

What Dreams Are Maid Of - Part 2

For deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Jon froze, fingers just inches away from his aching pussy, still staring into the camera lens but now with wide, shocked eyes. The sound of the front door opening and the clack of heels echoing across the marble floor. Jon quickly removed his hand and clicked off the camera, poking his head out the door to try and see who it was. Had Agatha come back early? A family spat perhaps? How would he explain this?. Thankfully, the footsteps were not heading in his direction, but rather that of the kitchen. He tip toes on across the cold floors, thankful he had not taken the time to put on Agatha's shoes so that his footsteps were silent. He poked his head around the corner and saw his wife, Catherine, huffing and poking her fingers at the coffee machine with a look of annoyance. She turned and Jon instantly realised his mistake as his wife's eyes locked with his own; he should have stayed in the bedroom.

"Agatha, good." Catherine said firmly, "You're back early. Why Jon thought giving you a holiday without hiring a replacement is beyond me, old fool. Make me a coffee, I cannot figure out how this infernal contraption works."

Jon's mouth went dry, what else could he do?

"Yes, ma'am." He said quietly, shuffling toward the machine and for the first time, wondering why it needed so many different buttons.

"The girls' weekend was a bust, Mirriam booked us the value suite. A value suite, can you believe it. When I demanded an upgrade they said they were fully books and well, I am certainly no value customer." Catherine sat herself down at the bench before narrowing her eyes at him. "Agatha! Where are your shoes?"

"Oh." He glanced down to his stocking clad feet, "I um, forgot them ma'am."

“Honestly. Maybe it is alright for maids to go barefoot back in Finland or wherever you are from but not here. I will not have my staff looking unprofessional, even when we do not have guests, understood?”

Jon had never realised just how intimidating his wife was. They both held traditional values and she had always been a good, submissive woman for him; not a push over by any means but certainly, she had never used this tone of voice with him before. It felt strange, the firmness with which she told him what to do, like doing anything but obeying would be met with the strictest of punishments made an odd warmth bloom in his stomach. He nodded, shuffling back to Agatha’s bedroom to find her mary janes and clipped them on. His feet were so small and delicate now, it was almost a shame to put them inside such bulky, solid shoes. Perhaps he should buy her a pair of ballet slippers.

The image of Agatha in her black and white uniform, skirt puffed up by a crinoline wearing a pair of matching black ballet slippers laced all the way up to her thighs made him quiver. Yes, he would definitely do that; and pay for dancing lessons so she could give him private performances. Once he had made his wife a coffee and gotten her out of the way perhaps he would even try a few moves for the camera himself. He felt so flexible and lithe in this young, virile woman’s body compared to his old bones. He was sure he could pull it off.

“Agatha! For god’s sake girl hurry up, how long does it take to put on a pair of shoes?”

“Coming, Ma’am!”

Jon tried to ignore the thrill that came from uttering those words. There was something so salacious about not only being in Agatha’s body but her role, unbeknownst to anybody save himself. He made his way back into the kitchen only for his wife to hiss as he made his way over to the coffee machine. He turned and found her looking at him expectantly. For a moment Jon was confused, then he remembered the rule set in place when they first hired Agatha, that she was to curtsy to them each time she entered the room. He grabbed the edges of his puffed up skirt, bending his legs and lowering his head. Jon could feel those naughty, wine red panties sinking into his folds ever so slightly as his legs spread. Staying there, snug and wet as she straightened again. Catherine nodded and he went about trying to make a coffee with the complicated machine.

Grabbing a mug he placed it under the little spout and hit the button marked with a single cup. Only a small amount of brown liquid dribbled out and he bit his lip; where was the milk and foam? Did they have a separate spout? Or did he just press the button again. He tried the latter and

immediately knew it was the wrong decision as burnt smelling black liquid dribbled into the cup. The sound of sharp nails tapping on the countertop as Catherine grew impatient made his heart start to race; what was he supposed to do? Maybe he needed to fill that little part at the top with milk from the fridge? He rushed over, searching until he found the cartoon and bought it back over to the machine. There was no button he could see to open it, after several more long minutes of fiddling Catherine gave a loud, irritated sigh.

“You know what, Agatha? You should go back to your holiday.” She said snippily, “Clearly a few days off has erased what few brain cells you had. Go pack your bags, I will not tolerate this incompetence.”

No! Catherine couldn't fire Agatha, the object of his desire, the idea that he may never have her at his beck and call, or even see her again was too much.

“No please, Catherine-”

“You dare!” She gasped, “That's ma'am or Miss Bolivar to you! I do not know where this insolent behaviour has come from but I will be letting your agency know about it, believe me.”

