

MAGGIE'S ORDEAL

By Sally Wild



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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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MAGGIE'S ORDEAL

By SALLY WILD

Chapter 1

The overhead lights in the small basement room cast a harsh glare off the mirror that covered the entire wall that Mel faced. He was having problems focusing his mind on the image that was reflected back at him. His drink sodden brain refused to accept the fact that he was suspended from the ceiling dressed as a lowly housemaid. No matter how many times he closed his eyes the same image was always there when he opened them.

Once again he started from the top of his reflected image in an attempt to analyze his present dilemma. His wrists were tied together with a leather strap and attached to a chain suspended from the ceiling. The chain was pulled taut so that he was almost forced to stand on his tiptoes and a dull ache was building up in his arms and legs from the strain of maintaining such an uncomfortable position. A frilly white maid's cap was placed on top of his head with a shoulder length blonde wig which framed his face. His face was fully made up with eye shadow, mascara, foundation, blush and lipstick. In his mouth was a penis gag secured tightly with a leather harness. Long, silver clip-on earrings dangled from each of his ear lobes.

His black, knee length, taffeta dress had white lace around the high neckline and the wrists of the full length sleeves. Setting off this lacy froth was a white bib apron with ruffled straps disappearing over his shoulders to be attached to the waist ties which were secured in a large bow at the small of his back. The front of the apron was adorned with a small pocket and the bottom portion was covered with several layers of lace that ended three or four inches above his dress hem.

His legs were encased in sheer, black stockings and he was perched on black pumps with three inch heels. His ankles were tied together with another leather strap which in turn was secured to a ring in the concrete floor. As a result he was strung tightly between the ceiling and the floor of the room and found it impossible to move.

In an effort to distract himself from the growing discomfort in his aching feet and strained arms and legs, he pushed aside the alcoholic mist pulsating through his brain and made a concerted effort to remember how the day could have disintegrated so quickly into personal disaster.

It had started in the usual manner that had become the daily household routine over the last few years. He slept in late in an attempt to recover from a night of drinking and carousing on the town and it was almost noon before he managed to rouse himself sufficiently to ring the buzzer mounted on the wall beside the bed. On his second impatient ring, the bedroom door was quietly opened by a woman dressed impeccably in the traditional uniform of the housemaid.

“About time you got here you stupid bitch,” he groaned through the pain of his throbbing headache. “Get me a glass of water and some aspirins.”

“Yes Master,” she replied with a full curtsy before slipping gracefully into the adjoining bathroom to accomplish this task. As she left his presence he appreciatively eyed her trim figure and wondered how many other husbands had such a well trained wife in this age of sexual equality.

Their marriage had started off on a more conventional footing almost ten years previously, but when he won a considerable sum of money from a lottery more than five years ago their life together had taken a dramatic turn. Great for him but not so pleasant for his little wife, Suzy, as he slowly turned her into a menial servant to carry out his every command while he enjoyed the life of the idle rich. He was no longer even sure why he had decided to take this rather unusual step in their relationship, other than time had seemed to stretch endlessly before him after the initial euphoria of quitting his mediocre job and enjoying the good life.

His boredom was compounded by the fact that Suzy was not keen on leading anything but a quiet existence and looked on with growing disapproval at his increasingly debauched lifestyle. Her attitude and the challenge of changing someone against her will made an irresistible combination to tempt him. As a result he threw himself into a campaign of coercion, bribery and outright force to transform her from an independent, vibrant and loving wife into the docile and dependent maid who now tended his every need.

It had not been easy as she fought a determined battle to oppose his twisted desires, but in the end he had worn her down until she quickly carried out any order he gave her, no matter how humiliating, rather than face the painful discipline he did not hesitate to impose. In truth he had to admit he was becoming increasingly tired of her as she now rarely gave him an opportunity to vent his smoldering anger with life.

