

A Controlled Life

Forward and Disclaimer

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Chapter One

Tom had always been a submissive. But living in a small town made it very difficult for him to meet people who shared his interests. This, along with the fact that he was overweight and rather plain looking had kept him from ever having a real relationship...let alone one built on Female Dominance. Due to his inability to find a Mistress to serve, he resorted to self-bondage and the occasional web-cam session. Then one day as he was looking through listings of On-line Mistresses he came across an ad for a Princess Dee. She said that she liked to control slaves on-line in all kinds of ways including using Teamviewer. Her ad said she wanted more control than just what she got from having slaves on web-cam and that it allowed her to actually restrict the slave by controlling his computer.

Tom was excited by the idea and replied to her ad saying that he was very interested in this new way of serving. While waiting for her reply he read up on the program and what all it could do. He was a bit nervous that she might find out more about him than he wanted her to, so he took the precaution of using the folder options in Windows to hide the files that he did not want Princess Dee to see. He then downloaded the program as he thought he was safe and that this would be a lot of fun for him as he really did enjoy submitting.

Two days later he got an Instant Message from Princess Dee saying that she would accept him as her new Teamviewer slave and that he was to have his Teamviewer open and set to allow Full Access at 4pm on Saturday. Tom was so excited by the idea of this new form of submission that he immediately went into the bathroom and wanked himself crazy. "This will be so much fun!" he thought to himself as he pretended that he was already under her control.

Saturday could not come fast enough for Tom; but when it finally did he turned on his computer and ran the Teamviewer program as soon as he woke up. While he waited for 4 o'clock to come he busied himself by reading all of his favorite bondage stories on the web...this did nothing but get him so aroused and in a dither that he was afraid he would cum as soon as she logged into his PC. Right before 4pm he closed his web browser and deleted its history so she would not know what he had been doing all day.

At 4pm he saw the Teamviewer box pop open and a message saying "Awaiting Authentication". Princess Dee then sent him an Instant Message and asked him what the password was. Tom had not set a permanent password as he was not sure how this would go, and did not want her to be able to access his PC if he decided that this was not for him. He gave her the temporary password and watched as the box shrunk down into the bottom right-hand corner of his screen as the connection was completed. Princess Dee was now in his computer and Tom was both totally excited and frightened by this.

On her side of the connection Princess Dee just smiled. She knew much more about Teamviewer and its capabilities than Tom or any other slave could ever imagine. The first thing she did upon connection was to go up to the tab in the top of her window that showed Tom's screen to her. She then clicked on Extras and Remote System Info. This gave her the computer name of Tom's PC

as well as his IP address. She chuckled to herself when she saw that Tom had foolishly used his full name when he had set up his computer. "This will be too easy" she thought to herself. Tom had no idea about any of this and was waiting for something to happen.

Princess Dee then closed the Remote System Information box and clicked on Extras again; she then selected chat and typed in "hello slave" into the box. Tom was surprised when the little box in the corner popped up and saw what she had typed. He quickly typed in his reply of "Hello Princess, how are you?" into his chat box. He was still nervous but getting more turned on by the moment. Princess Dee then said that before they could continue that she needed to make some changes to his Teamviewer settings since their connection was so slow, and asked if he would allow her to do so. Tom said yes and then watched as his cursor started to move across his screen. He saw it stop on his Teamviewer icon as Princess Dee double clicked on it, bringing up his Teamviewer box. Tom watched as she then clicked on his Extras Tab and then his Options. First Princess Dee checked off the box marked "Start Teamviewer with Windows" Tom then watched as Princess Dee clicked on his Security Tab and then started to type in a password. He stopped her from typing and asked her why she was adding a password to his PC. She explained that once she had set the options up as she needed them that she would need to disconnect and then reconnect, and that it was easier to do so if she had a permanent password...that way if she got disconnected she could just reconnect instead of having to wait for him to send her the new temporary password. Tom thought this made sense and allowed her to go ahead and add a password; he figured that he could always change it or remove it later if this didn't work out.

Princess Dee then clicked on his Remote Control tab and set his Quality setting to Optimize Speed. She then clicked on his Advanced tab and unchecked all of the Log File boxes. This would prevent Tom from being able to look through the logs and try to determine what she had done. Then she clicked on OK putting all of her settings into place. She then told Tom that she would now reconnect and that hopefully the speed would be much better. He watched as the little box disappeared and a large box appeared saying that "This was a free session". He then saw the little box appear back in the corner as Princess Dee reconnected to his PC. "Is it faster now?" he asked her. Princess Dee then moved the mouse over his screen pretending to see if the speed was any better and then smiled as she told him "Oh yes, this will work much better".

Tom watched in fascination as the cursor moved about the screen without him touching the mouse. He then saw it stop on his Start button where Princess Dee then clicked it open. She then went to Tom's Control Panel and opened up his User Accounts and Family Safety. Tom balked at this and asked her what she was doing. Princess Dee explained to Tom that she needed to have her own account on his PC for some of the controls and that he needed to stop moving the mouse or she would stop him. Tom, who had experience with XP and Vista knew that without his password she could not take away his admin rights and that he could undo any of her changes; agreed to let her continue...little realizing that Seven was a whole different operating system.

He then watched as Princess Dee created a new user account named Princess Dee with admin rights and again balked when she started to add a password. Princess Dee said that she was tired of him interrupting her and that she was going to stop him from doing so; she also threatened that if he quit the session that she would never talk to him again. Tom was too excited and too desperate to have this happen so he started to type that he would behave. As he was typing this he saw his cursor going up to the top of his screen. Princess Dee had had enough and had clicked on her Actions button and then selected the Disable Remote Input option. Tom was not surprised when his typing no longer showed up on screen. He tried moving his mouse to move the cursor to no avail...Princess Dee had locked out his inputs.

Princess Dee then finished typing in her password and setting up her account. She then told Tom to be patient as what she was doing would take a few minutes. She then clicked on Tom's Start button and Switch User. Tom then watched in fascination as the cursor moved over to her new account on his PC and as her password appeared; but it was just dots as far as Tom could tell. Nothing happened for several minutes as the computer created Princess Dee's profile on the PC but then Tom saw the cursor start to move again as Princess Dee had resumed her control. Tom watched as the cursor floated back up to the top of his screen, and Princess Dee then clicked on her Actions button and clicked on Show Black Screen. Tom panicked as his screen went black...he could no longer see what Princess Dee was up to.

Princess Dee went back into his Teamviewer options and to his Advanced Settings. She then quickly checked the boxes for Disable Teamviewer Shutdown and Changes Require Administrative Rights on This Computer; and

then entered her own password into the 'Protect options with password' and 'Confirm password' boxes. She then clicked the OK button. She knew that this would prevent Tom from being able to undo any of the Teamviewer settings she had just entered. By this time Tom was about to terminate the connection, but before he could do so Princess Dee unchecked the Show Black Screen option giving Tom a moment to relax so she could catch him off-guard again. She knew that most slaves would run away when the screen went black and not give her time to get everything done that she needed to. She knew that if she broke it up the slave would relax a bit and wouldn't immediately disconnect if she made the screen black again. She was right of course and Tom started to catch his breath thinking that she was just messing with his mind and didn't really have time to do anything serious to his PC yet. So when it went black again Princess Dee had more than enough time to go back into the User Accounts menu and change him to a Standard User and remove his password. "Thank God he has Windows Seven" thought Princess Dee, "this makes it much easier". Princess Dee chuckled to herself as she thought about the fact that it was also the Professional version instead of the Home version. That would make her job so much easier later on since it would allow her to edit group and user policies.

Tom had no idea of what had happened yet; he thought he was going to somehow be controlled remotely and that it would be like a web-cam session...once and done...unless he decided to try her out again. But so far she had not really done anything...he expected her to look at his pictures or stuff like that since that is what he heard most Dommies do when he was reading about Teamviewer and domination; or that she would turn on his web-cam and make him do things while she went through his PC. So far he was disappointed that neither one of those had happened, and he was totally unaware that within a matter of minutes Princess Dee now had permanent access to his PC and that he no longer had any admin capabilities at all.

By this time Tom was a little disappointed and thinking that this was a total waste of time and he would never bother to do anything like this again, but then to his surprise Princess Dee told him to reopen his messenger program and that she would now begin to dominate him in ways he never imagined."Finally," Tom thought to himself "maybe there will be something to this after all." He went ahead and signed into his messenger program as she requested really not knowing what to expect. As soon as he did this he was quite taken aback as Princess Dee then moved his cursor down and opened up

an IM to herself. She then went up to IM options and turned on his web-cam. "There we go, now I can see you and make sure that you obey me" Princess Dee said. Tom was excited to hear her voice for the first time and found it to be both authoritarian and sultry at the same time. He thought to himself how much fun it was going to be listening to her tell him what to do. Unknown to Tom, Princess Dee had software on her computer to capture and record streaming video and take stills from web-cams. "One more piece in the puzzle" laughed Princess Dee to herself...she now had his real name, his IP address, and his picture, "this is almost too easy."

"Now slave, tell me what kind of toys or other items you have there that I can have you use for my amusement?" she asked him. Tom was getting giddy with excitement. He loved to play on web-cam and had all kinds of toys that he had bought over the years. They weren't things that he really enjoyed per se; but they were things that he had been asked to have or use during previous web-cam sessions he had had. So his collection of items had gradually built up and were as various as the women he had played with in the past. He told her he had cuffs, rope, dildos, butt-plugs, some cross-dressing items, makeup, clamps, clothespins, blindfolds, gags, a riding crop and paddles. "Wonderful," said Princess Dee "go gather everything up while I browse around on your PC and the Internet." Tom had mixed feelings about this...yes he was going to be dominated which he really enjoyed, but he was also nervous about leaving his PC unattended while she had it under her control. He hesitated for only a minute as the desire to be dominated was stronger than his fear. "Besides," he reassured himself "my important files are hidden."

As he was gathering his toys Princess Dee opened up his web browser and went to the Collarme website. She clicked through several of the profiles looking for just the banner ad she needed on the right-hand side of the page. After 13 or 14 profiles...she found just what she needed. There was a banner ad saying "Meet people in" and a hypertext link listing the city and state that Tom was in. She then closed the browser so Tom would not know that she had added another piece to her puzzle. On her own PC she then did a people search using his name and city; she laughed cruelly to herself when his address and phone number popped up. She now had permanent access to his PC as long as it was connected to the Internet, she had his name, phone number, address, city, state, IP address and even his picture; and in just a few minutes she would have video and pictures of him in all kinds of compromising and humiliating situations. Poor Tom had no idea of any of this

as he happily gathered his toys together.

When Tom got back he had an armful of toys. Princess Dee then instructed him to spread them all out on the floor in front of the camera so she could see everything she had to work with. Princess Dee looked over everything carefully before deciding exactly what she was going to have Tom do to himself. She knew that once he did these things and she had it on video, that there was no escape for him and that she could then begin to take things much, much further than Tom had ever anticipated. Tom had no idea that what was about to happen would be the beginning of his new life as a totally controlled slave to Princess Dee. He was still gullibly under the belief that this was just only a "session" and thought that once it was over that things would go back to the way they were.

Princess Dee then told Tom to get undressed and that from now until she told him otherwise, he was not to respond to her or the camera in any way; but to carry out her commands. Tom was about to ask her why, when he saw the stern look on her face and decided to go along with her commands. Shrugging his shoulders, he resigned himself to see what she had in mind.

Princess Dee quickly looked down to her own keyboard and adjusted the settings on her web-cam capture software so it would record the audio and video from his cam separately. She could always merge them together again later; but for now she wanted it to look like Tom was doing all of the things he was about to do of his own volition. Without the audio...Tom would never be able to prove that he was being told what to do, or lie and say that he was being forced. Anyone who received the file would just see Tom acting out a sick and kinky fantasy alone in his own living room.

"Now, my naughty little slut," Princess Dee started. "Turn around and get your makeup that I see there". Tom turned around and went over to pick up the small make up kit he had bought. "Okay sissy, now come back over here to your desk and use your webcam and monitor to put on your makeup. Do it just like if you were sitting in front of a mirror. Let's see...subtle or sluttish?????" Princess Dee chuckled to herself. She already knew that the more garish and outlandish she went, the worse it would be for Tom. "Let's go with sluttish my little sissy. I want you to put on the makeup nice and heavy for me." Tom started with the foundation. He only had the one color and it wasn't even close to his flesh tone. Tom didn't want to take time looking through the

colors when he bought it, as it was already almost too embarrassing. If he spent time looking, he was afraid that people would realize that he was buying it for himself.

Princess Dee had to suppress a laugh as she saw his white face start to take on a much darker complexion. "Perfect!" she thought to herself; the contrast between his white body and darker face would draw immediate attention to his made up face as he carried out her plans.

Princess Dee then instructed Tom to put on his lipstick...again, she was more than bemused when she saw that the lipstick Tom had was a very bright and vibrant red. This would again really contrast with his foundation. "God, he looks like a cross between a whore and a clown" she thought, "I may as well go all out here and make him embellish it for full effect". At this thought she told Tom to put it on much heavier and to go slightly outside his lip lines to make them appear much fuller. Tom complied in silence as she hadn't yet given him permission to respond or speak..."If nothing else," Tom thought..."I can impress her with my obedience". Princess Dee then had him use the bright pink eye-shadow as a blusher and instructed him to fill in his eyelids with the darkest blue eye-shadow he had all the way up to his eyebrows.

It was everything Princess Dee could do to avoid bursting out into laughter at this point...she needed to maintain her composure or else Tom would react to her and blow the chance of making it look like Tom was doing this all on his own. So instead of laughing at him, she told him that she was so happy that he could obey her earlier instructions. Tom almost beamed with pride at this comment; but also suppressed it as he did not want to disappoint her right after she had praised him. Tom was beginning to really get excited sexually at the control he was finally experiencing.

"Now slave, go back to your toys and get your small butt-plug and put it in...no lube. If you need to get it a little wet...just suck on it for a minute" Princess Dee told him. Tom bent down and picked it up, and started to turn around towards the camera when Princess Dee told him not to. She just wanted him to keep his back to the camera and pretend it wasn't there. Tom put it into his mouth and began to suck on it and lick it as best as he could so it would go in easier. Princess Dee was thrilled that she did not have to tell Tom again not to turn around. Once he got it wet enough, Tom brought it around behind him, bent over and slowly inserted it into his ass. Princess Dee watched as the wide part

crested his anus and the butt-plug was pulled the rest of the way into his ass. As it slid the rest of the way in, Tom quickly stood back up in surprise as it popped into him. The camera was lined up perfectly behind Tom and caught all the action...including his now twitching penis.

"You're doing great slave, just keep pretending that I am not here." Princess Dee told him. "Now I want you to put on that lovely little hot pink bra and panties I saw earlier." Tom went back over to the pile of toys in the floor, and again...making sure he did not turn around, he picked up the panties and slid them up his legs. He was just able to pull the elastic band over the tip of his now fully hard erection. He then grabbed the bra off the floor and put it on with the skill born of practice. He brought the ends together in front of himself so he could easily clasp them together, spun it around his chest and pulled the shoulder straps up over his arms. "I can see you've done this a few times before." Princess Dee said. Tom felt the embarrassment well up inside him; he wasn't a transvestite and had only worn these when commanded to on webcam. He wasn't as practiced at this as Princess Dee thought he was.

"Now, turn around and sit down right there on your floor slave" Princess Dee instructed. Tom turned around to obey her and when he did Princess Dee was stunned at the striking contrasts between his very white skin, the hot pink bra and panties, and his darker and heavily made up face. She thought he would fit in perfectly in a scene from the movie Moulin Rouge.

Tom gently sat down due to the butt-plug and with his legs out in front of him; the bulge in his panties was very noticeable on the webcam. Princess Dee then told him to start playing with his breast through the bra. Tom grabbed both cups and began squeezing his man-boobs just like if they were the real thing. Princess Dee was loving every moment. She knew she was helping Tom dig a hole for himself that he would never, ever be able to get out of. She watched as Tom alternated between grabbing the cups to caress them and twirling his fingers over his nipples.

"Wonderful slave...it is nice to see that you are so obedient" Princess Dee said, "now grab your dildo there and suck on it for me." Tom reached behind him and grabbed the dildo off the floor and holding it in one hand he began to suck on it for her. Princess Dee chuckled to herself again. "Not like that sissy...cup the base with both hands, bend down over it and give it a serious deep throating blow-job. Do to it what you would want a woman to do to you!" Tom

complied and went to town on the dildo. He alternated between licking the head in a swirling motion to sucking it heavily into his mouth and bobbing up and down with gusto.

Tom was getting more excited by the moment, but still didn't have that look of wanton lust on his face that Princess Dee wanted to see. "Close your eyes my little slut," she said. "You are supposed to look like a whore who is thoroughly being used." Tom complied. He would have had that look in a few minutes anyway, as he was really getting into the swing of things as it was.

"Yes my little sissy whore...just like that" Princess Dee said with encouragement. "Now, toss the dildo aside and use one hand to start slowly rubbing your cock through your panties, and start licking your lips for me." Tom did this with abandon, he was now deeply into subspace and extremely turned on. "That's it baby; just keep doing that for me." Princess Dee said. "Now, use one finger to stimulate your cock head." Tom did this and gasped at the wave of pleasure this brought to him. "Keep it up slut" Princess Dee told him. After a few minutes of this Princess Dee was happy to see the expanding dark spot as Tom's pre-cum began to soak through the panties.

"Oh yes slave, almost there...I can tell. Now get up on your knees, pull your panties down a bit and start masturbating for me...hurry my slave....wank one out for me!" Princess Dee commanded. Tom began furiously pumping on his penis for all he was worth. Both he and Princess Dee knew it was only a matter of a few minutes, if not just seconds at most, before he would cum.

As soon as he did, the webcam could just discern the semen as it splattered onto the brown wooden floor in front of Tom. Princess Dee told him to keep going until she told him to stop; and determined that he would need a better high definition camera in the future. "Okay my slave; you can stop now...what an obedient little slut you've been. Now lean back against your heels with your hands on your knees and look at the mess you've made on your floor". Tom looked down and was dreading what he thought was coming next. He had heard of men being forced to clean up their mess and had often fantasized about it; but once he had achieved his orgasmic bliss...like most men his submissiveness and willingness disappeared in the blink of an eye. But before he could say he was done and get up and disconnect Princess Dee as the shame of what he had just done hit him; he heard Princess Dee tell him to freeze and listen carefully to what she had to say.

As soon as she told Tom to freeze, Princess Dee pressed the pause button on the recording program. "Now then Tom Henderson of 1425 Allen Lane in Davenport Iowa; let's appraise your situation. Shall we?" Tom snapped his head up when she said his name and address. "I said don't fucking move slave; and I meant it! Now listen to me closely bitch; when I say 'Now'...you will kneel down and lick your cum up off the floor with a look of sheer delight on your face, or I will send a copy of this little recording of you we just made...along with some still photos of you to every one of your neighbors. Do I make myself clear? You can answer me now; but don't move a muscle."

Tom begged her not to do this to him, but she told him to shut up and obey her or that every house and business in his neighborhood would get copies of his little adventure in the mail. Tom broke out into a cold sweat as the fear of what was happening overtook him; but it would not be noticeable on the webcam as he was still sweating from pleasuring himself; and the heavy makeup hid the fact that all the blood had drained from his face.

Tom finally relented and agreed to do as Princess Dee had demanded. She told him to look at the cum on the floor again and get ready. As soon as she said "Now" Princess Dee had resumed the recording and watched with glee as Tom appeared to eagerly get down and begin to lick his floor clean of all the semen he had just spilled. She continued to record until he had licked up the last drop. She knew that nobody would ever notice the pause; and that the video now appeared to show that Tom had done all of this by himself not knowing that it had been caught on camera.

"Well done slave" Princess Dee intoned. ""That is now my Pièce de résistance, the 'frosting on my cake'. I hope you realize now the gravity of your situation...if not, let me enlighten you" as she said this Princess Dee used the copy and paste function of Teamviewer to transfer a copy of the recording onto Tom's computer. She then played it for Tom's benefit. Tom was more than stunned as he watched himself seemingly doing everything on his own. Even to him, without the audio it appeared that he had just got caught on camera acting out a sick fetish. He was even more stunned when the video showed him immediately going down to lick up his cum after he came. Princess Dee was correct...nobody would ever notice the pause.

Tom was almost in shock as he asked her "Why are you doing this? W-what do

you want?" Princess Dee smiled evilly at him. "It is really quite simple slave; your money and your life are now mine to do with as I please. You belong to me now!"

Chapter two

"Now my little cock-sucking, sperm-eating, sissy slut, get your ass back over here and sit down in front of your computer on your hands so we can have a little chat...and then we are going to go shopping online" Princess Dee said with a sadistic laugh. Tom stood up, pulled his panties back up and staggered over to his chair and sat down. As he did, he felt the butt-plug pressing deeply into him and let out a low moan...it was no longer a pleasurable sensation. Then he lifted up each cheek and tucked his hands under them.

"First let me just assure you of this slave...this is not just a mind-fuck here on my part...this is your new reality. What do you think of it so far?" Princess Dee asked Tom who was just now beginning to recover his senses by this time. "This is blackmail. You can't do this; I'll go to the police!" Tom said with defiance.

Princess Dee laughed out loud at Tom's remark. "You are wrong slave; this is not blackmail. Blackmail is a threat of exposure for monetary gain; and extortion is a threat of bodily harm for monetary gain...this is neither of those. First off...there is no threat of exposure for your money...it is just my little incentive to get you to continue to obey me. If you don't do so...then I promise...not threaten...to send this video to every house and business in your neighborhood. And it is that very fear of yours...the fear of being exposed....that will keep you from going to the police. I mean really...just what would you tell them that wouldn't expose you to the kind of ridicule you are already trying to avoid?"

Tom's defiance started to waver just a little bit. He wondered if he could truly go to the police and tell them that a woman he met on the internet had talked him into dolling himself up as a slut, shoving a butt-plug up his ass, sucking on a dildo, masturbating, and then licking up his mess; and that she had recorded it all surreptitiously and was now threatening to send it out? He couldn't do that...could he? Maybe he didn't need to tell them all the details; maybe he could just say that she was threatening to expose him in exchange for money.

This reminded Tom...she did say she was after his money after all. So it was blackmail; regardless of what she had just told him. Tom finally spoke up, "It is blackmail...you just said it is about my money and life being yours. I will go to the police...I will!"

"Will you slave? Will you really?" Princess Dee started. "Are you thinking you can get away without being exposed? Let's look at the facts here...shall we slave? First, if you do...everyone in your neighborhood will see your little performance. Second, I would be more than happy to send a copy of the video and the still shots to the police as well; along with your address...I am sure they would get a kick out of seeing what kind of pervert they have living in their city. I'm not sure how much support or protection you would ever get from them again...especially if your neighbors decided to take action into their own hands against the freak they want to keep away from their family and children. Third, I live in another state from you....so it would be a federal case and the FBI would get involved. Should I send them a copy of the video as well? Fourth, it would have to be played in court for the jury and for everyone else in the courtroom...possibly including court reporters. Fifth, and finally...news like that would be on TV, radio, the newspapers, and even the internet. Why you would be famous...or should I say infamous?" Princess Dee concluded as Tom hung his head in shame.

"It would be your word against mine," she intoned."In the video it looks like you are doing what you want to do; and where is your proof of threat? That's right...you have no emails, or letters, or chat logs of any of this do you slave? Of course you don't....why do you think I said it in video chat and not anywhere else?"

"Besides, it isn't blackmail my little slave. You are not paying me for my silence; not at all. You are paying me for my dominance and control. You already knew it wasn't going to be free...you just didn't fully realize how much it was going to cost you. You are taking things the wrong way. I am providing you with a service here and the cost of that service is not going to be out of line...but it will be progressive. The more of your life and time that I control...the more you will pay for it. Eventually I will control everything there is about you; and you will pay very deeply for it indeed. However, you will still be able to feed and clothe yourself...even if I choose what you eat and wear; and you will have a place to live." Princess Dee told Tom.

"I am not heartless you know? I just plan on taking someone...you... who obviously has no life, who probably sits around every weekend looking at porn and masturbating, and molding them into someone who has a purpose other than himself. Someone who can function and serve another person's needs while not having their own needs fulfilled...a slave in other words; that is what this is all about slave." Princess Dee told him. "You wanted to be dominated and be a slave...but only on your terms. That isn't slavery; that's just you playing out your sick little sexual fetishes. Like I said, you wanted to be a slave; you just didn't realize that I am the person who can, and is giving you exactly what you wanted...whether you like it or not!"

Tom sat there dejectedly. He knew she was right; there was no way he could go to the police. And somewhere in the back of his mind he knew that she was indeed giving him what he wanted. Tom was visibly shaken; his mind was torn by the conflicting emotions that were coursing through him. He teeter tottered back and forth between excitement at the idea of being a slave, and fear of that very reality happening to him.

"Now...one more thing before we go shopping...stand up, pull down your panties and let me get a good look at you when you aren't all turned on and trying to get your rocks off." Princess Dee told him. Tom stood up and pulled down the pink panties he was wearing only to hear Princess Dee start laughing at him.

"Wow slave, I knew you weren't well endowed when I saw you playing with yourself; but now...when you aren't all amped up and horny...it almost disappears it is so small...hell, it almost looks like it tried to crawl back up inside you. What a pathetic little worm!" she giggled. "Now sit your ass back down and let's go shopping, shall we?"

Tom sat back down in embarrassment and watched again as Princess Dee took control of his mouse and moved up to his Internet Explorer address bar and watched as she went to Google. He then saw as she typed in the words "chastity tube cb6000".

"What slave? Are you surprised? I said we were going to go shopping...I didn't say that it was all going to be for me, did I?" Princess Dee said. She now clicked on the site and continued, "Now that I see how tiny you are when you're not erect...I see that we will have to go with the CB6000s. That's "s" for "small"

slave." She chuckled.

