

## Mistress Cruel Love

### Chapter 6 – Precious Bodily Fluids

Markus whistled as he strutted down the long, dimly lit hallway. The apartment complex Mary lived in was huge and borderline swanky. Between the rows of lighted fixtures on the wall, the fancy carpeting and the security cameras at every corner, it was clear this place was for upper middle class folk. He was surprised she could afford to live here on an administrative assistant's salary.

Perhaps Mary's income was higher than he imagined? She'd been working for the firm long before he joined it, after all. While getting to know her better, Markus had learned her parents passed away a couple years ago. Perhaps they'd left her a considerable inheritance? Maybe she didn't need to work anymore, but chose to because she liked her job and preferred to keep busy and remain social.

Whatever the case, Markus wasn't too surprised by his new surroundings. He'd been to enough homes of bachelors and bachelorettes to note a familiar pattern. So many of the guys he'd palled around with lived in absolute shit-holes. Barely decorated, unkempt one-bedroom hovels with cracked ceilings and droll looking walls.

Most young, single guys would put up with crappy conditions if it meant cheaper rent. They often made little or no attempt to beautify their surroundings. They didn't have to worry about personal safety the same way women did. Whatever disposable income might have gone to turning a house or apartment into a home was too often spent on booze, takeout or entertainment. If only they knew how loudly that set off warning bells for anyone they were dating. His good friend Darius had been one of those clueless cases before Heather took his life by storm and whipped it into shape.

Women were different. Not all women, of course, but most. They took pride in turning their living spaces into an aesthetically pleasing refuge. They raised plants and proudly displayed framed pictures of their friends and family. They decorated walls, arches and doors with lovely flourishes of arts and crafts. Typically, they put a lot more effort into their appearance than their male counterparts and the same was true of their homes. Markus loved that about women. Even before seeing her place, he was confident Mary would be no exception to the rule.

It was Saturday night, almost two weeks from the day he'd met Mary at Club Ishtar. Markus was wearing one of his many sets of button-down shirts and dress slacks. This was typical of what he wore to the office, but in this case he'd left his shirt unbuttoned near the top to show off just a little chest hair. A black sport coat covered his shoulders and sides for an extra touch of style. The smell of cologne was thick around him and he carried a bottle of *Pinot Noir* in his left hand.

He was still smarting from how abruptly things had ended with Shireen, especially after all the effort he'd put in to pursue her. Markus knew dwelling on that was a fool's errand. He was ready to move on and that's why he found himself a few dozen feet from Mary's door. Sure, he could've gone to a club tonight and picked up someone younger and more conventionally attractive, but Mary had her own charms. Markus wasn't opposed to seeing an older woman, especially when she was a **thicc** cutie who wanted to make him dinner.

Apartment 328 came into view and Markus swaggered up to it. As he expected, it was nicely decorated with a wreath of flowers and a welcome sign. He pressed the doorbell and waited a few moments. The door opened and a smiling Mary greeted him.

“Markus! Come in, come in!”

The cheerful brunette ushered him into the well lit hallway. A clingy, red, one-piece dress was molded to her ample curves. The only thing hiding a generous view of her cleavage was the white apron tied around her waist. It read *'Kiss the Cook!'* in the center of a red, heart shaped pattern on the front.

“Hey, Mary! Good to see you again. Outside of the office, I mean! Thanks for the invite.”

She waved her hand downward, dismissing the formalities. “My pleasure. You're just in time! Dinner is almost ready.”

“I can tell from here. Smells great!” Markus pointed at the front of her apron. “Is that an offer, a joke, or a demand?”

“An offer” she replied with a wink, and turned her cheek to him.

Markus leaned down and planted a full kiss on the side of her face before holding up the wine for her to see. “I'm told this goes great with lasagna.”

“Oh, perfect! I love a good Pinot! Very nice, Markus. I'm impressed.” Mary grinned as she accepted the wine and started down the hallway.

Markus followed and soon they were in her well-stocked, medium sized kitchen. There was a typical kitchen table that could seat four to six people in the middle of the room. The two end spots were already set with fine silverware and glasses.

By the looks of it, she'd been in the middle of making a garden salad when Markus arrived. The smell of pasta, tomato and Italian spices mingled with the scent of fresh bread coming from the bread maker on the counter. It seemed Mary liked to make everything from scratch for an occasion like this.

“I don't have an ice bucket ready, but I'll pop this in the fridge for twenty minutes and it'll be properly chilled” Mary said, holding up the wine.

“Sounds good” Markus said with a nod and a smile.

“Please, sit down! I just have a few quick preps left.”

Markus took a seat and watched her shuffle around the kitchen. He couldn't help but gawk at her full caboose, jutting out from the thin, red silk of her dress. The white ties of the apron around her back only highlighted her pudgy curves, drawing his gaze like a moth to the flame.

“So, did you end up going to Shireen's farewell party?” Mary asked as she finished up the salad.

“No. I stayed home. Wasn't feelin it.”

“Decided to rip the bandaid off, huh? I don't blame you.”

“Yeah, it would've been awkward. Don't think I even want the date anymore. There's no point to it. It wasn't meant to be. I should've realized it sooner.”

