

Maid to Serve

February 2022 – Chapter Four

Consciousness dawned only slowly. Painfully slowly, with far-off female voices stabbing faintly, then louder and more insistently, into his throbbing head. Light pulsing against his eyelids. A foul taste of stale alcohol and morning breath and rubber on his tongue. An undefined discomfort in his nether regions, between his legs...

"Wait. Whatchya doing, Sheila?" Ugh, the pain the sound elicited in his head! "Just checking my sissy's diapers, duh. I want to see just how soaked she is..." Probing fingers against his skin... tugging and loosening... the brush of fabric against the bare skin of his thighs...

"God, how many layers you got on there, girl?" "Well, of course! Can't have her leaking and leaving pee puddles everywhere." A pause, then more tugging. "Oh, wow. Look, even this is already damp. Little Courtney here's been pissing like a firehose..."

Memories were coming back now at the sound of these voices: hideous, humiliating memories. Memories of female laughter, and the touch of lace on his skin, and the sensation of burning liquids flooding down his throat...

Corey struggled fitfully to rise, gritty eyes blinking against the painful light. But hands pushed him peremptorily down. "Lie still, sissy! Not done checking you yet." It was his wife Sheila, he realized now with a grunt of pain and surprise. Yes. Oh, yes. It hadn't all been a dream after all. He seemed to be on the floor... on a blanket... still dressed in some sort of frilly, lacy getup...

"Eww, that's soaked! You gonna take that off?" "Well, of course! Can't have my sissy hubbie getting a diaper rash, you know..." And then a soft chuckle amid the tearing of tapes. "Besides. I got, like, a couple dozen of these things. Gotta use 'em sometime, right? Here, hand me those wipes, will you? And the lotion..."

So it was that Corey woke to find himself full in the middle of a diaper change: his wife peeling back his sodden pink diaper, giggling with her friend Emma over her unfortunate husband's caged penis, wiping him down and preparing him – not for a return to underwear, but to another diaper. Corey, groggy as he was, would naturally have protested. But his head was throbbing, and his mouth seemed still to be full of some sort of rubber gag, and he was in no shape to fight or struggle his way free. And so he lay there in mute, obedient dread... like the good sissy baby Sheila was clearly training him to be.

"Now then!" she giggled once she was done, and Corey found himself being pulled upward like a rag doll in the hands of an enthusiastic young girl. "Honestly, I know this outfit is cute and all. But I think it's time we took it off. You know, so it doesn't get any more rumpled or dirty than it already is. Here, Emma. Give me a hand, will you?"

Corey shivered as twenty deft fingers began removing the frilly maid dress that had been his outfit for the past... well, he didn't quite know. Since yesterday. Off came the tights, and the Mary Jane shoes, and the apron and dress and petticoats. And then there he was at last: seated on the floor with his fresh pink diaper bulging between his thighs, blinking and rubbing his eyes at the light, wincing as the two women softly laughed and cooed over what a cute girly baby he made.

"Oh, but that wig needs to go, too!" exclaimed Sheila, and then the sausage curls that had been brushing against his neck lifted away. Buckles were undone, and then he found himself gulping as the black leather neck corset slipped free, and the rubber cock that had been filling his mouth since yesterday finally slid out from his parted lips. Free... half-naked... no longer gagged...

Perhaps his first words should have been something a bit more memorable. Feisty. Defiant. But as it turned out, all his hung-over brain and tongue managed to mumble out was a pathetic whine.

"Uhhh... Gohhhh..." He squirmed on his crinkling ass, feeling suddenly more self-conscious than ever now that he was stripped to nothing but a girly diaper. Sure, the gag and dress and petticoats had been horrific. But at least he hadn't been sitting here like an overgrown, naked, unshaven man-baby, shivering while his wife and her friend giggled sadistically down at him...

His stomach grumbled loudly, and he was suddenly aware of just how awfully empty his stomach felt. "Oh, but of course!" Sheila exclaimed, turning to Emma as if in dawning understanding. "My poor sissy baby here hasn't had anything but drinks since yesterday! I don't suppose we can find something for her breakfast, can we?"

Emma grinned and tossed her frizzy but still gorgeous auburn hair. "I mean... sure? Hell, we've got all this leftover stuff from last night. I dunno if it's right for a baby like her, though..." "Oh, great idea!" Sheila giggled, and then Corey was watching apprehensively as she rose and strode over to the folding table littered with half-eaten scraps of cake and stale petit fours and rumpled, stained napkins. "Here. Come on, sissy baby. Crawl on over here for me. NOW."

Again, not that he had a choice.

Once he'd settled with an uneasy crinkle onto his padded ass and sat, staring nervously up into the two women's faces, Sheila gave out another giggle and motioned to Emma. "Go on. Why don't you start feeding him? Heck, it'll give you good practice for the wedding reception!" Emma sniggered as she hefted a half-eaten slice of cake in her manicured fingers, then brought it up to Corey's wide-eyed face. "Sure! Open up, dear..."

Oh, he did. And the sensation of this beautiful women's fingers forcing the creamy cake into his mouth was enough to make his trapped cock twitch with painful excitement.