As she added it to his cart she said "This will serve two functions my little slave. First it will prevent you from playing with yourself. I can't see anyone else deriving pleasure from that little thing so neither should you. And second...it is obvious that you are just like every other male I've ever dealt with...much more obedient when horny. This will help ensure you stay that way for me...always horny and always obedient. This will allow you to start putting the pleasures of others before your own."

Chapter Three

"Now slave...I am going to log out of Teamviewer for a few minutes. While I am not in your PC you will go ahead and enter your payment information here and then you will sign into your Amazon account. You do have an Amazon account don't you slave?" Princess Dee asked.

Tom nodded his head. He was still too overwhelmed by what was happening to be able to think clearly. The only thought that really came into his head with any force to it, was that when she disconnected Teamviewer that he would exit the program and his messenger program and pray that she did not carry out her threat to send the video and pictures to his neighbors.

"Isn't that nice of me slave? You should be happy that I am allowing you to input the information without me being able to see your credit card details. I don't need them, at least not yet." Princess Dee chuckled. "But I promise you...there will be a time in your future when I not only know those numbers; but I decide everything that will be purchased with them...and with every other credit card or account you own."

"Now you have exactly five minutes before I log back in slave; and remember this...there will be very severe consequences for you if you disobey me or try anything stupid. I hope I am making myself clear. Don't screw this up slave; I want to control your life, not ruin it. But I will ruin it with no qualms or hesitation if it becomes necessary. Understood?" As Princess Dee said this the smile and mirth faded away from her face and Tom again began to realize the seriousness of the situation he was in.

Tom watched as a box appeared saying that this was a free Teamviewer session. As soon as he knew that Princess Dee was not able to see what he was doing on the PC he closed that box and then clicked on his Teamviewer icon. As soon as the Teamviewer box came back up Tom clicked on the X button to close Teamviewer. When he did this he was surprised to see a new box appear at the bottom of his screen stating that Teamviewer was still running. He clicked on the icon again and this time he clicked on the Connection button and then tried to click on the Exit Teamviewer button; only to find it grayed out and not clickable. Tom's eyes dilated with surprise at this.

Tom then tried to click on his Teamviewer options button to redo his settings only to find a password prompt appear. Tom gasped out loud and was surprised to hear Princess Dee laugh. He had completely forgotten that messenger was still running and that his cam was still on.

"I thought you might try something stupid slave; and from the look on your face I am assuming that I was correct. Better hurry slave....only two minutes before I log back in. If you don't want me to have your credit card details you had best type really, really fast."

Tom was defeated. He knew now that there was no escape from this situation. He complied with Princess Dee's ultimatum and typed in his details as fast as he could before Princess Dee logged back into his PC.

He had gotten the information in to purchase the chastity tube and had just signed in to his Amazon account in a second Internet Explorer tab when he saw the connection box reappear indicating that Princess Dee was now back inside his computer.

"I should be very cross with you slave; but I knew that you would try to escape my clutches before you even tried to do so." Princess Dee chided him. "Now let's see if you obeyed me."

Tom watched as she went up to the first tab on his screen and said she was "very pleased" that he had indeed purchased the chastity device. She closed that tab and said "Now let's do some real shopping shall we?"

Princess Dee then took Tom's cursor up to the Gift Card button on Amazon and selected the Digital Delivery method. "First there is the small matter of my

compensation to take care of," she said. She then typed in her email address and Tom watched as she entered the amount of \$250. Tom panicked again and grabbed the mouse to try and prevent this new assault. But as soon as he did so Princess Dee disabled his inputs again and told Tom he had best sit on his hands again as she was not going to put up with his interference any longer.

Tom complied as he watched her add the gift card to his shopping cart. "Do you think that is a little harsh or too much my slave?" Princess Dee asked. Tom said yes, that it was an amount that he could not really afford. Princess Dee just laughed at him. "Then I guess we will need to put you on very tight budget. Won't we slave?"

"Trust me slave; for the time and effort I have put into controlling you, you are getting quite a deal here. Many of the 'Money Dommies' on the internet charge about \$100 for a half hour or one hour Teamviewer session. I have already been on your computer for longer than that and my work on it is only just beginning. Now sit back and let's have a bit more fun." As she said this, Princess Dee then took Tom's cursor up to the Amazon search bar and entered 'Sex Toy'. When the list came up she narrowed her search by Department by clicking on the 'Masturbators & Dolls' button.

Tom gasped as he saw these toys show up on his screen. He never knew that Amazon had an adult section and had no idea that many of these toys even existed. Princess Dee then clicked on the 'Sexflesh Amazing Anus' toy and Tom saw what appeared to be a very realistic looking woman's ass and pussy; and added it to Tom's cart. "You want me to use that?" Tom asked Princess Dee. He had never used anything other than his hand to masturbate with.

Princess Dee let out a loud belly laugh. "Oh yes slave, I want you to use that. But not in the way you think. Remember, I plan on locking up that little penis of yours...or had you forgotten? No slave, this is just a training tool. You will use it to learn how to please orally front and rear. I will require you to practice your skills on this daily as one of your tasks. Now, we need to get the other one for you to practice on too!"

Princess Dee then clicked on the 'Sexflesh Penis Rider Combo Masturbator' and watched Tom's stunned reaction on her computer when he saw the also very realistic looking man's cock, balls and ass. "B-but....I'm not gay" stuttered Tom. "I don't want that thing; that's disgusting."

"Silly slave, I never said you were gay...although from the blow job you gave that dildo on cam earlier it was hard to tell; but you are a slave. And slaves obey their owners whether they like it or not. You will practice your skills on this one front and rear daily as well. And once I deem your skills to be decent enough....I will force you into Chat Roulette or other sites where you can show others your skills so they can give you good critiques and tips on exactly what to do. But don't worry slave; you will not have to serve the real things... at least not until I am certain that you have achieved the levels of skill and duration necessary to please even the most difficult recipient. But until then I might whore you out on cam-sites to help supplement our income" Princess Dee said as she added this one to his cart as well.

"It's time to make our purchase, slave!" Princess Dee said and she completed the transaction. As soon as she saw the confirmation page Princess Dee closed Tom's Internet Explorer and then clicked on his start button and then on the arrow for shut down. Tom watched as she then locked her Windows account and then reopened his.

"Isn't this exciting slave?" Princess Dee asked him. Tom was too dumbfounded to answer her. "Now" she continued "I have seen too many slaves go in and cancel these orders before they ship. And even though I know that you are most likely too afraid of the consequences to do so; there is always the chance that you might grow a pair and try. So to that end let's try this."

As soon as she finished saying that, Tom saw the Teamviewer Transfer window come up and a second or two later saw it say 'File Transfer Completed'. He then saw a new icon appear on his desktop that was titled Grounded v0.7 and had no idea what it was.

Princess Dee then double clicked on the icon and ran the program. Tom saw a new window come up titled 'Your Grounded!' with a drawing of a young woman sitting in her window looking outside. There were three buttons below and Tom watched again as Princess Dee moved his mouse over to the 'Edit Task File' button. He then watched as she filled in the prompts including 180 minutes for the Duration of grounding and 3 seconds for the Time to respond to pop-ups.

"Okay slave, this is what is going to happen" Princess Dee said. "When I click

on Begin you will see nothing but a gray screen on your computer and your mouse will not work. However, you will get a lot of pop-ups telling you which button to click...A, B or C. You will then have 3 seconds to click on the correct button before they disappear. You are to sit there in that chair and learn patience and discipline for me while I go redeem and spend my gift card. This will help prevent you from being able to cancel your orders...at least for the next 3 hours and help you understand that sometimes a slave has nothing else to do but sit and wait. You will not leave that chair for any reason. If you have to pee then sit there and piss your little pink panties; because if you don't do so then there will be severe consequences. Those consequences are these my sissy...for every button you click that is wrong there will be a \$25 penalty; and for every button missed there will be a \$50 penalty. Both penalties will be paid to me by way of another Amazon Gift Card. And as happy as I will be to take your money; I'll be even more pleased if you get them all correct and on time."

"Now, let me give you back your ability to use your inputs" she said. "And let's begin. Remember, I will still be watching." And with that she pressed the Begin button and Tom watched as his screen went gray.

Chapter Four

The next three hours were very unpleasant for Tom. His ass ached from the butt-plug pressing into him. He had never kept it in for longer than a few minutes; and had never sat down with it in before. He found it to be quite uncomfortable. He still has the taste of semen, dust and dirt in his mouth from licking his mess up off the floor. And as he sat there with nothing else to occupy his time but watch a blank gray screen waiting for the pop-ups commanding him to click a button; the urge and need to pee grew constantly stronger. Tom always had to pee not long after he reached orgasm and this time was no different. However, he did not want to be penalized for missing any buttons and did not want to "piss his little pink panties" to paraphrase what Princess Dee had told him. Thank god he hadn't drunk anything to get the tastes out of his mouth.

After about two hours however, the need to pee was so distracting that Tom had missed two buttons and chosen the wrong one three times. Tom didn't realize that he was now in for another \$175 to Princess Dee; but knew that he

would need to relieve his urge or he would soon be broke. Bouncing his leg up and down didn't help the urge at all. All it did was add more stimulation to the butt-plug and through it, even more pressure on his bladder. Tom finally gave way and pissed himself around the two hours and fifteen minutes mark. Of course Tom had no idea of the time frame as the gray screen even covered the clock on his computer.

The instant relief and spreading warmth allowed Tom to concentrate on the gray screen again and he was able to not make any additional errors; but it wasn't long before the cooling urine added to his discomfort once again. Shortly afterwards Tom saw the small box appear on the right-hand side of his monitor indicating that Princess Dee had once again entered into his computer. It then expanded as the chat box for Teamviewer came up. "Keep going slave, I just want to be in here when you finish so I can see the report Grounded will generate when your time is up." Princess Dee had typed in.

Tom continued as instructed. Meanwhile Princess Dee had opened the File Transfer box again. She knew that it would not show on Tom's monitor as it would be covered by his gray screen; thus freeing her to do a few things without Tom's knowledge. The first thing she did was transfer a program from her computer to his called 'Fond of Writing'. This was a typing task program that would allow her to force Tom to complete typing tasks. She then installed several different typing tasks onto his computer to be run under the 'Fond of Writing' program.

Princess Dee then used the File Transfer box to take a good look at all the files on Tom's computer. Unlike most of the clueless 'Money Dommies' who played a little bit with Teamviewer and only looked in the slave's files; Princess Dee knew that most slaves had hidden files which would not show up if she looked there. She also knew that hidden files showed in the File Transfer box. As soon as she saw all of Tom's hidden files she then transferred copies of them to her computer. As soon as she had them all she then closed the file transfer box, disconnected from Tom's computer and then reconnected so Tom would not be aware of what had happened. Tom was completely oblivious to all of this as he continued to concentrate on clicking the pop-up buttons.

Finally after the three hours were up, both Princess Dee and Tom watched as the gray screen finally went away and was replaced with the Report showing the errors made by Tom. Both of them quickly calculated the amount the

penalties added up to. The final total was three missed boxes and three wrong boxes totaling \$225. Tom was stunned. He wondered how he was going to be able to pay for his food and gas if Princess Dee took this money before his next payday. She had already depleted most of his savings during their earlier shopping trips.

Princess Dee said "I know that you missed the one box because you were reading my message when I came back in using Teamviewer, so I will forgive that mistake...however, that means that you still owe me \$175." Again Tom had forgotten that the messenger program was still running and had been for the whole three hours he was grounded.

Tom told her that he did not have the money at this time and begged Princess Dee to please wait until after his payday to take the money. Princess Dee agreed to this and told him that she would definitely have to control his budget since he was obviously not able to. She told him that he must spend way too much of his money frivolously if he had so little in savings at his age. She also noted to herself that Tom didn't ask her not to take it; just to wait to do so. She was pleased with this; as she knew she had been right when she told him that he wanted to be a slave. If he didn't have that mentality then he would still be begging her to stop.

Princess Dee then closed the Grounded Re

port and opened Tom's Internet Explorer and went to Mint.com and then added it to Tom's favorite bar. "Tomorrow you will get an account here and add all of your information into it. Don't worry...it only reads your information and can't be used to take or move any of your money. But I need to see how much you make, how much you spend and on what, if I am going to set you on the right path. Is that understood slave?" Princess Dee asked.

Tom nodded his head and said "Yes Mistress". This was the first time he had used an honorific title for her since he had greeted her as Princess when she first entered his computer.

"Well, well, well slave; it seems you are finally learning who is your better and owner" Princess Dee said. "But please, address me as Princess Dee."

Tom rapidly replied "Yes Princess Dee."

"You are learning well my slave; but you still have a very long way to go? So tell me slave, did you piss your panties? I suspect that you did. In fact stand up and let me see for myself. And if I am wrong...then by all means please feel free to piss them for me on camera." She chuckled.

Tom nodded his head and stood up. When he did it was totally obvious to Princess Dee that he had indeed pissed them as they were now much darker than the matching bra. Princess Dee laughed at the image."How precious my little sissy. Perhaps I may need to make you wear diapers in the future."

"Now that you are standing up go ahead and take your panties off slave." Princess Dee told him. Tom used both hands to pull them down to his knees and then lifted one leg out and then the other. He was about to discard them onto the floor when Princess Dee spoke up once again. "Now fold them up and stuff them in your mouth like a gag. You must be thirsty by now; so I'll allow you the pleasure of sucking them dry."

Tom looked at the camera totally aghast; he couldn't believe what he was hearing. In fact he was too shocked to even reply; all he could do was stand there with the panties dangling from his hand. "Now slave, do not make me repeat myself." Princess Dee warned. "Or have you already forgotten about the video and everyone who will see it?"

Tom's eyes dilated at the threat and he slowly folded the panties and then pushed them into his mouth. It was everything he could do to wretch from the taste of the cold piss that permeated his sense of taste. Unknown to Tom, Princess Dee captured several still images and the video of him removing the wet panties and putting them in his mouth. Princess Dee laughed to herself; she knew that everything that Tom did from now on would just push him deeper and deeper into a hole that he would never get out of. The power she felt at the thought of this almost overwhelmed her and caused her panties to get almost as moist as the ones that Tom was currently holding in his mouth. She really did get a sexual rush and high out of controlling someone; especially someone who was as reluctant as Tom. She knew that as much as Tom fantasized about being a slave; the reality of it was a totally different matter indeed. As much as he desired it on a sub-conscious level; it would be a long time before he would accept it willingly; and the more of a rush it was for

Princess Dee to break his spirit and mind slowly. She knew that Tom would keep her juices flowing for many years to come.

"God I wish you had some high heels slave; I know they'd make you suffer even more for me with what I am about to have you do." Princess Dee laughed again. "But you don't, so we will just have to make do without them...for now. Rest assured, you will have some soon."

"Now I want you to go stand in the corner back there like a naughty little boy while I make some changes to my computer. Keep the panties in your mouth and your nose pressed into the corner if you know what is good for you. And don't you dare turn around or move until I tell you to. Is that understood?" Princess Dee looked at Tom waiting to see how he would respond with the panties in his mouth. She was pleased when he started to type his answer instead of trying to talk or removing the panties to do so. However she did not remain pleased when she saw that Tom was not replying his compliance but to beg her not to do this to him.

"Please Princess Dee, please don't do this. There are things on my computer that I need to move or delete. I just cannot allow you to gain access to them. They are very personal and important to me" Tom typed. Princess Dee spoke up at this and said "Oh, you mean all those files you have hidden?"

Tom gasped through the gag and the color would have drained completely from his face had it not been for the make-up he was wearing. "Yes slave, I know all about those. You would be surprised just how many slaves try to hide their 'secret stash' of files and pictures by using the hide file function. Too bad for you that the Teamviewer File Transfer Wizard sees all files and folders....whether they are hidden or not. Don't worry about those slave...they are safe and sound...in fact I even have them backed up for you here on my 'other' computer."

Tom went weak in the knees and almost fell at this revelation. He was shaken to the very core of his being. There were pictures of his parents, and files from work that he had hidden. She now had information about his family and where he worked; this scared him even more than her threats of blackmail had earlier. Being humiliated in front of neighbors and strangers was one thing; but knowing that he might be exposed to his family and co-workers and other people he knew was a much scarier concept to him.

Princess Dee smiled at the consternation on Tom's face. "Now my little bitch, for the last time, go stand in the corner until I say otherwise!"

Tom turned around and walked back over to the corner and did as he was told. The only respite was the fact that he knew that Princess Dee would not be able to see him cry.

Chapter Five

Princess Dee then set to work on Tom's computer. The first thing she did was open Google and did a search for "sharp keys". This was a key remapping program that she had used previously with other slaves. It allowed one to easily change the function of a key in the computer's registry. She quickly installed it onto Tom's computer and ran the program. She had to right click on it and choose 'Run as Administrator' and then enter her password to do so. Tom no longer had the capability of installing or uninstalling anything on the computer now that he was a Standard User. When the box came up she clicked on the 'Add' button. Then under the 'Map this key (From key)' she clicked on the 'Type key' button and then pressed the 'delete' key on her computer and then clicked on 'Okay'. In the right hand column 'To this key (to key)' she got a list of options, the first of which was to 'Turn Key Off'. She then selected that and again entered 'Okay'. This would disable the delete key on Tom's computer and not allow him to utilize any function that required delete to be pressed as an input. This would prevent Tom from ever being able to use the CTRL+ALT+DEL function. Tom would never be able to use this function to regain control of his inputs when she disabled them in a Teamviewer session. It also prevented him from being able to use the function to access his Task Manager.

She continued to tighten her reigns on the computer by searching for and installing several other programs as well. First up was K9 Parental Control. She rapidly followed these with PC Pandora monitoring software and File Locker to deny Tom access to any files on the computer she did not want him to have access to. She chuckled to herself every time she had to use her Admin authority to install them.

As she was doing all of this, Tom continued to weep in the corner. All he could

think was "How could this have happened? This was just supposed to be a session...some kinky fun." Yes he wanted to be a slave, but only in his fantasies. Reality was a lot harsher than he ever would have imagined before now. The idea of a woman telling him what to do did sexually excite him, and he knew that on some deeper darker level that he wanted to be controlled. But this was something else entirely; this woman was power mad and more cruel and evil than he ever thought a woman could be. In his fantasies the woman who controlled him just made him give in to his baser sexual urges and enjoyed it along with him. This however was entirely one-sided. There was no parity of pleasure now as there always was in his fantasies; the only person deriving any pleasure from all of this was Princess Dee. All Tom felt was despair, panic, humiliation and fear. Unfortunately for Tom, it was because he felt all of those things that allowed Princess Dee to derive her own pleasure. His suffering was her aphrodisiac; as she truly was a sadist who derived sexual pleasure from controlling and manipulating men.

Princess Dee looked at Tom in her monitor and again wished that he had a pair of high heels. She could only imagine how much more he would be suffering for her now if he was stuck standing in the corner like that wearing a pair of 5 inch stilettos. Oh how his back and calves would be burning and aching by now; and even more so by the time she allowed him to move. That thought caused her a bit of distraction and she reached down with her left hand and slowly began to rub her pussy. She would definitely have to take him shopping on Amazon again soon.

Princess Dee regained her composure. She knew she would never get done what she needed to do if she continued to pleasure herself. No, that would come later; for now she had to concentrate on her objectives.

With that goal in mind another thought came to her head. She had no idea if Tom had a system recovery disc for his computer or not; but she was worried enough about it to think that she could never take the risk that he would as she had put it earlier "grow a pair" and destroy all of her hard work. No, even though she knew he was too terrified to ever try such a thing; she wasn't satisfied with that he wouldn't, she wanted to make sure he couldn't.

So at least for now the names on the computer had to change for what she had in mind. She changed her account name to Dee and Tom's account to Tiffany. She thought that it was an appropriate name for Tom. It would fit in well for

her long term plans. Maid Tiffany, SissyTiffy, these were things that he would become whether he liked it or not. She would make a few changes to the computer to make it more feminine in appearance before she logged out; but for now she had other things to do.

Princess Dee then did a search for Best Buy stores in Davenport near to Tom's house. She would call them first thing Monday and talk to the Geek Squad desk. She would schedule them to go out to Tom's house and change the BIOS settings and a few other settings in Tom's computer. She would explain to them that her and her 'teenage daughter' Tiffany were in the process of moving in with her boyfriend Tom and that she had discovered that Tiffany had found a way around her parental controls by booting from another drive. She would tell them that she would be at work and Tiffany would be in school; and that Tom would be home when they came. She would tell them that Tom wasn't very computer savvy and that she did not want him touching it as she did not want him to 'break' another computer. She would say she wanted someone who knew what they were doing to password protect the BIOS, set up the computer to turn back on after a power failure, and to disable booting from any other drive. She would also tell them that under no circumstance were they to let Tom know the BIOS password as she was afraid that he would tell Tiffany and that her work to protect her daughter would be for nothing. Once she had a date and time for the appointment then all she had to do was make sure that Tom was there to let the tech in; even if that meant he had to call in sick to work that day.

Princess Dee then clicked on Tom's Start button and then right-clicked on the 'Computer' button and selected Properties. Down in the right hand corner of the System window she clicked on the 'Change settings' link. Under the System Properties window she typed in "Property of Dee Smith" in the Computer description box and clicked on Apply. She then also clicked on the 'Change' button and changed the computer's name to 'Dee Smith-PC'. Now there was nothing to show the tech that he was taking away Tom's access to his own computer.

Again Tom was completely unaware of the machinations going on behind his back. He had finally stopped crying and the taste of piss had slowly been supplanted by the taste of drool soaked cotton. Unfortunately these changes did nothing to quell his angst.

Princess Dee then went into Tom's Control Panel and clicked on System and Security, Power Options and then on 'Choose what the power buttons do. She then changed the settings for both the power button and sleep button to 'Do nothing' and saved the changes. She then changed the settings for 'Choose when to turn off the display' and 'Change when the computer sleeps' to Never.

She then enlarged the messenger window to fill the whole screen to hide what she was working on and then told Tom that he could turn around and take the panties out of his mouth.

"Now then my little Tiffany...yes, that is your new name now my little sissy" Princess Dee said. "I want you to go and get cleaned up now. Shower and wash all of that ridiculous clown make-up off your face while I continue to work on my new computer. Oh and take your time while you are in there. I want you to shave off everything below your eyebrows; and I do mean EVERYTHING." She emphasized. I can't have my little transvestite slave all hairy and manly looking."

Tom looked pleadingly into the camera. "But I'm not a transvestite." He said.

Princess Dee laughed riotously at Tom. "Not a transvestite you say??? You saw the video and you are still all tarted up and wearing a bra. And wait...what's this??? Oh my god! How precious...you've been crying...your make-up has run. You really are a sissy aren't you?"

Tom stuttered "N-no I-I'm not!"

Princess Dee continued to rub it in. "Well earlier you told me you weren't gay, and now you are telling me that you aren't a transvestite or sissy. But I see all kinds of proof to show otherwise, don't I? As I said before; you are a slave. You will be whatever I damn well choose."

"Please don't make me do this; I don't want to be a freak." Tom begged.

Again Tom's hesitation was pissing her off even though his suffering was turning her on at the same time. Fortunately for her, Princess Dee knew exactly what buttons to push to force Tom to comply. "You are a freak, my little sissy bitch and if you don't obey me I will expose you as the true freak that you are. Allow me to show you a small sample of the power I wield over

you."

Princess Dee then used her computer and pulled up Tom's address and did a neighbor search and quickly got the number of Tom's neighbor 4 houses down the street. "She then called Tom's neighbor using the caller ID block function and put it on speakerphone for Tom to hear. She also muted Tom's microphone so he could not interrupt.

"Hello Mrs. Abernathy? You don't know me but I wanted to call and warn you that there is a pervert living in your neighborhood. I thought you should be informed." Princess Dee started. Tom heard Mrs. Abernathy on the other end of the line asking who she was and who this pervert was that she was talking about.

Tom immediately dropped to his knees and begged Princess Dee not to do this to him. As soon as she saw Tom fall to his knees she ended the phone call and turned Tom's microphone back on. Her lust was in full force as she heard Tom pleading not to do this and that he would obey her. The heat of her passion caused her neck and face to turn crimson and she crushed her legs together with pleasure.

"Yes slave, beg for me! Beg to debase yourself and suffer for my whims and pleasure. Now hurry! Go and shave and clean up as I told you to before I change my mind and finish this phone call that will start your ruination! GO...RUN!!!" She yelled.

Tom ran out of the room in a panic. He had to obey her or else. His fear was palpable as he headed towards his bathroom.

Princess Dee was glad he was gone, and knew he would be for a while. She would have to take care of her own sexual desires or she would never be able to concentrate enough to continue working on the computer. She had worked herself up into a state of arousal far stronger than any she had ever felt before. She black-screened Tom's computer and both of her hands dropped from her keyboard and onto her now fiery, sopping wet pussy.

Chapter Six

Tom was fortunate in one way unbeknownst to him; and that was the fact that he had not used a waterproof lipstick or mascara. If he had, then he surely would have run out of hot water before he was able to get all the make-up off since he had no idea or clue about make-up removers. But Tom was in no way capable at the moment of thinking himself lucky at all; unless of course it was all bad luck.

"How could I have been so stupid?" he thought to himself. "How could I not see the risk of allowing someone to access my computer?"

Yes he had to admit it was fun and exciting when she was telling him what to do on cam; but all sense of pleasure and enjoyment had disappeared right after his orgasm. And within minutes that enjoyment was replaced first with trepidation and then outright fear and despair. Now here he was shaving his body for the first time ever; not because he wanted to, but because he had to.

Tom didn't really give much thought to the order in which he shaved his body parts. If he had he would have started with his legs and crotch first so the razor was still new for his hairiest areas. But he just started with his left arm, then right arm and worked his way down from there. It was a mistake that would cost him more than a few nicks and cuts on his legs; as by then the razor had grown rather dull. The only solace in this was the fact that Tom was not very hirsute to begin with. And sure enough, he had run out of hot water before he even got his first leg completely shaved.

