

Her heels clicked as she shifted from one foot to another. Lacy thought her heart couldn't beat any faster than it had in the study... but now...

The pleasant chime filled the room.

"Lacy!"

Oh god...

She quickly adjusted her petticoats, pulling them down as low as she dared, trying to cover her exposed groin. Nibbling her lip in worry, she took the deepest breath her corset allowed.

Her delicate hand was on the door knob.

As if in a horror movie, it slowly began to turn. Lacy couldn't take her eyes off the feminine hand opening the door.

"I'm looking for Miss Sellers."

Lacy stood there, unable to make words form in her head. Deep in her brain, Mark screamed. How could it be possible? How could he be standing here in this fetish maid outfit in front of this complete stranger.

"You must be Lacy."

Lacy's eyes grew wide.

He knew her. Or rather, knew of her. Knew about Lacy.

Oh god.

"Right this way, sir."

She did a fumbled curtsey and allowed him to step inside. She whoosed the door shut and rushed ahead of the stranger towards the study.

As she clicked, her ass swinging from side to side, she knew the view she was exposing to him.

The shortened skirt, poofed up by the petticoats...

The slim and narrow waist...

The long legs wrapped in stockings...

The damnable clicking heels...

At the study door she paused.

What was the proper protocol?

A knock?

Better safe than sorry.

She knocked. She could feel the man behind her.

Why is he standing so close?

"Enter!"

Too quickly she threw open the door and rushed inside... only then did it dawn on her that escaping the man behind her only meant rushing in to the man already in the room.

They both looked at her as she entered and she began to tremble.

"Someone to see you Miss Sellers."

"Ryan!"

Tricia... his wife... Miss Sellers rushed to greet the man. Lacy whirled around to watch them embrace in a friendly hug. She took a step back... two steps. His wife had invited this man over. His wife had told him about...

Lacy took another step back and bumped into something solid.

She jumped as Mr. Goodwin's hands grabbed her arms to steady her.

“Good to see you, Ryan.” he said from behind her. From right behind her. His body pressed just a little too close and his grip on her arms keeping her from easily getting away.

“I haven’t missed anything, have I?” the new man said, giving Miss Sellers a peck on the cheek. “I apologize for running late.”

“Not at all.” Miss Sellers turned to look at Lacy, who was still held tight in the grip of Mr. Goodwin. “Charles and I were just catching up.”

The new stranger laughed at this, his eyes sparkling. Behind him Mr. Goodwin chuckled as well. Lacy felt the hurricane butterflies in her stomach again. She was missing the joke... but worse... worse was the warmth pressed up against her from behind. She wiggled trying to get free, but the fingers on her arms tightened just enough to begin to cause pain. She stopped anxiously, nibbling her lip.

“Lacy!” The sharp tone to Tricia’s voice caused her to jump as much as Mr. Goodwin’s grip allowed. “Stop flirting with Charles and offer our guest a drink. Would you like a beer, Ryan?”

Flirting?

Another squeeze to her arms and then she was flailing forward from the gentle push forward Mr. Goodwin provided. She flung her arms out desperately trying to gain her balance and crashed into the new arrival. He grabbed her with a single arm, steadying her back to a standing position.

“Down girl,” he laughed, holding her close, “Maybe after I’ve had a drink or two, yes?”

“Oh please,” Miss Sellers said moving behind Lacy, “The little slut probably can’t wait that long.”

Lacy stammered, trying to form words as she felt herself sandwiched between her wife and this new intruder. She squirmed, trying to get away and found herself face to face with the new man. Her hands went to his chest as she was pushed slightly forward by Tricia. She felt Tricia’s hand beneath her skirts. Fingers between her legs.

The same spot Mr. Goodwin touched...

With complete and total horror, sandwiched between this stranger and his own wife, Lacy felt arousal instantly flood through her.

No. Nonononono...

“See, look.”

Taking a step back and dragging Lacy with her, Miss Sellers, lifted the front of the maid skirt.

“Nonono,” the words were barely audible trickling from her open mouth. This couldn’t be happening. This could NOT be happening.

Down below she felt herself twitch and around her the room laughed.