Suzy returned to the bedroom and with her usual fixed smile stood beside the bed holding out the glass of water and two aspirins while Mel struggled to a sitting position before accepting the medication. After handing the empty glass back to her, he ran his hand up under her dress and along her leg until it rested on her pantied crotch.

“Well slut, limber up those lips and get down there and suck me off. Maybe it will take my mind off my headache,” he growled as he removed his hand after giving her a painful pinch with his fingers.

“Yes Master,” she replied, dutiful smile still in place, as she drew the bed covers back to reveal his naked body. A body once lean and hard but now rapidly turning puffy and soft from the depraved life he insisted on leading. Climbing on the bed she knelt between his legs and fondled his balls and penis before inserting his shaft between her glossy, full lips gleaming with the dark red lipstick that Mel insisted she wear at all times.

In spite of her skilled ministrations with her tongue and lips, Mel did not respond to her efforts. He tried in vain to relax and allow his body to be swept away in the old rush of erotic joy that used to come so easily to him, but all he could feel was the increasingly familiar sense of impotence and anger. Finally, after more than ten minutes

had passed, he angrily pushed her off the bed with a vicious kick so that she fell heavily to the floor before struggling to her feet.

“Stupid little whore, you can't even get me interested anymore. Go and get me a drink!”

“Yes Master,” she replied with a graceful curtsy before leaving the room.

In a few minutes she returned with a silver tray bearing a large glass of straight bourbon and the day's mail. As she curtsied, he snatched the glass and took a deep swallow that almost emptied the glass.

“All right wench, don't be so stupid in future - bring me the rest of the bottle and when you get back, sort this mail out and be prepared to read it to me,” he commanded as he allowed the warm glow of the alcohol to soothe his shattered nerves.

Suzy quickly complied with his instructions and soon he was holding the bottle by the neck and indulging his thirst in a much more direct manner after throwing the useless glass to one side. It did not take her long to sort through the letters as most of them were bills or junk mail.

She held out one letter and said, “This is the only one that seems important, Master. It is from your accountant.”

“Don't be such a bimbo, Suzy. Open it up and read it to me.”

“Yes Master,” she replied as she quickly slit open the letter with her long, dark red fingernails. Scanning the letter she suddenly raised her head to cast a knowing look at him as he guzzled yet more bourbon, slopping a generous portion of it down his naked chest.

Sensing her eyes on him, he glared at her until she had lowered them to the appropriate downcast position while maintaining the simpering smile that he had beaten into her so long ago.

“Well? Read it to me,” he snarled, reaching out to give her plump but firm rear end a hard smack.

“Yes Master. It is quite a long letter and I know that you don't like to hear financial details. Do you want me to just give you the highlights?”

“Yes, yes - just get on with it,” he slurred.

“Well to be extremely brief it would appear that with the exception of this house, which you own outright, you are bankrupt with no money left to your name.”

Her words took a few moments to penetrate his alcohol fogged brain but when they did he reached over and snatched the letter from her hand. As he struggled to focus his eyes on the text of the document he failed to notice the look of triumph that appeared briefly in Suzy's eyes as she watched his growing sense of disbelief and misery.

With a groan he threw the pages down on the bed and closed his eyes in an attempt to make this latest dose of unwelcome reality disappear. However when he opened them, Suzy was still standing quietly beside the bed with her hands folded in front of

her apron while keeping her eyes demurely cast down and the letter was lying on the bed where he had thrown it.

His mind raced to try and find an answer to the problem that threatened to finish him. He needed money and a lot of it if he wanted to keep up appearances. Maybe he could sell the house but the market was not good right now and where would they live if he did? How the hell was he supposed to find an answer when his head hurt so badly? He looked at his wife still standing quietly before him. Stupid harlot was no good to him as she obviously didn't have an original idea in her pretty little head. Maybe he could get her to earn some money as a call girl, hell she had the looks and body for it and he had trained her well.

"Well Suzy dear, it looks as if we are in for some hard times unless we both do our part to get some money back into the kitty. I think it is about time I called my old buddy, Winston, to see if he can fix you up with a few tricks. Only the best paying of course, but I know that you will enjoy the chance to spread your legs for a good cause."