While Tom was still struggling to denude himself of hair; Princess Dee had finally come down from her own orgasmic bliss and had started back in on Tom's computer. First she brought back up PC Pandora on his computer. Outside of Teamviewer itself, this was probably the second most powerful weapon in her arsenal. This monitoring software enables one to see basically everything that is done on a computer. It allows the person running the program to see all websites visited, even if the person is clever enough to clear their browsing history or even if they use In Private browsing. It captures both sides of chat conversations, emails sent and received, usernames and passwords, any programs or files accessed; and can even take screenshots and webcam pictures as often or as little as wanted. It can even be used to prevent access to websites or to sites based on subject matter like most parental software programs. Princess Dee did not use it for that purpose though as she did not want Tom to know anything about it. That was the reasoning behind

her also installing K9 parental control on his computer. With PC Pandora running in stealth mode she would see everything that Tom ever did on his computer and Tom would never have any idea that it was even there. She then set it up to email her the reports of Tom's activity.

Now it was only a matter of time before she knew all of Tom's internet and computer habits, and before she had access to all of his accounts. This would give her a profile of Tom that she could use as a template to begin modifying him and molding him towards her desired goals. She would then use the K9 parental controls to wean him off of the porn sites he liked and move him towards transvestite, she-male, female domination, and even gay sites that she allowed. Poor Tom, he really had no idea of how far Princess Dee would take things; nor was he aware of how much thought and planning she had put into this. Tom had only given thought to the next 30 or so minutes when he had decided to session with Princess Dee; she on the other hand had lifelong goals in mind for him.

Princess Dee then used the File Locker program to lock and password protect all of Tom's files on the computer. Princess Dee debated whether she would allow him to buy the files back from her or if she would require him to complete tasks for her to regain access to them. Since she knew that she was already going to take away all of his discretionary budget anyway; she then decided that tasks were the way to go.

By the time Tom had finally come back from his shower and shaving endeavor, Princess Dee had already hidden the additional programs she had installed on his computer and made the changes necessary to fool the Geek from Best Buy.

As Tom walked into the view of the webcam Princess Dee laughed out loud. Not only did Tom now look like someone had taken a middle aged man's head and stuck it onto an overweight prepubescent child's body; but the sight of the small wads of toilet paper stuck on all of the nicks on his legs did little to help his image.

"Welcome back sissy, I see you had some difficulties shaving?" Princess Dee asked him.

Tom nodded his head. "What was that sissy? I didn't hear you answer me."

Princess Dee said in a harsher tone which Tom took as an implied threat.

"Yes Princess Dee, it was much harder than I expected." Tom finally admitted.

"Much better sissy, I expect you to answer me when I ask you a question. Is that understood? She asked.

"Yes Princess Dee." Tom replied immediately.

"Very good slave," Princess Dee said. "Now turn around and let me get a good look at you."

Tom slowly turned around in front of the camera and at Princess Dee's direction bent over, lifted his arms, and spread his legs so she could see all of him.

"Well slave, you seem to have missed a few places like the small of your back and between your cheeks near your asshole; but not bad for a first timer. Don't worry though; you will get the hang of it over the next few days. And I'll be nice and allow you to buy an epilator; that way you won't have to worry about cutting yourself so much, and the results will last for weeks instead of just for days. Now isn't that nice of me?" Princess Dee asked expecting an immediate answer.

"Yes Princess Dee, that is very nice of you." Tom answered.

"Mm, good answer slave; you are a fast learner" Princess Dee said with a hint of pleasure in her voice; her arousal starting to build again.

"Now, come over here and sit down in front of your keyboard, my slave" she continued "you will see that I have something new for your benefit and training." As she said this she moved Tom's cursor to hover over the FOW icon on his computer. "Watch closely slave, I will expect you to be able to do this yourself from now on." Princess Dee then double clicked on the icon to start the program. Tom watched as the box appeared on his screen; again showing an image of a woman. Tom groaned. He was afraid that this was going to be similar to the grounding he had had to endure for three whole hours just a short time before. He was wrong however; for this was almost the opposite of the grounding program. Whereas Grounded forced him to be unable to do

anything until the box came up requiring his input; FOW or Fond of Writing as Tom was about to discover, required his input until a 'distraction' box appeared in various places on his screen. He would then have to click on a much smaller box inside the distraction box before he could continue inputting the required information. This information consisted of multiple lines that Tom would have to type in repeatedly until either the required number of lines was typed, or until a set amount of time had gone by. Mistyped lines would add additional lines or time to the task.

Princess Dee then clicked on the program's load button, and it pulled up the list of tasks that she had installed on his computer earlier. She then double clicked on the one titled 'Devotional' and explained to Tom that how the program worked, what he was expected to do, and then told him that once he was done that he should click on the 'Generate Report' button to get the report showing the details of his task and any errors he made. She told him to copy and paste it into the body of an email and send it to her; and that she would determine his punishment based on the total number of errors he made. She then told Tom that she was going to bed now and that she expected him to do the same once he had completed the task and sent her the email. She instructed him to leave the computer turned on when he went to bed and that he was never under any circumstance to ever turn the computer off again. She warned him there would be dire consequences if he ever disobeyed this order.

"One last thing before I go to bed slave." Princess Dee said. "This is a daily requirement for you. I expect you to run this task every morning as soon as you get up and again before you go to bed. Heaven help you if I do not get both reports emailed to me every day. Do not worry about the other Fond of Writing tasks for now; you will find out about them soon enough. Now tell me goodnight slave; and thank me for all the effort I have put into making your fantasy of being a slave come true".

"Good night Princess Dee. Thank you for the time and effort you have put into making my fantasy of being a slave come true." Tom answered almost verbatim. Princess Dee then clicked on the FOW 'begin task' button, signed out of Teamviewer, and walked off to get ready for bed. She knew that she would have at least two more orgasms before Tom had completed his task. And as she got up and walked away; Tom began to type.

Chapter Seven

As Tom continued to type it rapidly became clear why Princess Dee had named this task 'Devotional'. Every line was a reflection upon her in a glorious light. Princess Dee is my Goddess; I must worship her always!

'Princess Dee is amazing; she deserves everything I can give to her.'

'Princess Dee is my owner; her control of me gives meaning to my life!'

'I am humbled to be the slave of Princess Dee. Only through my service to her am I worthy as a person.'

'I am insignificant without the control and guidance of Princess Dee; she makes me a better person.'

'Princess Dee is my everything, without her I am nothing.'

'Princess Dee is my better. She knows what is in my best interests more than I do.'

'Princess Dee is my superior; she is better than me in every way!'

These eight lines came up randomly and Tom typed them repeatedly over and over. There would be no way for him to know how many times he had to type them correctly, or for how long without errors until the task was completed and he generated the report. As he typed out these lines he was very frequently interrupted by the 'distraction' boxes which showed up in various places across his screen. All of them also had text in them, but they were directed more at him than devotionals to her. He saw things like 'Hurry up loser!' and 'Type faster bitch!' and 'Come on slut' and 'Pay attention bitch-boy!' all play out across his screen randomly about every five seconds or so.

Tom found them very frustrating as they constantly threw off his concentration on what he was typing. The term 'distraction' was very fitting indeed. It also didn't help Tom that he was both very tired and had been through an emotional train-wreck for the last several hours. Tom made innumerable mistakes which continued to cost him even more time on the computer before he could go to bed. He was not aware that Princess Dee had

set up the Devotional task to add five more required lines for every wrong line that he submitted. She had also set it to run for one hundred and fifty lines originally so Tom really had his work cut out for him. After about an hour of typing; all that Tom could really think of was "Is this ever going to end?" and "How am I ever going to be able to do this twice a day? I won't have time for anything else." He had no idea that Princess Dee would eventually take away every single moment of free time that he would ever have, and that this was only just the beginning of her managing every moment of time he had outside of work.

It was nearly two AM on Sunday morning before Tom finally saw the box come up saying that he had completed the task and could generate the report. When he did generate the report he was stunned to see that he had typed in three hundred and eighty five lines and that he had entered forty seven faulty lines. He then logged into his email account to send Princess Dee the report; and by doing so unwittingly also provided her with his email password thanks to PC Pandora. He then copied and pasted the report into an email message and sent it to her.

Tom then signed out of his email, and keeping the computer turned on per Princess Dee's command headed off to bed. As he climbed into bed he recalled that he would have to type those three hundred and eighty five lines again first thing in the morning; he had no idea that it could be significantly less if he did not make any mistakes. He also then recalled that he had to go to Mint.com as well and that he was going to allow Princess Dee to see his money situation and that she had planned to start controlling his spending habits. At this thought, Tom began to toss and turn with worry. It would be a very fitful and restless night of sleep for Tom. He had no idea that his nightmare was just truly beginning.

Tom woke up several times due to his disturbing dreams; all of which surrounded his being in the control of Princess Dee. Tom was emotionally very confused; as even though he considered them to be nightmares more than pleasant dreams; he found that he was with an erection every time he woke. Was he enjoying this? Surely not! Not even on some baser level. Could he? Again, he always told himself no. This was terrible, and he was horrified at the situation he found himself to be in. Yes, he had gotten a sick sexual thrill from it initially; but not now. There was no way in his mind that he could find any of this pleasurable; let alone sexually exciting. It must just be a

coincidence that he had the erections when the dreams woke him up. Perhaps, it was just a matter of timing as men usually woke up with a case of 'morning wood' any way. "Yes, that must be it." Tom thought to himself. There was no way the two things could ever be connected as far as he was concerned. Tom had finally convinced himself of this fact, and had finally fallen into a deeper slumber than his restless mind had allowed him so far that night.

Unfortunately for Tom, his emotional confusion was exasperated even more so when he awoke with a start to find that his sheets were completely soaked. Somewhere in his disturbed mind Tom had achieved a nocturnal emission, a wet dream, from this nightmare. This frightened Tom to the core. How was it possible for him to find this sexually exciting? "What kind of sick bastard must I be?" he thought to himself.

Tom was unable to fall back asleep after this and just laid there trying to rationalize a way out of this. There had to be some other explanation for it; there just had to be. But no matter how much thought he put into it; Tom just was not able to come up with anything else to make sense out of it. All he could do was just lie there in shock.

Chapter Eight

Tom finally got out of bed since he was not able to fall back asleep due to the turmoil surrounding his mind. After getting up and throwing his sheets into the wash, he took a quick shower. As he lathered himself up with soap he was aware of how much more sensitive his skin appeared now that it was hairless. He couldn't tell if it was a true feeling, or just his mind playing tricks on him. However, once he began to towel off, he was pretty sure that his skin was indeed more sensitive than it normally was.

Tom then pulled on a pair of briefs, and as he did so was taken aback at how feminine his now hairless legs looked. If he had seen them underneath a skirt on a woman he would have found them to be very sexy indeed. However, on himself he just found them to be disconcerting.

After brushing his teeth, combing his hair and slathering on some deodorant; Tom ventured out into his kitchen to grab something to eat before turning his attention back to his computer. Tom then turned on his television and put it to

his favorite news channel and then with great trepidation sat back down in front of his computer and began the FOW Devotional task once again.

Even though he hadn't got much sleep, Tom was better rested than he was during his first attempt the night before. This was to Tom's benefit as when he finally generated the report it showed that he had submitted two hundred and fifteen total lines and only thirteen faulty ones. Tom actually felt a sense of pride begin to swell within him as he thought about how pleased Princess Dee would be at his improvement. "Wait!" Tom suddenly thought, "why on earth would it matter to me if she is pleased or not? This bitch is blackmailing me! What is wrong with me?"

Tom continued to ponder why the quandary he was in continued to give him conflicting emotions and feelings. How could he find any of this exciting, and why would he want to please Princess Dee? Was he more submissive than he thought? Does Princess Dee just know how to push all of his buttons? Even the buttons that Tom himself was not aware of? Tom did not give any thought to the fact that there might be many more psychological factors at play by Princess Dee that were designed to cause these conflicts within his mind. She had used fear and pleasure, excitement and humiliation, ridicule and praise. Everything she had done so far was a dichotomy geared to do just that...cause him emotional conflicts. Even the Fond of Writing Devotional task was set up in a dichotomous way. It showed her as being very worthy and superior and him as insignificant and inferior. And the best part of it was that it was very repetitive. Princess Dee knew that a tired and confused mind would find it to be almost hypnotic and that Tom would be very suggestible to what he read and typed onto the screen.

Tom was being conditioned into submission and was completely unaware of it. It was a latent part of him after all; and unfortunately for him...Princess Dee knew just how to bring it to the forefront and develop that kernel of submission into a force of its own.

Once Tom had emailed the report to Princess Dee he took to distracting himself with the television and then went and got dressed. Anything he could do before logging into Mint.com and creating an account helped to keep this task at bay. He was very reluctant to do this. It was one thing to dress up and play online with someone; but this would allow her a very in-depth view into his life. She would see his spending habits, how much he got paid, how much

he had invested, what his bills were...these were all insights into who he really was. Even if it didn't give her the ability to access his money, this just felt like an incredible invasion of privacy as far as Tom was concerned.

Reluctantly, Tom finally logged in and began to create his account. He hesitated again as soon as he saw that one of the first things that Mint.com wanted was for him to find his bank, and then give Mint.com his online username and password for his accounts. Sighing heavily, he went ahead and input the required information for his bank, credit cards, car, mortgage, and even his 401K and IRA accounts. Again Tom was oblivious to the fact that he had just also given all of that information to Princess Dee as well thanks to the PC Pandora program running stealthily on his computer.

Tom then went into the different transactions and added categories to them. He did not add any goals or budgets as he really didn't need to. Tom lived paycheck to paycheck and just paid his bills as they came due; and if he wanted something that was more than he had...well, that is what credit cards were for. Tom didn't splurge often; but when he did it might take him several months to pay it off since he always only made the minimum payments so they didn't cut into his spending too bad.

When he had completed inputting everything, he closed down his browser and went back to watching television. He needed something to distract him from what he had just done and any ramifications that might arise because of it. Thank god it was football season and he could get so into a game as to drive all other thoughts from his mind. Tom didn't really have a favorite team, and could watch any game with just as much enthusiasm as any red-blooded die-hard fanatic could when watching their favorite team play their most hated rival.

It was during the third quarter of the second game when Princess Dee logged into Tom's Teamviewer and turned on Tom's camera and microphone. She could just see Tom sitting near the periphery of the camera and hear the game playing in the background. Princess Dee thought to herself that she would definitely have to wean Tom off of this gradually as she saw his enthusiasm. If she took away something he obviously enjoyed so much right away there was a chance of psychological reactance and the possibility that he would balk and try to escape her clutches. No, she thought, some things can be taken away immediately, but others would have to be taken away gradually to not

completely upset the apple cart.

She had put way too much time and thought into making this happen only to watch it fail because she had been too impatient on some things. But she knew that when she was done that Tom would never watch a football game again; he wouldn't have the inclination to, and he sure as hell wouldn't have the time!

As Tom continued to watch the game, Princess Dee went through the PC Pandora reports and was pleased to see that Tom had obeyed her completely. She smiled when she saw that she had the username and password to Tom's bank and his Mint.com account. Not that she would use them now however; Princess Dee was meticulous in her caution. The only way she would ever log in to any of Tom's accounts for now would be through his own computer using Teamviewer when she knew he was at work. That way there was no risk of it being tracked back to her and no way for Tom to be able to dispute any charges by saying they were made from a different computer than his.

No, until Tom was well situated and conditioned into accepting everything she did; there was no way that Princess Dee would take or spend Tom's money directly. She would force him to spend it himself and get him used to it being spent in her way and on what she allowed. Then she could slowly start doing it herself through his pc and Tom would not be aware that it was happening as he would be too enrapt in what was transpiring to even give it a second thought.

Princess Dee let Tom continue to watch the game as she went in and made several more changes to his computer. She changed his background to a pink Disney Princesses theme and made his window borders hot pink. She then changed his font to Disney and also made it hot pink. This made his computer look like it was owned by a five year old girl. She also set it so Tom was unable to delete his browsing history. This way she could chide him when he visited porn sites and then take away the ones she didn't want him to visit using the K9 parental control. She knew that if she didn't do this and then started blocking those sights that Tom would catch on to the fact that she had spyware on his computer and it would destroy her goal of getting all of his usernames, passwords, contacts and emails. She then clicked on Tom's start button and typed in gpedit.msc and set user and group policies so Tom could not change any of her new settings. Princess Dee chuckled to herself as she

thought about how Tom would react when he saw these new changes. She knew he would be totally exasperated. "Oh well," she thought, "too bad for him."

Once the game was over Tom finally turned and looked at the computer screen. He was right; football had been a wonderful distraction. In fact, for the last several hours he had totally forgotten about Princess Dee and what had transpired over the last 24 hours. What he saw actually drew his breath away. His screen was now pink and had several cartoon characters on it. He knew that he had been so distracted that he had let Princess Dee have uninterrupted access to his computer and that she had made several changes. As he got up and walked towards the computer he began to recognize the Disney Princesses. He knew Belle and Jasmine because they came out when he was younger and he enjoyed animation; but it took him a few minutes to figure out the others besides Snow White. As soon as he knew they must all be Disney characters he was able to put two and two together and identify Sleeping Beauty and the Little Mermaid; but didn't know their names.

As soon as he got to the computer he saw that Teamviewer was connected and sat down nervously as he wondered what else Princess Dee had done and what he might now have to endure. By the time he sat down he was shaking visibly, and it was all he could do to keep from wetting himself again when the Teamviewer chat box appeared and Princess Dee had typed in 'Hello slave'. She had obviously been watching him as he had approached and sat down.

"I got your two FOW reports slave. May I say you've improved remarkably well?" Princess Dee typed.

"Yes Princess Dee" Tom replied.

"And did you get your account set up on Mint.com slave?" Princess Dee asked, already knowing full well that he had.

Again Tom typed in his reply "Yes Princess Dee, I have."

"Good, my slave. Now log in and let's take a look shall we?" Princess Dee queried.

Tom hesitated for only a scant second before he went ahead and logged into

the account. He knew that the password only showed up as dots when he typed it in earlier; so he still felt somewhat safe. Besides, he knew she could compel him to log in anyway, and might punish him if he disobeyed or hesitated. Once he was signed in Princess Dee looked at the Overview and then at some of Tom's previous spending. She noticed right away that his spending was mostly frivolous. This would work to her benefit as it meant that most of his money was discretionary and she could spend it as she needed without it cutting into his ability to financially support himself.

"Now sissy, let's get you some goals established and get you set up on a monthly budget shall we?" Princess Dee typed in. Tom could only watch helplessly as Princess Dee then went in and began to create his new goals and budget.

Chapter Nine

Princess Dee created several goals for Tom; they included 'DreamLover ChronoVault' for four hundred and ninety nine dollars, 'DreamLover 2000 Pro' for one thousand four hundred and ninety nine dollars, 'Tiffany's new wardrobe' for one thousand dollars, and 'D-Link camera system' also for one thousand dollars. Tom was flabbergasted; he didn't know what these DreamLover things were and he couldn't believe that Princess Dee was going to make him spend all this money. He continued to watch on dumbfounded as Princess Dee then set time periods for each of these to be accomplished. When she did, Mint.com then calculated how much Tom would have to set aside each month to reach those goals.

"Now, let's set your budget slave. The first thing we are going to do is your food budget. Looking at all the money you spend every month on dining out and ordering in...I can see why you are as fat as you are." Princess Dee said. "So, first things first, let's give you a monthly food budget of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. No more spending almost six hundred dollars a month on junk food for you slave. Nobody likes an overweight sissy. We need to make you into a pretty little slave that people would like to have serving them; including sexually. In fact, I think I might have to start choosing your foods and setting your diet for you. I don't think you can be trusted to make healthy choices for yourself. Isn't that kind of me, slave; to help you in your own best interests?"

Tom was stunned again and really didn't know what to say. Not only was she taking over how he spent his money; but she was even going to take over control of his eating habits? Who the hell did this woman think she was? What gave her the right to control and manipulate him in this way?

Tom thought to himself. "Is this what she thinks it means to be a slave?" And of course he knew the answer to that question as soon as he thought it. Of course this is what she thinks. She thinks a slave is a slave; someone who is owned by another and has no rights or say in how they are used, and has no decision making capability. This wasn't just a sexual fetish or role-play she was engaging in; she truly had set out from the beginning to make him a slave.

Tom finally nodded and said "Y-yes Princess Dee." He didn't think she was being kind at all, but he was too afraid to say anything else.

Princess Dee then said "And since we are on the subject of making you into a 'pretty little slave' I think we need to make some ground rules about how you appear before me. I am not pleased to see that you are wearing men's clothing while you are seated before me sissy. Therefore, from now on unless I say otherwise you will not be allowed to wear men's clothing while at home. In fact you will only wear what I tell you to from now on when at home. Is that understood slave?"

"You want me to be naked on here Princess Dee?" Tom asked nervously, he was afraid of where this might be going.

"No my little sissy" Princess Dee laughed. "We need to get you used to your new role. In fact, go and put on your pink bra and panties slave. Until I say otherwise; they are the only things you are allowed to wear when you are at home."

"But Princess Dee, I haven't had a chance to wash the panties" Tom started before Princess Dee interrupted him. "I don't care slave; you should have done that today instead of sitting on your ass watching football. Now go do what I told you to; and next time maybe you will remember or put more thought into keeping them clean." Tom was crestfallen; the panties had been sitting in the hamper since last night and were probably still damp from his piss and saliva. He grudgingly went to the bathroom and changed clothes per Princess Dee's

command; and sure enough, the panties were cold and clammy as he pulled them up over his smooth legs and hairless crotch. He then put the bra back on and went back out and sat back down in front of the computer.

"Excellent slave, and might I say that they suit you much better now that you are clean-shaven and not made up like a clown-whore?" Princess Dee mocked him. "Speaking of which, we really do need to work on your make-up skills sissy. Nobody wants a clown-whore. No, we will get you some make-up that fits your skin tone much better, and that will be another one of your daily tasks...to practice putting it on and making yourself pretty. It's a skill all good transvestite slaves should have. And we do want you to be the perfect little sissy." she chuckled.

Tom was beside himself; it was like every moment with this woman knocked him down a peg further. Just how far could things spiral out of control? All he could do was stare blankly at the screen.

"We will also need to go shopping online again my little slut. We need to get you a nice tall pair of pink high heels to match your new basic uniform. I'm thinking about four inch heels. They will really get your calves looking sexy as hell, get you used to walking in heels, and best of all...they'll make you suffer terribly when I make you stand in the corner for punishment time like I did yesterday." Princess Dee continued. "Oh, and speaking of uniforms Tiffy...we need to get you some maid uniforms as well; including a hot little French Maid uniform. You will be wearing those when we have you start doing your daily chores and cleaning tasks. Doesn't that excite you sissy? I bet it does...in fact, I bet it makes your little clitty all hard just thinking about it, doesn't it slut?"

Tom's face turned bright red at this; he was indeed hard at the thought of the French Maid outfit. What the hell was wrong with him? Was he really turned on by the idea of dressing like a maid and being forced to clean? Surely not! However, Tom was unable to clear the turmoil from his mind. He knew somewhere deep down in his heart that yes; he was indeed finding this to be erotic. And that fact scared him to his core. He was a man after all; and men don't dress up like maids and clean...and they sure as hell don't get excited by the idea. No, she was teasing him Tom told himself...it was her voice and the way she was saying it or the look on her face, or whatever! It just had to be something...ANYTHING else that was causing him to be excited. But no matter how hard he tried or what he could think of; Tom just could not find any other

reason or cause to explain his excitement. There was only one possible reason that made any sort of sense to him; and that was that his desire to be dominated went way beyond being just a sexual fetish.

Tom finally admitted it to both Princess Dee and himself when he responded. "Yes Princess Dee."

Princess Dee just smiled. "I thought as much slave. Most men crave to be controlled; even if they won't admit it to themselves. I know it is hard for you to grasp what is happening and I know that you are still very reluctant to admit it...even to yourself; but you want this. You just don't fully realize it. Don't worry though; I'll make sure you continue down the right path from now on. Sooner or later you will come around to my way of thinking. I promise you that. "

Tom didn't know who was crazier; him for being excited about what was happening or her for thinking that he craved it.

"Now," Princess Dee said "I am sure you are wondering about some of the goals I set for you on your Mint.com page. Would you like to know what they are?"

Tom nodded "Yes Princess Dee, I would" he stated.

"Very well slave, then I will tell you. You can look them all up online afterwards if you like. The first one is pretty simple; the ChronoVault is what I will be using to keep your keys locked in." Princess Dee said.

Tom just had a completely perplexed look on his face. "What keys?" he asked her.

Princess Dee smiled again. "Well, one of the keys will be for the chastity tube we ordered for you yesterday; remember?"

Tom hadn't remembered at all. He had totally forgotten about the chastity tube that she had expected him to wear. How on earth could he have forgotten something like that? It isn't every day that someone threatens to lock up your privates and keep you constantly horny all the time.

"And some of the other keys will be for things like the restraints I might make you lock yourself in sometimes." She continued.

Tom must have still had a puzzled look on his face. "So this thing is a key-holder? What is to stop me from taking out the keys whenever I want to? I can just unlock the stupid chastity when she is not around or online." Tom thought.

"Imagine if I have you lock yourself in handcuffs for me slave. Until either I unlock the ChronoVault myself, or until the timer expires; there is no way for you to access the key and unlock your cuffs. Pretty cool, huh?" Princess Dee asked. "And don't worry sissy; it is virtually invulnerable. But don't you dare try to break it anyway!"

"The second goal is a little more complex slave. The 2000 Pro is a nifty little device that will soon be attached to your chastity tube. It allows me to both stimulate, and punish your little genitals over the internet. It is a great motivational tool; don't you think?" Princess Dee asked with a mocking tone to her voice.

