

Maid to Serve

February 2022 – Chapter One

"Drop the towel. Now."

Corey, already flushed from the steamy shower he'd just exited, lowered his gaze at his wife's clipped words. "But..." he began, his stomach flopping uncomfortably at the prospect of potentially provoking her further. "Sheila, please- I don't know about this-"

"Do I need to take it away myself?" Her tone was dangerous, edged in ice and steel. "Do you really want to play that kind of game with me, mister?"

The towel dropped from his twisting fingers. Sure, Corey may have been desperate to avoid what lay before him, but even he knew well enough when protests would only earn him greater punishment. And so he stood there, eyes fixed on the floor, stark naked and flushed and vulnerable before his wife's searching gaze.

"That's right," came her voice, and he shivered at the quiet exultation within it. "Oh, yeah, buddy. You know you're in trouble. You know exactly what you've been doing... and why you're going to deserve every second of the next twenty-four hours, no matter how humiliating it might be for you."

Her hands were brushing over his skin, and he shivered as sudden, tingling waves of gooseflesh rippled over his arms and legs. "You know, I thought you'd learned your lesson last year already," she murmured, and now she was circling around him, her hands easing up and down over his bare back and exposed buttocks. "We talked about it then, remember? And yet what did I find last week? Your laptop and browser history jammed full of porn and dirty stories. And not just any kind of porn, either. Porn of guys getting dominated-" Her hand dealt his left buttock a sharp *crack*. "Punished." *Crack*. "Humiliated." *Crack*. "Feminized and sissified." *Crack* and *crack*.

Sheila's voice dropped even lower into a seductive purr as Corey shifted and bit back a whimper of painful protest. "Yeah, I know what a dirty, filthy mind you have, dear," she continued, now stepping once more before him and tipping his chin up, forcing him to stare shamefully into her icy blue eyes. "And unfortunately, I know that nothing I can do will change that. I could ignore you, you know. Refuse to punish you. Pretend it's all fine. But you'll just keep on sneaking into that porn when I'm not around, won't you? Dreaming up dirty stories? Jerking yourself off to your filthy little fantasies?"

He squirmed, shivering with cold and foreboding. "Or, I could give you what you want," Sheila smiled with a sly glance down at his twitching, half-stiffened cock. "Yeah. I could use you, and tease you, and punish you and humiliate you right here in the bedroom. And I bet you'd love every minute of it. But that doesn't seem, well..." she paused reflectively. "It doesn't seem like a punishment at all, really. That's why I've had to get... creative."

She turned now on her elegant heels and slid open the storage drawer below their bed to produce a large, black zippered bag. "Especially seeing as how I've already got my hands full with Emma's bachelorette party tonight." She smiled and shook her head at Corey's increasingly anxious expression. "Oh, yeah. Don't even think of making excuses, buddy. You already told me you'd do anything to make it up to me. And you also made the mistake of telling me you didn't have anything going this weekend. Remember? So I suggest you stay put and accept that this is most definitely going to happen. You're taking your punishment. Tonight."

Corey shifted fearfully from foot to foot as he watched his wife heft the bag up to the bed and briskly unzip it. "Please, Sheila! I said I'm sorry- I really- Wait, you're not going to- you know, make me do anything-?" He trailed off in horror at the sight of the devices Sheila was now producing from the bag: some of which he recognized, and others he had never before seen, but which he could already imagine being used...

Not just on a whimpering guy in a porno. On *him*.

"It works out for the best this way," Sheila grinned, holding up the clear plastic cock cage between her fingers with a sly smirk. "See, I've been trying to figure out what the heck to do for the party entertainment. You know: male strippers... shirtless butlers... naked chefs. But this-" she bent down and began busying herself with slipping it over her husband's vulnerable penis. "*This* is going to be better than anything else I could have come up with. You're going to help me show Emma exactly what to do with Matt if he ever needs to be put in his place..."

Corey gulped as the cool plastic slid tighter around his half-erect shaft, then let out a grunt of pain as her nails pinched him – hard. "Down," she ordered with a smirk, tugging the device tighter around his now wilting cock. "I know even the thought of getting caged turns you on. But believe me," and now the device clicked closed, and she rapidly slid a plastic lock through the hole and shut it fast. "I'm not so sure you're going to like it quite as much once I'm done with you."

Corey's eyes widened as she produced a plethora of additional items from the sack. *What the hell?!*

There was a flash of pink satin and lace- a disturbing rustle and crinkle- layers of white cotton fabric- a glimpse of plastic and elastic...

"On the bed," she ordered now, with a swift jerk of her chin toward its vacant lower half. "On your back. Legs apart." Corey opened his mouth to protest, but thought better of it and slid awkwardly down onto the bedspread. Better not piss her off more than she already was. Better just put up with it for now... endure it...