“Please, Catherine, it's me! Jon!”

Catherine gave a snort of laughter and he tried his best to explain, holding out the locket and opening it to show the hair.

“It's a spell, to make me look like Agatha so I...the reason isn't important. But it is me, Catherine. Ask me anything. I'll be able to answer anything.”

“Oh, okay.” Catherine gave him a coy smile, clearly not believing a word, “What is the key to the safe in our bedroom?”

For a second the question confused him, then it dawned on him, the clever little trick his wife was employing.

"27-45-03, but our safe isn't in our bedroom, it is in my office." He answered with a smug smile. "Hidden behind the portrait of my great-grandfather."

Catherine blinked in shock before narrowing her eyes.

"You little sneak, if you've-

"You have a mole on top of your right hip!" Jon cried in desperation, "You hide it with make up every morning because you hate it, on our honeymoon when I first saw it you called it your natural tramp stamp!"

That made her pause, eyes turning wide with disbelief and then realisation.

"Jon...that really is you." She gasped, "But your voice...?"

"The magic changes everything." He nodded solemnly.

"I knew you thought that woman was attractive, don't think you were subtle about it, dear. But to do this..."

Shame burned at his cheeks; this was supposed to be his day to finally let go and now it was ruined. Catherine would never leave him alone in the house again; his fantasy would stay just that. God, what if she started telling people? No, she would not risk their reputation by doing that, she'd be dragged through the mud right along with him; many women would blame her for his seeking pleasure elsewhere. Still, his name would never recover.

He looked at the ground, unable to meet her eye when the giggling started. Of course she was laughing at him, who wouldn't?

"Well, darling, this is quite the secret. I never knew you were such a...sissy."

"I'm not!" He insisted, "I just, Agatha is so beautiful, so sensual-"

"So out of your league." She deadpanned.

"It's her youth." he lied, "To be so pretty and young, I just wanted to experience that."

"That's all?" Catherine raised an eyebrow, "Nothing...naughtier?"

"Of course not." he lied and she just threw back her head and laughed.

"What an awful liar you are, my dear." Catherine smiled cruelly, "How you succeeded in the business world I will never know. Your competitors must have been able to read you a mile away."

The audacity! Jon felt his new, pretty face twist in rage; he may be in a different body but he was still Catherine's husband, her superior.

"You have no right to speak to me like that!" He hissed, "As your husband-"

Catherine cackled, Jon had never seen this side to her before and if he was honest, it was putting him on edge.

"Darling, you gave up that power when you decided to give up your dick."

Jon had no response, he could only gape at her; Catherine was a proper lady of noble breeding, she never spoke so crudely.

"Come on, you want to be treated like a horny little serving girl, your wish is my command." She continued, standing and approaching him with a clap of her hands. "Chop, chop, up to the bedroom."

"You can't order me around!"

"Yes, I can. I am your employer after all."

Catherine walked toward him with purpose, hands outstretched and for a second, Jon thought she was going to strangle him and he flinched only to feel something cool and metal slide across his skin. He opened his eyes to see Catherine dangling it between her fingers. Jon felt his heart stutter; without that he could not turn back!

"Can't have you getting any ideas now, can we?" She waved a finger back and forth, "Now, up to the bedroom on the double."

Jon's stomach twisted; a strange mixture of discomfort and arousal at being ordered around by his wife. With no other choice he turned on his toes and began walking up the stairs toward their master bedroom, Catherine a few steps behind. As he entered he caught sight of his reflection in the floor length mirror Catherine had set up by her makeup table. How many times had he dreamed of Agatha walking in here while he was still in bed. Once or twice he had feigned illness just to watch her bend over and dust the mantle by their bed, he'd had to bunch up the blankets to hide his hard on.

Catherine sat herself at the foot of the bed, hands folded in her lap.

"Now then, let's see what it is this young lady has that has you so worked up then." She grinned, "Off with the dress, one article at a time. Nice and slow."

"You can not be seri-"

"Ah ah! The help do not talk back to their gracious employers." Catherine waved a finger back and forth, "Naughty, naughty."

Jon swallowed, bringing his arms around to tug at the bow of his apron. Sliding it off and neatly folding it on the ground. He could feel the air brush against his ass as he bent over, crinoline flaring. His fingers trembled as they reached back around to undo the ties of his dress' corset, not from fear but excitement. He had imagined such scenarios so many times but never thought he would get to live them first hand!

Shyly he pulled the puffed sleeves over his shoulder, giving his wife a shy smile as if to say, 'how's this?'. Catherine nodded with approval but then indicated he keep going, dropping the dress to the floor along with the crinoline. Catherine gave a low whistle and Jon felt his cheeks burn as her eyes roamed over the sexy underwear.