"Yeah, just like that!" "Heh, kinda messy, though..." "Well, duh! What do you expect from feeding a big baby? Guess it's a good thing we took off her pretty party dress!"

And so it began: Corey opening obediently as stale leftovers were shoveled into his gulping mouth: cake, and petit fours, and jello shots, and chocolate-covered fruit. "What a hungry thing," Emma observed, ramming another slice of cake full into Corey's face and giggling at the sticky frosting smeared from his eyes down past his chin. "But what if she starts getting full, huh?"

She burst into laughter as Sheila flourished the penis gag, recently extricated from the hood that had held it captive all night. "Use this, duh!"

Corey whimpered as more and more gooey, cakey food was forced down his throat, propelled by the plunger that was the cock gag in Sheila's hand. God, this was beyond anything he'd ever dreamed: being force-fed by these sadistic women, squatting there with filthy face and crinkling diaper, feeling for all the world like a helpless, overgrown toddler being punished by two overbearing mommies. He was getting thirsty- parched- sugar buzzed- lightheaded- But there was still so much leftover cake... and so many drinks as well...

And fuck – his bladder was aching once more as well. Almost as badly as his head.

But at least once he actually started choking they relented. "Aww, I bet she's just thirsty," Emma offered with a smirk. "Here, we got anything fit for a baby?" "Mostly flat ginger ale," Sheila shrugged, handing the mostly-full two-liter bottle to her friend. "That should work, right?"

It did. For soon he was gulping gratefully, and then anxiously, away at the bottle stuffed between his frosting-and-crumb-covered lips. And all the while the beautiful Emma snickered and fondled the front of his bulging diaper and teasingly asked why on earth he wasn't wet yet...

"Speaking of peeing..." Sheila cut in, with a wry grin. "Honestly, I've gotta go take a piss myself. You got everything taken care of here, right? I'm just gonna head upstairs..." But then, just as Emma was opening her mouth to reply, a voice sounded from the other end of the room: the sleeper sofa where the rest of the party-goers who hadn't taken a ride home had collapsed early in the morning...

"Wassa big deal? We got a toilet right here."

Corey's eyes widened in panic behind the ginger ale bottle, staring in rising terror as the dirty blonde with those magnetic eyes stepped forward unsteadily, in her hand the feeding funnel from last night. "Here. I'll show you how to use it..." *Was she- No, no way in hell she would- No, that was sick- revolting-*

But it wasn't his mouth that this woman slipped the funnel into. It was the back of his diaper.

Exclamations and astonished laughter rose as she squatted behind him, hands on both his shoulders as she dropped her shorts and lowered herself over the funnel. Corey couldn't see, but oh, how he could visualize it! Her bare pussy, naked and hovering just over the funnel's lip... the sudden spurt and dribble, growing to a hissing stream, as she began emptying her night-swollen bladder into the receptacle beneath...

He shuddered, muscles tense with disgust and revulsion, at the sensation of her hot urine trickling and snaking down the back of his diaper. "Ahhh," came the voice from behind him, sensuous and warm with relief. "Oh, fuck, that's so much better. Alcohol always makes me have to piss like a racehorse..."

"Eww, girl!" "Aww, look at the sissy's *face!*" "She really hates, that doesn't she?" "Go on, Sheila! Give it a go! She's *your* sissy hubby, after all..."

By the time all three women had squatted over Corey's trembling frame and laughingly emptied their bladders into the swelling back of his thirsty pink diaper, he was almost fainting from the mingled pain and tingling humiliation coursing through him. His cock was straining in its cage, begging for release, thrilled beyond all rationality to be so humiliated. *Such a dirty, wet, humiliated sissy*, pounded through his aching head – only this time it wasn't a voice from the computer screen. *Such a filthy, worthless, pathetic little-*

And then came the final stroke.

"Where's that fucking remote? Here, I think we'd better start helping her enjoy being such a pissy, filthy little baby..." "Ooh, yeah! And hey – what about the rest of this food? I guess if she's really full and tired of eating it, we might as well stick it somewhere else, right?"

Corey grunted as he was tugged to his knees, then forced onto all fours once more, the plug humming once more and his now-warm and swollen diaper hanging shamefully between his legs. "Here, she'll be our little garbage disposal," Sheila chortled as the first fistful of cake and frosting was pressed with a sticky squelch into the back of his diaper. "Just toss it all over here, girls. I'll load her diaper so full she won't be able to walk straight..."

It was when the camera phones began to click that Corey finally lost it. This was rock bottom. He couldn't sink any lower than he was right now... and so there was no point in holding out any longer. The salty tears dripped down his sticky cheeks... his bladder flooded out into his filthy diaper... he sniveled and shuddered and blinked up full into the merry faces of his tormentors, wanting only to crawl away in his loaded diaper and hide and never, ever show his face again...

"So," Sheila giggled, forcing a final fistful of cake down his diaper and giving the bulging mass a playful squeeze. "Just keep all this in mind, girls. If you ever have trouble with your man being a sneaky little shit behind your back, well..." She leaned down and tipped Corey's tear-streaked, frosting-smearred face up into her. "This is one hell of an unforgettable lesson. Wouldn't you say, dear hubbie?"

But all Corey could do was sob his pathetic agreement.