

Maid to Serve

February 2022 – Chapter Two

Oh, Sheila wasn't an absolute monster. She wouldn't do such kinky things to her hubbie if she wasn't absolutely positive that he secretly wanted it. And yeah – he wanted it, all right. Could anyone doubt it after seeing such weird-ass shit on that laptop of his?

And yes – she couldn't deny that she was finding this a heck of a lot more enjoyable than she'd even dared imagine.

She swept her gaze over him now as he stood sheepishly before her. God, it was amazing what just a couple diapers and a few bits of frilly cosplay and a sex toy or two could do to him! Those sweet sausage curls... that neck corset and gag... the flouncy skirt that did nothing to conceal a massive diaper bigger and more ludicrously thick than anything even the most leaky baby would ever be made to wear... Yes, it was all working together. And then when she combined all that with the little shock controller clipped onto his back, and the remote vibrator control in her pocket?

Well, hubbie was gonna be one heck of an entertainment tonight.

But enough of that! The guests were going to be arriving in less than half an hour. And fuck, were they going to be surprised!

No, god, no. Not this. Not like this.

But yes, Sheila wouldn't be refused. "Want another?" she asked with a chuckle, as Corey grunted and winced and doubled over in terror as the painful shock surged through his poor, trapped cock. "Just try me, Corey. Or should I say... *Courtney*? Just try to cross me tonight, and I'll make sure you get one twice as long..." She drew him closer, one hand on each frilly shoulder, staring deep into his fearful eyes. "That was on setting two, by the way. And I'm not about to tell you just how high the dial goes, of course. I'll leave that to your dirty little imagination, since it seems to work so well. But you should know that it goes significantly higher than two. *Significantly.*"

Corey gulped uncomfortably around the dildo gag filling his mouth, willing back the shudder of discomfort at the rubbery taste. *Okay, noted. No crossing Sheila. Not tonight.*

And so he trudged down the steps to the basement, where Sheila had been hard at work all morning. Until this afternoon he'd figured he wouldn't even have to bother taking a peek at her stupid bachelorette party. It would have been enough to retreat to his gaming den and tune out all the inane feminine laughter. He might have even gotten out his laptop and found his way to some very fun and dirty sites while she was otherwise occupied. But not now. Not by a long shot. Sheila was forcing him to become waitress and entertainment all in one, and he could do nothing but obey.

It wasn't long until, while filling four more trays of ice cubes at the sink, he heard on the ceiling above the click of heels and the creak of the front door and a burst of feminine laughter. One. No, wait, there was another set of footsteps. Two. His hands quivered as the cold water overflowed and spilled down over his shaking fingers. God, he'd forgotten to even ask how many of her friends Sheila had invited. The rational part of his brain insisted that numbers didn't really matter, that they'd be laughing and talking about the atrocious sight he now was regardless of whether there were three or thirty. But his brain wasn't running on reason right now. It was pulsing with fear... anxiety... adrenaline-fueled terror at the thought of what they'd say...

The seconds ticked by as the voices above him rose and fell, and the heels clicked, and the door opened and shut with ever more party-goers. Fuck, how many were there by now? He was pacing nervously, tugging fruitlessly at the abominable skirt that seemed to come barely halfway to his shaking knees. Fuck, fuck, fuck. The waiting was almost worse than anything. God, maybe it would be better if they'd all just come down and make fun of him and get the hellish experience over with...

No, it wasn't.

"Oh. My. Fucking. God." "What the actual fuck?!" "Sheila- did you-" "What the fuck, Sheila? Is that- Corey?!" The eyes of five beautiful women were on him at last, their made-up eyes variously narrowing in incredulity and lighting up with wondering delight and sparkling with evil intent. "Well, more like *Courtney* tonight," Sheila laughed, stepping forward and pulling Corey forward on stumbling feet to stand before them. "Courtney, say hello to our guests like a good sissy maid. Go on! You know how to curtsy, right?"

Heart in mouth, neck straining downward in humiliation, eyes fixed on the gleaming white finish of his patent leather Mary Janes, he grasped his skirt with shaking fingers and squatted awkwardly, bending at the knees in something he hoped was vaguely like whatever a curtsy was. "You call that a curtsy?" Sheila's voice was laughing and incredulous, and Corey flushed and shivered with

humiliation. “Well, we’re working on it. He needs a bit more practice...”

“You mean she, of course,” piped up one: a dirty blonde whose eyes were fastened on the bulging fabric peeking out from beneath his skirt. “Hold on... those aren’t just bloomers, are they? Sheila, what the fuck did you make her wear?”

“Diapers, of course,” Sheila returned with a wink and a laugh. “Go on, Courtney. Pull up your skirt and show the nice lady your pretty new diaper. Or do you need a bit of encouragement?” No, he didn’t – and cowed by her threat, he hastily raised the frilly petticoats and skirt to reveal the shameful pink bulk beneath. “See? It’s a long story, of course,” Sheila interjected over the gale of wondering feminine laughter swirling through the room. “And believe me, I’m more than happy to tell you all about it. But hang on – why the fuck aren’t we all drinking already? Come on, Courtney – help serve our guests!”

He stumbled to obey, humiliatingly aware with every waddling step of the mirth-filled eyes of these lovely women on him. *Just focus on the drinks*, he told himself. *Just focus on not spilling. Focus on doing exactly what Sheila says-*

“Hey, what’s with the buttons on her back?” called another from behind him. “Can I touch?” “Give it a try, girl,” came Sheila’s voice, laced with quiet amusement. “See what happens!” Corey’s eyes widened a split-second before the shock struck him and his shuddering hands spilled the wine over the edge of the glass and over the counter. “Holy fuck, that’s fun!” the short, curvaceous brunette behind him giggled, clearly relishing the wide-eyed look of horror and shame that Corey turned on her. “So it, like, shocks him or something?”