As she listened to him speak, panic flashed momentarily through her mind at the mention of the pimp's name that she associated with some of her more degrading training in the first years of her forced servitude, but she quickly composed herself and picked up the accountant's letter from the bed.

"I think if you read the last page of the accountant's report you will find that taking that sort of action will not be necessary," she said in a firm, controlled voice.

Mel was so astonished by her unusually forthright manner of speaking that he glanced at the last page without taking her to task for not addressing him in the appropriate manner and tone. What he saw made his head spin as it stated quite categorically that Suzy had invested some money over the last few years and now controlled a considerable sum. Unfortunately, other than the house, it was all that remained of the large fortune he once possessed.

"Where did you get this money?" he spluttered in indignation. "I kept you on a very limited household allowance and there is no way that you should have this much."

"Well, you know how it is, I scrimped and saved and put some aside as you let me control the household money without any supervision," she said, knowing full well that she had been taking increasingly large amounts from his accounts over the last two years. He was so drunk most of the time that he never noticed and if the truth be known she had played a large part in ensuring he had gone bankrupt. "Anyway you should just be pleased that we have some money put aside for these troubled times."

A cunning look came onto his face as he said, "You are quite right, Suzy. I think you should write a quick letter giving me full control of those funds."

For the first time in many years she looked him in the eye and said, "No Mel, I don't think we should be too quick about this. You own the house and I have some money so I think we should be equal partners in our future endeavors."

Mel bit off a furious retort to remind her of her appropriate place in the household as he saw the determined look on her face.

To hell with it, he thought, I'm going to have to trick her into giving me that money. It shouldn't be too hard as I've dominated her too many years for her to get away with this shit for long.

“OK Suzy, we can be partners but how are we going to look after this place - or do you want to carry on being the maid?”

“No Mel, I'm ready to move up in the world and I think we should hire a young girl to be the maid. I'm sure you would like to have a hand in training her to the appropriate standard.”

Suzy's words caused Mel to shiver in anticipation as his penis rose to a semi-erect state. *My God what he wouldn't do to get his hands on some young innocent thing and put her through her paces.*

All thoughts of forcing Suzy immediately back into the role of his personal maid slipped from his mind as he concentrated on what he could do with some fresh flesh to mold into his idea of the perfect servant. After all he could always ditch Suzy once he had regained control of the money that was rightfully his.

Suzy smiled quietly to herself as she saw the gloating look come over his face as he obviously contemplated the joys of breaking in a new girl. She was becoming increasingly convinced that she could manipulate him to do anything she wished. He was so easy to predict, particularly in his present drunken state.

Giving her ruby red lips a nervous lick, she prepared to move on to the next step of her plan. Judging the moment right, she intervened as Mel took another slug of bourbon straight from the bottle. Stepping forward, she waited until he lowered the bottle before taking it from his unresisting hands and placing it on the bedside table.

Before he could protest she said, “Now Mel, let's get down to some serious planning. I know you want to get your hands on some young filly as soon as possible so that you can train her, but I want you to know up front that I want to participate in the training as well. I'm tired of being the underdog around here and, excuse the pun, want to get my licks in as well. So understand that I want to be the mistress of this little bitch as much as you want to be her master. Is that clear?”

Mel could hardly believe what he was hearing. The idea of both of them breaking some young bimbo and molding her into a perfect sex slave was almost more than he could bear. His cock sprang to attention just thinking about it.

Suzy's rather impatient second query about his understanding of the arrangement brought him back to reality and he signaled his concurrence with a vigorous nod of his head.

“Good,” she cooed, giving him her hand to shake in formal agreement before she continued, “Now how do we go about getting ourselves a suitable candidate?”