Tom was aghast. Surely such things didn't exist...did they? The whole idea of it seemed very far-fetched to Tom; but so far there hadn't been any falsehoods in the various tools and threats Princess Dee had already used to get him into the situation he was already in. This thing must also be real Tom told himself. And as much as he hated the idea of it; he was more than a little curious to see how it worked. Yes, as soon as Princess Dee gave him free reign of his computer again; he would definitely be looking this thing up.

"And the final thing on your goals that might need a little explanation of sissy is the D-Link camera system. You might be thinking this is a very expensive Digital SLR camera, my slave?"

Tom just nodded.

"Well slave, you would be sadly mistaken then." Princess Dee chuckled. "No, this is a series of webcams that are idea for surveillance and monitoring slave. In fact, there will be at least one of these installed in every room of your house to ensure that you are fully compliant with my demands slut. Once these babies are installed and set up you will have no privacy in your home

whatsoever. I will monitor your every moment and make sure that you follow my every command and task to the letter. Now, isn't that exciting?"

Tom could only sit there and tremble at the prospect. "What the hell have I gotten myself into?" he thought.

Chapter Ten

"Now then, speaking of cameras my little sissy," Princess Dee continued "right now you only have one and it needs to pull duty for many things at once so we need to add one more little program to your computer." As she said this she opened up Tom's web browser again and typed in Splitcam into his Google search. Once she found the page she clicked on the download button and Tom again saw that she had to enter her administrator password to allow anything to be downloaded onto his computer. It was really beginning to sink in to him that it was now much more her computer than his.

"There we go," she said when she had finished the download. "Now I am going to make it so that your camera is running 24/7 slave. And just like with the computer; you are not allowed to turn it off for any reason whatsoever. Understood?"

Tom nodded. He understood alright; but he sure as hell didn't like it. This woman was crazy. He wished he had never heard of Princess Dee or ever thought that it would be fun to have a Mistress take over control of his computer. For every step she made him take or took upon him herself, it forced him even further down a spiral that Tom feared he would never escape from.

"Good, now on to the next issue I want to address with you. I see that you are spending almost ninety dollars a month for your Comcast bill. I take it that this is for both your internet and cable television since I do not see an internet bill on your Mint.com account. Is this correct?" Princess Dee asked him.

"Yes Princess Dee. That is correct." Tom responded.

"And I assume that you have a contract that you have to meet?" Princess Dee asked.

Tom again answered in the affirmative. "Well, once the contract expires we need to look at making changes to this. I don't mind your spending that amount of money for a higher speed connection since you will most likely need it to run all the applications you will be running as well as the surveillance cameras. But you will be kept way too busy to watch TV so once the contract expires we need to look at getting rid of cable all together if possible or downgrading you to the lowest basic package they offer."

Tom was pissed. It was bad enough that she was taking over everything; but now she was threatening to not allow him to watch television. And what did she mean that he would be too busy to watch? Now she was going to manage all of his free time as well? This was almost too much for Tom to bear and he almost told her to 'fuck off' and throw his computer to the floor. However, he knew that she would carry out her earlier threats so he just sat there and gritted his teeth.

Princess Dee just chuckled when she saw the look on Tom's face. His reaction was priceless as far as she was concerned. "Aw, what's the matter slave? You're not happy about this are you?" Tom just shook his head. "Well isn't that just too damn bad for you. Just be glad that I am not cutting you off immediately. You can gradually wean yourself off of it as far as I care. Until then as long as you complete all of your required daily tasks then I do not care what you do with the rest of your remaining free time. But mark my words now sissy; your free time will be diminished as we move forward until we reach the point where it will completely cease to exist. There will soon come a time when I will dictate every second of every day of your life. That is a promise from me to you. And trust me slave...I always keep my promises."

"Anyway slave, unlike you, I still have a life so I will be off here very shortly and will leave you alone until Friday evening. That doesn't mean that I won't be watching you however. With the camera on I will be able to look in on you at any time I want without you knowing. So you had best be on your best behavior and obey your dress code and continue you to complete your daily Fond of Writing tasks. You will also save all of your receipts for any purchases you make so I can compare them to your Mint.com statements. When I am ready you will need to show all of those receipts to me on camera. Understand?" Princess Dee asked.

Tom nodded in the affirmative and told her "Yes Princess Dee. I understand."

"By Friday you will have received all of your packages that we ordered. You will not open them until I give you permission to do so; and you will open them on camera for me as well. In the meantime feel free to spend your evenings at home as you normally do; watching TV, or playing on the internet or whatever you typically do. The only difference will be that you will have to wear your uniform. Oh, speaking of which; you need to move your chair back about three feet when you are watching television. I need to have a clear view of you to ensure your compliance with my uniform requirements. No need to worry about moving back when you use the computer however. I already have a perfect view when you do that." Princess Dee chuckled.

"Oh slave, I should also let you know now to take your time with your Fond of Writing tasks from here on out. I will punish you five dollars for every wrong line submitted from now on, and you are fully aware that you already owe me from your Grounding. And since Friday is your payday you know that you will have to pay your penalties first before we set aside any money for your goals and budget. I'm sure you don't want another very tight two weeks financially. I come first, then your goals, then your budgets. If you run out of money after that; well perhaps we need to look at lowering your food budget; but first we will look at other ways to save you money first." Princess Dee said before continuing. "If you don't know what I am talking about or referring to; then let me just say this. Gas and cars are very expensive. Think of all the things you could do with the money you would save if you were relegated to public transportation; or the benefits to your health if you had to start walking to work. That's right slave; if you cannot meet your obligations then I will not only make you sell your car; but I will use the proceeds from it as well as the money it will save you to increase the pace of your transition." Princess Dee said adding extra emphasis to the word 'transition'.

Again Tom was stunned beyond all belief. How could he survive without a car? But much more perplexing was what exactly did she mean by transition? Surely she meant his transition into a slave and not the connotation that first came to him. He hoped and prayed that she was not making an implied threat to force his transition from man to woman. Was she? Tom felt a chill go down his spine; he already knew the answer from all the names she had been calling him. Those words continued to ring through his ears as Princess Dee said goodbye and logged out. Those words just kept repeating themselves over and

over in his mind....transvestite, sissy, maid. Tom was beginning to realize that Princess Dee had a much larger and more thought out agenda in mind for him than just simple blackmail and money slavery. The chill down his spine increased and he broke out into goose-bumps as he was beginning to realize all the implications this meant for his life.

Chapter Eleven

The next few days Tom tried to go about his normal routines as best as he could. However, several things were now different. He now had to get up early enough to complete the Fond of Writing task before he showered and got ready for work. He had to be careful how he spent his money and keep the receipts; so he took to buying lunch meat and bread so he could brown bag it to work instead of eating out. And instead of ordering dinner in; he also bought foods that could be easily cooked at home such as Macaroni & Cheese, and hotdogs and buns. For the first time he also turned down an invitation from some of his co-workers to go out for a drink after work. This was an easy decision for Tom to make. Even though he could really use a drink, or several, after what had transpired over the weekend; Tom knew that it could end badly in two possible ways if he went out. First would be that he might accidentally spill the beans about what had happened to him over the weekend if he had too much to drink; the second was that Princess Dee would be so pissed that he had spent his money on alcohol that she would find a way to punish him more severely than what she was already doing to him. Both of those fears made it very easy for him to decide to go straight home after his quick trip to the grocery store.

Another thing that had changed was that he changed into his pink bra and panty uniform as soon as he walked in the door from work. Fortunately for Tom, he had been wise enough to throw them in the washer before he went to bed on Sunday and tossed them in the dryer Monday before he left for work. He really did not want to wear them again until they had been cleaned. Tom chuckled to himself, hell, he really didn't want to wear them again ever after this last weekend; but he knew that was no longer an option. So best to at least make sure they were clean, dry and as comfortable as possible.

Tom was able to basically spend the rest of his evenings sticking to his normal routine with the exception of his clothing. He would scour the channels on the

television and see if there was anything worth watching and if so he would watch it. If there wasn't anything that caught his eye then he would leave it on one of the news channels for background noise and get online to peruse his favorite websites including his favorite porn sites and check his email.

Tom felt more than a little self conscious while looking at some of the porn sites that first night. Getting aroused he let his hand slip down to start rubbing himself off. It was then that he noticed how smooth and sexy the panties felt on his now hairless crotch and that he seemed to be even more turned on than usual. He looked down and his penis actually began to twitch at the sight of the bra he was wearing. "What the hell?" Tom thought to himself, "What is wrong with me?" As he said this he looked upwards in exasperation at the mixed signals he was feeling; only to catch the light telling him that the unblinking eye of the camera was seeing his every move. Tom immediately turned crimson as he pulled his hand back up to the keyboard and he prayed that Princess Dee was not watching him. His penis continued to bob and twitch against the silky feel of the panties. Even without the continued ministrations of his hand, and with the fear that he was being watched; Tom still almost came in the panties.

It took almost twenty minutes for him to come back down to a normal state and for his erection to finally subside. Tom was beside himself knowing how much he had got turned on by this and that it would probably turn him on more every time it happened. Tom was now beginning to develop a fetish for his 'uniform' instead of just having them as a tool for his various kinks. He would have to work very hard to keep Princess Dee from finding this out and using it to further exploit him.

Tom then hurriedly completed his second Fond of Writing task for the day before turning his attention back to the television and seeing what was on. He then microwaved a couple of hot dogs for his dinner and then headed off to bed. He was about to get undressed when the idea of wearing his uniform to bed came to him. He figured he could enjoy the sensation of the bra and panties before he nodded off and that it would be prudent since he would have to be wearing them when he did the Fond of Writing task first thing in the morning. Surely it couldn't hurt? And it might be enjoyable as long as Princess Dee never finds out that he actually now wanted to wear it. No, it would be best if she just thought he was being obedient.

The first package to arrive on Wednesday was one of the sex toys from Amazon. Tom had no way of knowing which one without opening it up or tearing off the envelope and looking at the invoice. As tempted as he was to do so; he decided that he really didn't want to know as he still found the idea of using them to be more than repulsive. He might now be enjoying the sensation of the bra and panties but there was no way he would ever get aroused by these sex toys; no matter how realistic they might be. On Thursday the other two packages arrived and sat on the table awaiting Friday when Princess Dee would make him open them for her on camera.

When Friday evening finally arrived Tom avoided the computer completely and tried to focus on the television. He really wasn't looking forward to Princess Dee and the packages. As far as he was concerned, if he never heard from Princess Dee again it would be too soon. He really hoped that this was all still just a mind fuck or that she had lost interest or just moved on to another victim. But unfortunately for Tom that was not the case; and he hadn't even had time to find anything to watch before he heard Princess Dee talking to him. She had already logged in to his Teamviewer and turned on his chat program.

"Hello slave! How was your week? Did you miss me? Happy to see me?" Princess Dee said before Tom could even reach his desk. "Did you get all of your packages? I'm sure you did. And I bet you can't wait to open them, can you?" She just smirked evilly when she asked this last question and Tom found it hard to even think. All he was capable of doing at the moment was to just answer her greeting.

"Hello Princess Dee." He finally stuttered out.

"What's the matter slave; cat got your tongue? Don't worry...we will loosen up your tongue soon enough. It will be getting plenty of strengthening and stretching exercises soon enough." Princess Dee said and then laughed at her own play on words. "Oh yes," she thought to herself, "we will be letting your tongue loose in all kinds of ways."

Tom sat there clueless as to what Princess Dee was laughing at; but he knew that whatever it was did not bode well for him.

"Anyway slave, before we get started let me say that I have checked in on you

using the camera several times and I must say that I am happy to see that you have been wearing your uniform as required. I am quite pleased with you for that." As Princess Dee said this Tom was awash with relief that not only did she not know about his masturbatory activities earlier in the week; but that she was indeed just under the assumption that he was just being obedient just like he hoped she would.

"And I am also happy to see that you have been completing your Fond of Writing tasks as required. You are behaving very well my little slave. And so few mistakes make when you did them...well except for the one on Monday night where you seemed to rush it and made eleven bad entries. What was going on slave? Was something else distracting you?" she asked.

Tom turned crimson again. "She knows what I was doing. Oh my god she knows." Tom thought. "How could she possibly know?"

Tom was about to panic when Princess Dee continued. "Let me guess slave. Did you have the football game on? Is that what was distracting you? I swear that TV is going to get you into a lot of trouble. In fact it already cost you fifty five dollars, plus another twenty five dollars for the rest of the week. Maybe I need to take away your television sooner than planned. Then again, I am not about to complain about the money it made me."

Tom was so relieved when she said this. He had almost panicked and given away what was going through his mind. She didn't know. For once luck was on his side and she must not have been watching him when he was playing with himself almost to the point of frenzy on Monday evening. Somehow he had gotten away with it scotch-free. She didn't know!

But Princess Dee did know, or least had a good idea. The PC Pandora reports showed him visiting the porn sites and she had also set it to take pictures with his camera every thirty seconds when the computer was in use. She might not know that he had developed a new fetish; but she was able to put two and two together and knew that he had gotten himself all worked up right before he did his nightly typing task that night. Add that to the fact that he had blushed furiously when she asked what was distracting him that night and then the look of relief on his face when she asked him if he was watching football; these had helped to cement her feelings of what he had been up to in to place. "The little perv was getting off in his bra and panties again. How delicious! He will

be easier to break than I thought." She thought.

"Now then my little sissy; why don't you go get your new toys and bring them over here and let's have a look at them." Princess Dee said.

Tom just groaned and rolled his eyes as he got up and headed towards his dining room to retrieve the packages from the table.

"I guess it wasn't just a mind fuck after all." Tom thought as he carried the packages back towards his computer desk. He really wasn't looking forward to what was about to happen.

Chapter Twelve

Tom set the three packages down on the floor next to the desk and was about to sit down in the chair when Princess Dee interrupted him. "Before you sit down slave you had better gather up all of your receipts from this week. We will also be looking at what you spent and matching it up to your Mint.com account."

Tom sighed and went to get his receipts per Princess Dee's instruction. He was glad that he had really been a spend-thrift this whole week. The last thing he wanted was to have Princess Dee punish him for spending too much money and he really did not want her to carry out her threat of making him sell his car. "This is ridiculous." Tom thought to himself. "I'm a grown man. How can I keep letting her treat me this way?"

Tom almost felt like an errant child. Princess Dee was acting like an authoritative parent demanding to see his report card and threatening to take away his favorite toy for bad grades. What was next; restriction? Tom almost chuckled at that thought. It sounded like a good role-play that he could see acting out during one of his web-cam sessions someday. But then reality hit him in the face again as it dawned on him that there would be no web-cam sessions with other Dommies in the future unless he was able to escape the clutches of Princess Dee. That is something he knew she would not ever let him spend his money on again.

Tom sat back down in front of the desk with the three receipts from his few

excursions to the grocery store that week. He had been really careful with his money and knew that Princess Dee would be proud of the effort he had taken into reducing his spending. "Only those receipts slave?" Princess Dee asked. She had already logged into Tom's Mint account through his computer that day when he was at work and knew that he was not hiding anything from her; but she did not want to let on that she knew. "There had better be enough there to match up against what it shows on your Mint account slave."

Tom nodded and told her "Yes Princess Dee, I have all of the receipts."

"Very good slave, now log in to your account and show me. Then I want you to lift up each of the receipts to the camera so I can see how you have been spending our money." Princess Dee said. Tom did not like the way she referred to it as 'our' money. It was his, not hers...even if she was controlling how he spent it.

Tom logged in as commanded. He still felt fairly safe since everything he logged in to only showed the dots and not his actual passwords when he entered them. He knew that Princess Dee would only see the dots on her end of the screen as well. As per her desire; Tom was still completely oblivious to the PC Pandora software running stealthily on his computer.

Princess Dee chimed in after clicking on his Transactions button "Well slave, I see that you have really curbed your spending on food this week. I must say that I am truly impressed."

Tom felt a hint of pride at this; knowing that he had pleased her. Then the next thought occurred to him as well. "There really must be something wrong with me; why should I care if she is pleased or not?" To which his sub-conscious screamed out at him "Because you are a submissive you idiot; just admit it to yourself and get on with it." Tom shot down that thought immediately. His mind was a battle-field, but for now his rational and conscious mind was still winning the war; even if they were slowly losing ground.

"Now let's see those receipts." Princess Dee said. Tom held them up to the web-cam one at a time only to see the look on Princess Dee's face darken. "Wow sissy, you really are clueless aren't you" she asked. Tom just sat there blankly; for once he really was clueless. "I thought she would be happy." Tom thought to himself. What the hell had just happened?

"Hot dogs? Macaroni and Cheese? Coke? Did I not tell you to quit spending your money of junk food slave? How the hell are you going to be a fit little sissy when you still keep eating this crap? Do you want to be a fat unwanted sissy that nobody would allow to serve them? Obviously you need my guidance more than I thought!" as Princess Dee said this she could see the hurt look on Tom's face. "Very well slave, then I will start making you out a grocery list and telling you what you can eat from now on. There will be lots of veggies and beans in your future slave; not fruit though as they have too much sugar. Maybe after you lose the first fifteen or twenty pounds I'll let you add apples to your diet as an occasional treat; we will see. But junk food is now definitely off your list for good."

Tom started to balk at this revelation but was immediately stopped by what Princess Dee said next. "If you don't like it slave, tough; but it could be much worse I assure you. Don't make me have you mix them all in a blender and eat them that way. And I know that you wouldn't like it if I put you on a diet of Prison Loaf for weeks at a time either!"

Tom was sullen. He wasn't a fan of vegetables to begin with, and he sure as hell didn't like beans. To think he might have to eat them mixed out of a blender did not appeal to him at all. "And what the hell is Prison Loaf?" he thought.

Princess Dee could see the question written on Tom's face "Prison Loaf my slave, is a very bland food that meets all the dietary requirements but is so terribly unappetizing that prisons use it to punish errant prisoners. Perhaps you can look it up later to see what may await you in the future?"

Tom moaned; even without knowing what it was exactly, he sure did not want to find out by being forced to eat it.

"Anyway slave, that is for later. Now it is time to open your packages. First get the small one that is not from Amazon. That will be your chastity tube my little sissy. Open it up and put it on for me." Princess Dee commanded.

Tom opened up the box and looked inside. There were several pieces of plastic and Tom had no idea how to put them all together; let alone on. Tom took out the instruction sheet and read it getting an idea of how it would go

on. Princess Dee then instructed him to use the second smallest ring and the smallest spacer when he put it on. She told him that afterwards she would determine if he needed to change the ring or spacer size. Tom pulled down his panties and after much struggle finally got everything on. Princess Dee then told him to use one of the numbered plastic locks and not the padlock that had come with it. She told him that way she would know if he ever removed it without her permission and that with the five plastic locks they would have five chances to make sure the fitting was correct.

"There, that's out of the way, more or less permanently. That will help keep you horny and submissive from now on and keep your little clitty out of trouble while you learn to start focusing on service to others. After all, that is what slavery is really all about...serving the needs of others. Now, open the heavier .package from Amazon." Princess Dee said with a small smirk.

Tom reluctantly opened the heavier package as instructed. What he pulled out made him gasp in surprise. Yes, he had seen the Sexflesh Amazing Anus when Princess Dee first ordered it for him; but the pictures on the website did not do it justice. This thing looked real. The flesh tone was very lifelike and the pink puffy lips of the vagina looked ready for penetration. It almost looked like someone had made a three dimensional model of a porn star's genitalia and ass during a movie shoot. "Damn!" Tom thought, "That is hot!" He had never given any credence to the use of sex toys like this before; but even he was aroused just looking at it. Given enough time and if he was horny enough even he would have given it a go; although that was no longer even an option now that his cock was locked up in the CB6000s.

Princess Dee brought his attention back to the screen when she said "Oh yes, that is so sexy isn't it?" Tom could only nod in agreement. "Okay sweetie, now open the other one," she said.

Tom opened the other box with dread. If the first one was so realistic he could only imagine that this one would be just as realistic as well. Unfortunately for Tom he was not disappointed. The Sexflesh Penis Rider Combo Masturbator even had veins on the penis, and the balls were uneven and had a lumpy scrotum. If there was one saving grace for Tom it was the fact that the balls did not dangle freely which only slightly took away from the sense of realism. Again it looked like someone had created a three dimensional model of the porn star's male counterpart's genitalia. And even though it was just about as

realistic as the first toy...this one did not arouse Tom by any stretch of the imagination. No, in fact, this one did the opposite. It repulsed him.

"These are to be your training tools my little sissy." Princess Dee told him "You will start practicing your service to them on a daily basis from now on. This will consist of one hour of training on each of them every day. That time will be broken down into half hour increments. The first half hour will be dedicated to providing oral servitude to their cock or pussy; and the second half hour will be spent providing oral servitude to their assholes. This will help you develop the skills necessary to provide pleasure to others, both male and female, whilst you remain chaste and unsatisfied."

Tom was stunned. Was she serious? Did she really want him to do what he had just heard her say? Two hours? She wanted him to spend two hours a day with his mouth on or around these toys? She really is insane. What the hell?

Princess Dee just chuckled evilly at the look on Tom's face. She knew that this was another one of those make or break moments. If Tom caved in here without too much of a fight, or blatant reluctance on his part; then she knew that his latent submissiveness was coming even more to the fore and it would not be long before he was obsequious to her demands without the need for overt threats on her part.

"So slave, I am sure that you are not very skilled or experienced at this yet; so I will give you a little bit of help. I want you to do a search for 'oral sex techniques' and 'rimming' on Google. You should find all kinds of information and even videos on the subject matter. This will be your homework this evening. Once you do, then every evening before you do your Fond of Writing task, you will place these in sight of your webcam and then spend an hour on each both front and rear using the techniques you have learned. Is that understood slave?" Princess Dee asked.

Tom was at first too stunned to say anything and just stared at Princess Dee on his screen. But as soon as he saw the smile fade from her face and a look of anger start to take its place Tom immediately piped up and answered her. "Yes Princess Dee I understand."

"Excellent!" Princess Dee started, "I look forward to find out which techniques and skills you discover and watching you as you learn them. Oh, and you now

will have a new Fond of Writing task to complete as well as 'Devotional'. From now on you will be completing the one called 'Oral Servitude' in the evenings and still completing 'Devotional' in the mornings."

Tom could only reply. "Yes Princess Dee." Tom was now beginning to see why he would not have time to watch television as Princess Dee had implicated to him previously. As of now he had basically lost three hours out of every evening to the service of Princess Dee. Again, a funny cord was struck in Tom as he considered it service instead of blackmail. "I really must need and want this on some level." Tom thought to himself.

"Now slave, I will not be spending this evening with you as I currently have other plans. However, I have set up the computer so you can no longer delete your browsing history. So I will know if you did or did not do your homework and I will be back before eight o'clock your time, so I can watch you practice what you have learned. I will then compare it to your research so I can grade your performance. Again, is that understood?" Princess Dee asked with a very stern look on her face.

Again Tom replied in the affirmative. "Yes Princess Dee."

"Oh, one more thing before I let you go, my little Tiffany. Tomorrow at three pm you have my permission to not wear your uniform and wear normal clothes. You will be having a nice visitor from Best Buy's Geek Squad over to make a few more changes to my computer. No need for you to worry about what he will be doing as that is none of your concern. But you will be paying him for his work when it is completed. Bye for now Sissy Tiffy. See you again in a few hours."

And before Tom could even reply Princess Dee had logged out. Tom could only sit there in shock at this new revelation; but after sitting there in stunned silence for the better part of a half an hour, Tom set to doing his homework as directed. All he could think of was "What's next?"

Chapter Thirteen

Tom finally pulled the pick panties back on and felt a slight shudder go through him as it passed over his now encased penis. Tom cursed himself for

now being aroused by his uniform. "Now is not the time for that" he told himself as he felt the first indications of restraint on his erection. "The last thing I need at this moment is to be turned on for what I am about to do" he thought as he try to will his erection away. He closed his eyes and focused his concentration on his job for a few minutes and that provided him the calming effect he needed before starting on his 'homework' as Princess Dee had called it.

Then with a deep sigh he entered 'oral sex techniques' into Google and was stunned to see over five million results. Tom groaned out loud as the first two results were about giving blow jobs. That was not what he was hoping for; but the next few results were about how to perform oral sex on a woman. This was better Tom thought. So he went ahead and opened the first several sites listed by right clicking on them and opening them in another tab. He then did a search for 'rimming techniques' and also opened up the first several results the same way.

Tom decided that it would be best to start reading up on the ones for women first. At least he would enjoy that since it is something he always had wanted to do. It was best to put off the two that Tom found disgusting and perverse for as long as possible. He did not keep open any of the ones that were videos. There was no point in getting turned on again since he had so much to do; and also now that he couldn't do anything about it with his penis locked up.

Unfortunately for Tom that did not

prevent his arousal as he began to read about all the different things that he could do to a pussy with his lips and tongue. Tom wasn't even half way down the first page before his cock was throbbing and struggling against the infernal chastity with all its might. And the pain he felt as the chastity pulled against his trapped balls did little to alleviate his arousal. Tom squirmed on his chair as he continued to read. Reading became more difficult as he found it hard to concentrate on anything but his now desperate need for release. Tom finally pushed his right hand down inside the panties to try and get off only to find that he could not stimulate himself as necessary to achieve orgasm. This device was insidious Tom thought. It not only denied him from stimulation or orgasm; but it also kept him in a state of arousal as his cock fought to expand fully.

Tom was finally able to finish reading the techniques for pleasing women and moved on to the blow job techniques. He figured that his repulsion and disgust at the thought of having to do this would bring him back down to a non-aroused state. Unfortunately for Tom; he had figured wrong. First and foremost in his mind when he read them was how it would feel to have woman doing all those things to him. This just drove up his state of arousal even more. And somewhere in the back of his aroused mind was also the thought that he would soon be doing these things to his new toy for the benefit of Princess Dee. He no longer felt disgust at the idea of it; it was more shame now. Not only was he feeling shame that he would have to do it in front of her, but also shame that he was aroused even as he thought about having to do it.