“Not much to work with...” the new arrival laughed, and Tricia laugh turned to a chuckle.

“She’s got other uses,” she said and unceremoniously dropped the skirt. Lacy just stood there...stunned. She had just been...

“Lacy! Beer!” Miss Sellers barked the words at her as if she were a particularly stupid dog.

“Yes Miss Sellers,” Lacy said softly. Her hands and legs did the expected curtsy. Her brain didn’t even register it. She felt empty. Alone. A shell of something that used to be human.

She shut the door behind her and for a moment she thought tears would come again. There were none left. Instead she took another of the shallow, deep breaths and began the short mincing walk to the kitchen. Each step caused the petticoats to tickle her erotically, the entire outfit supercharging the blood flowing to her groin. The spot between her legs...his legs... the one that both Mr. Goodwin and his wife had rubbed... felt hot in his mind. He couldn’t stop feeling the touch that was there.

What was wrong with him?

Two strange men were in his house and he was trapped looking like this fetish wet-dream. His wife was showing him off, humiliating him at every turn and yet...

Sooooo horny...

Stop it!

Oh god I need to cum...

Stop it!

Just touch it for a moment...

Lacy’s hand was touching him now, under the petticoats, pushing him... right up to the edge.

Stop it!

Her hand, wet and sticky darted from under the skirts and he held back the orgasm. If he came...

Oh god I need to cum...

... he’d be stuck looking like this... having to be this slutty caricature of a maid without the arousal to distract him.

Get the beer!

...and then we go back in there?

...and then we go back in there.

How could part of him be that excited to go back into that horrible room? Her hand was touching him under the petticoats again and he whimpered from the energy of holding back. He was so close... How had he gotten this close so quickly?

Lacy wiped her sticky hands off on a paper towel, her mind an erotic haze. She took the bottle opener from the drawer and placed it on the tray next to the beer and the glass.

Carefully, she sashayed her way back to the door, her left hand swinging to maintain the balance of the tray. She was about to knock, her arm raised, her brain on autopilot, when the tray shifted. The bottle and glass shifted dramatically and she almost screamed in terror, desperately trying to balance them. A circus-like seesaw act followed with her carefully keeping the rolling bottle on the tray. As if a revelation, she remember she had a second hand and righted the overturned object.

Her heart was thumping.

It’s just a bottle and a glass.

We don’t want another spanking.

Touche.

Another shallow breath and she carefully knocked.

“Come in.”

A male voice. Mr. Goodwin's she thought, but hard to tell. She didn't really know either of them apart from the few words spoken.

Inside her head, Mark fumed. He had just asked permission to enter a room in his own house and was given it by a guy he didn't even know.

A guy who just spanked you...

Lacy's reminder didn't make Mark feel better.

She carefully maneuvered the door, overly aware of the precarious bottle on the tray.

Mr. Goodwin was by the mantle and the new arrival had taken Tricia's chair. Tricia was...

... not there.

Fear, already palpable, completely overcame her. The tray began to tremble and she moved it to hold it with both hands. She was alone with the two of them.

"Well?"

That was the new guy. He was looking at her with expectation. What did he want?

Her eyes darted down away from his, down to the beer.

Oh.

Carefully she minced over and proffered the tray. The man smirked at her, grabbing the bottle and the opener.

"I don't need the glass, babe."

He winked at her.

"Thanks."

With the smirk never leaving, he cracked the cap of the bottle with the opener...

...and it exploded.

A small geyser of foamy liquid burst from the top, pouring down the man's hand onto the floor between his feet.

Lacy's heart stopped.

"What th' fuck?"

"Don't worry about it," Mr. Goodwin said chuckling from the other side of the room.

"It just exploded all over the place."

"Well the maid handled it, what did you expect?"

There was a moment of silence as the new guy looked from Mr. Goodwin to her. And then, he laughed, his whole face lighting up.

"I see your point."

They were blaming her!?! She had just carried it in here. He was the one that had made it... although she had almost dropped it... maybe it was her fault... maybe...

"I mean, I bet you make all kinds of things explode, eh babe?"

There was a sharp tweak to her bare thigh and she squealed, stepping away. The man had just goosed her.