"My, my, our Agatha certainly has something naughty hiding under all those ruffles." Catherine mused before her eyes turned hard. "Did you buy her those as well?"

"No." He said quietly, "I found them in her drawer."

"You went through our maid's underwear drawer?"

He nodded, the blush now spreading to his exposed bust and thighs as shame washed over him. Not for his actions but for being caught in them.

"I always knew you were an old leech." She sighed, "but I never realised quite how much of a pervert you really are. I bet you spent ages sniffing them like some sort of obsessed weirdo."

He shook his head vigorously, mostly to hide the way he bit his lip at the thought. He hasn't done that but God, he wished he had. Then he'd know what her pussy smelt like. Then again, judging by how wet he was getting between his legs, maybe he would know soon anyway.

"Can you imagine how embarrassing this is for me?" Catherine continued, "Not only is my husband a sissy and a pervert but my maid is compromised as well. Just how long have you two had this little arrangement?"

"It's not like that!" Jon insisted before looking away, "Agatha has no idea, this is all me."

Catherine hummed in thought, standing and circling him like a shark. She reached out, running her fingers lightly across the curve of his hip, then across the plains of his stomach. The feeling made him shiver but he didn't dare tell her to stop. Those fingers brushed across his ass, making the sound mounds jiggle as she pinched at them slightly.

"I suppose she does have some lovely features." Catherine said, grabbing two handfuls of Jon' peach shaped ass, making him gasp in shock and pleasure.

"Take these off."

Jon swallowed, somewhat reluctantly reaching for the waistband of the panties and peeling them away. His own wetness having stuck them slightly to his mound, he flinched with humiliation knowing Catherine could hear the sound of wet fabric being unstuck and the obvious smell of his arousal flooded the air. She huffed.

"You're getting off on this aren't you? Being talked down to, being humiliated. God, what sort of man are you? Maybe you really do belong on a pretty little woman's body."

He wanted to deny it, he wanted to tell his wife to get back in her place but how could he? She was right, he felt so horny right now and as she patted his now bare ass Jon felt a thrill pass through him. A finger slipped between the smooth skin of his back and his bra strap, a flick of muscle undoing the hooks and causing the clothing to go limp. Jon's breasts bounced with the loss of support and he stood stock still as she brushed it away to join the panties on the floor; leaving him naked and standing in the centre of discarded ruffles and lace. He could see his reflection in the floor length mirror and his eyes could not help but roam over his new sexy form. The way his pale skin was tinged pink across the bps, breasts and cheeks, the way his blonde hair shimmered in the morning light. And there behind him was Catherine, eyes darting up and down, examining him in an almost scientific fashion as her fingers continued to rake across his skin. Harder now, not painfully, but enough to leave faint red trails after her nails scraped the skin.

Those fingers traced beneath the curve of his breasts and he sucked in a sharp breath. It felt wonderful, even better than his own fingers had. Perhaps it was the loss of control, the fact that he was just letting Catherine touch him wherever she pleased, simultaneously wishing she would stop and go further.

"You things like our Agatha think these perky tits will last forever, hmphf." Catherine sneered, grabbing hold of both his tits and squeezing. "They're real at least, I can tell."

Jon was seeing stars and she lifted and bounced the breasts under her fingers, thumbs brushing against the pink nipples turning them erect. Catherine cooed.

"Such a whore. You're so transparent Jon. I bet the real Agatha could hold back better than you."

He just whimpered, having no comeback, no words at all. Catherine let go and Jon let out a breath he didn't even realise he was holding. A warm wetness and heat was blooming between his legs and he shivered as a drip began to descend down his leg. His cheeks burned with humiliation as Catherine cackled seeing it. His pussy throbbed as she reached down toward it, swiping the vicious liquid up only to remove her finger once it reached her inner thigh, a mere inch from where he ached to be touched.

"I'm not going to reward this sort of behaviour, Jon." She tutted, "You deserve to be punished for being such a little pervert."

He just nodded. He could be punished, God he wanted to be punished right now.

"Ah, ah, I want to hear you say it."

"I want to be punished." He whispered, drinking in the breathy, desperate quality of his voice, the polish twang to his words.

Fuck hearing them, even knowing it was him who said them, no Agatha, was enough to send more drips of wetness down his inner thigh.

"You want to be punished...?"

"Ma'am."

"That's more like it."

She slapped her palm hard against his peach shaped ass and despite himself, Jon moaned. The slight sting of pain only enhancing the pleasure of the touch.

"On your hands and knees."