“Well, I'm glad you didn't” Mary said while turning and setting the bowl of salad on the table.  
“Otherwise, we wouldn't have met at Ishtar.”

Markus grinned and nodded. “I suppose one good thing came from all that madness.”

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The living room was dark aside from the few candles Mary had lit in the background. The glow of the TV was cast on them both as they relaxed on the sofa together. Co-workers, now friends, and perhaps something more? It was *'Netflix and chill'* time so Markus would know soon enough.

“Ugh... My feet are killing me” Mary uttered as she slipped off her heels and let them clatter to the floor. “Markus, I don't suppose you're experienced at giving foot rubs, are you?”

He turned to her, his lips extending into a thin smile. “I've been known to give a foot rub or two.”

Mary pivoted on the couch and pushed her bulk to the very end. She lifted her large legs and set her fair skinned feet in Markus' lap. “Good to know. Show me what you can do with those hands.”

Markus liked where this was going. “Sure! It's the least I can do after a fine, home-cooked meal.”

He gently took her right foot and began kneading her pudgy, white flesh with firm, but measured, grips. Markus worked up and down the bridge before massaging along both sides of her foot. Mary's skin was baby soft. It was obvious she moisturized and the cream she used made her feet smell like lavender.

“I'm sure you remember the pain from your first experience in heels. You looked like you were going to pass out when we were walking through the club.”

“Yeah, I don't envy the ladies who wear heels regularly.”

“Imagine wearing them to the office every day.”

“I'd rather not.”

“A daily foot massage is the least men can do for their women. Don't you think?”

“Seems fair to me.”

Markus arrived at the bottom of her foot and began digging his fingers into the soft flesh of her soles. Mary's head lulled back and she let out a low moan as he went about his work.

“You're quite good at that. Please continue.”

“As long as you like.”

Markus continued kneading and stroking her feet for long minutes. Her sighs of pleasure and low moans came regularly. They were easy to hear over the lowered volume of the movie neither of them were paying attention to. Markus smiled as he watched the busty BBW relax as his massage set in.

“May I ask you a personal question, Markus?”

“I'd say we're getting a bit personal already, so go right ahead.”

“What's the longest you've ever gone without cumming?”

Markus' eyes opened wide. She'd warned him it would be personal, but even he was taken aback by such a sudden and overtly sexual question. “You mean, like... ever?”

“It doesn't have to be ever if you can't remember that far. Say, the last ten years.”

“Ummm, I'm not sure. It's not something I write on the calendar. I don't know, a week probably?”

Mary chuckled. “So you don't go without for long. How nice.”

“A man has needs” he responded with confidence. He continued stroking her feet as their conversation grew more lewd.

“Of course, but think back to that last week you got no action. Maybe you were between girlfriends, on a trip or just too busy to masturbate. It was a frustrating week, no doubt, but the climax that eventually followed was more intense than usual, yes?”

He nodded. “Yeah. It's true they tend to be stronger if you go without for a while.”

Mary's grin grew devious. “Markus, how would you like to have the strongest climax of your life?”

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The trip to Mary's bedroom was brief. She led him there by hand. Soon Markus was surrounded by the smells of linen spray and Indian temple incense. Mary told him to strip and lay down on the bed as she changed. He did as she asked, only mildly surprised at how fast things were moving.

When Mary returned, she was wearing nothing but see-through panties and a lacy, black halter bra holding up her massive breasts. She slipped onto the bed and crawled to his side. They cozied up together, kissing and feeling each other all over. Mary reached down and took his cock in her hand, stroking it up and down smoothly as Markus quickly achieved full erection.

After a few minutes of foreplay, she shifted her body and Markus thought he was about to be mounted by this giant woman. He was, but not in the way he imagined. She leaned forward, spread herself out

on all fours and began lowering her bulk onto Markus in the sixty nine position. Her massive curves plastered him into the bed, smothering his thinner body in a layer of luscious white flesh.

He grinned as he watched her silk covered sex zoom in toward his face. He was happy to eat pussy if it meant getting a sloppy, BBW blowjob in return. Markus extended his tongue, eager to tease her through the thin lace.

**\*SLAP\***

The smack to his right calf halted Markus in his tracks.

“NO” she said over her shoulder. “Lick my ass.”

The command was followed by the big woman reaching back and pulling her panties down halfway. Acres of white ass flesh were revealed before Markus' eyes. Before he could form a response, she pushed the massive cheeks back into his face. His mouth and nose were ensconced in her darkness, Mary's massive derriere becoming Markus' whole world.

*'Damn, this girl is 100% freak! A little demanding, but that's ok... I'll play along.'*

He felt her seize his cock again and she began stroking it with vigor. Markus opened wide and dove his tongue into her thick cheeks, licking up and down her crack obediently. Mary smelled nice, her entire body scented by some kind of body spray or scented soap. This only encouraged him to go harder, eagerly pushing his face into her plump ass and pleasuring her with his tongue.