“That's easy,” he said with a sly grin, “we put an ad in the paper for a maid and after we interview the applicants we hire one. Or at least we say we are going to hire one. Once we start our little program the last thing she is going to have on her mind is money. She'll be too busy begging for mercy to worry about such a minor point. Of course we will have to make sure that she doesn't have any close family, or friends, in

the immediate area as for all intents and purposes once she is in our grasp she will disappear from the face of the earth.”

“Oh, Mel,” Suzy exclaimed with a little laugh, “You're so clever, I would never have thought of all that so quickly!”

Mel lay back with a smile luxuriating in her praise while thinking that her years of being treated as a mindless little doxy would make her easy to sort out as soon as he had his new love toy in hand. Life was starting to look up!

Suddenly Suzy tittered with a cute pout, “But there is one little problem we haven't discussed Mel and I so want this plan to work out well.”

“What's the problem now Suzy?” Mel asked with a condescending air. “I'm sure we can come up with a solution.”

“Well, I'm embarrassed to say this, but I want some practice in ordering a slave around and in how to train her before we get a new girl in here. I mean I don't want to look stupid in front of her do I?”

Mel gave Suzy a hard look and asked, “ And just what did you have in mind?”

“I know you are probably just going to laugh, but I would really like to get you to agree to just pretend to be the slave for a few hours and train me on how to be a good mistress... I mean you're such a good teacher and you certainly know how to be a dominating master. I know it sounds kinky but would you do it for little old me?”

Mel grabbed the bottle of rapidly diminishing bourbon and took a healthy swig as he tried to fathom her thinking and what was really behind her request.

She reached out and slowly started to stroke his still erect penis as she gazed pensively into his eyes and cooed sexily, “Oh, please, pretty please, just for me, master!”

Before his befuddled brain could intercede, Mel found himself sighing, “ All right but only for a few hours, Suzy. After that you are on your own.”

“Oh Mel, you're the greatest!”

Taking the nearly empty bottle from him, she looked into his eyes and said with a nervous giggle, “Up on your feet, slave, so that you can attend your mistress' needs.”

Grumbling good naturedly, Mel staggered to his feet and stood swaying before her as she instructed him to stand still and to close his eyes until told to open them. As he carried out her order, his curiosity grew as he heard the rustle and swish of her clothing as she quickly undressed and threw her clothes on the bed.

“OK, open your eyes, slave.”

When he opened his eyes Suzy was standing in front of him wrapped in one of his velour bathrobes which fit extremely well as, at five foot eight, he was only an inch or two taller than she was.

She reached down to the bed and picked up the white, lacy panties she had just taken off. Holding them open she commanded him to step into them.

“Oh, no. I'm not doing any such thing. Do you think I'm queer or something!”

“Now Mel, you promised to follow my orders for a few hours and if I want to dress you up as my maid for that time you had better comply. After all how can we proceed with our plan to get a new girl into this role if I can't convincingly play the role of mistress? Anyway you might find you enjoy this for an hour or two - after all we are about the same size and I have warmed up these clothes for you so it shouldn't be too uncomfortable. Or are you too much of a coward to follow through on your promise?”

Against his better judgment Mel found himself stepping into the nylon panties which fit snugly and even erotically around his cock and balls.

“There, that wasn't so bad was it,” Suzy whispered as she stroked his erect manhood through the slinky material of the panties. “Let's see if we can get this corset to fit as well.”

On her command, Mel held his arms away from his torso as she took the white satin spandex, wasp waisted corset and pulled it gently around his body after slipping the shoulder straps into place.

Continuously running her smooth hands around his stomach and crotch, she lulled him into a sexually induced state of pure pleasure before stating, “Now hold still, dear slave, as this is going to hurt you more than it's going to hurt me!” as she rapidly fastened all the hooks and pulled the laces as tight as she could.

Mel winced as the wire reinforced material was pulled relentlessly in, forcing four or five inches from his waist and pushing them up into the breast cups of the corset and down into his hip area. He felt as if his ribs had been crushed and he could hardly breathe but he stoically resisted a strong urge to complain about this rough treatment.

