avoided the overwhelming urge to wildly masturbate by hastily averting his stare from the sexy reflection in the mirror and jamming his hand into his mouth and biting down hard. Damn, he thought, if this keeps up for the next week I'll be dead from an emotional overdose but at least I'll go with a big smile on my face!

Pulling himself together one more time, he deliberately turned his back on the mirror and slipped the brown silk dress over his head, pulling it into place so that he could do up the six small buttons at the front of the bodice. Taking a deep breath to enhance his self-control, he turned back to the mirror and centered his attention on buckling up the dress' slim belt. Forcing himself to be dispassionate, he gazed at the finished product of his dressing. The dress adhered smoothly to his foundation-enhanced feminine curves and the high neck, long sleeves and just-above-the-knee

length hem all lent an air of respectability to his appearance. Lydia should be satisfied that he was appropriately attired as a woman looking for work as a maid. Not too fancy and not too tart-like! Always wise to get off on the right foot with the boss, he giggled to himself.

Increasing tremors from his groin reminded him that he should continue to focus on his efforts to be ready by 9 o'clock. Hell, he still had makeup, jewelry and hair to sort out and time seemed to be rushing by!

Jewelry, what should he wear? Not that he had much, but still it really must suit his outfit. Picking up the small jewelry bag from the bed, he poured the contents on the comforter and pawed frantically through the meager collection. Let's see; earrings first, he thought as he snatched up a dangling pair of large silver hoops. A bit trashy but they will do!

Wincing at their weight, he attached the clip-on earrings into place and quickly returned his perusal to the three necklaces he had. Better take the silver one with the locket, he mused as he stood in front of the mirror and latched it into place.

Luckily, his only feminine wristwatch was silver so he attached it to his left wrist without any real thought and quickly closed the clasp of a heavy silver charm bracelet around his right wrist. "There, that wasn't so bad," he muttered to himself as he scooped up the remaining jewelry and placed it in the bag before depositing everything in the suitcase.

"Sometimes it pays to have less," he chuckled happily. "Now what's next? Makeup, that's it, makeup."

Clucking about the rapid passage of time, he scuttled into the bathroom and examined the items contained in his small makeup case.

"Let's see now," he muttered to the male visage reflected in the mirror. "First, a close shave for you, my girl. That stubble, no matter how light it is, will not be any good for the look I have in mind for you!"

Hands trembling with excitement at the thought of how close he was to bringing his femme persona to life, Fred forced himself to slowly and carefully wash his face and use a facial scrub sponge to loosen his sparse beard. Only when he had his emotions completely under control did he dare apply shaving cream to his still-wet face and shave closely and thoroughly. Making several passes to ensure the complete elimination of the fine but pesky stubble, he breathed a sigh of relief at not causing any unsightly razor cuts.

After patting his face dry, he applied a small amount of Witch Hazel, pouting at the slight sting but determined to remove any oil from his skin.

Waiting impatiently for several minutes, he ran his hands gently over the now smooth texture of his face and decided to apply a small amount of moisturizer before applying any makeup. Not good to start out dry, he thought as he squeezed a few dabs of the cream onto his hands and massaged it lightly onto his skin. Thank goodness my features are reasonably sized, not totally effeminate but not overwhelmingly male either.

Satisfied with the results of his preparatory steps, he pulled out a tube of beige, semi-matte foundation to start the ritual of shaping and molding his face to highlight the feminine while subduing the more masculine features. Starting with a small amount dotted on his forehead, nose, cheeks and chin, he blended the cream with long, light strokes in an outward direction to the outer corners of his face and just over his jaw line.

Casting a critical eye over his efforts, he decided to apply beige pressed powder to ward off the dreaded shiny look and to create the clear matte finish he desired. Using a powder puff, he hummed quietly to himself as he did so.

“That should do it. A blank palette ready for my artistic endeavors,” he chirped happily. “I’ll start with the eyebrows. They look a bit shaggy at the moment.”

Fred’s brows were a little thick for the feminine look that he wanted to achieve, so he used a pair of tweezers to thin them out. To achieve better balanced brows, he tweezed a few hairs from one brow and then the other, alternating back and forth until both were neat and trim.

“Better,” he muttered as he surveyed his freshly plucked eyebrows. “Not pencil thin but that would be overdoing it. I’ll just use a pencil to define them a bit better though.”

Putting down the pencil, he contemplated his choice of eyeshadow and eyeliner colors. Finally, he decided on dark brown eyeliner, cooper-brown frost for the lids, matte apricot for the contour and gold frost for the highlight just under the eyebrow. Carefully using the eyeliner pencil and the eyeshadow brushes, he artfully brought his eyes to life.