"Honestly, you really made this all *so* easy for me," Sheila told him now, her cool hands slipping over his groin and massaging what seemed to be a thick, powdery-smelling lotion into his skin. "You tried to hide it, sure. But I know a thing or two about temporary files, darling. And so I got an eyeful of exactly what you like to jerk off to. And damn, there was some weird stuff in there..."

When the silicone tip of the plug first touched his vulnerable asshole, he tensed in sudden anxiety. "Let it happen," she ordered calmly, as the pressure intensified and he felt the greasy, probing object slipping inexorably deeper. "The more you resist, the ouchier it's gonna be..." And so he unwillingly relaxed, letting out a shaky breath when the uncomfortably thick device slid home at last, filling his ass with its uncompromising girth. OK, fair enough. He'd dabbled with anal a time or two before. It was fine. He'd be fine. It couldn't be that bad...

Hold on. What the heck was she getting out now? Something thick- crinkling-

It was a diaper. A pink one. And she'd even added two extra layers inside, presumably to make it even more thick and humiliating.

"Yeah, I would never have thought you were into freaking diapers," she chuckled now, motioning him to lift his ass up and allow her to slip the crinkling monstrosity beneath. "But sure enough, there it was in your browsing history. And the more I thought about it, the more fun it seemed. And practical, too! You know, at least this way I won't have to worry about you slipping off to the bathroom to try to squirm out of your punishment..."

So busy he was writhing at the sensation of the diaper being tugged shut and taped tightly around his waist that he barely noticed the little wire Sheila had slipped out and tucked discreetly into a plug on the side of his new cock cage. And not just that. Right when he thought the diaper nonsense was done, there was more.

"Please, no!" Corey begged, watching in rising dread as she unfolded not one, but two enormous

white cloth diapers and laid them in readiness beside him. "Please, Sheila- it's- I promise one's enough-" "Can it," she returned evenly, smacking his still-exposed thigh and forcing his to lift with a little yelp. "It's up to me to decide what you need, loser. And I've decided you need these, no questions allowed."

By the time the diapering was done at last, those two pinned layers had been supplemented by a crinkling set of pink plastic pants, and then a second set of matching ruffled rhumba pants, replete with rows of white and pink lace across the bum. She pulled him upright with a laugh, shaking her head in sardonic amusement at the massive bulk of his freshly padded rear even as she began rubbing a strange clear cream over his bare nipples. "There! Do you feel as pathetic as you look, babe? Now, as humiliating as it must be for you to be a full-grown man in a sissy pink baby diaper... you know, I bet you want something to help cover it up, don't you?"

"Yes, please-" he began uncomfortably, pulling in disgust at the bulging waist of his new garment and shivering as the cream on his nipples began stinging and tingling. But of course he should have known better. For out of the bag came precisely the sort of outfit he'd seen in those pornos about sissies: a frilly pink and white maid outfit, complete with apron and petticoats and ever so many ribbons and bows.

At this point he didn't even bother whining about it. Sheila was far too busy giggling and exclaiming over how perfectly it fit him. Nor did it really make sense to whine about the stockings and the Mary Jane shoes and the silly wig and hair ribbons... all of which he knew were going to be forced onto his body no matter how much he protested.

"And now for the finishing touches," Sheila giggled, spinning him awkwardly around and tugging at the back of his new dress. "Just a little routing here... and the battery pack in here..." Only when he felt the first shocking jolt of electricity around his trapped cock did he remember the little wire snaking out of the atrocious diapers. "Aww, don't you like that?" she chortled as he yelped and clapped his hands to his bulging crotch in a fruitless effort to protect the most sensitive bit of his anatomy. "Never mind. Of course you do. I distinctly recall seeing a clip with something like this in that dirty browsing history of yours..."

"Please, Sheila, just because I watched something doesn't- doesn't mean I *www-wh-wbuuggghhh!*" "Shut up, you," she ordered, forcing the penis-shaped gag deeper into his mouth and slipping the straps of the leather neck corset back and beneath the sausage curls of his wig. "I don't want to hear it anymore. You were clearly watching that shit and getting turned on by it. And even if you might have stumbled across stuff you didn't like as much... well..." her eyes were twinkling as the final

strap pulled tight and she turned his now-immobile head to stare mutely back at her. "I guess it's just a risk that comes with the territory, hey? Looks like you're gonna have to show all of us tonight just what kind of kinky shit you're into!"

Wait... "Us"?

Oh, fucking shit. Of course it was "us." She'd practically said as much, hadn't she? Corey was at her mercy now: plugged and gagged and trapped in gear more humiliating than anything he'd ever dared fantasize in his most sordid dreams. And now, as he trembled and shook with anxiety like a leaf in the wind, he could think of one thing and one thing only.

Emma and her friends were going to see him like this. Tonight. And there was literally nothing he could do to prevent it.

(To be continued!)