Suzy could hardly contain her delight as she reached down into the corset cups and pulled up his flabby chest until the chubby flesh filled the B sized cups quite nicely.

“Why Mel, your figure is quite cute, almost hour glass in appearance and with a little dieting you could have quite a nice little waist to go with it,” she teased him.

“Don't piss me off, bimbo,” he snarled. “ I think I've had enough of this crap.”

Quickly realizing that she had pushed him too far, Suzy adjusted the corset shoulder straps while stroking his pseudo breasts, stomach and penis which still throbbed in the silky prison of his panties.

“Oh Mel, please don't get mad at me. I'm sorry I annoyed you and if you agree to carry on I'll make it up to you later,” she whispered huskily in his ear.

Surrendering to the feel of her skillful hands, Mel nodded his head in agreement although it was against his better judgment. Shaking off his fears, he grabbed the bourbon bottle and took another drink although the tightness of the corset caused him to take more genteel sips than his usual manly gulps.

Taking advantage of his renewed acquiescence, Suzy gently pushed him down on the bed and rolled a pair of black stockings up his legs before attaching them to the six garter tabs hanging down from the corset. She almost made a remark about how his legs really should be shaved before he wore nylons but decided it would be better to say nothing at this stage of her plan. Instead she contented herself with running

her hands up and down his silk encased legs until he was squirming in pleasure at this novel but sensual feeling.

Before he could become too excited, she slipped her three inch high heeled, black pumps on his feet. They were a bit tight but not a bad fit so she helped him to stand by laughing and pulling on his hands after placing the bottle on the bedside table one more time.

Mel swayed slightly from side to side as he adjusted to the unusual feeling of the high heels and the taut pull of the garters on his stockings.

Suzy continued to caress his body through the soft, slinky clothing and asked him to hold his hands over his head as she dropped a white satin slip, encrusted with lace at both the bodice and hem, down over his feminized form.

Mel closed his eyes as he inhaled the scent of her perfume lingering on this article of clothing as it settled gently over his newly acquired curves before it finished its slow, erotic slide down his body. The lacy hem sat just above his knees, tickling his legs through the stockings as it swayed exquisitely back and forth in time to the growing trembles in his legs.

Suzy regained his attention as she ran her hand gently over his cock and balls now enclosed behind a double barrier of nylon and satin and announced it was time to zip him into the black taffeta maid's dress still lying on the bed.

Obedying her command to once again raise his arms over his head, he felt this third layer of sensual material slide in a rustling rush over the slip before she pulled up the back zipper in one deft pull.

Even with the corset, the dress was a little snug but Suzy rejoiced in how the black dress with its white laced high neckline and wrists gave Mel an appropriately maidish look although she was still not finished with him - not by a long shot!

"Now for the apron," she stated as she held up the frilly bib apron, covered with lace at the waist and hem, and slipped the ruffled straps over his shoulders before crisscrossing and buttoning them to the waist ties which she tied in a large bow at the small of his back.

"Let's make sure you look presentable, my dear slave," she giggled as she stood back to admire her handiwork while making sure the apron hem sat three or four inches above the knee length dress and that his slip didn't show.

"So far so good but now it's time for a bit of bathroom work, my lovely, so let's go," she whispered enticingly as she took him by the hand and led him to the adjacent bathroom.

With short hesitant steps in the unfamiliar heels, Mel struggled to keep up as Suzy pulled him along. The tight corset caused his breath to come in short almost painful pants which made his taffeta encased bosom heave in a most convincing female manner as the full skirts of his slip and dress danced around his knees.

Pulling down the toilet seat, Suzy pushed him into a sitting position before lathering his face with shaving cream and using a wicked looking straight razor to give him a close shave.

Closing his eyes he could almost imagine he was lying in bed as Suzy, his faithful maid, carried out this duty in a professional and comforting manner as she had so often done in the last five years.