Mary let out sultry moans as he tongued her exquisitely. He eventually found her rosebud with his wet, thrusting appendage and began licking it lovingly. That's when Mary's blissful reactions turned guttural and she began thrusting her ass back on Markus' face. Soon his vision was nothing but globular, shaking ass flesh as he sucked and licked away.

“Deeper!” she instructed from the other end of the bed. “**Harder!** Lick my ass, you slut! **Tongue my pucker!!!**”

Mary was barely paying attention to his cock anymore, but Markus didn't care. He was focused on pleasuring this plus sized Goddess whose body was crushing him lovingly. She rocked back and forth, battering his face with her jiggling cheeks as she demanded ever more anal worship. Her pussy rubbed back and forth on his chest, leaking fluids through her lingerie as the busty brunette grew more excited.

“You won't cum tonight. And you're not going to touch yourself for the next week! **Is that understood?** If you want the best orgasm of your life, you'll do as I say!”

“YEPHHH!!!”

He tried to answer, but his reply was muffled in the depths of her ass. Markus' tongue slid in and out of her delicate flower, spearing into her silken hole with abandon. Mary grunted like an animal as her thick curves pressed him into the bed harshly.

The young black stud tongued and slobbered away at his new white Goddess until she screamed and shook in climax. Her juices gushed all over his chest as Markus rimmed the brown haired Queen to a

pleasure wracked finish.

Markus' cock remained rock hard through it all, but received no attention for the rest of the evening.

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7:56 PM

**MARY**

Hey handsome.

Hey beautiful! You looked amazing at the office today. How's your day goin, sweetness?

Better now that I'm off my feet and I have a glass of Merlot in hand. I could use another one of your expert rubs.

I'll be happy to provide one at your earliest convenience. :)

Good. Let's do it again this Saturday.  
I'll make chicken parm this time.

That sounds delightful. I'll be there.

There's something I'd like you to bring, if possible.

Anything you like.

You still have that lovely maid costume you wore to Ishtar, right?

Hahaha... What?!?

Do you have it or not?

I mean... yeah. It's in my closet.  
It's not like they were gonna give me a refund.

Certainly not, but that doesn't mean you had to keep it. You could've thrown it in a dumpster or sold it on online.

I guess so.

Don't be coy, Markus. I think there was something about it you enjoyed. There's no shame in it. Tell me what you liked about wearing that dress. It'll be our secret.

It felt nice on my skin.

There. That wasn't so hard, was it? And I bet you never felt more alive than you did in those few hours. Dressed like a tart and being chased by horny women!

It was intense, for sure.

You haven't been naughty these last few days, have you?

No, Ma'am.

You'd best be telling the truth. I'll know if you're lying the next time I see you.

I am thoroughly blue balled and beginning to lose my mind! I've thought about it a dozen times but haven't acted. I swear!

Good boy. Bring the dress and another fine wine. We'll get you a little closer to the best climax of your life. And don't you dare touch that cock in the meantime!

Yes, Ma'am.

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Markus' heart fluttered even as his stomach gurgled in contentment. It had been another sumptuous feast at Mary's and he'd drunk just enough alcohol to put on this crazy maid getup again. His body was overwhelmed as the sensations of satin, silk and purple PVC were layered over his body for the second time. They were in the bathroom together and Mary was helping him get dressed as quickly as possible.

“Looks like your makeup isn't the only thing you forgot.”

“Hmmm?”

“You were wearing breast forms at the club. Why didn't you bring them?” she asked while adjusting the white apron on the front of his shiny, purple ensemble.

“I didn't even think of it. They're in a box at the bottom of my closet. Sorry.”

“Your dress won't fill out properly without them! You need to bring them next time.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

She took a step back and studied him. Mary inspected his wig and made sure all the white ribbons and bows decorating his dress were tied properly. The plump brunette was wearing a yellow sun dress tonight. It gave her a decidedly innocent look which painted a stark contrast with how she'd been acting. Mary had only grown more excited and demanding since ushering him into the bathroom.

“The makeup isn't a problem” she announced, leaning down and extracting a tube of lipstick from one her drawers of cosmetics and hair supplies. “I've got plenty you can use here.”

She pointed to the toilet and nodded at Markus. “Take a seat and purse those pretty lips together.”

Markus sat down. He gently smoothed the back of his dress over his ass before planting himself on the fuzzy cover that decorated her toilet seat. He looked up and pushed his lips into a faux kiss, holding the pose as Mary painted his lips with a shade of hot pink.

“This isn't one I get to use very often” she said with a chuckle. “But it's perfect for a slutty maid like you.”



Markus' cheeks burned. He kept his hands folded in his lap as she finished his lips and began adding eyeliner and mascara. He couldn't believe this was happening. It was everything he'd dreaded in his pursuit of Shireen and it was starting all over again. His thoughts turned to the conversation he'd had with Darius months ago at Dango's. Maybe he was right and the world was going crazy. How else could the two most recent women in his life both be encouraging his feminization?

On the other hand, it did feel different with Mary. Her gentle touch and calm demeanor made him feel less conflicted about exploring. She'd made a hundred assurances, promising him their relationship and whatever play they engaged in would never be disclosed to anyone else without his consent. She was bringing him out of his shell in a much more relaxed way than Shireen had attempted and he appreciated that.