He dropped like a puppet with its strings cut; almost certainly bruising his knees as they slammed into the thin carpet. It was yet another thing he'd imagined, Agatha with purple circles on her knees. He would imagine they were caused by her falling down to suck his cock. Catherine had no such appendage so what exactly did she have in mind for his punishment? She lifted his chin, forcing him to face the mirror while she disappeared from view. His tits were swaying beneath him, his face flush, pupils dilated. He licked a wet stripe across his full lips before biting down on them. The touch of his teeth was light at first but then he spotted Catherine approaching in the reflection of the glass and he bit down hard enough he was surprised he didn't draw blood.

“Where...how long have you had that?” He asked, gazing at the thick rod of black silicone in her hand.

“Oh this?” She waved the dildo back and forth a few times, “Did you honestly think you satisfied me at all, dear? I’ve been responsible for my own orgasms for years.”

She knelt down behind him, firmly spreading his legs open so that his wet, aching pussy was exposed to the open air. Anticipation and trepidation filled him in equal measure; he had never had something inside him before. What would it feel like?

“Since you like being such a little sissy, I think I should treat you like one, *Agatha*.”

Catherine was stripping down to her underwear and Jon did his best not to show any emotion; his wife was a fine woman, he would never have picked her otherwise, but she was getting older. Her large, beautiful breasts now had some sag to them and she had become more heavy set ever since she passed middle age. She was still beautiful, the hours she spent dressing and doing her makeup ensured it, but she was nothing on Agatha. His wife’s face was twisted with irritation and jealousy, it seemed even she knew it; it was clear why her husband had moved his obsession onto their dear maid. Instead of removing her bra and panties Catherine pulled at the back of the dildo, two black strips of fabric appearing which she then fastened around her legs before producing a third which went between them.

Jon had seen such toys online, there was a bump meant to fit snugly against her clit so that with every thrust, it would be pressed down on. She was about to peg him, fuck him with that dildo. He should have felt emasculated, humiliated and on some level he did, but those emotions only fuelled his lust, he even spread his legs a little further apart in anticipation.

The thick rubber tip came to rest against his waiting hole and Jon moaned, there was no resistance from his body. He was so slick with juice the dildo began to slip inside with only the lightest of pushes from Catherine.

“You really are so beneath me,” She hissed, “I always knew it. I should have started doing this to you years ago.”

“Please.”

“Is that all you can say?” She cooed with a cruel smile, meeting his eyes in the mirror,
“Please?”

“I need it.” He whimpered, fuck he was so turned on, he just needed release.

“This is a punishment, remember?” She began to push inside achingly slow, “Now, admit to me you’re fucking the maid.”

“I’m not! He wailed as his inner walls began to stretch. “I-ah, I s-swear.”

“Admit it!”

“I just think about it!” He cried, “I think about it all the time, I want to fuck her so bad that I got this spell, I-I was going to film myself like this-oh! More! Please!”

She was almost fully submerged in his tight passage now but there was something, some deep part of him that was yet to be touched that desperately needed it.

“I believe you.” Catherine said huskily, pressing all the way in, “You’re too much of a weakling to actually proposition her.”

He whimpered, the tip of the dildo was resting against a tiny bundle of nerves right at the deepest part of him. Catherine wiggled her hips, rubbing the nerves and setting a fire alive inside him.

“Oh that-s Oh God don’t stop, what-what *is* that?”

“That darling, is a G-spot.” She teased, drawing out only to thrust back in against it, making Jon see stars, “Something you have never found on a woman, let me assure you. Now, I’ll show you just how powerful it is.”

She began to thrust in and out, a pleasurable burn forming inside him as his inner walls were teased. He pushed back against her, earning a gasp from his wife as the base pushed against her clit. Jon could feel his insides tightening, each hit to his G-spot had him wailing and the sounds only fed his desire. That beautiful, polish voice was so sexy and finally, he knew what it sounded like when

Agatha was at her crest. With one final shudder his pussy clenched and he came. Unable to resist, he wailed his own name, committing the sound to memory only to have Catherine slam in and out of him harder and faster. The pleasure almost turning to pain.

“Arrogant. Pervert.” She hissed, “Moaning your own name, I’ll have you moaning mine soon enough!”

She continued to thrust and he could do nothing but grip the carpet and take it, wailing as another orgasm built. He knew better this time, whimpering Catherine’s name as wetness spurted inside him as he squirted. Catherine shuddered herself before finally and unceremoniously pulled out leaving him suddenly empty and feeling distinctly whoreish.

He sat back, shivering as his abused pussy was tickled by the carpet. Catherine discarded the dildo, walking around to his front and forcing him, still on his knees, to look at her.

“This is just the beginning, Agatha.” She whispered with a wicked smile. “Get dressed, we are going out.”