“Now for the brown mascara,” he giggled as he plied the wand over both his upper and bottom lashes. Enjoying the sensation of creating a fuller and longer look for his eyelashes he took the time to apply three coats.

“Girl, girl, you are definitely taking shape,” he crooned contentedly. “Now for some blush. I think I’ll go with a soft red powder blush as my lipstick is going to be that hot red color I love so much.”

Snapping open the blush container, Fred used the deeper shade under his cheekbones in the hollow areas and the lighter shade above it before lightly blending the two for an even-toned look. As he plied his brush, he smiled gleefully as the illusion of more prominent cheekbones came to life.

“Lips next. Last but not least,” he cried in anticipation as he dabbed a little foundation on his lips and spread it thinly. Picking up the red lip liner pencil, he enhanced his rather thin lips by drawing a line along the outer edge of his natural lip line. Finally, with the feeling of a job well done, he plucked up a lip brush and applied a thick coat of light red lipstick. Lightly blotting his crimson mouth, he flirtatiously blew himself a kiss but resisted the temptation to examine the mirror image in front of him too closely.

“I need to get my hair sorted out and then I can really appreciate all my work,” he muttered as he returned to the bedroom and placed the cosmetic bag in his suitcase.

“My hair is too short for the look I want, so I’ll have to go with the wig,” he reasoned as he picked up the dark black hairpiece from the bed and rushed back into the bathroom.

“Oh, darn it, where is that cap I wear under the wig? My hair is too long to get a proper fit without it,” he squealed as he scurried back to the bed. “Where are you, you little bitch? There you are! Come to Mama.”

Clutching his treasures, Fred scuttled back into the bathroom and diligently arranged his own hair under the cap. Anxiously checking to make sure that any errant locks were accounted for, he sighed in relief before securing the wig on his head and brushing its gleaming tresses into place. When he had finished, a mass of black curls seductively framed his face and tumbled a few inches past his shoulders.

Placing the brush back on the shelf, he took a moment to finally admire the results of his labors.

Using his femme name, he cooed, “Francine, you lovely minx, I just love your look. You are so hot, girl.”

The bathroom mirror reflected the image of a credible looking woman, her impeccably made-up face surrounded by a mass of dark black hair. Even if she was not the stunningly beautiful woman that Fred’s overactive imagination concocted, she was still a passable one.

Pursing his lips, Fred ran a hand through his raven black tresses and admired the way his hoop earrings caught the light as they swung in lazy circles every time he moved his head.

Suddenly a feeling of something missing swept through him. What is it, he thought frantically. There is less than perfection here! What is it? Oh, my god, it’s my nails. I haven’t done my nails. And it’s almost time to go outside and knock on the rear door. What can I do?

Rushing hysterically into the bedroom, Fred grabbed his cosmetic bag from the suitcase and gave a large sigh of relief on finding a set of false nails. Long and oval-shaped and, more importantly, pre-colored a light red to match his lipstick.

Mumbling his thanks for small mercies, Fred returned to the bathroom and secured the nails into place with the quick-setting glue. Running a hand through the wig one more time, he smiled gratefully at the vision of his red nails gleaming beside his lovely feminine face.

Strutting back into the bedroom, he took a moment to examine his image in the full-length mirror. Attractive face, good boobs, slimmed-down waist, great legs, pretty dress, he mused appreciatively. Gosh, girl, you are one nice package, all 5 feet and eight inches of you! Lydia is going to be really impressed when she answers the door.

Just thinking of his wife made Fred realize with a start that he only had ten minutes before it was nine o’clock. Reluctantly ceasing his almost ritualized posturing in front of the mirror, he turned to the bed, made sure he had everything packed and closed the suitcase.

Lifting it easily, he hurried down to the front door closet and helped himself to one of Lydia's full-length but lightweight coats. His meager feminine wardrobe certainly didn't extend to any outdoor wear and he was sure that Lydia wouldn't begrudge him wearing it for ten minutes or so.

Painfully aware that time was running short, he scurried to the kitchen and let himself out the back door. The shock of being out of the house for the first time in women's clothing almost caused him to panic; thinking of the absolute privacy of their backyard and the convincing feminine image that he portrayed allowed him to subdue his fears. Now it was only a matter of waiting 'til nine o'clock and then it would be time to knock on the door and allow his fantasy to really commence.

Chapter 2

Lydia didn't hear Fred when he left their bedroom but the faint noise of his shower finally penetrated her consciousness. It took a further minute or two but she eventually realized what he was doing. Damn, why had she agreed to this insane charade? His wanting to be her maid for a week was really weird.