Tom quickly realized that an aroused mind was indeed more amenable to things than a non-aroused mind; and he began to fear how much more compliant he might become to Princess Dee the longer he was locked up and denied. He felt the goose bumps all over his body when it finally dawned on him that he might end up begging to be her slave instead of having to be blackmailed and forced into it. He knew it was only a matter of time before his desire and arousal overcame his rational mind.

"No damn it." Tom thought. "This is not me. I am not a slave, or a sissy, or transvestite or whatever the hell else she is trying to manipulate me into being. And I sure as hell do not want to suck a cock, even if it is just an imitation one. I'm just confused because I'm horny. Once I cum I will be able to think clearly and try to find a way out of all this." With that thought Tom committed to himself that he would find a way to achieve orgasm as soon as he was done reading the 'rimming techniques'. Then he could start planning his escape from the clutches of Princess Dee or just wait her out. "Surely she will get tired of this" Tom thought "Or she will move on to another victim that she can get more money out of." Tom thought it was all about the money really; and that Princess Dee was just getting some amusement out of him while she was taking what she could.

Once he was finished with his homework assignment, Tom set about looking for something he could use to allow him to get enough stimulation to get off. He knew there was no way to stimulate the shaft of his penis with the chastity tube on, but there was a hole for urination that he could use to push something in so he could stimulate the head. He knew that the head and tip of

his penis was the most sensitive and figured that with enough effort that he might be able to get off using that alone.

Tom ran into the bathroom and inserted a Q-tip cotton swab into the opening of the chastity and began to rub the tip of his penis. He began to feel the tug on his balls as his penis tried to become fully erect unsuccessfully. Tom continued to rub the tip for at least fifteen minutes before he gave up in frustration. He had over-stimulated the tip and was now becoming tender and he was no closer to cumming than he was before he started. Now his balls were sore, his penis was tender, and he was even hornier now than he was when he was looking up the oral sex techniques for women. Tom wanted to cry. This was so damned unfair he thought. "How am I supposed to be able to live like this? I'll go crazy if this keeps up!"

Tom was at his wits end when he was looking in the mirror after he threw the Q-tip into the trash can. Seeing himself in the sexy pink bra and panties did nothing but exacerbate his already desperate need for relief. But there in the mirror he also saw what for sure would be his salvation. There hanging on the wall behind him was his handheld shower massage. Surely if anything could complete the task at hand it was this! Tom quickly removed the bra and panties and hopped into his shower. While he was waiting for the water to reach the perfect temperature, Tom went through the various settings on the shower and settled on the pulse setting. "There!" Tom thought "This will do the job or nothing will." Tom was absolutely one hundred percent certain that he would finally achieve the release that he now so desperately needed. The pulse of the shower head was incredible. Not only did the feel of it hitting right behind his balls push Tom right to the heights of ecstasy; but as he passed the water spray over the chastity tube and felt the water pulsing against the tip of his penis Tom could feel the deep throbbing that always preceded his orgasms. "Oh my God, this is it!" Tom thought as a loud moan passed his lips. He began involuntarily rocking his hips waiting for the now inevitable orgasm he was only seconds from now achieving. And he waited, and waited and it never happened! The inevitable orgasm remained elusive to Tom. He desperately continued to spray the water over his genitals even after he had ran out of hot water. Tom screamed out in frustration; his last and best opportunity to cum had failed. And even though the now cold water helped to take the edge off just a little bit; Tom was now hornier than he had even been in his entire life.

Chapter Fourteen

True to her word Princess Dee connected to Tom's computer at a quarter to eight. Tom had only recently finished getting dressed in his uniform after his failed attempt at orgasm by shower massage; and was trying to distract himself by reading the news on the internet when Princess Dee logged in. "Hello slave, did you do your homework?" she asked him. Tom nodded and replied "Yes Princess Dee, I did my homework."

"Excellent! Did you enjoy it?" she asked. Tom could only blush. He had enjoyed it more than he had wanted to. Princess Dee chuckled as she saw Tom's neck and face turn crimson. "I can see that you did," she told him. This caused Tom to blush even more. "Now let's take a look at it shall we?" She asked and then continued "and then we can put what you learned to practical use and start developing your skills." Princess Dee then opened up Tom's Internet Explorer and went to the tools button and into his History tab. She then opened one of the pages detailing giving oral sex to women. She then told Tom "Now, why don't you move your coffee table over here in front of the camera and put it where you were kneeling on our first 'date'."

Tom got up and went over and pulled the table over from in front of his television, and into the spot Princess Dee had mentioned. He wouldn't call it a date like she had; but he knew that she was referring to the spot he had performed his little act on video that had cemented her blackmail control over him.

"No Tiffy, turn it perpendicular to the camera and push it closer," she said. Tom pushed it closer to the desk where his computer was. "Keep pushing until I tell you to stop," she continued. Tom pushed until he heard her say "Stop!" Princess Dee had made sure that the table was close enough that once she had Tom angle the camera down and put it on the edge of the desk that she knew she would have a great and close up view of Tom servicing his new sex toys.

Once Tom had moved the chair away from his computer desk and positioned the camera per Princess Dee's instruction, she then told Tom to place the Amazing Anus on the table and then to sit on his heels on the floor on the opposite side of the table as the camera. She told Tom to face the pussy towards him and to lean forward and cup his arms around the toy.

"Now slave, this may look very realistic to you but it isn't. There is no clitoris for you to practice on...so for now we will have to make do with some of the other techniques you read about." Princess Dee said. "Start by licking the edge of the thighs and along the edge of the pussy with the tip of your tongue." Tom did as she said, slowing working his tongue from the top of the lips up towards the toy's anus. This was just as if he were in the 69 position with a real woman with him on the top instead of her.

"Yes slave, just like that!" Princess Dee said and then continued, "Now, with the flat of your tongue, give it some long slow licks from front to rear." Tom complied and began to lick it as instructed. As he did, he began to imagine that he was licking a real pussy and immediately began to get aroused again. He wasn't the only one however as Princess Dee was also beginning to get aroused as she instructed Tom in the fine art of pussy licking.

"Mmm, yes slave just like that!" She said as her voice began to get a little raspy. She then giggled out a little as she told Tom to move on to the next technique. "Now I want you to trace out the letters of the alphabet with your tongue slave."

Tom could now feel the tugging at his balls from the cb6000s as he tried to get fully erect. Between imagining a real pussy before him to the sound of Princess Dee's sexy voice telling him what to do; Tom was as hard as he could get while restrained in the chastity. His horniness and latent submissiveness were pushing him further into a blurred world where all of this seemed right and natural to him. He knew that the longer this went on and the more he submitted to Princess Dee that it would be harder and harder for him to resist her control. He knew that only an orgasm could save him from himself. Without one it was just a matter of time before his subconscious submissive mind overrode his rational logical mind and plunged him into the depths of submissive depravity that Princess Dee was trying to bring out in him.

As Tom continued to spell out the alphabet with his tongue he could hear Princess Dee's breathing take on a new cadence. He knew that this was turning her on just as much as it was him. Unfortunately for Tom, knowing that just turned him on that much more, and drove him to want to please her even more. His submissiveness and desire to please were at the forefront. This was the mindset Tom always got in when he did web-cam sessions with other Dommies in the past. It was this mentality that had driven him in the past into

buying and trying all of the toys, clothes, and makeup he had collected up until he had met Princess Dee. In fact, it was this mindset that had driven him to contact her initially. And had gotten him into the situation he now faced.

Tom knew this did not bode well for him. The chastity would prevent him from cleaning his pipes and clearing his mind; and he knew that Princess Dee would use this to push her advantage over him even further. Worse still, at least in Tom's mind, was that fact that he still had two assholes and a cock waiting for him to practice on; and now he would be doing it while fully aroused and desperate to please.

Tom was in a fog as Princess Dee first had him dart his tongue in and out quickly and then move on to long deep thrusts into the sex toy. When she spoke Tom could tell that she was getting more aroused by the moment. When she had Tom turn the toy around and start licking the anus Tom could hear the tremble in her voice. Tom wasn't sure if it was because she was getting off on controlling him, or imagining it was her being served, or a combination of both.

However, when Princess Dee told him to switch to the Penis Rider Combo toy and her arousal didn't seem to abate; it was then that Tom could really tell it was the power and control that got her off. He knew immediately that she was a sexual sadist.

"Now Tiffany, let's get to work on you 'other' oral skills shall we?" she asked him still with the tremble in her voice. Tom got the toy and put it where the Amazing Anus had just sat; its seven inch cock standing straight up. "For this you will need to rise up on your knees slave" she told him.

Tom lifted himself up off of his heels and into the kneeling position. "First I want you to pull it towards you and then gently kiss the tip of it." When she said this Tom turned red with embarrassment again; but did as she said.

For the next fifteen minutes she had him go through all the techniques she found on his 'homework' websites. She had him lightly lick the hole at the tip, brush his cheeks up and down the shaft, breathe on it, lick and suck on the balls and scrotum, circle the head with his tongue, and lick the perineum. She continued to sound more and more aroused as she gave Tom more encouragement. Tom for his part did exactly as instructed. Only in the back of

his mind did it register that he was no longer disgusted at what he was doing. There was a sense of shame; but Tom was unable to tell if that was due to what he was doing...or the fact that he was still completely aroused whilst he was doing it. Surely the idea of doing this should have lessened his arousal by now he thought to himself; but for some reason it hadn't.

"He is ready for you now Tiffany! Take him into your mouth and show him what a good little slave you are." Princess Dee said.

Tom immediately complied and sucked the penis into his mouth. He was now obeying her without any hesitation; his resolve gone for the time and replaced with total obsequiousness. He needed to do this; he needed to please Princess Dee. His mind was completely gone as he began to bob up and down on the cock while sucking, as it appeared to Princess Dee, quite eagerly. She knew that Tom was almost at his breaking point and that it was just a matter of days or weeks before Tom had been completely broken to the point where nothing else would matter to him other than being her slave. While he continued to try and deep throat the penis before him; Princess Dee decided that it was time to start accelerating her plans for him; and that thought had her dripping.

"Very good slave" she said, "You are a natural at this; aren't you?"

Tom could only blush. He was still heady and aroused beyond capable thought at the moment. Was she calling him a natural cocksucker; or a naturally submissive? He couldn't really tell. It took him several minutes for him to come back down slightly from his heightened aroused state to a point where he could actually think and concentrate on Princess Dee and what she was saying to him.

"Just think how good you will be at oral servitude after just a few weeks? Why you will be as good as a Pro or a porn star in no time flat. Then again, they don't practice for two hours a day." She laughed as she said this. She then had Tom repeat the rimming techniques on the ass of this toy that he had done on the Amazing Anus.

"Now, we need to go shopping again before you complete your new FOW task slave. There are a few more things we need to get so we can get started on your maid training." Princess Dee said. She was now in a hurry to get offline so she could attend to her own sexual needs. Watching Tom debase himself and

obey so eagerly, and knowing that he was completely aroused and unable to do anything about it had driven her to the edge of orgasm herself. But as much as she wanted to get off and take things into hand; she knew that now was the time to press her advantage. She needed to keep laying it on to Tom and not give him time to think about anything else. She wanted to keep him off balance every time she introduced something new to him; at least until he was completely broken. Once that had happened he would accept anything; but until then she knew he would try to resist if given the time to think or act.

Tom watched as she used his Internet Explorer to open four windows on his computer. The first one she used to go to Sharperuniforms.com and typed Ladies Spun Polyester Housekeeping Dress in the search box. She told Tom to figure out his measurement and to place his order for two of them once she had logged out. She also told him to order three of the Ladies Housekeeping Tea Aprons that were listed under 'Companion Items'. The next two windows she opened to Amazon.com and typed in the titles of two different Kindle books "How to Become the Perfect Maid" and "The Lost Art of House Cleaning".

"Read those, slave. Study them well. You will put what you learn in there to good use after lots and lots of practice." Princess Dee said as she opened the final window and told Tom "And this will be used to monitor your training." Tom looked at the screen to see that she had entered another Amazon.com window. This one showed the D-Link DSC942L wireless day & night network camera. Princess Dee then said goodnight and disconnected. Tom knew immediately that privacy in the rest of his house would be a thing of the past as Princess Dee could demand that he take the camera with him into every room.

Chapter Fifteen *(added: 2014/04/16)*

'Slaves must worship the temple that is their Owners' body.'

'Orally serving one's Owners is a privilege and an honor.'

'Serving one's Owners orally is not a sexual act; but an act of service'

"Being allowed to serve orally is the highest calling a slave can ever achieve.'

'A slave will provide oral service in any context required; whether that be to provide arousal, completion, clean-up, or any other function requested or desired by its Owner.'

'The genitals and asses of Owners are the altars of their bodily temples, and slaves will revere them as sacred at all times.'

'When serving orally a slave should only focus on the task at hand and not be distracted by any unintended pleasures that they may receive in the performance of their duties.'

These seven lines began to repeat themselves for Tom once Princess Dee began the FOW task titled 'Oral Servitude'. She logged out for the night as soon as she had clicked the begin task button, leaving Tom to complete the task before he went to bed. This time he was surprised that the distraction boxes were not demeaning or degrading to him. Rather, they were simple statements of 'yummy!', 'delicious' 'heavenly' and 'mmmmm'.

The task took Tom almost an hour and a half to complete. While it was shorter than the 'Devotional' task, Tom took his time knowing that he would have to pay for any mistakes he made. When it was complete, Tom knew he was out another forty-five dollars.

The next morning after another restless night, Tom got up early and completed the 'Devotional' task again.

Tom was relieved to wear his normal clothes and not his 'uniform' as Princess Dee had called it. It was very awkward for him to slip his briefs up over the chastity tube and pull on his khakis. His pants-front appeared to be normal in every way and did not bulge out noticeably from the infernal device. However, Tom did not feel normal about it at all. Normal appearance or not, knowing that his penis was imprisoned in the tube made Tom feel both impotent and inadequate. Somehow, he was no longer equal in standing to everyone else. He also knew that as time went on, and the more he endured at Princess Dee's very capable hands, that his status would continue to diminish. Tom felt very deeply depressed at this moment; he was not aroused and had no stimulus to distract him from the fact that she was taking his life away from him. He

would go to the bar and get plastered to help him forget about things for a while; but he knew that there would be hell to pay afterwards. He might be able to scrape together a dollar or two of change from around the house that Princess Dee would not know about. However, it would not even be enough for a single beer, let alone enough to help him forget the past week. Besides, at the rate he was owing money to her, he might need that money for something more important later.

Tom was just about to head out the door for a walk thinking the fresh air might help him clear his mind when he heard the voice of Princess Dee come from his computer. "Good morning Tiffany."

Tom groaned and wondered if there would be no respite for him. "Good morning Princess Dee" he said as he turned and walked over to the desk.

"I see you have completed your assignments. You should be proud of yourself; you have a real knack for this so far." Princess Dee said.

At first, Tom thought she was just mocking him; but the look on her face and the sincerity in her voice eased his thoughts. "Thank you Princess Dee" he replied.

"In fact, I'd say you may have found your true calling. You really are more submissive than I would have given you credit for." She continued.

Tom was at odds with himself again. As despondent as he was just a few minutes before, his heart now swelled with pride knowing that she was pleased with his performance. His emotional yo-yo was back in full force. Tom wondered why he felt so depressed when he appeared or acted like a normal person, and so excited or proud when subjected to Princess Dee's control. Maybe she was right, maybe this was his calling. However, he just could not bring himself to accept it.

"Well, you have several hours before the Geek Squad shows up to work on my computer. What say you go grocery shopping? I've already prepared you a list." Princess Dee said.

Tom was a bit crestfallen. He already knew that her idea of groceries and his did not mesh. "So much for going out and clearing my mind" Tom thought to

himself.

Princess Dee saw the sullen look on Tom's face. "Oh don't be like that Tiffy, it'll be fun. In fact, let's make an adventure out of it," she said. "First, show me your cell phone. I need to see what we're dealing with here."

Tom reached into his pocket, pulled out his Nokia 1616, and held it up to the webcam for Princess Dee to see. "Oh my god, seriously?" she asked. "We really need to get you into the 21st Century slave. I haven't seen a basic cell phone such as that since the early nineties. While you are out shopping, I will need to add a Samsung Galaxy Note II to your Mint.com goals. Now give me your number; we will be on the phone with each other for your shopping adventure."

Tom had a small glimmer of hope. If she called him then he would get her number. With that information, he might be able to get the police or someone else to arrest her before she could ruin his life. Surely, they would arrest her and even if she got bail, then her computer would be in evidence and he would be safe. As torn as he was about his emotions during this last week, he decided to play along until he got what he needed to end this madness. He figured he would be free in just a few hours.

"Now slave, first things first; go and get your uniform," she told him.

Tom had a shocked expression on his face. Surely, she would not make him wear that out of his house; would she? Tom moaned aloud, he already knew that answer to that; but could he risk playing along? Maybe he could put it on and then take it off when he got in his car. There was no way for her to know once he left the view of the webcam.

Princess Dee then made Tom put on the pink panties instead of his briefs and make him put on the bra as well. She then instructed him to put his pants back on but to go grab a shirt with a pocket on it and bring it back before putting it on. Tom complied and grabbed one of his darker and heavier weight shirts out of the closet. He was afraid the pink bra would show through a lighter colored shirt or that the bra lines would show through a thinner shirt. Although it should not matter if he snuck off the bra before he left for the store. He figured it was better to take every precaution since he knew just how devious Princess Dee could be.

Tom came back in to the room carrying the shirt and prayed that Princess Dee would not make him swap it out for another one. He breathed a sigh of relief when she was satisfied with his selection once he pulled it on.

"Okay Tiffy, you are almost ready to go out for your adventure. Now, I see that there is a bus stop about two blocks from your house and after checking the schedule, I see that the bus should be there in about fifteen minutes." You had better be on it, so let's make this quick," she said.

Tom was stunned and replied "But, I have a car Princess Dee. I can drive to the store, it will be faster." Tom tried to think of any other excuse he could use to no avail. So then, he tried to lie outright. "I don't have any cash Princess Dee and the bus doesn't take debit cards," he intoned.

Princess Dee just laughed at him and said, "Don't be silly slave, I am sure you do. I bet if you check in your sock drawer, under your seat or couch cushions, or in a jar or that clutter drawer that every kitchen has; that you can come up with the money needed for a round trip bus ride. You better hurry up and look though; time is running out. Or do you want me to make another phone call?"

Tom knew the threat was genuine and scurried around the house to get the change. While he was in the bedroom, he quickly removed the bra thinking it was now safe to do so. After a few minutes he had gathered up what he hoped would be enough for the bus. "So much for that beer" he thought.

"I have the money for the bus Princess Dee. I had best be going if I am to make that bus." Tom implored. He wanted to get away before she discovered his little ruse. Unfortunately, she just would not have any of it.

"Not so fast Tiffy, first pull up your shirt and show me your uniform. That is, if you are still wearing it" she said. As soon as she saw the look on his face, she knew she was right and that he had shed the bra. "That is going to cost you slave; but it wasn't unexpected. Now go and bring it back here and put it on in front of the webcam again. And don't you dare try that again!"

Tom hurried back to the bedroom, retrieved the bra, and followed her instructions. As soon as he donned the bra and shirt, his cell phone rang. He was disappointed to see it was a blocked number.

"Better answer it Tiffy, if you know what's good for you," he heard Princess Dee say. So much for tracking her down and calling the police he thought. Tom sighed and answered.

"Very good Tiffy, now don't hang up...I'm going to give you directions to follow. First, turn your camera to face your front door. I want to see you actually leave your house in your uniform, and I will be listening very closely to ensure you don't try anything funny. Second, you had better start running if you want to catch that bus." She said.

Tom had no choice but to comply. He could not believe she was forcing him to leave his house wearing a bra and panties; let alone that he would have to wear them on a bus or in a store. What would happen if somebody noticed? On numerous occasions, he had noticed bra or panty lines on women while he was out shopping. Were his clothes thick enough and dark enough to hide what was underneath?

Tom turned his camera as instructed and then rapidly walked out his front door, his last chance of removing the bra closing along with the door.

Chapter Sixteen *(added: 2014/04/16)*

When Tom walked out into the street he was grateful that it was not too warm out yet. However, it being an early Saturday morning in the summer meant that most of the neighbors were out mowing and working on their lawns. Tom would have no privacy whatsoever. Tom waved to his neighbor across the street and headed towards the bus stop with the phone still pressed up to his ear.

As he trotted off towards the bus stop, he noticed several things; one of which was the feel of the chastity moving with each step. He knew that he would be sore and raw from it rubbing against the bottom of his scrotum. Other sensations he noticed were the silky feel of the panties on his scrotum and the coarseness of his clothes against his still denuded body. Princess Dee gave him instructions to take the bus to the third stop, get off, and then go west another two blocks to the city market. She then told Tom that she was going to stay on the line and listen to everything that transpired and that he was to put the

phone in his shirt pocket until he got to the store.

Tom was sweating and mentally exhausted when he got to the bus stop. The fear that someone would notice his undergarments was palpable, and most of the sweat was due to this rather than his rapid pace to catch the bus. Tom could feel the sweat pooling inside the cups of his bra and the dampness of the straps against his shoulders and back. He also felt the panties now clinging desperately to his ass and balls. Unknown to Tom fortunately, was the fact that this very situation made it even more likely for someone to notice. The clingy panties would give him a panty line and if his sweat soaked through his shirt then there would be dry bra lines and cups where the sweat had not been able to soak through yet. If Tom knew any of this, it would have made him sweat even more.

Fortunately, he had made it on time and there was nobody else there. Tom wanted to sit down and relax for a few minutes before the bus got there but by the time he had surreptitiously peeled the panties away from his ass, the bus was pulling up. Tom stepped aboard, paid the fare and then slowly walked down the aisle of the nearly empty bus to avoid sitting too close to anyone else. He kept his head down and avoided eye contact with the other riders, as he did not want to draw any undue attraction to himself.

Tom was glad to discover that the bus had air conditioning and it helped ease the dampness in his bra and panties. In fact, by the time the bus had arrived at his stop, he was completely dry.

When Tom arrived at the store, he was even sweatier than when he had got to the bus stop. He was still nervous that someone might see his undergarments, but was also starting to feel that people would see him as less than human. He felt that they would know he was a slave and not their equal. Did he really believe this? He was afraid that he was beginning to. Maybe he would need to talk to a therapist when he had a chance. He had never felt it this strongly before. Sure, he liked to submit sexually and considered himself a submissive; but this was different. It was on a much deeper level, it was to everyone in general, and not just to women he found attractive.

Tom grabbed a cart and headed into the first aisle. Before he had even walked twenty feet, he was startled when his phone rang. He pulled it out of his shirt pocket and saw that it was a blocked number again. He figured that Princess

Dee must have lost her connection and then called back. However, it was because Princess Dee had heard him get the cart and wanted to get his attention as soon as he had walked in. "Hi Tiffy, enjoying your adventure day out?" she asked rhetorically.

Tom started to answer only to hear her continue. "Don't try and spoil the excitement by running off to the stores restroom and removing your bra slave. Just give in to the excitement and adrenaline you feel. As scared as you feel; I bet it just feels right doesn't it my little pet?"

Tom meekly replied yes. He really did not know what else to say. "Now go to the produce aisle as that is where most of your shopping will occur" he heard her say. Tom replied that he was already in that aisle. It was not that he headed there intentionally, just that like in most grocery stores' layouts, the first aisle here was the produce aisle.

Princess Dee then instructed Tom to select a cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, radishes, spinach, cucumbers, tomatoes, and onions. Tom grudgingly got each one of these, as he really did not care for vegetables that much. He liked carrots, lettuce and potatoes, and while nobody was near him asked Princess Dee if he could get some of those as well. "Absolutely not!" she had replied, "Potatoes are mostly starch and won't help us get you down to a nice girlish figure; carrots are too sweet and I want your diet to be as bland or bitter as possible while still being healthy. Slaves may have to eat; but that doesn't mean they should have to enjoy it. Thanks for letting me know what you like so I can keep it off the menu."

Tom's emotional rollercoaster started up again. He was getting pissed off that she was denying him what he enjoyed, but also getting aroused again when she referred to him as a slave. He did not know how to react, so he just stood there silently with the phone to his ear. Finally, he heard Princess Dee tell him to go to the dry grocery aisle.

"Now for the mainstay of your diet Tiffany; get 4 bags of Fifteen Bean Soup and a bag of brown rice," she told him. Tom sighed heavily; he really did hate beans. Princess Dee grinned when she heard him sigh. She knew he was not happy with her selections but that he was not going to fight her now. He was resigning himself to his situation. After he put the bags in his cart, Princess Dee told him to go to the medicine aisle, as he would need vitamins to

supplement his new diet.

As Tom turned the corner into the main aisle, he heard a familiar voice say "Oh, hello Tom. I didn't know you shopped here."

Tom stopped dead in his tracks and turned towards the source of the voice. Out of all the possible people he could ever run into, it was his neighbor Mrs. Abernathy. The flop sweat hit him before he could finish turning around. "Hi Mrs. Abernathy" Tom stammered out as he faced her.

Mrs. Abernathy saw the sweat pouring down Tom's now ashen face. "Are you okay?" she asked him with concern.

Fortunately, Tom was quick on his feet and replied. "I will be" he smiled. "It's just one of those summer cold/flu things"

"You should take better care of yourself," she told him. She looked into his cart and was surprised to see its contents. "Or are you trying to?" she asked. She had often seen the pizza delivery van at his house, and his weight belied a diet based on the contents of his cart.

Tom took a second too long to reply to give his answer any sincerity. "Yes, Doctor's orders," he replied, "I've been told I have to change my diet and lifestyle." Mrs. Abernathy just smiled. 'Doctor's orders my ass,' she thought to herself, but she did believe that someone had told him to change. Maybe he had a new girlfriend she thought to herself, although she could not figure out why he would lie about that. Tom interrupted her train of thought by asking her why she was in this part of town.