Make things explode? What did he...

Her mind flashed back to the bottle exploding, the liquid gushing from the top like...

Oh god...

"I'll... I'll... get something... to clean this up..." words weren't coming easily to her. She curtsayed quickly and dashed for the door, back down the hallway, her heels furiously clicking away. Between her legs, she was very erect and it bobbed up and down with each impact. It made her feel even more foolish.

She grabbed another hand towel and was back in the room in what must have been record time for anyone wearing heels that high.

With little to no thought, she was on her knees, mopping up the liquid. She was not... NOT... going to get spanked again. They couldn't blame her for this. They couldn't know that she had jostled the bottle. They were talking as she entered, but it was only as the beer emergency began to calm down that she even registered their words. They weren't going to punish her... that was the main thing.

"... I think in the kitchen."

"Why?"

"Think about it... domestic... neutral colors..."

"Fair enough. When does Tony get here?"

Tony?

Her head darted up, drawing attention to her. For the briefest of moments, she felt like a meerkat, sitting on her heels, knees on the ground, sitting straight up.

"Here."

The new man, offered the beer bottle back to her. She stared at it puzzled.

"Wipe it off."

He said it slowly as if Lacy were mentally challenged.

She rolled her eyes at her own stupidity. Of course... wipe the bottle off. She took it and ran the rag around it.

"Is there some problem?" his voice turned from amiable to confrontational instantly. He was looking straight at her and her face paled.

"No sir."

"Is cleaning up your own mess, too much work for you?"

What? Why was he... oh no. She had rolled her eyes at him... He thought...

"No sir. I was... I should have cleaned you up first sir. I'm sorry sir."

He stared at her intently. His eyes never leaving hers. She wanted to look away, but was scared that would provoke him. Where was Tricia? He didn't want to be alone here.

"Come here."

What? No. She was being good. She had cleaned everything up...

"Come here!" His voice louder as his hand grabbed her neck and pulled her towards him. She clambered forward on her knees to keep from falling over face first, trying desperately to keep upright as he pulled her between his legs.

"Now I hear you have a little bit of an attitude, Lacy."

His voice was deep, the grip on her neck tight and stern.

"I don't have time for that kind of shit. When I ask you to do something, you do it. Got it?"

There was a tight squeeze on her neck and she squeaked the words out.

"Yes sir."

"Good girl," the grip loosened, but the hand stayed there.

“Now you’re just going to sit right there and be perfectly quiet unless we need you for something. Understood?”

“Yes sir.”

She wasn’t going to be punished.

Thank god.

Where was Tricia? She desperately wanted to look around for her, but was afraid to break eye contact with the man she was looking up at... the one holding her neck.

“Good girl.”

The hand left her neck and she started to scramble away, out from between his legs...away from this horrible intruder.

“Where the fuck are you going?”

He grabbed her neck again, pulling her forward...pushing her cheek against his thigh.

“I...”

She stared up into his face, frightened.

“I said... sit... right... there...”

He squeezed her neck so hard it hurt and then released and she dared not move. She was bent awkwardly, leaning slightly at an angle, her cheek against his leg. In all the crawling movement, her skirt and petticoats had fluffed up and she knew her backside was exposed. And yet...

...if I move...

A long silent moment filled the room and then the new guy laughed and his eyes left the maid moving back to Mr. Goodwin.

“What were we talking about?”

Mr. Goodwin laughed at this as well.

“Color palettes.”

“Right. I think that the neutral white will...”

Lacy wasn’t listening. She let her eyes drop from the man’s face, her whole body fused with embarrassment. And yet, did she dare even sit up straight? She didn’t know how long she could maintain this awkward lean she was doing... and her face was right up against the man’s leg. She was looking right at his...

Suddenly she fully realized the position she was in.

She was kneeling between the legs of this complete stranger, her eyes focused on his crotch. She could look at that, or look up at him. Either way, it made her feel completely and totally helpless. The man had just completely dominated her... dominated him... in less than two minutes. He could have said something... done something.

This was ridiculous. Things were out of control. He was between the legs of a man, dressed like a slut and letting the man have his way with him. It had to stop.

And yet...