“There! All done!” she declared. Mary capped her cosmetics and put them away. “Have a look in the mirror and then come on out.”

She winked at him before exiting. Markus stood and turned to the bathroom mirror. Once again, he'd been turned from an eager young buck into a reluctant, feminine flower. Even without the breast forms, he'd been transformed into a whole different creature. It was astonishing.

Markus walked out into the hallway. He passed the kitchen and proceeded into Mary's living room. He was surprised to find her sitting on the sofa, rather than changing in the bedroom. There was light jazz playing from her stereo as she relaxed comfortably in the very middle of the couch.

“We're not going to the bedroom?” he asked in bewilderment.

“No rush” she answered with a sly smile. “Why don't you stretch out on the sofa, here? Right across my lap! This time, I'm going to give **you** a massage.” She patted her large thighs invitingly.

Markus smiled. A back rub sounded nice. “Yes, Ma'am!”

He crossed to the couch, leaned forward and carefully stretched his body out over the big woman. His head bumped up against one end of the sofa while his stocking clad legs poked out on the other. Mary began rubbing her hands up and down his back and sides, tracing his PVC and lace clad body up and down. Between the wonderful sensations of his costume, her gentle hands and the position of his penis just above her thick thighs, Markus could feel blood rushing to his cock swiftly.

“Ma'am, ma'am, ma'am... That's getting a bit old, don't you think?”

“Is there something else you'd prefer?”

“Hmmm...” Mary thought a few moments as she stroked him dutifully. She began rubbing his back more firmly. “I've always been fascinated by royal families. I wouldn't mind being *Queen Mary*.”

“Yes, my Queen” Markus replied, surprised with how easily it came to him.

She giggled. “Goddess works too.”

Her hands flowed up and down for several minutes, kneading his flesh and eliciting contented sighs from Markus. After a while she moved lower, flipping up the petticoats at the bottom of his dress. Mary

started rubbing his panty clad ass, massaging his ass cheeks through the thin satin.

“How does this feel?” she asked, already knowing the answer.

“It feels very nice, my Queen!”

**\*smack\***

Her palm collided with his bum, giving a light yet firm spank. Markus felt the blood rush to his cheeks again. This time it was **both** sets of cheeks. She returned to massaging his ass in slow circles.

“And how about that? Did that feel nice?”

“Yes...”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Goddess.”

“Very good.”

She continued her massage and intermittent spankings for the next ten minutes. Markus' cock grew harder the longer her massage went on. Soon his dick was poking between her massive thighs, straining through the lace and PVC of his slutty outfit. Mary's amusement grew as she watched his reactions. Her new bitch boy was clearly enjoying the attention she was lavishing on him.

“If I remember correctly, it's your birthday next month. We had a little party for you at the office last year, remember?”

“Yes, my Queen.”

“Have you ever received birthday spankings before?”

“No. Never.”

“Hmmm. Sounds like we have a lifetime's worth to make up then.”

**\*smack smack SMACK\***

The first two were light. The last one blistered his ass a bit harder. It was a mild pain, but somehow pleasant. This was nothing like his first time at Club Ishtar when the Domme had blasted his ass with her paddle. He was enjoying this. Was it Mary's light touch? The fact that he was wearing a dress? Or both?

The plump brunette grew bolder. She reached up and pulled his panties down, tugging them to the bottom of his ass. She massaged his bare cheeks for a while before sending another round of mild slaps into his naked butt, punctuated by one harsher blow.

**\*smack smack smack smack SMACK\***

“If at any time tonight you feel like you're about to cum, you need to tell me, Markus. You're not allowed to cum tonight, or for the next week. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Goddess. Perfectly clear.”

His dick was like the Washington monument plunged between the luscious flesh of her chubby legs. Markus bit his lip. He wondered how long it would be before he had to give that warning.

Mary's hands left his ass for a few moments as she reached over to her end table and retrieved the latex glove she'd laid out earlier.

**\*SN-SNAP\***

When her hand returned, Markus felt cool latex pressed against his ass. She resumed her massage, then gently moved her thumb to his pucker. Mary began rubbing his fleshly opening in small circles, her thick, rubbery digit pressing against his most sensitive orifice.

“Alright, slutty maid. I'm going to make you feel very good, now. We need to work on opening up this sissy hole. I'm gonna go very slow at first. Only one finger. Do you consent?”

“Yes, Queen Mary!”

“Good girl. And next time you're going to bring your boots, too. You need practice in those heels.”

*'Good girl?'*

Was he really doing this? Was this actually happening? Markus had enjoyed almost nothing about his feminization the first time. Mary was making every step much more enjoyable. Girl? Yes, she could call him girl, as long as she didn't stop what she was doing...

“Yes, my Goddess.”

Mary switched from her thumb to her forefinger and resumed massaging his pucker in smooth circles. She began applying pressure, and soon her latex covered pointer began dipping in and out of the fleshy ring of his anus. She smoothed her left hand over his back, caressing him as she opened his ass up with slow, pleasurable probing.