"I'm here to pick up James; I'm just doing some shopping while I wait," she said. Tom was a bit confused. James Abernathy was a CPA who had his own office downtown. Why was she picking him up here? Tom was just about to ask when she explained. Due to the recession her husband had shuttered his office and the only job he could find was working here as a Shift Manager.

Tom was just telling her how sorry he was to hear that when he was startled as his phone rang again. He had dropped his arm to his side when he had first heard her speak and due to his nervousness, he had completely forgotten that Princess Dee was still on the phone. Tom cursed himself and answered.

Princess Dee was laughing when Tom answered. "What a small world. You should let me talk to her for a minute slave. Let's see if she remembers my voice," she said. Tom began to sweat even more before he heard Princess Dee say, "Just kidding. Now go to the vitamin aisle and I will call you back in three minutes. "

Tom hung up and then told Mrs. Abernathy that he needed to go now, as he really was not feeling well. After they said their goodbyes, Tom turned to walk away. Mrs. Abernathy watched him walk off and smiled. She was certain that she could see panty lines, and what appeared to be bra lines through Tom's sweat soaked shirt. Maybe he was the pervert referred to in that strange phone call she had received the week before.

Chapter Seventeen *(added: 2014/04/16)*

Tom was slowly walking up the vitamin aisle waiting for Princess Dee to call him back His contact with Mrs. Abernathy had almost made him physically sick. He was still trembling when his phone rang again.

"Please, I can't do this anymore," Tom spoke into the phone without even seeing who it was, "I feel sick to my stomach. I'm just mortified."

Princess Dee just laughed, "Of course you can keep doing this, and in fact we will make this your regular grocery store from now on. Besides, even if you were little embarrassed...I bet you were turned on immensely the whole time, weren't you? I bet your little clitty was rock hard...or at least would have been if it wasn't for the chastity tube locked around it"

Tom's candid answer surprised her. "No it wasn't; not at all." He replied.

"Such a pity," Princess Dee replied. "This would be so much more fun for both of us if you were a humiliation pig. There is just so much more that we could do to get you into the right frame of mind." "No matter," she continued, "this isn't about humiliation slave; it is about humility. It is about you not only learning your proper place; but also learning to accept it and become comfortable in it."

Tom was speechless again. He just did not know how to respond to what she had told him. She wanted him to be comfortable wearing a bra and panties in public. To what end? Where was she taking all of this? What was her endgame? It all just did not make sense to him. If she outed him, then she would lose all control over him. The risk of blackmail would no longer hold sway. Again, even though his mind was spinning in several directions at this moment, he again felt a strange stirring at some of her words 'slave', and 'proper place'. It was not just excitement at those words; there was also a small sense of longing and desire as well.

Tom tried to put these thoughts out of his mind as he grabbed the Centrum Women's multi-vitamins that Princess Dee had told him to get. She explained that with his new diet women's vitamins would now be more beneficial to him. In addition, if it added to his discomfort or embarrassment so much the better.

After finally paying for his groceries, Tom headed back towards the bus stop two blocks away. Princess Dee had stayed on the line throughout the purchase and his departure from the store. She had instructed Tom to get plastic bags instead of paper. She told Tom that it would be easier for him to carry plastic bags and Tom agreed with this. However, she had multiple reasons for not allowing him to use paper bags. She knew that it had warmed up a bit while Tom was in the store. Between the heat and Tom now carrying the heavy groceries, he would sweat even more putting his bra wearing at greater risk of exposure. If he were carrying paper bags up against his chest, they would offer him additional concealment, which she did not want him to have. The rustling of the paper bags against his chest would also prevent her from hearing what was going on. If someone were to discover his secret, then she wanted to hear it happen. Finally, she knew that the weight of the bags pulling his arms and shoulders down as he walked would heighten the profile of any bra line he had from behind. Tom had no idea that Princess Dee had thought of all these things and would probably freak out and sweat even more if he did. It was much better for him to remain blissfully unaware that her suggestion of plastic bags was not as favorable as he had originally thought it to be.

Fortunately, for Tom, his trek back to the bus stop was uneventful. Nobody driving by had paid any attention to him, let alone enough attention to notice his now slightly visible bra lines. When Tom got on the bus, even the driver was too preoccupied to notice them. In fact, only one person on board seemed

aware of him as he walked towards the back and sat down. She was about twenty-five years old and very pretty. Tom looked at her as he walked past and she gave him a wry smile, but she did not say anything to him. Tom was oblivious to the fact that she knew he was wearing a bra. To Tom the smile was almost flirtatious; at least in his limited experience. Tom thought if he were bolder, that he would be able to smile back or approach her. At least he would have if he were not also wearing a bra and panties, let alone a chastity tube.

None of this mattered and Tom had the natural physiological reactions of an aroused man. He started to get an erection, which the tight confines of the CB-6000s instantly halted. Tom took his seat gingerly as pain spread out from his groin. He had not paid much attention to it when he was walking since his focus was more on the bags that he was carrying; but the dull ache that had initially started the day before was exacerbated by his sweaty walks today. The chaffing was bad enough, but when he sat down with his erection pulling on the ring around his scrotum, it rubbed even harder against the raw skin. The pain continued to get worse the longer he sat on the bus; but Tom dared not stand up or do anything to bring himself any unwanted attention.

When Tom finally arrived at his stop, his erection was long gone, but the ache in his scrotum remained in full force. As he walked towards the front of the bus, he passed the same girl that had smiled at him when he got on. As he did so, he heard her giggling softly. He was instantly mortified. Was she giggling at him to flirt; or had she discovered his secret? He was too scared to turn and find out. He wanted to run off the bus as fast as he could, but the pain he was in just would not allow it. All he could do was hold his breath and walk off the bus as normal as possible. As he stepped down from the door he heard more laughing from the bus passengers and would have sworn he heard the word 'freak' muttered under the breath of the bus driver. Tom just wanted to hide and cry his eyes out; but he still had to make it back home past all of his neighbors. He was not even sure if what had transpired on the bus was real or just his imagination running wild. The people laughing could have been laughing at anything, a joke, a video on a smart phone, just about anything. Maybe it was just timing and not about him. As for the driver, surely he had seen things a lot crazier than a man wearing a bra. Besides, it was not very professional for him to be calling his passengers names, he could lose his job for doing that. With this logic, Tom pushed it to the back of his mind and forced himself to believe he was just imagining things.

Tom walked slowly to his house. He was afraid that the faster he went the more attention it would attract. Going slower would also make him sweat less and lessen the pain in his groin, Yes, that meant that being exposed for longer, but he figured it was worth it and it was with great relief that he opened the door to his house without any other interactions.

As he stepped inside, he was startled as the phone in his pocket started to ring. He set down the groceries and answered it. "Congratulations on your first foray as a slave." Princess Dee said. "It will only get easier for you as time goes on."

Tom again felt a sense of pride at her words and now felt a sense of accomplishment as well. "Thank you Princess Dee." He meekly intoned. Princess Dee then instructed him to hang up and go sit in front of the camera as they were almost out of time before the Geek was due to arrive. As he sat down he winced in pain and Princess Dee laughed aloud. "I bet you are pretty sore by now; aren't you Tiffy?"

"Yes, Princess Dee I am. It is unbearable. I cannot take it anymore. Please let me take this chastity tube off." He begged.

"Soon, my pet, soon; but not just yet. We will get you squared away once the man from Best Buy has left. First I want you to go get your groceries and bring them over here by the camera, and then go get your garbage can and bring it here as well." She told him.

Tom got up and did as she instructed. He was a bit confused now. Was she going to have him mix it all up in a garbage bag and then eat it out of there? If so, should he not cook the beans first; and get a clean bag? He was just pulling out a fresh bag when he heard her yell to get back in there now. Tom ran out with the can in one hand and the new bag in the other.

"Not sure why you grabbed a new bag sissy. I want to know for a fact that what goes in there is not something you will try to salvage once it is in there." Princess Dee said. She then told Tom to open the bags of Fifteen Bean Soup and remove the flavor packets from them. She then told him to open the packets and pour the contents into his trashcan. Tom was disheartened even more. She had not said which variety to get when he was at the store; so he

had chosen the Ham flavor since it was something he liked and it might take his mind off the beans he would be eating. Now he would not even have that minor allowance. She then told Tom to go and grab all of his condiments and dump them in his trash as well. Salt, pepper, sugar, garlic powder, ketchup, mustard, all of it went into his trash and she watched to ensure he poured or dumped it all out and into the bag before he tossed the bottles or containers in as well. Tom realized that she was not kidding at all when she said his diet would be as bland as possible. As much as he wanted to rail against her or scream and fight; he was just too emotionally drained and too sore at this time to offer her any resistance.

She had just instructed him to tie up the bag and take it outside and Tom was about three steps away from his front door when his doorbell rang. Princess Dee's timing was impeccable. The Geek from Best Buy had arrived and now there was no way for Tom to remove the bra and panties before letting him in. She remotely turned off Tom's computer and called him on his cell phone just as he opened the door. "This might be fun." She thought to herself.

Chapter Eighteen *(added: 2014/04/16)*

When Tom opened the door, he was surprised. The word geek really did seem to apply. Standing there in front of him was a very skinny and mousy looking pimply-faced kid of about nineteen or twenty years or age with tousled brown hair. Tom half expected to see tape wrapped glasses and a pocket protector on what appeared to be an extra in the movie 'Revenge of the Nerds'. He introduced himself as David and said that he was there to do some computer work. Tom ushered him in and stepped outside to throw the trash bag into the bin in his driveway totally ignoring the phone ringing in his pocket for the moment.

As he stepped back into the house, he listened as David again said that he was there to change some settings on the computer in the house. Tom pointed to the computer reluctantly, as he was none too happy about this latest disruption to his life. As David walked over and sat down at the desk to begin his work, Tom finally reached into his pocket and answered the phone.

Princess Dee was pissed. "You better learn how to answer your phone faster than that if you know what's good for you!" she exclaimed. "I don't care what

you are doing or who you are with. You ignored me earlier when you were talking to your neighbor at the store, and now this. I think further incentive is needed to make my point."

Tom knew immediately that Princess Dee meant to penalize or punish him instead of giving him any positive incentives. His mind filled with dread when he heard her say "Let me speak to the Geek. Now!"

Princess Dee had decided that she needed to change her tactic. When she had first called Best Buy, she said it was to restrict her non-existent daughter's computer use. Now she felt it better to use the Geek to help reinforce Tom's position instead.

"Hello? Hi, my name is Dee, and you are? Princess Dee asked.

"Um, hi. I'm David," replied the Geek.

"Well David; I'm the person who called to have you come out here today." Princess Dee said. She knew immediately from his voice that he was not the person she had spoken to before. "But before I continue; how would you like to earn some extra money? Don't worry; it's nothing illegal, but if you can provide the help I need, then I'll make sure you are tipped very nicely for your hard work. How does an extra hundred in cash sound? And, if you do a good job, I will throw some additional work your way over the next several months."

David was hesitant at first. He really was not sure what was going on, but one hundred dollars was a lot of money to him. He told Princess Dee that he would hear her out; but that it would depend on the situation as to whether he would agree to help her or not.

"Very well" Princess Dee told him. "You see, the reason I called you out here is because I am a Dominatrix and the person there before you is my online sissy and slave. I have already taken over control of the Admin account on his computer, and installed parental controls and more to facilitate my further control over him."

When Princess Dee said this, David looked up at Tom uneasily. Even though he did not hear what Princess Dee said, Tom knew from the look on David's face

that it did not bode well for him.

"Now, the reason Best Buy sent you here is to limit his access to the BIOS to prevent him from regaining control of the computer, and set it up so I have permanent remote access to it, and that it is always on. However, if you can think of anything that would help me further my control, or help restrict his access then as I said before I will gladly have Tom pay you an extra hundred under the table. Tom will also buy anything you need from your store and any work we need done in the future we will specifically request you to do it. That way you are getting paid by your employer as well as earning additional income from us." Princess Dee said.

David just smirked at Tom. He figured what the hell. If this idiot wanted to let some woman control his computer and make him her slave; then who was he to stand in their way. Besides, it sounded like easy money. "Very well." He said. "I think I can help you."

"Great!" Princess Dee enthused. "But, he should not see what you are doing. I don't care if he hears what we discuss; as it might make him feel even more powerless. However, if he sees it, then he may be able to figure out how to undo it. Tell you what David. If you say 'Tiffany, go stand in your corner until I say otherwise' to Tom then I'll even throw in an extra fifty dollars." David thought about this very hard. He could really use the money; but he really did not want to get involved in their sick game. He told Princess Dee that he was not willing to do that. She laughed and said that was fine and that she understood completely.

"Let's get started then. Shall we?" Princess Dee asked. David replied in the affirmative, reached down and powered up the computer. When he sat back up he noticed that Tom was still standing there gaping at him. He found this to be even more disconcerting than what Princess Dee had asked him to do. As the computer finally booted up he found himself saying those words that only moments ago he was not willing to say. "Go stand in your corner Tiffany."

Tom looked at him in shock for a minute before slinking back over and putting his nose in the corner. He could not believe that Princess Dee had actually outed him to someone else. Would this nightmare never end? It was all Tom could do to not break down and cry at this moment. While Tom was dealing with this new conundrum, David actually began to feel more comfortable

about things. If Tom or Tiffany or whatever, was so compliant as to go stand in a corner when told to by a basic stranger in his house, then he probably wanted and deserved to be controlled by Dee. It also gave David a sense of superiority over Tom that he had not anticipated ever feeling about another person. In fact, he was now eagerly looking forward to helping Dee in setting up these controls and it was no longer just about the money.

As David worked on the computer settings, he started talking about password protecting the router and network so Tom would not be able to use another computer on his network to get around her controls. He mentioned the D-Link routers they had at Best Buy and some of the features on those. Princess Dee said that Tiffany would follow him back to Best Buy and purchase the one David thought was best; and that if there was an ATM near the store that they could stop at it so Tiffany could withdraw the one hundred and fifty dollars that David had earned.

Princess Dee wanted Tom to go to Best Buy anyway. She had already taken control of his diet. Now it was time to take control of his exercise and sleep as well. She knew that Best Buy sold the Fitbit Flex and the Aria Wi-Fi Smart Scale that she could use for those ends. After all, she reckoned 'A healthy sissy is a happy sissy'. Besides, this would give Tom more public experience in his bra and panties.

As David and Princess Dee planned things out, Tom stood in the corner with his nose pressed to the walls, completely oblivious to what was happening. He had been in too much shock at his exposure to think about anything else, let alone to try to listen to David's end of the conversation. He had no idea that his day out adventure was only half over.

Chapter Nineteen *(added: 2014/04/16)*

When David had completed making the changes to Tom's computer, he informed Princess Dee that everything was set per her requests. Tom's computer would automatically reboot after a power failure, and could not boot from any other drive other than its C drive, and the BIOS was now protected with the password that Princess Dee had told David to use.

"Excellent! Thank you so much for your assistance David. I look forward to

using your services again in the very near future. Now put Tiffany back on the phone and I will tell her to follow you back to you an ATM to get your tip for you and then follow you back to your store once he settles your bill" Princess Dee said.

"Sure, just let me know what you need and when." David replied. : "Hey Tiffany, she wants to talk to you." He continued tossing the phone to Tom as he turned around.

When Tom held the phone up to his ear, he knew better than to hesitate or ignore Princess Dee as that is what had caused his latest predicament. "Yes Princess Dee?" he queried.

"You are learning my slave." She said. "I bet you won't ever ignore me again, will you?" She asked him rhetorically. Tom was about to reply when she continued. "Now, hurry up and pay your bill. Then you are going to follow David to an ATM and get out some money so you can tip David. I think one hundred and fifty dollars will suffice; don't you?"

Tom was stunned, she was expecting him to tip twice the amount of the bill that David had just handed him. In what could not have taken more than twenty minutes, Princess Dee had exposed him to a stranger who was now complicit in her machinations. How in the hell did this happen?

Tom seriously thought about giving Princess Dee a piece of his mind, but quickly reconsidered doing so. If she was willing to expose him for being a little slow in responding to her; then he could only imagine how bad her reaction might be if he spouted off at her. "Yes Princess Dee," he replied. "One hundred and fifty sounds only fair."

"Good! Now, once you are finished paying David his tip you will follow him to Best Buy. He will be getting you a new router to buy. I will call you back shortly and tell you what else I expect you to buy while you are there. Is that understood?" Princess Dee asked him.

Tom replied that he understood, and put the phone back in his shirt pocket when Princess Dee told him to go and then hung up on him. A few minutes later Tom followed David into the small strip mall parking lot just a few blocks away. At first Tom could not figure out why they stopped at this ATM instead

of using the one at Best Buy, but then it dawned on him that it would look weird to be tipping David such a large amount of cash for the limited work he had done. 'Pretty clever for a kid his age' Tom thought.

Tom was stooping over entering his pin number when David could clearly make out the bra lines under his shirt. "Wow! That's why she called you Tiffany and said you were a sissy. You're wearing a bra." David said and then continued, "Does she make you do that, or did she catch you and make you her slave because of it?"

Tom went pale before he could finish turning around to look at David and started to stammer "I, I, um."

"Never mind!" David cut him off. "I really don't want to know. Just give me my money and let's get going. Okay?"

Tom nodded, handed David the cash, and hurried back to his car. It was bad enough that David noticed the bra. It just would not do for someone else to spot it as well. Tom hoped it was just a fluke of the sunlight playing on his shirt, and the way he was bending down that had allowed David to notice the bra. However, it made Tom flash back to when he got off the bus earlier that day. He had been hoping that it was only his imagination, but now he was no longer sure. All Tom knew, was that he was hoping against hope, that nobody in Best Buy would also catch him out.

Tom wandered around the store waiting for Princess Dee to call him. After several minutes, David approached him carrying a small box. "Here you go." David told him "This will be your new router." David then walked over to his Geek Squad desk leaving Tom standing there alone.

Tom looked at the box and saw that it was a D-Link DIR-868L Wireless AC1750 Dual Band Gigabit Cloud Router. That did not mean anything to Tom, as far as he was concerned, a router was just a router. He only knew two things about it. First was that it would be used to restrict his computer use or somehow be used to control him. The second was that it was expensive. Tom frowned when he saw the price. He was already struggling to make it from paycheck to paycheck before he encountered Princess Dee. With how much she had made him spend in the last week, he would be late paying a couple of his bills before his next payday.

'Damn!' Tom thought to himself. 'There goes my credit rating.'

Two other thoughts came in to Tom's head at this time. He knew that David would be making another trip to his house to install it; yet another cost he really could not afford. The second was a nagging feeling in the back of his mind that he just could not put his finger on. Something about that name 'D-Link' instilled fear in him; but he just could not remember where he had heard it before.

Tom's phone rang, snapping his thoughts back to the present, and he immediately answered knowing that it was Princess Dee. Nobody ever called him on weekends, not even his parents. He had always made it well known to everybody he knew that his weekends were his alone time. While he might have occasionally gone out for drinks after work with some of the guys; he always said he was staying at home on the weekends to watch football or other sports. He had never told anyone that it was really to indulge in his bondage porn fetish and to seek out the occasional online Dominatrix to serve.

"Hello Tiffany, did you give David his tip and follow him back to the store?" Princess Dee asked him.

Tom looked around to make sure nobody else was close enough to hear his reply. "Yes Princess Dee, I did."

"Great, now let's go shopping!" She told him.

Tom was rather surprised to hear this. He thought that he would only have to buy what David had handed him. "You mean there is more than just this router that David gave me?" Tom asked her.

"What router sissy? What did he give you?" Princess Dee asked him.

Tom replied, only to hear Princess Dee giggle at his response. "Wow! Looks like I made the right decision to let David know about you." Princess Dee said. "He is already anticipating my needs. It seems he chose the router that works best with the camera system I told him he'd be installing in your house. It seems he will be a very valuable asset to me indeed."

Tom was devastated to hear this. That is why the name had frightened him He had heard it before and seen it when Princess Dee added it to his goals list. How on earth could he have forgotten that? Even with everything else that was happening to him, it just did not seem like something that he would ever forget. The despair was almost palpable; this had to be the worst day yet since he had met Princess Dee. Just hours ago he thought he would be able to shed his uniform and his chastity tube. Neither of those had panned out, and now Princess Dee had an accomplice who was just as thoughtful as she was. It was as if the Fates themselves had aligned against him.

Chapter Twenty *(added: 2014/04/16)*

Fortunately, for Tom, the rest of his trip to Best Buy was uneventful. Nobody else noticed the bra lines under his shirt including the cute little red headed cashier who rang up his purchase. When Princess Dee had instructed him to buy the Fitbit Flex and Aria scale, Tom's protestations that he had bills he had to pay first had fallen on deaf ears. Princess Dee made it very clear to him that this purchase took precedence over his utility bill and car insurance. "They won't turn off your power just because your payment is a week late slave. And you can always take the bus if you don't want to drive without insurance." She had told him. "I'll let you get ten dollars out of your account so you can buy a bus pass or individual trips. Just don't go over the ten dollars or there will be consequences. Is that understood?"

Tom understood quite clearly. If he went over the limit, she was capable of doing anything. It was obvious now that she would not hesitate at all to make his life miserable just to make a point. He would have to look into getting a daily or weekly pass if he could afford it; and if not then he would have to hope that it would get him to and from work until payday. If not, then it looked as if Tom would have to walk part or all of the way home for the next week. He was not willing to risk driving with expired insurance.

When Tom walked in the door of his house, he could see that Princess Dee was already online waiting for him. He groaned inwardly knowing that this day was far from over, but was elated when Princess Dee told him that he could go ahead and get changed as well as remove his chastity tube. She also told him to throw his clothes in the wash, as she knew how much he must have sweat that day. Tom followed her instructions and was very relieved to pull off the

cb-6000s. He could not believe just how tender the back of his scrotum had gotten from wearing it. He thought for sure it would be completely raw and bleeding by now. It sure felt that way to him, but after tugging on it so he could get a good look at it; seeing that it was only slightly chafed came as a complete surprise.

Tom thought about putting on some clothes but then thought better of it. Princess Dee had not given him permission to wear anything else and he did not think it would go over very well. 'God, I'm such a wimp!' he thought to himself. 'I'm not even brave enough to put on my own clothes or make my own decisions. What the hell is wrong with me?'

Tom started the washing machine and then headed back over to the computer. Princess Dee then had him turn around and present his scrotum to the camera for an inspection, "Well slave, the damage isn't too bad," she said, "but it looks like you will not have to wear the tube until you go back to work on Monday. Don't worry, soon enough your body will become accustomed to wearing it and you won't chafe like this anymore. Then you will be able to wear it long term. Aren't you excited?"

"Yes Princess Dee." Tom said. He was not excited about the long term, but he was happy to know that it would not hurt to wear it anymore.

"Now, before we do anything else slave. Go into your kitchen and fill up a large pot with water. You do have a large pot, don't you?" Princess Dee asked. Tom replied that he did. "Good, then measure out two cups of the Fifteen Bean Soup that you bought today and pour it in the water. You are going to let it soak for about an hour, and while that is happening we have some work to do." She continued.

Tom grabbed the bags he had bought earlier that day, took them to the kitchen, and finally put everything away. He poured the four bags of Fifteen Bean Soup into his now empty sugar container and then measured out and put the two cups of beans to soak per Princess Dee's instruction. As hungry as he was, he was not looking forward to trying his new diet.

"Now slave, you need to create a couple of new accounts for me. You will need a Gmail account and then a Facebook account. Your name is Tiffany Henderson and you are a female when it asks for your gender. Is that

understood?' she asked him. Tom nodded. "Good, and use your real information when it asks for your date of birth, location and phone number. That email and name is what you will use going forward as far as I am concerned. You will use them to create your Fitbit account and any other accounts necessary to further my control. Go ahead and create both of them now." She continued.

Tom nervously complied and created both of the accounts. He could not believe he was really doing this. This was fraud, wasn't it? Tom could see himself going to jail for this and having his rap sheet showing him going under the alias of Tiffany Henderson. How would he ever be able to get another job if he lost his current one? Surely, this would prevent him from ever passing a background check. Even if he was never arrested; nowadays, it is quite common for companies to search social networks as part of their hiring process. He also knew that once something was on the internet; that it was supposedly there forever. He could almost see the reasoning behind getting the Gmail account, but Facebook was another matter. Why did he have to have that? What did she have in mind for it?

Princess Dee then had him open up the Fitbit Flex. The package came with a USB charging cable, USB Bluetooth dongle, and a second larger strap. Tom tried on the smaller strap but it would not fit his wrist so he then tried out the larger one. He strapped it on and followed Princess Dee's instructions to pull the device out of the smaller strap, place it into the USB charging cable, and plug it into his computer. She then had him plug the USB Bluetooth dongle into his computer and wait for it to install the device driver for it. Once the driver installed, she had Tom go to Fitbit.com, create a new account using his new name and download the Fitbit Connect software. As had happened before; Tom had to have Princess Dee input her Admin password to complete the install.

"You will need to fully charge the Flex before you start wearing it Tiffy. When you see all five lights on it blinking, you will know it is fully charged. Once it is charged, you will wear it twenty-four hours a day seven days a week. You will only remove it for charging about every five or six days. Now while we are waiting for your beans to soak and the Flex to charge, go get all of your towels out of your closet and bring them here. It is time for you to start practicing your maid skills. Do you remember how to fold towels so the edges don't show?" Princess Dee asked.

Tom shook his head, told her he did not remember and then went down the hall to grab them. While he was doing this, Princess Dee opened his Kindle for PC program, selected the book "How To Become The Perfect Maid" and clicked through until she found the section titled "How to Fold Bath and Hand Towels in the Bathroom". She then updated his Facebook profile and entered 'Maid in Training' as his profession.