...yet his cheek stayed glued to the man’s leg.

There are two of them and I’m trapped in heels and a corset. I don’t know where Tricia is. One of them could easily overpower me and there are two of them. If I draw attention to myself, they might...

They might what?

That was Lacy. Excited Lacy. Excited, so eager to cum Lacy.

Her hand was under the front of the petticoats and Mark's eyes goggled as it caressed the throbbing excitement beneath his skirts.

No. Don't touch that.

SOOOO horny!

No!

"Did I miss something?"

It was Tricia. Oh thank god. She would fix this. She would...

"Your little maid spilled beer all over the place." Mr. Goodwin said, his voice too charming for comfort.

"Oh for heaven's...I leave for five minutes..." Tricia sounded annoyed. "She's completely useless sometimes. I trust you sorted it all out Ryan?"

"Of course," the voice above her said, "But I wasn't sure what your policy was for these things. She was clumsy and that was forgivable, but then she started with the attitude."

Attitude!?! What had she...

"Well we can't spank her... she likes it too much!" Mr. Goodwin laughed.

"That's true." Miss Sellers said, her voice pondering.

Likes it? They had beat her...

"I suggest you cane her," the voice above her said, "She won't like that, I guarantee it."

Cane her? They wouldn't... oh god... they couldn't...

Mark, deep inside the fetish exterior, felt his whole world slide away. All around him, people were discussing ways to punish him. Things to humiliate, torture and degrade him. He felt trapped. Helpless. Well and truly helpless and not in the arousing 'let's play a submissive game' way. No one else was treating this like a game. They were treating it like...

Like this is who I really am...

"No caning tonight, I think. We don't want to mark her up..."

"Good point."

"She really is just a little too willful..."

They were talking about her as if she wasn't even there. Yet she dared not speak... dared not even move her cheek off of the man's leg.

Cane her? They might cane her!

"If I may..." the man above her said and started to stand.

Lacy panicked. Did she try to follow his leg with her cheek or disengage or...

The decision was spared her, as he grabbed her neck and roughly insisted that she get to her feet. She tottered as her heels hit the floor, her eyes darting up to the larger man, holding her neck. Then she felt his other hand... at her stomach. He was...

Oh god... he's undoing his belt!

Lacy whimpered.

"...please no... I'm so sorry sir... please... no..."

"Shhh." The release of air was short and insistent. And his belt was now unbuckled. He released her neck, almost daring her to run, while his hands pulled the belt from the loops.

Was he going to beat her?

Was he undoing his pants?

Was he...

He pulled the belt free and sat back down in front of her.

Was she supposed to kneel back down?

She didn't know the rules...

This wasn't fair...

It wasn't...

His hands snaked around her and she felt the belt wrap around her legs, just above the knee. He slipped the belt through the buckle and cinched it. She nearly fell on top of him, as her knees came together. He buckled it tight and then wrapped the belt again, feeding the slack through the leather holding strap.

"There." he said, his hand smacking her exposed upper thigh. "Maybe that will remind you to be a little more careful and courteous."

Her eyes were wide as saucers. How could she even walk like this? Her knees couldn't separate.

"Now go get me another beer and let's pretend we're starting over, yes?"

He smacked her upper thigh again, harder this time, and she squealed, leaping up a little. Her petticoats fluttered upward revealing everything.

"Look! She even likes that," Mr. Goodwin laughed.

"Told you," Miss Sellers said, "She's a complete nympho."

Lacy whimpered and began trying to turn around. Every step was delicate. She had to carefully plan each move, just to walk. Her hands were both to swing overwhelmingly girlish as she hobbled for the door. She dared not look at any of them, every ounce of her concentration was focused on the simple act of walking. She was almost to the door... almost safe when...

"Lacy!"

It was Miss Sellers.

Tricia.

Why was she letting this happen?

She turned awkwardly to face her.

"Yes Miss Sellers?"

"You forgot your tray."

Lacy paled.

"Yes Miss Sellers. Sorry Miss Sellers."

They all laughed as she hobbled back into the room, awkwardly bent to get the tray and then hobbled her way out the door.

* * * * *

"Please Tricia?"