But then again, maybe not that weird. In spite of the fact that he was playing the submissive role in his fantasy and she the dominant, the truth of the matter was that he was in control. After all, it was his scenario that they were responding to. As always, in everything that they did, he was calling the shots.

The only reason that he ever wanted to play the maid was to have sex. A little pretend housework and then he expected his "demanding" mistress to put out in bed. And once he had climaxed, it was all over. He didn't really care if she was satisfied or not. He just lost interest.

This attitude was bad enough for a day. What would it be like for a week? Lydia really couldn't see what was in it for her. Sure, the books had the mistress getting all the housework done and having mind-blowing sex from their little sissy maids. Her relationship with Fred didn't work that way. He was the one that made decisions and demands - not her!

No, if this stupid fantasy of her husband was going to be of any benefit at all to her, she had to gain the upper hand right from the start. She had garnered some ideas on how to do it from the books he had given her to read and from other sources he wasn't even aware of but her resolve to actually initiate a successful plan needed to be solidified before Fred started knocking on the rear door.

Snuggling further into the covers while half-listening to the noises emanating from the guest bedroom, Lydia took comfort by again running through her thoughts on how to wrest control of Fred's fantasy away from him. Nothing too drastic to begin with, she mused. He is awfully head- strong and used to getting his way. No the subtle but steady approach is the only one that will work. Now, how to start?

Lydia's ruminations were disturbed by the sound of Fred clattering down the stairs in his high heels. Darn, he will be knocking on that door in a few minutes. I really

have to resolve this. First, I think I'll make him wait for a time before I answer the door. Second, I'll be a snotty bitch right from the start. If he tries anything, I'll be quick to put him in his place – the lower class slut that he wants to be. Yes, in the interest of keeping his fantasy alive, I'm sure he will bite his tongue and put up with that much at least. Then it will be a matter of pushing the boundaries until it is obvious that he won't take anymore. At least that should make this whole distasteful business more interesting for me.

The faint sound of a rather timid knock on the rear door made Lydia giggle as she deliberately took her time getting out of bed and donning a matching robe over her ankle-length, white satin nightgown. Taking a moment in front of the full-length mirror on the closet door, she glanced appreciatively at her tall, shapely body, long blonde hair framing her delicate features – a perfect picture of refined femininity. Why can't Fred be satisfied with having me as the only woman in his life, she thought? Why does he have to try and be one himself?

She giggled again when the knock was repeated a little more loudly this time. Starting to panic a bit are we, Francine? That's something else that will have to change, she thought. Francine is much too grand a name for a lowly maid.

Sliding her feet into white satin mules with two-inch heels, she smugly made her way out of the bedroom and slowly down the stairs. Chortling at the thought of "mighty" Fred starting to have kittens because his knock might never be answered, Lydia passed through the kitchen and into the laundry room to leisurely open the rear door.

Fighting to restrain the grin that threatened to break out on her face, she stared at Fred, who was just in the process of knocking on the door yet again. The sudden movement of the door opening made him start back in surprise so that he almost stumbled. Even with the pinched look of a mixture of annoyance and fear on his face, Lydia had to admit to herself that he made a passable woman with his carefully applied makeup.

Realizing that he was quickly working himself up into an angry retort, Lydia decided to put her plan into action. Drawing herself upright she demanded in her most authoritarian tone, "Yes, Miss. What do you want?"

Fred was visibly stunned by her demanding tone. His posture slumped into a more submissive pose and he dropped his eyes before stuttering out a reply. "T...the job. I...I came about the job."

Lydia replied curtly with an enigmatic smile, "Show your manners, girl. Surely that should be 'I came about the job, madam.'"

Fred deflated even further into subservience and flinched almost as if he had been struck. Even so, he still managed a strangled sounding, "Yes, madam. I'm sorry, madam."

Lydia felt a surge of power as she stared haughtily at the abject looking creature in front of her. My God, she thought, this is such a role reversal. I love it.

"And what job would that be then, missy? And be quick with your answer. It's cold out here and I don't have a lot of time," she commanded in an imperious tone.

Obviously unsettled by Lydia's tone and the fact that he was still standing outside in his feminine garb, Fred pleaded pitifully, "The maid's job, madam. Can't I please come in?"

"Don't you be giving me any of that, you little trollop," snarled Lydia. "I'll be the judge of whether you should be entering my house or not. If you become my maid, you will have to understand that there will only be one person giving orders. That will be me, your mistress. You, on the other hand, will just do as you are told. Anything less and you will be out on your pantied ass. Do you understand that simple fact, my girl?"