Chapter Twenty One *(added: 2014/04/16)*

Tom spent the next half hour folding and refolding the towels per Princess Dee's instructions. She verbally rebuked him every time one of the towels he folded was a different size than all the others. "You are sloppy Tiffany. As a maid you need to show perfection in your work. Do them all over again. Keep doing it until you get it right. You will want to be able to do this correctly the first time if you are to going to be successful in your career as a maid."

'My career as a maid?' Tom thought to himself. 'She is mad. There is no way on earth I'll do this as a career. Besides, nobody wants a man as a maid. Nobody would ever hire me.'

Princess Dee then instructed Tom to drain the water, rinse the beans thoroughly, refill the pot with water, and to put it on high heat to boil for the next forty-five minutes. Once he did that, it was right back to towel folding practice for another half an hour. Tom was grateful when Princess Dee stopped him and told him to go add half a cup of brown rice in with the beans. By now, Tom was more than hungry. He had not eaten since breakfast and his stomach began to rumble as the smell of the food wafted through the house. However, as hungry as he was, he just did not look forward to this meal. Fifteen minutes later Princess Dee instructed him to drain the water, rinse the rice and beans with cold water, and thoroughly strain out the excess water before putting them back in the pot.

Once Tom had done all this, Princess Dee informed him to get a trivet, cereal bowl, and serving spoon and to bring everything including his other food purchases out to his coffee table. Tom looked up at the camera and asked, "What's a trivet? Or a serving spoon? Do you mean a large spoon?"

Princess Dee looked stunned "Wow Tiffany, didn't you ever take Home Economics in school? Didn't your family ever have fancy dinners; even just at Thanksgiving and Christmas time?" Tom shook his head no. He was actually embarrassed at his lack of knowledge in this. Princess Dee continued, "A trivet is a stand for putting hot pots and dishes on so they don't damage your table. A serving spoon is normally the one bigger than a tablespoon in a set. You do have a flatware or silverware set, don't you?"

'Yes Princess Dee, I do." Tom replied."Why didn't you just say a large spoon to begin with? Yes I have a pot holder to put the pot on." Tom was exasperated. Why couldn't she just use plain English?

Princess Dee responded with "If you are going to represent me as a maid then you need to learn the proper terminology as well as the correct way of doing things. Is that understood Tiffy?" Tom just nodded his head and went back to collect everything as instructed.

When he returned, Princess Dee instructed him to use one or two cabbage leaves to line the bowl before filling it up with the cold beans and rice. She told him this was the base meal he would eat from now on, and that the only variety was the one topping he could use for each meal. She also told him that for tonight that topping was to be six spinach leaves.

Tom was flabbergasted. Did she really expect him to eat nothing but this for every meal? Surely, she would allow him more variety than just broccoli, cauliflower, radishes, spinach, cucumbers, tomatoes, or onions as a singular topping on a bed of rice and bean covered cabbage leaves. Nobody could eat like this for any length of time, and Tom was not even sure if he could eat it even just this once. Princess Dee then told Tom to go put everything in the fridge including the pot, which he was to cover.

"Bon appétit Tiffany! Enjoy your meal and understand that from now on every meal that you eat at home will be right here in front of the camera so I can be sure that you are not cheating on your diet. When you're done eating every bite in the bowl, I will excuse you for the rest of the night. I've seen your eating habits, and know full well what all of this fiber will do to you. Don't worry, after a few days your body will begin to acclimate itself to your new diet." Princess Dee said with a wicked smile and giggle.

Tom began to eat and found that it was just as bland as Princess Dee had said it would be. The texture was still firm, almost like 'al-dente' pasta. The only thing that gave it any flavor was when he also got one of the spinach leaves in a spoonful. Tom retched several times but continued to eat and managed to keep it down.

"As I said before Tiffy, when you are done eating you are free to enjoy the rest of the night and not completely your nightly tasks as I am sure you will be indisposed or preoccupied. In the meantime let me tell you a little about the Fitbit Flex and how I will be using it," Princess Dee said. "First, I will be able to monitor your physical activities and set you daily exercise goals. Failure to meet those goals will result in penalties or punishments. Second, I can set up to eight daily alarms on it. So, for instance, I could set one for two o' five am and give you one minute to show up in your uniform here in front of the camera; and I could do this seven more times each night at random times. Again, failure to complete this requirement in time would result in a penalty or punishment. Just knowing that you won't be able to put them on and be in front of the camera in time will help enforce your uniform requirements. Pretty nifty, don't you think?" Princess Dee asked him rhetorically.

Hearing this further level of intrusion did little for Tom's stomach, which had already started to grumble quite angrily even before he eaten the cabbage at the bottom of his bowl. Tom knew his bowels were in dire straits. Princess Dee was right; he was going to be indisposed for the rest of the evening. Tom only had a few minutes in which to think to himself, 'What kind of devious mind would think up the idea of using a fitness tracker to control another person?' Tom already knew the answer to that one, but before he could ponder it any further, it was urgent for him to reach his bathroom.

Tom spent the next couple of hours alternating between lying curled up in the fetal position on his bed, and making repeated trips to the toilet. Tom thought he was going to die from some of the cramps that filled his bowels. Surely, Princess Dee has uncovered the world's greatest laxative formula. If constipation was a disease then this had to be the cure.

By the time things finally settled down it was too much for Tom to bear. He could not do this anymore. Princess Dee could go ahead and send what she had to his neighbors; he no longer cared. All that mattered now was trying to get everything back to normal. Tom snuck out of his bedroom and to his

garage where he flipped the main circuit breaker. He then went and unplugged the computer and turned off his cell phone. 'There!' he thought to himself. 'That will keep her in the dark until I get things back to normal.' Tom chuckled at his own little joke as he headed back to the garage to turn his power back on.

Tom rationalized to himself that Princess Dee was only bluffing with the blackmail. Sure making anonymous phone calls to his neighbors was one thing. Mailing physical evidence of her illegal blackmail activities was another. They could get fingerprints from any mail she sent, and even if she did not put a return address, the postal stamp would narrow down her location for the postal authorities, FBI, or whoever, that would be investigating once he filed a complaint.

Tom felt elation at the steps he had taken. He would stop by the library after work on Monday and use one of their computers to access his accounts and change all of his passwords. That would be the end of Princess Dee as far as he was concerned. Tom was ninety-nine percent certain that Princess Dee was all bark and no bite. She may have been able to put him through hell for the past week or so, but she wasn't crazy enough to carry out her threat; was she? If she did then Tom would just say she had blackmailed him into doing all of the things. He could just lie and say that it was a normal online relationship that got carried away and that she continued to push him into doing more and more bizarre and nasty things with the threat of blackmail. Well, that is what he would say if it ever happened, and so what if his neighbors did not believe him? It was not as if he was close friends with any of them to begin with.

Tom started to gather everything up to throw it away. This was old hat for Tom. He would gather a nice collection of bondage toys and magazines, session a few times a month, and then after a particularly heavy online session; he would be so guilt and shame-ridden, that he would throw it all away and vow never to engage in his submissive activities again. Needless to say, but 'never' only ever lasted a few months before Tom's fetishes got the better of him and the cycle would start all over again. "This time will be different." Tom told himself. After his experience with Princess Dee, he did not think he would be able to trust another online Dominatrix.

Tom threw the two Sexflesh toys into a trash bag along with the chastity tube and the Fitbit. He then grabbed the bra and panties to throw them away when

he felt the thrill he had encountered wearing them before filling him again. He had developed a new fetish after all. After a few minutes of hesitation, Tom decided not only to keep them, but also to wear them to bed. He had been in submissive mode for well over twenty-four hours without an orgasm. Maybe he just needed to rub one out to help clear his mind. Once Tom had satisfied his urges, he decided to leave the bra and panties on until morning. By then he reasoned his mind would be clear and he could go back to business as usual.

When morning came, Tom decided that he should too; at least one more time before shedding the bra and panties. He then got up, discarded them into his bathroom waste can, and took a nice long hot relaxing shower.

'Ah, the joys of Sundays in the late summer.' Tom thought to himself as he pushed his chair back into place and turned the television on to one of the pre-game shows. Right before kickoff Tom decided to order a large pepperoni pizza. 'Life is good' Tom thought, 'football, pizza; now all that's missing is a nice cold beer or three.'

Princess Dee was the furthest thing from his mind until the fourth quarter of the second game. However, she was his first thought when his house phone began to ring. 'Damn!' Tom thought, 'I forgot about the home phone.' Just like with his cell phone Tom knew that it had to be Princess Dee. Just like on his cell phone, nobody ever called him on the weekends at home either; and for the same reason. This had to be Princess Dee he thought. She must have used the internet to do a reverse phone look up since she had his name and address. 'Oh well' he reasoned, 'easy enough to deal with.' With that, Tom got up, walked over, and unplugged his phone. He was not going to listen to any more of Princess Dee's threats. Besides, there was still a game to finish watching.

Tom felt great. He had wrested control of his life back from Princess Dee and was feeling confident in himself again. He was certain that he would never hear from Princess Dee again. What could she do to him now? It was very unlikely that she was going to send the Best Buy Geek back to his house to fix his internet. Even if she did, Tom would just tell him to go away and not let him in. If she dared to mail his neighbors, then he would deal with that when it happened. Nope, life was indeed good again. At least as good as it ever really got for Tom.

Monday came and went, and Tom's life was back in full swing as it should be. Soon enough Princess Dee would be just another nameless Dominatrix that he had played with online. He always forgot who they were. Their names were never important to Tom. They were just tools he used to get what he wanted. With enough time under the bridge, Tom was certain that he could convince himself that that is what happened with Princess Dee.

Midway through his shift on Tuesday, Tom was standing near one of the cash registers talking with one of his coworkers when he heard the intercom announce that he had a phone call. Tom walked back to his office to take the call. His knees buckled and he almost fell to the floor when he heard the voice on the other end say, "Hello Tiffany, did you really think you could escape me so easily?"

Chapter Twenty Two *(added: 2014/04/16)*

"How... How did you get this number?" Tom asked.

"Does that really matter my slave? I don't think so. I think the only thing that matters now, is what happens next." Princess Dee said. "I am very disappointed in you, I was beginning to think that you were accepting what was happening. As I told you before I do not want to destroy your life, but I will if I must. Did you really think that you could just walk away from me? I've put a lot of time and effort into giving you what you asked for and what you want; even if you aren't fully aware of it." Princess Dee said.

Tom sat down hard on his chair. He was finding it very difficult to concentrate on what Princess Dee was saying. He also knew it did not bode well for him that she was not yelling or screaming at him in anger. She also wasn't threatening him either. Tom did not have much experience with women; but there was one thing he had learned in the past, it was that a calm and disappointed woman was more dangerous than a raving angry one. While a raving angry one would yell and make threats, it was the calm and disappointed one who would actually take action to effect change.

"What did you do, go to a friend's house or the library and change all your passwords on a different computer? Did you really think that you could just end this so easily? Sorry slave, you will be disappointed to know that you are

not the first slave to try this, and that I had already taken measures in case you tried something like this. It was simply a matter of changing your security questions and answers to something I knew. When you changed your passwords, I bet you thought to make sure the mobile number and primary email recoveries hadn't changed; but as I've encountered in the past when people panic and change their passwords they never give thought to their security questions. Since I was able to use them to regain access to your accounts, I assume you didn't even think of them for a second." Princess Dee gave a small giggle after saying this.

Tom's heart sunk. She was right. He never even thought about the security questions. He just assumed that since he had used a different computer to change the passwords that he was safe. Even if she had spyware on his computer, he thought, she would have no way of knowing his new passwords and believed his accounts were safe from her. The accounts had still shown his mobile number and email address on the account settings pages of each when he changed the passwords. It never occurred to him to look at, let alone change his security questions.

"Once I regained control of the accounts it was a simple matter for me to then change everything and make those accounts completely mine. The only way you will ever be able to use those accounts again will be on your own computer after I type in the password for you via Teamviewer. Not only will you not have the current password to use to change it; but also if you try anything to recover the page I can simply close the browser before you can do anything. I have also taken the liberty of adding 'second sign- in verification' to your accounts that provide that option. Good luck ever trying to prove that you are the owner of your accounts and accessing them without me ever again." She said.

All Tom could do was ask, "Why? Why are you doing this to me? What do you want?"

Princess Dee just chuckled. "You already know what I want slave."

"Please Princess Dee, just leave me alone," he said.

"Is that really what you want slave? Think hard and listen carefully before you answer me. I am giving you a chance to live out your fantasy of being owned,

and controlled by a dominant woman who is actually interested in you. Do you really want to give this up just to sit at home alone when you aren't working in a dead-end lower management position in retail, or obliging your own masturbatory fantasies? I can give your life purpose and meaning beyond who and what you currently are. You can be my slave, or you can be a nobody again. Now, tell me, is that really what you want?" Princess Dee asked.

Tom hesitated; he was very confused by her sincerity and by her offer. Would she really just let him go right now if he told her to leave him alone? If so, was she right? Would he really go back to being a nobody? What was wrong with him? How could she make slavery actually sound better than the alternative? "I...I" Tom stammered without ever giving her a definitive answer.

"See slave? You can't even make a simple decision like that. That is why I have decided it for you. You should know right now that I would have let you walk away a free man right there and then, if you had just made up your mind that that was indeed what you truly wanted. However, since you so obviously need my control I will tell you now that I have no intention of ever letting you go. If you ever try to escape from me again I will completely and utterly destroy your life. Granted, you were willing to risk me exposing you to your neighbors and family; but are you willing to risk having your boss Diane Jensen and everyone else who works with you see your video? Are you willing to lose your job, your retirement package, and your insurance benefits? Even if I don't show them the video, I could simply make enough customer comments and anonymous complaints to get you fired. If you were fired for cause then you wouldn't even be able to file for unemployment insurance. And I promise you now that I would make sure that nobody else would ever hire you. You would be destitute slave; with no job, no money and no future. Do not ever fail me again. Understood?" She said.

Tom's legs were shaking even sitting down and he again broke into a heavy sweat. Princess Dee was right. It was one thing to be humiliated to neighbors who did not matter to him and he knew his parents would still love him no matter what. However, losing his job of sixteen years and his retirement since it was not fully vested would be very devastating. He had no money saved and would lose his house and car in very short order. Tom finally answered her the only way he could. "Yes Princess Dee, I understand."

"Excellent!" Princess Dee said, "Now you should know that actions have

consequences. One of the consequences of your actions obviously was that I wrested control of all of your accounts away from you. Another consequence will be an escalation in the timeframe I had laid out to increase my control over you. To that end, it will be necessary for you to borrow as much money from your 401K account as allowed. You will submit the loan request before you leave work today. The last consequence is a punishment. Just as a petulant child must sometimes be punished by having their favorite toy taken away...I have decided to take away your car. When you get home from work tonight, you will turn my computer on and then together we will post an ad for it on Craigslist. Do I make myself clear slave?"

Tom sat there weeping as he replied, "Yes Princess Dee."

Chapter Twenty Three *(added: 2014/04/16)*

Tom couldn't believe it. He thought that his nightmare was over, but now realized that it had only just begun. He went online and requested the loan against his 401K plan and then told his boss that he wasn't feeling very well and asked for the rest of the day off. From work he headed directly to the library and spend the next hour trying to access and then recover his accounts. Princess Dee was true to her word. He was unable to sign in to any of them and trying to recover the passwords via email, phone number, and security questions proved unsuccessful. The only way he would ever access those accounts again was if Princess Dee signed in for him.

Tom then headed for home knowing he was defeated. Princess Dee was a Grand Champion at Chess and he only knew how to play Checkers. He was completely out maneuvered. When he got home he went straight into the garage and dug everything he had thrown away out of the garbage cans. 'At least she doesn't know that I tried to throw everything away.' Tom thought to himself. He knew that she would find another way to punish him if she did. He wiped everything down and strapped the Fitbit Flex around his wrist. He then went and grabbed the bra and panties out of the bathroom trash and tossed them in the washing machine before heading out to the mailbox.

When he stepped outside the door he saw the package sitting there. He didn't remember ordering anything else so he wondered what it could possibly be. He left it there as he walked to the sidewalk and looked inside the mailbox.

There was nothing there, so he headed back to the house still trying to think of what the mystery package could be. When he bent down to pick it up, he could see the shipping slip and let out a low groan as he saw it was from Sharper Uniforms. His maid uniforms had arrived.

When Tom got inside, his curiosity got the better of him and he opened up the package. Sitting in the top of the box were the three white Tea Aprons and underneath them were the two Housekeeping Dresses. There was something about the contrast between the white aprons and the black dresses with their white collars and cuffs that Tom found oddly fascinating. These were not sexy uniforms like the French Maid uniforms out of most people's fantasies. No, these were strictly utilitarian in nature and the polyester material was not as sensual to the touch as silk. However, Tom found himself getting aroused and excited looking at them and wanting to try them on. He even found himself wondering what it would be like to wear these while cleaning. Tom cursed himself for his thoughts. Could he really be excited about this? Did Princess Dee have him pegged correctly from the very beginning?

Tom pulled himself away from the uniforms when he realized that he had unknowingly been touching the dress and apron with one hand and rubbing his crotch with the other. He was disturbed by his own actions, and then actually gave a small chuckle when he thought he would need the chastity tube to stop him from wasting all his time playing with himself.

"Shit!" Tom said out loud. Princess Dee would know he removed the chastity tube because he had to cut the plastic lock to remove it. As soon as she saw the number on the new lock she would know right away that it wasn't just the computer that he had tampered with. He could only imagine what the consequences and punishments for this would be. Once he got the chastity device back on, he attempted to superglue the lock back together unsuccessfully. There just didn't appear to be a way to prevent Princess Dee from discovering that he had removed the device.

Once he resigned himself to the fact that he would have to use a new lock, Tom's thoughts turned to mitigating the consequences of his actions. Maybe by wearing the maid's uniform before Princess Dee commanded him to wear it, he would impress her enough that she would lessen the severity of any retaliation she took. At least he hoped so, even if he didn't truly believe it himself.

Tom spent the rest of the time waiting for the bra and panties to finish drying watching television. He thought it would be best to have them on under the maid's uniform just in case Princess Dee demanded an inspection. Besides, he reasoned, she was not expecting him home from work just yet. She had no way of knowing that he had left work early.

As soon as he heard the buzzer, he put the bra and panties on directly out of the dryer. The tingle he normally got from putting them on slightly enhanced by the warmth of the dryer. Tom then put on the dress and then struggled to attach the apron to it since the apron strings were part of the dress itself and not part of the apron. He didn't understand the concept of this at first, but it quickly dawned on him that it made it more secure instead of having the risk of a poorly done knot tied behind him coming undone.

Tom looked at himself in the mirror with both fascination and humiliation. He was aroused again at the idea of being a maid and ashamed at the fact that this was turning him on. He could feel his penis throbbing against the inside of the chastity tube struggling to break free. With a deep breath he tried to steady his nerves and calm his excitement. "It's time." He told himself as he turned away from the mirror, walked out to his computer, and with a deep breath, turned the computer back on.

Chapter Twenty Four *(added: 2014/06/24)*

Tom sat in front of the computer for over ten minutes waiting nervously for Princess Dee to log on. He was reluctant to try anything on the computer as he knew he couldn't access any of his accounts and really didn't know what else to do. If he had been paying attention he would have discovered that he was fidgeting with the apron he was wearing almost instinctually; alternating between folding the bottom hem up and smoothing the apron back down over his lap. Tom would have been ashamed if he knew what he was doing as it would have seemed a very feminine gesture to him.

Immediately upon connecting to Tom's computer, Princess Dee turned on his camera to verify that he was wearing his required uniform of bra and panties. He was already in it deep enough; heaven help him if he was still wearing his work clothes. She was pleasantly surprised to see instead the white collar and

black body of the maid's uniforms that she had ordered for him. "My, my, what have we here?" she asked with a slight giggle in her voice.

"Well, stand up sissy, let me see!" Princess Dee told him. Tom stood up and stepped back away from the desk so Princess Dee could see the whole maid's outfit. He felt a thrill as he twirled around at her behest. This took him aback as he could not understand why he was not embarrassed instead.

"Very nice slave, with a bit of make-up and a few more accoutrements you will really look like the maid you will become. Let's see now....what's missing?" Princess Dee then snapped her fingers and said "I know."

Tom then watched as Princess Dee pulled up his Amazon account on his computer and typed 'maid cap' into the search bar. When she saw the 'Draphix Authentic Maid Waitress Uniform White HeadPiece Cap Hat w/ Headband' she said "Perfect! Your crowning glory," with a giggle and added two of them to his shopping cart.

"You also need some shoes and hosiery." She said as she then typed in 'Le Dame Ballet flats' and chose the 'Le Dame® Footwear Unisex Ballet Flats - Sister Mary Agnes - Large Shoe Sizes!' in black and asked Tom what size he wore. When he told her she then added them to his shopping cart as well. Finally she added two 'Hanes Silk Reflections Women's Blackout Thigh High' to Tom's cart and proceeded to check out using the one day shipping option.

"There, now your uniform will be complete" she said emphatically. "Speaking of which...you are wearing your full uniform I hope."

Tom nodded his head and pulled the neck of the housekeeping dress open enough to flash some of the pink bra to Princess Dee and then lifted up the front of the dress and apron high enough for her to glimpse the matching pink panties.

"Excellent sissy...and the chastity as well?" she asked him.

Tom bent his head down and used his chin to hold up the dress and apron so he could then pull the panties down and show her the chastity device. Tom then let out a sigh and thought 'aw crap!' when she told him to step closer to the camera so she could verify the number on the plastic lock. He knew that all

of the goodwill he had won by wearing the maid's uniform would evaporate as soon as she saw that he was wearing a new lock.

"What's this? So you did remove the chastity during your little escape attempt. Well, as I told you before; there are consequences for your actions. Now, sit down and be quiet while I address some of these consequences." She said.

Tom sat down and watched helplessly as Princess Dee performed a Google search for 'tattoo and piercing shops in Davenport Iowa'. Princess Dee then opened the webpage of 'Tribal Time Tattoos and Body Art'. Tom then heard the dial tone as Princess Dee put her phone on speaker and called the shop.

"Tribal Tattoos. This is Andy." Tom heard the voice on the other end of the line answer.

"Hello. I was calling to inquire about your services" Princess Dee said. "Do you offer Prince Albert piercings? I am looking to have my sissy slave pierced and tattooed."

"Um...okay." Andy replied awkwardly. "Yes, we can do that here."

Tom sat in stunned silence. Even if he wanted to protest, he really didn't know what to say at that point.

"Great!" Princess Dee exclaimed. "I would like to schedule him for the piercing a week from Friday if possible, a gauge ten."

"Ten is kind of large for an initial piercing. Can I recommend going with a twelve and then stretching it to a ten once it has healed? Or are you trying to expand an existing piercing?" Andy asked.

"No, this will be the sissy's first piercing. It will be used to help keep him locked in chastity and the device requires a gauge ten piercing. But if you go ahead and do a gauge ten then I will be sure to throw some additional work your way in the future; perhaps his tongue and nipples at a later time?" Princess Dee inquired.

Tom was perplexed. What chastity device was she talking about? How would having a piercing on the end of his penis work with the cb6000s he was

wearing. Was she planning on having a ring in the piercing and putting a lock through the ring on the outside of the cage so it couldn't pull back through? Tom shuddered at the thought of how bad that would hurt and how effective that would be at keeping him from trying to remove the device.

"Sure, I didn't say that we won't do it; just that we recommend a smaller gauge to start with. You also mentioned tattoos?" he replied.

Princess Dee chuckled and said "Yes, three tattoos to be exact. We can schedule the first one for the same day as the piercing and then the other two on the following two Fridays if that is okay."

Andy told her sure, that wouldn't be a problem and asked her what she was looking for, or if she had the artwork to send him so he could create the stencils. Princess Dee said she had general ideas for all three tattoos but that she would allow him to be as creative as possible within her guidelines. Andy told her that there would be an additional charge for that, as it would take him time to come up with the actual designs. Princess Dee told him that that was not a problem and then told him what she wanted.

"Okay, the first tattoo is going to be just above his left ankle on the outside. It should be a hot pink rose wrapped in barbed wire to symbolize his status as a slave. It should be between two and three inches high. The second one will go on his right chest somewhere above his nipple. This one should also be of a hot pink rose and have his new stage name "Tiffany Rose" in feminine script underneath it. It should also be between two and three inches high. The final tattoo is to be a very floral tramp stamp with the words 'Sissy' on the left and 'Tiffany' spelled t-i-f-f-y on the right as part of the design. I want the letters of the words here to be at least one and a half inches or taller.

However big you can make them so they fit and are clearly legible in fact would be great. This will also be in hot pink including the letters, and the letters should have a very defined edge to them. Perhaps even a doubly thick outline as compared to the outline on the rest of the tattoos...that way 'Sissy Tiffany' really stands out. I know it is a lot of pink, but that is the color for sissies after all." Princess Dee said.

Tom's mouth fell open and he continued to sit there in stunned silence at what he was hearing being planned out. He would never again be able to wear

shorts or go topless on hot summer days without displaying his status as a sissy or a slave. Even the white t-shirts he often wore would do nothing to hide the tattoo on his chest.

"Damn!" Andy exclaimed. "He is willing and wanting to get these done? He must be a real sissy."

Princess Dee just chuckled and said "No, he is a slave; he doesn't want any of this, but really has no say in the matter. He will be reluctant at best. I hope that is not a problem."

Andy chuckled back and said "No, not a problem for me as long as he signs the waiver and is not intoxicated or drunk when he comes in. The last thing I want is to be sued for buyer's remorse."

"Trust me, you have nothing to worry about there. The last thing my slave wants is publicity, and there would be a lot of that surrounding a lawsuit. Anyway, how does six pm next Friday sound?" she asked.

Chapter Twenty Five *(added: 2014/06/24)*

As soon as she hung up from making the call to the tattoo shop Tom saw her bring the google page back up and start looking at beauty salons. Tom heard the dial tone and several very brief phone calls where Princess Dee asked if they would pierce a sissy's ears. All of them said yes; but when Princess Dee asked if they would be interested in taking him as a long term client for additional services such as hair styling and make-up they all turned her down. They all feared it would offend their female clientele, and possibly drive customers away.