He hated the whine in his voice, but the desire... it was overwhelming.

"I know I screwed up last night. I'm very, very sorry... but... please? Can we try it again?"

Tricia sat on the bed, already changed out of her work clothes and into a comfortable set of pajamas. She had her book on her lap, already open to the right spot. She held her place with her thumb and looked up at him.

“What do I get out of it?” her voice was level, her eyes on his. One eyebrow quirked up at him.

That was a good sign. She was entertaining the possibility.

All day he had wanted to put on the maid’s outfit. The night before had been torturous at first, with the desire spent and the overly constricting bondage nearing painful. Then, as the evening wore on, it had been a heavenly treat. Yet he had dared not cum at the end of it. They had gone to bed, her releasing him from the outfit and him wearing one of his satin nightgowns. Sleep wouldn’t come. The satin caressed his smooth skin and the feel of the outfit haunted him.

And he couldn’t cum.

He dared not cum.

Not after he had ruined the evening with his loss of control.

The morning finally arrived and he dragged himself from bed, red-eyed from unrest. He made her breakfast, kissed her goodbye and...

...and obsessed.

All day.

Just the idea of sliding back into that outfit, overwhelmed him with lust.

Yet he dared not relieve himself.

Not after the last time.

He couldn’t sleep. He couldn’t eat. The desire just overwhelmed everything else.

By the time, she arrived home that evening, he was a wreck. All he could think about was her... her helping to lock him back into that outfit.

Tricia was having none of it.

He made her dinner and listened as best he could to her venting of the day.

He refilled her wine glass at any and every opportunity.

He fetched her clean towels for her bath.

He doted on her hand and foot.

...and the evening ended. She was ready for bed, her book in her hand... and him... he was completely desperate.

“Please Tricia!”

“What do I get out of it?” she asked again. She was smiling now, the dominance from the previous evening, creeping back into her personality.

“Whatever you want. Anything.” he said eagerly, “What do you want?”

“Oh honey...” she said chuckling, “You don’t want to go there...”

“Whatever you want, Tricia.” he pleaded. “I know you’re tired and work was bad today... I just... It was really fun last night and I wanted to...”

“Did you shave, Lacy?”

She was using his name.

Well the name she had given him.

He really needed to talk to her about that.

But not tonight. Not when he was this close to talking her into it.

“Yes. Absolutely.”

“Everywhere?”

“Yep. Everywhere.”

He had shaved. It was the only substantial thing he had accomplished today. And it was substantial. Shaving his whole body had taken forever. Yet it was exciting too. And how could he not, knowing that he might get the chance to put on that heavenly outfit again?

“...and the ... other thing?”

He blushed.

He really didn't like giving himself an enema.

Yet he had.

She had specifically requested he start doing that, and Tricia never asked things like that without following up on them.

He nodded, his face brilliantly scarlet.

“Fetch me a notebook and then put on your makeup... like I showed you last night...”

He dashed to the desk, looking for a notepad. He felt like a kid on Christmas morning. Eagerness was overwhelming.

“Take your time with the makeup, Lacy... you don't want to rush these things.”

She was laying on the bed, her pencil scratching words on the notepad. He was at the vanity, carefully going through the steps. His face slowly becoming more and more feminine with each application.

He hated eyeliner.

But she had instructed him on it and he dared not leave anything out, if he was to get to play.

Twenty minutes later he presented himself with a small ‘ta-da’ of a flourish.

“Not bad for a first attempt on your own. You used too much blush and your eyes are a little whorish, but not bad. There's a Cosmo on the coffee table downstairs that has an article on making your eyes look bigger. Why don't you read it tomorrow?”

He nodded.

Cosmo. Sure. Whatever.

The desire was so strong his mouth was watering.

“So you're sure you want to be the maid tonight?”

He nodded. He tried not to look too eager... and failed.

“I'll help you get locked into it...”

Locked into it. Oh god that turned him on.

“...but I'm going to have to go to bed, honey.”

No. No, he had waited all day for this.

“Please Tricia.”

She smiled at him.

“I said I'd help. I'm just saying that if you're going to do this, you're going to stay that way all night. I don't want you waking me up in an hour begging to be unlocked.”