Markus' breath grew ragged. He was pretty sure his cock had never been harder in his entire life. He gripped the edge of the couch and let out low moans as Mary's finger began spearing into him with smooth regularity.

“Remember what I said, slut! No accidents. You tell me if you're close.”

“Yes, my Queen!”

Mary continued, her fingering getting faster as his asshole stretched to accommodate her. Soon, the slurping of her rubber clad finger could be heard even over the light music in the background. Markus' moans grew louder and more frequent, his body shaking in the frilly lace and shiny PVC of his purple

maid dress.

Mary let out a low, throaty laugh. Markus was hers now. She'd been right about him all along and this gussied up slut boy would do anything for another taste of her firm hand and gentle domination.

“I'm going to add another finger Markus. I think you're ready for it. How does that sound?”

“Thank you, Queen Mary!!!”

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“**AHHHHH!!! OH GODDDDDDD!!!**”

Darius panted, grunted and moaned as Heather railed him into next week. The jewelry adorning his face rattled as he clung to the sides of the kitchen table for dear life. His new, pink maid outfit hugged his body tightly. It was shorter than most of his other costumes, giving very easy access to his girlfriend and Mistress whenever she desired it.

Heather was behind him, holding his hips tight and thrusting her thick, cream colored *'Moby Dick'* strapon into his gaping boy pussy. She was naked from the waist down aside from the harness buckled around her massive hips. Her giant breasts bounced in her lacy, black bra and the table rattled as she plowed his sissy ass. The blonde's brow shined with a light sheen of sweat as she pumped more than a foot of thick rubber cock into her bend-over boyfriend.

“How do you like your new toy, Pookie?”

“It-It's very tight, Mistress!”

The cruel humbler device was locked around the base of Darius' scrotum. Its long, black wooden planks spread out to either side, pressed up against the bottom of his thighs. Any attempt by Darius to stand while wearing the device would result in brutal stretching pain through his nethers. It was designed to keep the submissive obedient and bent forward at all times. It was best used to make strapon play more intense or to ensure a slave crawled around on hands and knees.

“That's not what I asked, **bitch!**” Heather yelled as she continued pumping his ass. “Answer the question!”

“It's very nice! Thank you Duchess Daphne!”

“Hahahahaha! I can tell you're lying. You sound like you're about to cry! But since you're taking it so well, I'll be merciful. We can take it off for a while when I'm done fucking your slutty hole.”

When she was done? When was that going to be? She'd been rutting for a good fifteen minutes now. Maybe twenty. Normally Darius would've cum by now, but it wasn't happening with the humbler on. Not that the device was designed to prevent orgasm, but unless you were someone who enjoyed stretching and pain, it certainly wasn't going to hurry or enhance a climax.

No, the infernal thing clamped around his nuts was deliberately drawing things out. That was no doubt Heather's intention. He couldn't deny that the nonstop stroking of rubber cock across his prostate was exquisite. That the feeling of being filled over and over was a kind of divinity. But those wonderful sensations were being dimmed by the weighty metal and wood separating his balls from the rest of his body.

Light pain jolted through his lower body with each harsh impalement. It didn't cancel out the pleasure, but it certainly mixed it with ache, creating a baffling new feeling for his trapped cock and clamped scrotum. His chastity cage and the humbler jingled together as Mistress fucked him like a crack alley bimbo. Heather's degrading advances had become more frequent lately, fucking him over the table, the washing machine and the kitchen sink at any time of day she pleased.

Darius wanted the humbler off as soon as possible, yet he didn't want the delightful deep-dicking to ever end. He was overwhelmed, confused and unbelievably horny. He didn't know what to think anymore, and that was fine, because Heather was always there to instruct him. He deferred to her in all things now.

“Aren't you going to thank me for the wonderful gift, **Dana**? Ungrateful whore!”

“Th-**Thank you, Goddess Daphne!!!**”

“That's more like it! Yeah, I think we'll be getting a lot of use out of this. Finally, we can start some **real** orgasm denial!”

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It was early Thursday evening when Markus followed a grinning Mary into the entrance to *Miss Scarlet*. They'd just had a light dinner and now they were out for the little shopping excursion he'd agreed to. Clearly his horniness was getting the better of him, now that he'd gone two weeks without relief.

The announcing bell rang above them as the door opened and closed. Mary clutched her purse, gushed in excitement and hurried to the front rows of clothes and jewelry. She gleefully inspected the wares of the upscale store.

Markus hadn't anticipated ever coming back to this place, let alone returning so soon. Unlike his first visit, a number of patrons were milling around the tables and shelves of designer clothes, accessories and footwear. All of them were women, leaving him, the only man in the store, to stick out like a sore thumb.

“Markus! Welcome back!”

He turned to find Rita closing in on their position. It figured the mischievous woman was there to greet them. She'd obviously enjoyed tormenting him the first time; not to mention burning a hole in his wallet. There was little doubt the raven-haired tigress was pleased to have a second crack at it.

“Hi Rita. Nice to see you.” Markus put his hands in his pockets and nodded to the smug woman.