Fred, who could hardly believe this tigress his rather shy wife had apparently turned into, could only bleat his acceptance of Lydia's terms. He started to wonder if he should really have let her read the books on female domination.

"Very well," rasped Lydia. "What is your name anyway, girl?"

"Francine, madam," mumbled Fred as he continued to look at the ground rather than into his wife's eyes. For some reason, he just couldn't bring himself to do that; she had succeeded in making him feel so unworthy and vulnerable.

"Really! I would think that would be a rather fancy name for a maidservant," sneered Lydia. "However, it will do for now. So Francine, let me hear in your own words what working as my maid will entail."

Fred gulped self-consciously as he realized that his wife wanted him to verbalize his subordinate status in the household if he worked as her maid. Part of him wanted to lash out and tell her to stop being such a bitch and the other half exalted that she was performing her dominating role in his fantasy well. There was something exhilarating in being so humiliated. He could feel his penis, which had until now lain dormant in its confined latex prison, start to stir.

"Y...yes, madam," he replied as he felt the heat of her glare on the top of his lowered head. "You will be in charge and I will do as I am told as the lowly maid."

"Very good, girl. I can see that you are going to be a quick study. Now, tell me why I should even consider hiring a wench called Francine. What qualifications do you have?"

Fred twitched as the ramifications of her hectoring questions sunk in. What could he say in reply? By now he should be inside, not still standing out in the open dressed as a woman. Make something up, his reeling mind told him, anything, before you panic and lose it completely!

"Well, madam," he quavered as he frantically thought of something to say, "I've worked part time as a maid for the last four or five years. I know I don't have that much experience but I am a fast learner and will do anything that you ask of me. Housework, personal attention..."

Lydia quickly cut him off before Fred could embellish any further. "Enough, you little slut. Before you know it you'll be going down on your knees moaning that you want to bring me to orgasm! There will be plenty of time for that sort of thing later. For now, confirm that you will do everything that I tell you. No questions asked or you're out on your pantywaist butt."

“Y...yes madam,” Fred almost gibbered in relief that she would relent and finally let him enter the house. “I will do everything you ask without question or I will leave.”

Eyeing him with a predatory smile, Lydia asked, “Are you sure, girl? Anything I say goes or you are out. Is that the way you really want it?”

Thinking that she was certainly entering into the spirit of his fantasy, Fred earnestly replied, “Yes madam, I will do anything you say or be prepared to face the consequences. Honestly, I will do my best to be a good maid for you!”

Smirking in triumph, Lydia stepped back and opened the door wider. “Then you had better come in, Francine, while I think about this whole situation. Mind you, don’t take this as my full acceptance of you having the position. After all, your qualifications leave much to be desired.”

Fred nodded his understanding and scuttled through the door still clutching his suitcase before she could change her mind.

Closing and locking the door firmly behind her, Lydia told Fred to go into the kitchen, take off his coat, then stand still for her inspection. Blushing at her proprietary tone, Fred shrugged off the coat and placed it and the suitcase on one of the kitchen table chairs. He then stood as straight as he could, feet primly together and hands clasped at his front. Even though he was now in the relative safety of his own house, he found that he couldn’t raise his eyes but kept them downcast, as if he was really a lowly maid. The ever-present feel of his taut stockings, tight bra straps, snug high heels and silky panties and slip gave him a mixture of delightful pleasure and an embarrassing sense of vulnerability.

“Well, I see that you are dressed reasonably well for an interview. Perhaps a bit over the top but not like a complete tart,” Lydia stated emphatically as she entered the kitchen. “Let me see your makeup! Head up, girl. How am I supposed to see your face when you are continually looking at the floor?”

Fred struggled to bring his eyes up and to look directly into his wife’s face. Damn, she was really going full out on this domineering role. He already felt as if he was a lowly maidservant. It was a feeling he had never suffered from before and he wasn’t really sure if he liked it or not. On one hand it rasped like a file on a raw nerve but on the other it eliminated any need to control everything as he usually did. For some reason, there was a definite liberation in not having to be constantly in charge. All he had to do was follow orders and put up with the abuse. This was something that appealed to him in a kinky sort of way, “arousal through embarrassment and humiliation” was as good a term as any.

“Hmm, not bad,” muttered Lydia reflectively. “You obviously have had considerable practice in emphasizing your good features and downplaying your weak ones—of which there are many, I would hasten to say. All right girl, stop twitching and lower your eyes again. You look much more attractive when you are being appropriately humble.”

Fred gratefully complied with her order as watching her appraising face had become a struggle. Nor was he sure that her shrewish comments were more complimentary or derogatory, so it was just as well to mask the emotions flitting across his face.