All night. His mind swam in lusty visions.

“I have to be up early, so here's my proposal...”

She swung her legs off the side and patted the bed next to her for him to sit and look at the notepad with her.

“These are chores that need to be done around the house. I'll dress you up, and you can spend the night downstairs doing these chores.”

The first hint of disappointment began to radiate through him.

“Tricia... it’s ten o’clock. These things would take...”

“All night.”

“All night?”

“At six o’clock you can make me breakfast. I wrote down what I would like, and you can bring it to me in bed. After breakfast, I’ll unlock you and then you can spend the day how you like.”

“All night?”

“This gives us both something. You get to dress up as your little fantasy, and I get a clean and tidy house and breakfast in bed. Do we have a deal?”

Mark nibbled his lower lip for a minute. It tasted sweet, the lipgloss coating it, fruity and feminine.

All night long?

“Deal.”

The word burst out of him, and he wondered if it came from his brain or from his throbbing desire.

“Get the outfit, Lacy. We’ll get you locked in...”

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Walking with her knees hobbled together made the arousal unbearable. Smooth thighs rubbing back and forth, the overwhelmingly arousing stockings caressing each other.

I can’t go back in there.

So horny...

Stop it...

Let’s cum...

No!

Please!?!

No!

I have to cum.

You don’t have to and no!

Each step was an internal struggle just to keep Lacy the Nympho in check. Truth to be told, Mark wanted to cum just as bad... but he knew... that lesson had been learned. If you cum, it’s worse. And it was already bad. Really bad. Life changing bad.

His world was gone.

How do you come back from something like this?

Cum. Cum. Cum.

What had been a simple dress up game was now something more. Tricia had crossed a line. She wasn’t playing his game anymore, she was playing some other game. A game that had new rules that Mark didn’t know.

I think my marriage is over.

Please... let’s just touch ourselves for a minute. Just for a minute...

Tricia no longer saw him as a man. He had played the game too much. Too often and too eagerly. He had really and truly become her maid.

How did I not see this coming?

Touch it! Touch me! Fuck me! Please God... I need to cum.

“SHUT UP!”

The words hissed out of his teeth in a soft growl. He was only halfway down the return trip.

Step...

Cum! Cum! Cum!

...after humiliatingly awkward step...

Please... just touch it. Just touch me, for a second.

He had one hand holding the tray and the other holding the bottle on the tray. He wouldn't drop it. He wouldn't shake it. He was NOT going to be punished any further.

I need it!

Step.

Please!?!?

Step.

Fuck me!

Step.

The hand holding the bottle was moving. He was rubbing the bottle neck with his thumb.

Correction.

Lacy was rubbing it.

She was rubbing it like it was a...

STOP IT!

He tried to stomp his foot, but hobbled as it was by the belt and high heel it was more of a tap.

Ten more feet to the door. Only a few seconds had passed, as he traversed the hall, but it felt like days. He breathed a shallow breath and forced Lacy, down and back and away.

Musical chimes filled the room.

Mark whimpered.

The doorbell.

There was no command bellowed from the den this time.

Was there a need for one?

He was the maid. His job was to answer the door.

He pivoted, careful of the beer bottle, and hobbled to the front door.

But he couldn't do it.

He couldn't open the door.

The chimes filled the room again.

If they rang a third time, he was certain there would be a command from the den. And he would be punished. Again. In some unspeakably horrible way.

I can't do this...

Sucks to be you.

Please help me.

Now you want help?

Please.

Can we cum?

Maybe.

Maybe yes?

Maybe.

Good enough.

Lacy opened the door.

Outside stood the most unusual looking woman Lacy had ever seen. Spiked purple hair frizzed up to one side. A dragon tattoo crept up her neck and around her ear. Her makeup, a plethora of colors across her face.

“Hi! I’m Toni!”

The woman pushed past her, the large wooden box in her left hand bumping against the maid. She teetered, unable to balance well with the tray in one hand and the hobbled knees.

“Oops sorry. You must be Lacy. Nice to meet you.”

Toni shut the door herself, as Lacy desperately tried to regain balance.

“Where are the guys?”

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