“Indeed! So good to see you again! And who is this? Do I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Shireen?”

Mary set down the hat she'd been gawking at and joined the pair. “Oh, me? No, I'm Mary.” She extended her hand and the two women shook.

Markus snickered as he watched them. He couldn't help but think the large brunette and thin Latina looked like a female Laurel & Hardy.

“Very nice to meet you, Mary. I'm Rita! My apologies. Last time, it was a woman named Shireen who-”

“I completely understand” Mary interjected. “Shireen is out of the picture now, but all is well! I've stepped in to provide Markus with the loving guidance he needs.” She ended her sentence with a wink at the eager clerk.

“I see! Well, I hope I can be of assistance on wherever your journey takes you.” The smiling hostess placed her hands on her hips.

“I'm sure you will. Markus told me **all about** how helpful you were the last time he was here!”

Rita's laugh rippled out in waves; her head tilting back as she recalled the encounter. “Yes, we had a wonderful time together. Well then, what can I help you with today?”

“We're here about another dress and another set of accessories to go with it. Some breast forms, hip pads, and maybe another wig? Markus doesn't have any jewelry either, so we should probably...”

As Mary ran down the list of things she planned to outfit him with, Markus went flush with embarrassment. His worried gaze turned to the rest of the store. Sure enough, some of the women who'd been browsing the aisles were now turned in their direction. The ladies wide eyes and open mouths betrayed their sudden interest in the scandalous conversation.

“So, Markus became a suitable maid after all? I'm so glad! He certainly was reluctant the first time.”

“Suitable? He loves it! In fact, he can't wait to get a second dress!”

“What did you have in mind this time?”

“Oh, definitely another maid outfit! But I was thinking about something more traditional. Maybe Victorian era?”

“Splendid! You can't go wrong with a classic look. We have everything he needs in the back room!”

A pair of women looking at boots a few rows down burst into snickers and face-covered laughs. Markus stupidly looked in their direction and found them staring at him as they tittered and snorted. He quickly turned away, his face beginning to sweat.

“Follow me!” Rita announced as she strutted toward the naughty costume section at the back of the store. “We'll get this man properly attired to serve a woman of your caliber.”

Mary's enthusiasm was obvious as she marched behind the domineering steward. Markus trailed behind. Against his better judgment, his eyes darted from side to side. He endured brief glances of yet more women who were enjoying his predicament. Some laughed; others pointed. Almost all of them were saying something about him under their breath.

Markus sighed. It seemed he was going to be spending a lot more time and money at *Miss Scarlet* than he ever would've imagined.

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Markus dug into the delicious turkey dinner Mary had prepared, smiling at her from across the table. The kitchen lights were off. A pair of candles provided a romantic glow that shined off their wine glasses as the couple ate. It was a little over a week since their shopping trip. There had been no date last Saturday since Mary had other plans. Markus wondered if it was a prior engagement or if Mary simply enjoyed keeping him frustrated.

She'd dressed more provocatively tonight. The bulky beauty wore a black lycra one-piece that covered her arms, opened prominently at her bust and cut off at the mid point of her plump thighs. A series of thin black cords were laced across the front of the dress, almost like shoe strings. The lines criss-crossed her bosom, highlighting her large, milky white mounds.

Her outfit matched nicely with the dark liner, mascara and shadow she'd applied. She eyed Markus playfully. The smile on her face suggested she was almost definitely envisioning him in the dress he'd be wearing later.

“Can you cook, Markus?”

“I know how to make a few things, but I'm not a skilled chef like you.”

“Oh, please! I'd hardly call myself a chef. But thank you! I'm glad you like my food. We should have our next dinner at your place. You can make **me** something for a change. A good maid must be able to cook and serve meals, after all!”

“Sure. I'd like that.”

“Excellent. But before we do that, how about a trial run? Something more simple, but good formal practice for an aspiring sissy maid.”

Markus looked puzzled. “Practice? What kind of practice?”

Mary took a long sip of her wine and set the glass down. She leaned back in her seat, batting her eyelashes as she set her gaze on him. “A few of my girlfriends and I have a bridge game once a month. I'm hosting the next one right here, next Sunday. I'd like you to serve us that afternoon. It won't be anything complicated. I'll still make all the food. You just have to bring out the courses and wait on my friends.”

He looked down at his food and back up nervously. As much as he'd enjoyed kinky play time with

Mary, he was still hesitant to let anyone else in on it. His trips to Miss Scarlet and Club Ishtar had been unnerving.

“I promise you, none of these women have any idea who you are” Mary spoke up, sensing his reluctance. “There's no one in your life or at the office they could possibly tell. Nor would they, even if they could. They're my friends, after all.”

He mulled it over. The fact that he'd remain anonymous did put him a little more at ease.

“We don't even have to use your real name.”

“What would I go by?”

“Maisy” she answered before downing the rest of her drink.

“Maisy?” he asked with a chuckle. “Why Maisy?”

Mary shrugged. “When you're dressed up properly, you look like a Maisy.”