Unfortunately, his day dream came to an abrupt end as Suzy tapped the end of his nose with the razor handle and asked in a honeyed voice if he was enjoying his enslavement so far. Eyeing the razor blade she held firmly in front of his face, he decided that it would be appropriate to tell her that he thought she was doing a great job as a new mistress.

Reaching down and sliding her hand under his dress and apron Suzy grasped his still throbbing shaft before stating, "That's sweet of you, slave, but I didn't ask you how I was doing. I asked if you were enjoying your time as a servant!"

Feeling her hand firmly around his penis and seeing the razor still held in front of his face he managed a rather strained, "Oh yes, it's OK."

"Shouldn't that be a little more appreciative slave and shouldn't I be addressed as Mistress," she demanded.

Feeling her grip intensifying and seeing the razor being lowered toward his lap, Mel gushed, "Oh yes Mistress, I really enjoy being your little girl slave."

After he had blurted out these words he almost choked over his answer, particularly that part about the girl slave. Where had that come from he wondered as he drifted in and out of his alcoholic haze.

As he squirmed in embarrassment on the toilet seat, Suzy sensed his unease and quickly defused the situation by stepping away from him and saying coyly, "Oh Mel, that was very good. You had me fooled there for a moment with your kidding around. Do you really think I'm learning to be a dominant mistress? I want you to be proud of me when we start training our new little wench."

Relaxed by her words, Mel gave a grin and assured her that he thought her training was coming along very well and they could soon finish this stage of their proposed project.

"Well, at least let me finish getting you dressed and order you around a bit more," she replied, "but you're right I think I'm getting the hang of this. Maybe in another hour or so we will be able to get on with recruiting our little whore. Won't that be fun?"

Without waiting for his answer Suzy started to apply some foundation to his face and then penciled in his eyebrows to make them look thinner. As he sat quietly, almost dozing off as the alcohol he had consumed started to catch up with him, she quickly applied dark blue eye shadow, heavy black eye liner and mascara, bright red blush and ruby red lipstick. The overall effect was the same cheap, tartish look that he had forced her to wear for the last long five years.

She gleefully thought that it looked better on him than it ever did on her.

Grabbing his hands, she pulled him upright and led him back into the bedroom where once again she seated him on the bed. Going quickly to her own small, dingy room just down the hall from the master bedroom, she picked up a handful of jewelry

and a wig that were lying pre-positioned on her little single bed. Taking a quick look around she sighed in satisfaction knowing that she would not be sleeping here any longer and thinking of someone who would be much more suited for living in this particular accommodation. Shaking her head, she reminded herself that her plan was still far from complete and rushed back to the master bedroom to discover Mel still sitting on the bed, but almost ready to fall over and go to sleep.

Shaking his shoulder, she said, "Come on slave, there will be time for sleep later. Let's get on with our training program like you promised."

Ignoring Mel's glare for being so rudely interrupted from a well deserved rest, she placed a heavy, silver choker necklace around his neck and long, dangling clip-on earrings on his ear lobes. These articles of jewelry were followed by a thin chain bracelet around his right wrist and a small silver lady's watch on his left.

Finally to finish her new creation off, she placed a long, blonde wig on his head and brushed the bangs into place so that they hung down by his eyes before perching a perky, little frilly lace maid's cap on top of his new bimbo hair style. As she looked down at him, she found it difficult to stop herself from clapping her hands and dancing for joy with the success of her efforts.

Her late, unlamented master didn't look very dominating now!

However, caution learned the hard way caused her to conceal her glee and to press on with the final steps of this charade.

Chapter 2

Suzy reached down and pulled Mel up by his hands one more time and led him to the full length mirror doors on the master bedroom's closet.

"Well there you are, dearest," she exulted as she stood beside him, "What do you think?"

Mel stared at the reflected image of himself without being able to say a word in reply. He did not make a beautiful woman by any stretch of the imagination, but Suzy had managed to make him at least a presentable replica of a real house maid. Staring at his reflection from make-up enhanced eyes, he started to have serious doubts about this whole experience.