“Shocking cock cage,” Sheila laughed – and even as Corey fumbled for a towel to mop up the wine he’d spilled, she went on gleefully. “It’s for punishing her, of course. But I’ve got another one here... for rewards.” Corey grunted and bit back an inarticulate whine as a sudden rumble of vibrations erupted from his sensitive ass, radiating upward seemingly through his very core. “Vibrating butt plug. You know, perfect for anal training...”

“Hey, what the fuck am I missing? Where’s the fucking party, bitches?”

It was Emma, the bride-to-be. Corey had only met her once before, but he would know that auburn hair and those glittering green eyes anywhere. It was shameful to admit, of course, but deep in his most sordid fantasies Emma had played more than a passing role. Fuck, the things she’d done to him in his fantasies – the things she’d said to him – the bonds she’d locked around his feebly

protesting limbs...

Though in reality now, the first words out of her mouth were wondering and genially profane. “Holy motherfucking christ,” she ejaculated, gazing even over the shoulder of her friends’ quick embraces at the sight of Corey’s femmified form. “What the fuck’s going on, Sheila? I thought this was a bachelorette party, right? Are we going for a fucking cosplay theme? Or a weird-ass BDSM vibe?” She chortled and swept her half-disgusted, half-mystified gaze over Corey’s cringing form. “Fuck! If I’d have known, I’d have brought a whip and some fucking leather boots!”

“No way!” “Girl, no whip needed,” one called with a giggle. “Go on, Emma, push that button. On her back, like a freaking doll-“

Corey grunted and let out a pained whimper as the shock jolted yet again through his stiffening cock. God, that was so much worse now that he was getting turned on! He was painfully tight in his cage, shuddering as the pain shivered through him and brought out a sweat on his curl-bedecked forehead. It was all his fault, too – all the fault of him and the stupid fantasies he’d had about Emma teasing and torturing him...

“So what’s the fucking story?” Emma laughed wonderingly, lifting Corey’s frilly skirt and looking distastefully at the bulging and frill-covered rear. “I mean, it’s one hell of a practical joke. I know I said no strippers, but...” “Take a seat, girl,” Sheila laughed, and Corey shivered and retreated to the safety of the drink bar as Sheila escorted her friend to the seat of honor. “Believe me, I’ll fill you all in. But right now, we need to get some booze in your system. What’ll you have?”

It was once Corey had tremblingly made up the mojito as ordered and waddled obediently over to hand the bride-to-be her drink that Sheila beckoned him to her side. “Here, Courtney,” she ordered, pushing him to his knees beside her. “I got one final toy to make things more fun for us tonight. Now hold still for me...” And as Corey stared fearfully and mutely into her grinning face, her fingers were dexterously undoing a previously unnoticed little panel on the face of his neck corset.

Not even the porn he'd been indulging in had prepared Corey for what she produced from under her chair. "This is the absolute best," Sheila laughed, lifting the imposing black funnel and fitting it snugly into place atop his muzzled mouth. "Hooked into your gag... nice and wide open... Yeah. You're gonna be such a thirsty, obliging little maid for us all, aren't you? Almost as though you can't help but drink anything and everything we give you! We can't have you getting dehydrated, after all!"

“Aww, that’s perfect!” “What a brilliant idea!” “Fuck, that’s kinky as hell.” “Wait, what kind of drink is even okay for a sissy diaper baby like her?” “Shirley Temple, duh!” “Ooh, yeah. Come on, stupid. Back to the kitchen. I want you to make up a lovely big Shirley Temple... just for you. Or should I buzz your little sissy dick again?”

This last from the dirty blonde with the unsettling eyes. And goaded by the threat, Corey stumblyingly waddled to obey. Grenadine... maybe some orange juice... the ginger ale... “More,” came the order from those lipstick-clad lips. “All the way to the top.” And so he did, hands trembling, watching as the bubbles rose and the colors mixed and the sadistic light in this woman’s eyes grew. “That’s right,” she murmured, with a wry smile as Corey tremblingly handed it over to her with shaking hands. “Now, come in here and let all your pretty aunties watch while you drink your yummy juice!”

Corey shivered as she took him by the hand and led him imperiously back to the tables. God, no, this was too much- “Hey, have her sit on my lap!” “Fuck, yeah. Lap dances are a thing at stag parties, aren’t they? Time to turn the tables for once!” “Here, my lap. I wanna hold her-” “No, it’s Emma’s party! Let her have the first one, okay?” And so it was that he found himself herded by a dozen grasping, manicured hands onto Emma’s lap.

“It’s a penis gag too,” Sheila laughed as the blonde tipped the drink and sent the first burst streaming down the funnel and flooding into his mouth. “Simply perfect for a sissy baby to suck on, don’t you think?” Corey gulped and swallowed, just in time to take in another surge of liquid. *Gulp. Swallow. Gulp. Swallow.* And all the while these women were laughing, and Emma's arm was around him, and Sheila was launching into the story of exactly how and why she’d punished her husband to such devastatingly humiliating effect...

When he’d gulped the last of his drink and emitted a strangled burp around the rubber phallus in his sticky mouth, Sheila smiled and gave his curls a loving pat. “Aww, such a good, thirsty sissy baby! Now, why don’t you waddle off and get us all another round of drinks?”

As he rose to do so, he shivered as a wave of anal pleasure rippled once more through him. “Gotta condition her to associate obedience with pleasure,” he heard her explaining behind him, much to the apparent mirth of her friends. “Now, about where I got all this gear, right? Oh, and Emma – better take notes. You never know when this kinda stuff might be useful for dealing with a dirty-minded ass of a husband...”

(To be continued!)