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*smack smack smack smack SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

A round of light spanking clapped off his cheeks followed by the second string of stronger strikes. Markus was bent over Mary's lap on the sofa once again. His new, black and white maid attire hugged his body tightly. His entire upper body was clad in black silk and covered with white lace. The traditional mob cap bonnet of a French maid covered his head, strapped below his chin with white, silky ties.

His hands were adorned with white satin gloves. The apron that formed the outer layer of his dress was covered in white ruffles on all sides. The bottom had much thicker petticoats than his first maid outfit, which soothed his legs and ass nicely when he wasn't being turned over and spanked by his glorious Queen.

She massaged his bottom in between each torrent of spanks, soothing him with gentle rubs and playful gropes. Mary watched him with growing amusement. His body wiggled on her lap, encouraging her play. His cock was growing harder by the minute, its tip leaking pre-cum and begging to be freed from three full weeks of mandated chastity.

“Look how quickly you got wet... Such a slutty maid I have.”

“I'm sorry, my Queen.”

**\*smack smack SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

“I prompted no apology. It pleases me to see you excited in your new dress. Or is it the spankings? Which do you think is more responsible for your current state?”



“I'm not sure, my Queen...”

**\*smack smack smack smack smack smack smack\***

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Sixteen more spanks decorated his increasingly roughed up cheeks. Blood was rushing to his bottom, making his flesh more sensitive with each consecutive blow. By the end of her eight strong swats, Markus was biting his bottom lip. He was also loving every second of it.

“Trick question! The correct answer is **BOTH**. Your sad dicklet is leaking like a faucet because you enjoy being dressed up like a **SLUT** and **SPANKED**. Isn't that right, Maisy?”

“Yes, Goddess! Exactly right!”

“Mmmhmmm... You must be dying to cum by now. Do you want to cum tonight, Maisy?”

“Yes, my Queen! More than anything! Please!”

“Hmmm. We'll see.”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Markus grunted as the final round of brutal spanks blistered his bouncing cheeks. Mary pulled his velvety black panties back up and tugged down the bottom of his dress. His sizzling bottom was soothed by the feeling of silky petticoats.

“In a moment, you will get up. You will move to the bedroom, bend over the side of the bed and wait for me. Do you understand, Maisy?”

“Yes, Queen Mary!”

“Good. Go, now.”

Markus stood up on shaky legs, his ass burning with every small movement. His new black high heels clicked on the hardwood floor as his feet found the ground. He walked off at the best pace he could without toppling over. His new shoes were going to take some getting used to.

He slipped into the bedroom and lowered himself down on the side of the bed, as instructed. Mary was right behind him, her boots marking her approach as Markus waited in anticipation.

“Lift up your bottom half” Mary ordered. She waited for him to obey, then slipped one of her pillows under his lower torso. The thick cushion propped up the lower half of his body, putting him at exactly the height she wanted. “Very good. Now open those slutty legs!”

She kicked at the sides of his feet, prying his legs apart. His heels slid to the side, digging into the carpeting and opening up his body into a wide and vulnerable spread. The grip of the stockings tightened around his calves and thighs, sending wonderful vibrations through his already giddy body.

“Perfect. Stay like that! I'll be back in just a few.”

Mary turned on her stereo and soon Donna Summer's *'Love To Love You Baby'* was flowing through the background at low volume. She entered the bathroom and the waiting began. Markus lay across her bed, his ass tingling and practically begging for further play.

When she returned, Mary sported a cherry red eight inch strapon around her waist. A matching harness was buckled around her tight, black attire. Markus' eyes flew open, taken aback by the thickness of the toy. Did she really think he could take that monstrosity?

Mary smiled at him wickedly before sauntering around the bed and disappearing behind him. He heard a drawer open as the buxom brunette gathered the rest of the things she needed.

“Relax, Maisy. We'll take it nice and slow. You're going to love it!”

“Yes, my Queen.”

The bottom of his dress was pulled up once again and his panties torn down without ceremony. Markus heard a cap pop open and a loud squirt. Within moments, generous dollops of lubricant were being applied to his waiting pucker. He hoped she was using lots of it on the dildo as well.

“You have my permission to cum for the rest of our play tonight. If you fail to cum by bed time, you must wait another week. Is that clear?”

“Yes, my Goddess! Crystal clear!”

Two latex clad fingers slid into his rosebud and started pumping in and out. Her slimy digits smeared thick jelly deep in his ass, opening him up quickly. It didn't take long before a third finger was added and she was slurping them in and out of his delicate flower.

“Ahhhh! **Oh fuck!!!**” he panted as she fingered him deep.

“Pffft, this is nothing. Pretty soon you'll be begging for my cock. This is payment for services rendered, you **filthy maid slut!**”

Mary speared her fingers back and forth. She hilted all three digits in his warm depths before she was satisfied he was ready. She pulled them out, removed her gunked up latex glove and tossed it aside. The time had finally come to show Markus who he really was.

She crouched down and brought her well lubed, bright red tip to his fleshy entrance. Mary teased him at first, edging the glans to just inside his hole and withdrawing at once. She groped his silk and lace covered sides as she drove him wild with needy lust.

“You want it... Don't you?”

“...Yes.”

“Say it.”