But before he could state his intention of unilaterally stopping the whole training session his befuddled brain had switched to registering the pleasurable feelings the unfamiliar clothing and his appearance generated deep in his innermost thoughts. The slinky feeling of his dress and lingerie against his skin and the tightness of the corset combined with the taut feel of his stockings were causing him to remain powerfully erect, a feeling he had not experienced for some time.

Suzy studied the look of sudden horror, quickly followed by pleasure that slipped across his face. She knew that she was almost there, but had to be very careful about these last few steps in her plan.

Deciding that it was best to keep him off balance by keeping him busy she briskly stated, "Come on slave, stop admiring yourself. Now that I have something that looks

like our ultimate sluttish victim, I want to practice being a good mistress. Go over to the bedside table and get the bourbon and bring it to me.”

Before he could stop himself from responding, Mel found himself swaying tipsily over to retrieve the bottle as requested. His alcohol impaired brain was trying desperately to warn him to stop this nonsense but for some reason his feminine appearance was inducing a feeling of submission deep within him which he could not control. Bending down to pick up the bottle, he almost fell onto the bed, but managed to retain his balance before making a wobbly turn in his high heels and retracing his steps to where Suzy patiently waited.

Taking the bottle, she raised it and gave him a hard look before taking a short swig of the smooth liquor before handing it back to him while telling him he could have a drink as well. She was torn between her desire to have him immediately jump to her every command and the need to quickly finish this business before he balked and refused to continue.

As she watched him take several small sips from the bottle, she sensed that he was confused and vulnerable at the moment but still quite capable of becoming uncooperative in an instant. Following her instincts, she resolved to finish things quickly rather than dragging them out any longer.

“Slave, you were very unlady like in your movements and you did not curtsy at all. What am I to do with you?”

Mel, almost comatose from all the bourbon that he had consumed, struggled to understand what she was saying. Finally, he understood that she was asking what kind of punishment should be administered for such disgusting transgressions from acceptable behavior.

“You should take your maid down to the punishment room in the basement and give her some appropriate discipline,” he blurted out, “but I don't think we should get into any of that sort of stuff right now. When are we going to call this quits and get on with procuring ourselves a little love toy?”

Smothering her annoyance at his growing reluctance to cooperate, Suzy once again ran her hands expertly over his body, knowing from long experience where he derived the maximum pleasure.

A physical pleasure that she enhanced psychologically by whispering in his ear, “Come on Mel we are almost finished. You have already taught me how to be convincingly bossy, now we can concentrate on some simple skills such as bondage so that I don't look like a complete fool in front of the little hussy we will soon have in our power. You're such a good teacher and a dominant hunk with a cock that never stops, I know that you can't wait to finish off these lessons for silly little me so that we can get started on the real event.”

Giving his hard penis a final gentle rub through his skirts as she finished speaking, she took one of his hands and led him from the bedroom and down the hall through the living room and into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, she stopped long enough to place the bourbon bottle, after prying it from his clutches, onto the counter before opening the door leading down to the base-

ment. Fully realizing that his intoxicated state and unfamiliar high heels were a potentially lethal combination on the stairs, she took considerable care in ensuring that he navigated this obstacle without incident.

No need for an accident now, when I'm so close, was the thought running through her mind as she took his weight on her shoulders until they reached the bottom of the stairs.

Not giving him a chance to rest, she then hustled him through the large family room and down a short hall before stopping only long enough to open the door to a small room in the corner of the basement. As they entered, she flipped on the light switch so that the harsh overhead lights came on revealing a Spartan interior. The floor was concrete with metal rings set into it at irregular intervals while chains and pulleys with attached ropes hung from several rafters in the unfinished ceiling. The only bright spot in the otherwise cold and damp feeling room was a mirror filling the entire width and length of one wall. On the opposite wall was a large cupboard that Suzy knew from bitter experience contained an extensive collection of bondage and discipline equipment.

As soon as they entered, Mel stood quietly remembering appreciatively some of his more memorable exploits that had taken place in this very room as he broke Suzy to his will.