“I want it, Queen Mary.”

“What do you want, Maisy? Ask me nicely.”

Markus' cheeks burned as his pucker tingled with desire. His longing to be taken had never been more evident. “Please, Goddess Mary! Fuck this maid's slutty ass!”

“Hmph. I suppose that will do.”

She glided the thick, rubber appendage into his stretched-out hole. Markus' entire body lit up with stretching pain and the deep pleasure of prostate massage. He grunted as half of the strapon glided into his yielding hole.

Mary took a firm hold of his hips and began sawing in and out. With each smooth insertion, a little bit more of her deep red dong sank into his accommodating man cunt. She watched Markus moan and writhe on her bed, her hands holding his sides down as she filled him with fat dick repeatedly.

“Yeah, you didn't know it was going to be this good, did you? You had-- **No. Fucking. Idea.**” She punctuated each of the last three words with a fresh thrust into his ass. “Did you, slut?”

“No, my Queen!”

Markus' mind blanked as his ass was turned inside out for the first time. The fat member flowed into his bottom and exited each time with silky smoothness. It glided through his soft tissues, penetrating deep and leaving him more vulnerable and exposed than he'd ever felt in his life. The silk and lace clinging to his rapidly warming body only made it that much more exquisite.

Mary stuck to a deliberate pace. She fucked him slowly, feeding him more of her thick eight inches with practiced ease and patience. She knew from experience this was the best way to train a new butt boy. Whether he climaxed or not, he would go home tomorrow craving the next deep dicking and counting the days until it happened. Markus may have run into drag by accident, but he was a natural bottom. Most men were. They just didn't know it until they met the right woman.

“Mmmm. There's just something about a big red cock plunging into a slutty black ass! You like this cock, you filthy whore?”

“Yes, Ma'am!”

“You want more?!?”

“Yes, my Queen! Please fuck my ass good!”

“With pleasure, **slave!**”

Mary's thrusts grew rougher and more demanding. The fat length of fuck-meat sank to the six inch mark and beyond. Her fingers dug into his flanks as she pumped him with vigor. The strokes over his prostate grew longer and more pleasurable. Markus' cock leaked a steady stream of pre-cum all over the bottom of his pretty dress. His cock flopped and dangled against the edge of the bed as Mary

pummeled his body and turned his ass into an entry-only receptacle for fat rubber dick.

Although it felt like an orgasm was growing closer, it remained out of range for Markus. How long was it going to take? How long did she need to fuck his ass? It felt so close, but... it just went on. This haunting, teasing pleasure that promised more but never seemed to deliver. Did Mary need to go deeper? Harder? What would it take??? Fucking hell, he needed to cum so bad!

“More! **FUCK ME GODDESS! FUCK ME HARDER!!!**”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Her palm blistered the side of his bouncing black ass. For the first time, Markus the maid fully entered the realm of submissive nirvana.

\* \* \* \* \*

Markus knelt below the kitchen table, massaging the feet of a woman he barely knew as the four friends laughed and played their cards above. He kneaded and stroked her stocking clad feet, trying his best not to get his maid uniform dirty or bang his head on the table as he went about his business. Doris has complained of aching feet and Mary had been happy to offer Marcus' services to make her comfortable.

It had already been a busy afternoon of taking coats, serving drinks and bringing snacks. Mary even had him vacuum the apartment before the guests arrived. Markus was sweating more than he wanted to admit. He hoped it wasn't visible and the odor wasn't overpowering his perfume.

“Hey, I need some more iced tea!” Doris called from above. “As much as I'm enjoying the massage...” she added with raised eyebrows.

“And I'll have another raspberry seltzer. With gin!” Maureen added.

“Don't forget to bring more snacks, Maisy” Mary added.

“Yes, Ma'am. I'm coming!” Markus voiced from below the table.

“That's what he said!” Hazel riffed, and all four women burst into laughter.

Markus fumbled with Doris' shoes, placing them back on her feet gently. He backed out from the table and rose before scampering to the kitchen counter to fix more drinks.

“Sorry ladies, this trick is ours!” Mary interjected, laying down the trump card of the hand.

“Dammit!” Maureen responded, throwing her cards on the table and sulking.

Doris rolled her eyes and turned around in her chair. “Hey Maisy! How bout you come teach Maureen some tricks! I bet you know some good ones?”

The peanut gallery launched into another uproar of laughs and cackles. Markus was too busy preparing drinks and refilling the snack tray to respond to crude humor.

“We haven't seen you at the ponies for a while” Hazel pointed out, centering her gaze on Mary.

“Yeah, when you coming back?” Maureen inquired, pushing her glasses back up her face.

“To watch, or to play?”

“To play, of course!” Doris demanded.

“I'd love to” Mary answered, taking a sip of her wine cooler. “But I haven't trained a new pet just yet.”

“Ah, still looking for a new leather boy, huh?”

“I've got my eye on someone” she replied.

Markus felt a chill go down his spine. He turned, pausing in his duties temporarily just to see if his suspicions were correct. Sure enough, Mary was staring directly at him with a wide grin.

“It's just a matter of time.”

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