My God, that was grand, he thought. *I can hardly wait to get going with the next little whore when we get her in here.*

Impatient to finish this stupid training for Suzy he said, "Well let's get on with this. I don't have much patience left for this dumb training so tell me what you want to know and let's proceed with more important things."

Realizing that she had only one chance to finalize her own plan, Suzy carefully replied, "Now Mel, please be tolerant with me. You have to realize that this is all second nature to an expert like you, but I don't even know how to tie someone up for punishment. Could you be a sweetheart and talk me through it?"

Although he was soothed by her complimentary words, Mel sighed heavily before he pulled his hand from hers and swaying slightly moved over to the cupboard and fumbled one of the doors open. Inside was an impressive collection of chains, gags, masks, cuffs, leather straps and ropes of different lengths and sizes. Grabbing two buckled leather straps, both about two inches wide and three feet in length, he staggered back to Suzy saying, "You really are a bimbo, Suzy. I mean how many times have I tied you up in this room? You should know what it entails by now you stupid, little tart! I'll keep it simple so that even you can understand my instructions. See these straps, you can buckle them around somebody's wrists and ankles and then use the chains and pulleys to hoist them up in any position you want. Hell, you should remember some of the contortions I put you through in here."

Suzy remembered very well some of the degrading acts he had committed on her body in this room, but she continued to play the empty headed servant wench by simpering apologetically, "Oh, I know I should know these things Mel but perhaps it would be easier if you let me tie you up as you talked me through the various steps. That should make it simpler for me to see what you really mean and as soon as we have

done it once, you can get changed out of those clothes and we can get on with our little plan.”

In his eagerness to get on with the procurement of a new dolly maid, Mel ignored the warning bells, muted by the alcohol, ringing in his barely functioning mind. Thrusting out his arms in front of him, he instructed Suzy to wrap one of the straps around his wrists until they were held tightly together and the buckle could be closed off.

Hardly believing her good luck at such an easy acquiescence on his part, Suzy quickly did so. Once she was finished he told her to lower the chain over his head in the center of the room down to chest level and then attach the snap on the chain into the clip on the buckle. As soon as she had finished this step, he indicated that she should pull on the pulley rope until his arms were held securely above his head and then to tie the rope off in one of the floor rings.

Suzy quickly finished this task and he was left hanging from the ceiling with his high heels barely touching the floor.

“Now hurry up and finish this stupid game off by using the other leather strap around my ankles and buckling it off just like you did my wrists,” he said, “and speed it up, Suzy, my arms are starting to hurt.”

Giving him an enigmatic smile, she did so and then attached the strap to the floor ring immediately under his feet before stepping back to examine her handiwork.

“Come on Suzy let me down now. I'm tired of this and my arms and legs are starting to hurt... I need a drink and we have to get on with calling for...”

His words were cut off as Suzy planted her fist solidly into his soft stomach!

As he hung there gasping for breath, she quickly grabbed a penis gag from the cupboard and roughly crammed the three inch rubber cock-like apparatus into his gaping mouth before running the straps under his wig and fastening them in the back of his head. Giving his protruding rear a hard, proprietary smack with her hand she then walked triumphantly around to face him.

“Keep sucking on that cock like a good, little transvestite slut,” she sneered in exhortation, “because that's what your going to become - a whore in the bedroom and a servant wench in the rest of the house. My whore and my wench! Did you really think I would let you get your disgusting hands on another woman after the way you treated me for the last five years? I've waited a long time for this moment and I'm going to enjoy every minute of my reeducation of you but I can assure you that you won't. To paraphrase some late, unlamented, dominant master you're going to be too busy begging for mercy to worry your pretty little head about being comfortable in your new role.”

Ignoring his contorted face and bulging eyes as he tried to scream at her through the gag, she reached down to feel his still rock hard penis.

“Hum, you may enjoy this more than I thought,” she purred before walking out of the room but leaving the door open.