Princess Dee was at wit's end by the time she called the 'A Touch of Class' salon. Sure there were other beauty salons listed in the Quad City area, but as soon as Tom's car was sold and he was relying on city transportation they would essentially be too far away to be practical.

In sheer frustration Princess Dee referred to Tom as a sissy maid this time instead of just as a sissy. At first her reply was the same as it had been from all the other salons she had called...the ear piercing was fine but she did not have

time to take on any additional clients of either gender; but then instead of hanging up the woman on the other end of the line, Yvonne, asked a question of her own.

"So is he a real maid with a real uniform; and not just someone wearing a ridiculous French Maid Halloween costume?" she asked.

"It is a real uniform and he will be a real maid once he has completed all of his training, but for now he is just a maid-in-training. Why?" Princess Dee asked in the hope that Yvonne wasn't asking just to appease her curiosity.

"Well, I could use some help cleaning up here in the shop." Yvonne replied.

"Aren't you afraid he would drive away your business? Princess Dee asked.

"Not really. I am sure if he were just a mincing little sissy who appeared to be enacting some sick fetish by prancing around in public as a French Maid with a feather duster that he'd drive me out of business within a week or two at most. But if it is a real uniform and he is doing real work, then I think most of my later evening clients would be pretty open minded to his being there. The extra help he provides would give me the time necessary to take him on as a client" Yvonne said.

Tom was relieved when he heard Princess Dee say "Sorry, he is not available in the evenings, those are currently dedicated to his training. But hopefully you will still be willing to take him on as a client. I can make it worth your while; just name your price."

Yvonne replied "Hmm, as tempting as that is, it isn't about the money. I just don't have the time to take on any new clients right now. Unless..." Yvonne paused to think for a minute before continuing, "On Saturdays I offer a full service spa day to my clients. It's more of a pamper and primp service really. I cater it to lower and middle class women who most of the higher end salons won't touch, even if they could afford it. I think having a maid clean up and provide them with tea service or drinks just might increase my business enough to enable me to hire another beautician or two. That would enable me to take him on as a client. In fact, if he is successful as I think he will be at generating new business for me then I will provide my services to him for free in exchange for his services. All he will have to pay for is any items or products

used. How does that sound?"

Tom's lower lip began to tremble in fear when he heard Princess Dee say "Saturday's work for me, it's a deal."

"Great!" Yvonne said. "When can he start?"

"I see no reason why he can't start for you this Saturday if you want." Princess Dee answered.

"Well, I would want his ear piercing done first. And he would have to come in early Saturday morning for me to do his make-up before the salon opens. I don't want to just spring a male looking maid on my clients, so the more feminine he appears when he is introduced to them the better. Does he have or need a wig?" Yvonne asked.

"No, he doesn't have one, and his hair is pretty short" Princess Dee replied.

"That is okay" said Yvonne, "if you don't mind, then I will buy one for him based on his facial structure and overall appearance. As his hair grows in I can start training it to take the shape needed or maybe give him extensions; but in the meantime I think a wig is the best option. It will almost be like having my very own living cosmetology practice doll. This is going to be fun. I am really looking forward to this."

"So am I." Princess Dee chuckled "So am I."

Chapter Twenty Six *(added: 2014/06/24)*

As soon as Princess Dee hung up the phone Tom spoke up. "I-is all of this really necessary Princess Dee?"

"Of course it is my little sissy. It is vital that we cement your position. Your reluctance has been amusing at best, but I am very disappointed in your last little rebellion attempt. Until now, everything we have done has obviously just not instilled in you the permanence of your new position in life. I think having proof of what you are permanently etched into your skin might help to also permanently etch it into your mind as well." Princess Dee told him.

"But how will I ever be able to go to the gym or go swimming with those tattoos? I will never be able to wear shorts or go topless again without exposing myself to ridicule." Tom implored.

Princess Dee just chuckled. "Seriously sissy? I can tell that your ass has not seen the inside of a gym in a few years so don't even try to use that as an excuse. And unless you are swimming at an indoor pool, your stark white body tells me that you haven't been spending any time laying out at the pool lately, if ever, either. So please don't tell me that you are really that concerned with being exposed to ridicule; as it stands right now the odds of that happening appear to be next to none."

Tom was about to reply but Princess Dee interrupted him. "Besides," she said, "you are a slave now. If you do get ridiculed, then so what? Self-esteem is for people; why should I care about your feelings on this? The more people who help keep you in your place the better."

Tom knew he wasn't going to win this argument so he went on to his next concern. "Why do I need the piercing? What if it gets infected? If it sticks out of the chastity and you lock it there, doesn't it risk tearing out or stretching?"

Princess Dee laughed aloud. "My, my, what an overactive imagination you have sissy. I never realized what a worrywart you are. The risk of infection at a reputable shop is very low; as is the risk for infections with Prince Albert piercings; not that it concerns me. If you get an infection then that is your problem, not mine. As far as I am concerned, if it gets infected and falls off, or has to be removed, then you will have another permanent reminder of your place in life. So I highly recommend you strictly adhere to the aftercare requirements to prevent that from happening." Princess Dee giggled. "As far as using it with the chastity; first I love that you think I was going to use it to lock your piercing to the outside of your tube. That is an excellent idea, and I may use that temporarily; but not until after it heals; because yes, there is the risk of it stretching or tearing out. No slave, the piercing is for the new chastity you will be getting. While the CB6000s is a good chastity device, there is nothing like solid stainless steel for making chastity that much more secure. Soon you will be the lucky owner of a Mistress Lori's number 2D with electrodes."

Princess Dee opened Tom's web browser and typed in 'chastitytube.com' and entered the site to show Tom the new device she had planned for him and then said. "Trust me slave, with a Prince Albert piercing, your chastity will be that much more secure that it is now."

Tom gasped when he saw the device. This thing looked very seriously no-nonsense. He shuddered at the thought of it being locked onto his penis through the PA hole he was soon to have. Tom had already been unsuccessful in his attempt at masturbation in the CB6000s, he could only imagine how much harder it would be to achieve any pleasure, let alone an erection in the 2D. Even scarier was how the chastity had electrodes attached to it that connected it to a Dreamlover Labs DL2000 chastity device. Tom recognized the DL2000 from when Princess Dee first added it to his goals on his Mint.com account. He had later looked it up and knew some of its capabilities and that it would allow Princess Dee to administer punishing shocks to his genitals as well as stimulus. Tom prayed that there would be more stimulus than punishments; but he somehow knew that would be one unanswered prayer. Looking at the picture of the device made Tom wish that he could wear the CB6000s forever. It seemed much more comforting than what he was now looking at.

Tom decided to move his concerns to the second phone call that Princess Dee had successfully made deals on. As nervous as he was at the reality of it actually happening, Tom was also secretly excited at the idea of serving random women at the beauty salon. The very idea of it caused his penis to throb within its cage and sent shivers of thrill up his spine. However, he did not want Princess Dee to be aware of this so he tried to steel himself and pretend that he did not care for this plan at all. He started to address the issue but was immediately cut off by Princess Dee. "Don't tell me that you aren't thrilled by the idea sissy. I can hear it in your voice and see it in your eyes."

Tom stammered "I-I don't," he said, but stopped as he recognized the breathy quality his voice had taken on. Of course she could hear it in his voice, so could he, and probably almost anyone else on earth who would have heard him at that moment. As for seeing it in his eyes, yes she could probably do that as well once Tom had thought about how big his eyes must have dilated. Damn, he hated himself for finding this exciting again. Tom realized that this was a futile battle on his part, but knew that he did have one other thing he wanted to address.

"Princess Dee, please don't make me get my ears pierced" Tom implored. "I can conceal everything else but there is no way to hide the fact that I have had both of my ears pierced. What do I tell people? What do I tell my work?"

Princess Dee's eyes turned cold. "You just don't get it do you sissy? I don't care. Tell them you are going through a mid-life crisis; tell them you lost a bet; tell them you are coming out as gay; or tell them that you are a sissy. Hell, tell them the truth, that you are being blackmailed into becoming a sissy slave. I really just don't care. You either need to find a way to cover your own ass, or come to terms with your new life. And the sooner you do that the better."

Tom stuttered out a "y-yes P-Princess Dee." Wow, Tom thought, that didn't go well. He knew that Princess Dee could be cruel, but he didn't think that she was so volatile.

In fact, Princess Dee wasn't that volatile. She had acted that way for the explicit purpose of throwing Tom off-guard. A little fear would be a good thing for what she had planned for him later that evening. In the meantime, she thought it best to get Tom's dinner out of the way and told him to go get a bowl of his beans and bring them back so she could watch him eat.

'Oh shit!' Tom thought to himself. The beans and stuff had gone into the trash when he tried to escape. Tom knew he was in for it as soon as Princess Dee saw the crestfallen look on his face.

"Seriously Tiffy? You tossed it out when you thought you had gotten away from me, didn't you?" Princess Dee asked him. Tom nodded his head in the affirmative. "Well as I've told you there are consequences and punishments for your actions and right now I am not in a giving mood so I think perhaps double punishments are in order."

Tom just hung his head like a condemned man and awaited his sentence. He did not have to wait long.

"Well, the consequence of your actions is that you will go hungry tonight and all day long tomorrow at work. Obviously after work you will need to go to the city market again and repurchase your food before you will be allowed to eat again. That will be something that you will regret both tonight and tomorrow.

Tomorrow you will be starting your fitness training with the Fitbit. The default is ten thousand steps a day, but for the first part of your punishment let's change that to fifteen thousand steps instead. Why, to meet that goal you might have to walk all the way to the city market instead of taking the bus. Yes, your car is off-limits until it sells, so don't even think about taking it. As for the second part of your punishment, well I will have to call Yvonne back and let her know that you will now be getting two piercings in each earlobe instead of just the one. Do you dare to get another punishment added? I'd be happy to have her give you a few Helix piercings as well." Princess Dee said.

Tom shook his head no. He had no idea what a Helix piercing was, but he really did not want to find out the hard way. He also cursed himself for getting into another position that merited him a punishment. It might have been easy for him to explain away pierced ears using one of the sarcastically provided answers that Princess Dee had given him earlier; not so easily done with double piercings.

"Now," Princess Dee started, thinking that it was time to push Tom now that she had instilled a fair amount of fear in him, "Get out both of your toys so you can practice your oral training and then undress down to just your bra and chastity. Yes, remove your panties too; and be a good little maid and put the rest of your uniform away properly."

As soon as Tom had hung up the maid's uniform and folded up and put away the panties, he came back with both of his Sexflesh toys in tow.

"Get them both set up on the coffee table like you did the other night sissy." Princess Dee told him. "Tonight we are going to do this a little bit differently."

With that Princess Dee turned on the black-screen option on Tom's Teamviewer. "I am not the authority when it comes to how well you perform oral service sissy; especially when it comes to fellatio. So I've decided that the best way for you to learn is to have a critical audience." Princess Dee said.

Tom's eyes went as big as saucers at this last comment. What the hell was happening behind that black screen?

When the screen came back on a second later Tom saw that he was signed in as sissytiffy on the Chaturbate website and that his profile read 'chastised

sissy loves to serve and please orally; be my director'.

"Now get to work my sissy, I will be back in about 3 hours." Princess Dee said as she opened his room to everyone.

Chapter Twenty Seven *(added: 2015/12/22)*

Tom was mortified to see himself on the screen. There he was squatting on the floor wearing a pink bra with the two sex toys in front of him. There was absolutely nothing to obscure who he was, and the artificial vagina and penis sitting in front of him made it perfectly clear to anyone who was watching that he was there to perform orally just as it stated on his profile.

As the first person entered his chat room; Tom panicked. He jumped up and grabbed hold of his mouse and tried to close the chat window unsuccessfully as his inputs were still locked by Princess Dee. He then immediately reached over and turned the camera so it was facing the wall.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Princess Dee asked him as she closed the chat room window. "Why did you move the camera?"

"Please Princess Dee, don't make me do this. What if someone recognizes me? I can't go on cam looking like this...let alone to do what you want me to do. Please, isn't there something else I can do?" Tom pleaded.

"No sissy, there isn't anything else you can do. How many times do I have to tell you that you need to accept your new position in life? So what if someone recognizes you? They will only see you for the sissy that you are. Besides, what do you think the odds are of it happening? How likely is it that someone you know is on this site right now, let alone looking at your profile or entering your room? Now, turn the camera back towards the coffee table and resume your position," Princess Dee instructed.

Tom was panic-stricken as he struggled to come up with a way of making himself unrecognizable; when the solution to his problem hit him square in the face.

"Princes Dee, can I at least put on some makeup? That way I will look more like

the sissy you want me to be," he asked.

Princess Dee pondered this for a few moments. Tom thought he was being clever here by offering to feminize himself in order to get what he wanted. At first Princess Dee was going to deny Tom's request just to make him suffer. However, the more she thought about it, the more she realized she could turn it to her advantage. She then told Tom that she had closed the room and for him to get back on camera.

Tom did as he was told and then Princess Dee said, "Tell me what you want."

"I want to put on makeup Princess Dee," Tom said.

"Why?" Princess Dee asked him. "Tell me why you want to wear makeup," she said. She knew she had to play this carefully. If it panned out then she would get something that Tom would regret saying for a very long time; and if it didn't then it would still be a great mind-fuck on her part.

Tom wanted to wear makeup to make himself unrecognizable or at least less recognizable, but he knew he couldn't just come out and say so or Princess Dee refuse to allow it. He had to convince Princess Dee that he actually wanted to wear it to show that he really was a sissy.

"I want to wear makeup so I can be a good sissy for you on webcam," Tom stated.

"Why?" Princess Dee asked him again.

"To do what you want me to do for you on webcam," Tom answered.

Princess Dee smiled, so far this was playing out as she was hoping it would. "What is it I want you to do on cam my little sissy?" she asked.

Tom was getting frustrated with the questions. It was almost like talking to a three-year-old who was playing the "Why?" game that all kids of certain ages find so amusing. This did not seem to be going as smoothly as Tom was hoping it would. "You want me to orally play with sex toys," he said.

Princess Dee smirked and said "You mean eat pussy and suck cock? What, are you too embarrassed to even say those terms? Is it too hard for you say what you will be doing? Or is it just the one that you have difficulty saying? Come on sissy, let me hear you say 'eating pussy'."

Tom felt the heat of his blush as his cheeks and ears turned bright red with both embarrassment and arousal. "Eating pussy," he said.

"See," Princess Dee said, "that wasn't so hard to say, was it? But eating pussy isn't really a sissy thing to do is it? Lots of men do that quite eagerly, so it must be the other thing then. Come on now, be a good sissy for me and say it...'sucking cock', I know you can do it."

Tom swallowed hard, this really was not going as he thought it would. There was no longer any arousal in his crimson cheeks and ears as he finally looked down and said, "Sucking cock."

"See sissy, I knew you could say it. Now look at me and tell me what you want," Princess Dee said with a Cheshire Cat grin and her hand pressing the button to record on her computer.

Tom sighed, he knew he had backed himself into a corner here, and that the only way out of it was to tell Princess Dee what she wanted to hear. He looked up at the camera as he spoke. "I want to wear makeup and look like a sissy when I am on cam sucking cock for you Princess Dee."

Princess Dee just chuckled lightly and said, "So close sissy, but so far. You want to look like a sissy? My dear, you are a sissy and it isn't what I want or who you are doing this for that matters. Now, be concise and tell me exactly what it is you want." She then pressed the record button. This was the moment that she either got Tom to say something he would regret forever, or the mind-fuck would come to an end.

Tom took a deep breath and finally said the words that Princess Dee was hoping to hear. "I want to wear makeup when I suck cock."

Princess Dee stopped the recording before Tom could elaborate or try to rectify

his statement but she had nothing to worry about. Tom was dumbstruck as soon as he had said those words. That isn't what he wanted. He didn't want any of this, and yet those were the words that had come out of his mouth. He had made it as a statement of fact, and although it was an incomplete statement it still rang true somewhere in his mind.

"Very well sissy, get your makeup on and then you can suck cock for me and your audience in your chat room," Princess Dee said.

As Tom got up to do as instructed, Princess Dee saved the recording in to a file and debated where she would post it first. Would it be more advantageous to post it on Tiffany Henderson's Facebook first or on Tom Henderson's Facebook? She knew it would eventually get posted to both, but worried that if she posted it to Tom's first that it might cause too much hardship and even might cost him his job. No, she decided, he would lose his job eventually, but he still needed it for now if he was to keep his house and for her to continue using his own finances against him.

For now Tiffany's Facebook would have exclusive rights to this lovely little recording. Now she just needed to capture some of the Chaturbate recordings of him following someone's direction and she could start turning Tiffany into a social media darling.

Chapter Twenty Eight *(added: 2015/12/22)*

Under Princess Dee's watchful eye Tom then proceeded to apply his makeup, unwittingly providing additional fodder to her ever growing file on him. She allowed him to apply it in a heavy manner giving him a whorish appearance, but made sure that he did not make it as clownish as he had the first time she had recorded him.

It appeared that Princess Dee was right, as for the next two hours not one person who entered Tom's chat room even mentioned the female sex toy. Tom was directed to do all kinds of things with the artificial cock; he gave it hand jobs, deep throated it, licked it like an ice cream cone, and even used his hand and mouth in a reverse piston motion. Tom saw the occasional message telling him that he had

received tokens from one of the people in his room but had no idea what that meant.

Finally, after a little more than two hours into his session someone told Tom that he wanted him to act out a cuckolding session using both of the sex toys. Tom was curious as to what this viewer had in mind so he readily agreed to follow this person's direction above those of other viewers in his room. Tom had not noticed it, but his audience had now reached eighty-three users. However, at this point in time as far as Tom was concerned there was only the one viewer who had now piqued his interest. Tom knew that a cuckold was a man whose wife cheated on him. How that could be played out with the use of two sex toys was beyond his comprehension.

The viewer first had Tom begin to kiss around the female crotch telling him to inhale deeply and imagine her musky smell. This brought on the first twinge of excitement within Tom's chastity since he had been on Chaturbate. The viewer continued to weave a tale of how he should then begin to lick her pussy. He then told Tom to stick his tongue into the pussy while cupping the crotch with his left hand and use his thumb to slowly and very gently rub against the lower end of her lips. The viewer told Tom that helping to prepare his 'wife' and her lover for sex was the second highest honor that a sissy could ever have, which brought another twinge to Tom's cock. He then told Tom to continue licking and rubbing the pussy and to now use his right hand to slowly stroke the cock on the other toy. It was while Tom was doing this that Princess Dee looked up from her Kindle reader. She had been recording the entire Chaturbate session but had paid little attention to it while she had been reading; only occasionally looking up to see if anything would catch her attention. This was something new, every other time she had looked up it was only to see Tom fellating the male sex toy.

Princess Dee then set her Kindle reader aside and read what this viewer was telling Tom. She liked the direction this viewer was taking, so she stretched the recording window out to now include the entire Chaturbate screen and not just the video window. If this panned out well then maybe she would change Tom's job description to 'cuckold sissy maid in training' on his new Facebook page.

The viewer then told Tom to stop licking the pussy and turn his head towards the cock and start sucking on it while continuing to use his hands on both toys. The

viewer said that a cuckold sissy should serve as a fluffer for his 'wife's' lover or 'bull'. He also told Tom to alternate between the cock and pussy with his tongue to get them both well lubricated for penetration.

Tom was getting a bit heady by this time, often closing his eyes and fantasizing that he was doing this to two actual people and not just two sex toys. He could feel his own cock throbbing heavily within the confines of his chastity tube.

After several minutes of alternating orally between the two toys to get them nice and wet, the viewer told Tom to gently glide the cock into the pussy. He then told Tom to use his tongue and lips to kiss and lick at the bottom of where the two toys met and imagine he was lying on his back with the two lovers above him; his 'wife' straddling his head and her 'bull' straddling his chest. Tom repositioned the two toys so that his head was lined up as the viewer had instructed. This put the male toy lying flat on the coffee table with the female toy dangling in the air impaled on the upright cock. This obscured Tom's face from the camera for a short while, but the now over two hundred users in the room and Princes Dee could hear as Tom continued to kiss and suck at the point the two toys intersected. They could also hear the moans emanating from Tom as his cock continued to throb even more heavily in the chastity. Tom slightly turned the toys and slid them over a little so he could see the screen and keep following the viewer's instructions.

The viewer told Tom to cup the male sex toy's ass and to imagine pulling the 'bull' into his 'wife'. After several minutes he told Tom to imagine that the 'bull' was now cumming inside of his 'wife' and that with each thrust a little of the cum and pussy juice dribbled out and onto Tom's tongue. Tom's moans grew louder as the chastity pulled painfully at his balls, there was no room left for Tom's penis to grow in the cage.

Tom was then told to pull the cock out of the female toy and to suck it clean while imaging his 'wife' holding her pussy lips closed with her fingers, trapping all of the cum within her. "A good cuckolded sissy will clean his wife's lover" the viewer had typed. The viewer then told Tom to open up his mouth and imagine his 'wife' now using her hand to spread her pussy wide open just above his mouth. "Think of all the cum dripping out of her pussy and into your mouth sissy," the viewer typed, "Now stick your tongue in her pussy, cup your lips around her and suck out

everything while you strive to give her an orgasm."

As Tom did this his eyes went wide and he let out a low moan. It was obvious to everyone in the room that Tom himself had just had an orgasm within the confines of his chastity tube while committing this final act of cuckold subservience.

Princess Dee was surprised that Tom had been able to have the orgasm while in the chastity and without any physical stimulation. She knew that meant that this whole scenario had really turned Tom on more than either one of them would have anticipated. She was glad that she had found something that Tom would not mind her using against him, but a bit disappointed that his current chastity tube did not prevent his orgasm.

"Oh well!" she mused, she knew that the Lori's tube once locked onto his Prince Albert piercing would be much more effective in curbing his sexual release.

It was then that Tom did the totally unexpected. Still completely turned on by the fantasy even after his orgasm, Tom reached down, wiped the cum up with his fingers, slowly brought them up to his mouth and sucked them clean.

"Yes!" Princess Dee thought to herself. She had chosen wisely. Tom was indeed the perfect candidate for her ministrations. She did indeed know Tom much better than he did himself. Things would be much easier for her from here on out.

Chapter Twenty Nine *(added: 2015/12/22)*

Tom could not believe what had just happened. He had never had a ruined orgasm before. The concept of still being horny and still having as big of a hard-on as the chastity cage would allow after spilling his load confused him. How could he not be sated, and how was he able to cum without any physical stimulation? He still felt the need to cum. However, without any further mental or physical stimulation; he knew that just wasn't going to happen. Tom was so frustrated that he wanted to cry; and had he really eaten his cum without giving it any thought? It was almost like he had done it instinctually.

He was so deep in thought that he failed to notice that he had received a couple hundred more tokens and that most of his audience was exiting his chat room.

Princess Dee stopped recording and closed Tom's chat room; she would cash in the tokens later. For now she had a couple of other matters to attend to. "My, my, my! I must say Tiffy; that was quite the performance you just gave. You keep that up and you might make it to the top chat hosts list for the site. We might just have to get you out there on ImLive and CamContacts as well. Maybe you could make enough money to eventually quit that job you are so worried about keeping. Surely you would like doing this much more than your exciting career in retail; wouldn't you?" she asked rhetorically. "Now, go get yourself and your toys washed up, and then report back here in your uniform. I need to do a few things here on your computer while you are gone."

Tom just nodded mutely as his computer screen went black. He got up, grabbed the two sex toys and headed off to his bathroom. A nice hot shower would get his toys and body clean and hopefully get most of his makeup off, but first he thought it would take half a bottle of mouthwash to get the taste of semen out of his mouth.

While he was gone Princess Dee set about installing Google Chrome onto his computer and setting seven of the silent alarms on Tom's Fitbit page for later that night and early the following morning. She waited until after Tom returned to set the final alarm for five minutes later and then pressed the synch button to send the alarm information to the device on Tom's wrist.

"Now sissy," she began as she closed the Fitbit page so Tom would not see the alarm times, and turned off the black screen. "Let me introduce you to Google Chrome; this will be your new web browser for the purposes of this new training tool that I am about to bestow upon you."

Princess Dee then typed '<http://cornertime.herokuapp.com/>' into the address bar. When the page opened Tom saw the page title and moaned. Right there at the top of the page it said 'Virtual Corner Time'. Tom thought to himself "Please don't let this be another computer program like Grounded; it was terrible having nothing to look at but that grey screen while waiting to click on random buttons. However, he immediately realized that this was something altogether different as he saw that it was asking for permission to use his camera. He watched as

Princess Dee clicked on the 'Allow' button and saw that his camera did indeed turn on and his image was in the screen at the bottom of the window.

Princess Dee then typed in 'sissytiffy' where it prompted for a name and then chose Bridget (English) under the 'Pick your Disciplinarian' box. She then scrolled down to the bottom of the page and Tom could see a line graph that fluctuated with his movements. There was a dotted line across the screen and the line was green below it but changed to red above it every time he moved too much. Princess Dee then moved the 'Movement Threshold' tab from twenty percent down to five percent. When she did this Tom saw the dotted line move further down the screen and now even his smaller movements caused the line to go red. Princess Dee then moved the duration tab over to the five-minute mark and then unclicked and clicked the box for 'Disciplinarian may choose to vary the duration ($\pm 50\%$)'.

Before Princess Dee could continue the alarm on Tom's Flex went off; startling Tom with its vibration. When Tom gasped and looked at his wrist Princess Dee just chuckled. "That is the alarm I told you about before sissy. Maids are always on duty and can be called upon to provide service at any time of day or night. With that in mind, I have decided to use the alarms on your Fitbit to summon you at random times to help instill that within you. When the alarm goes off you will have exactly three minutes to report here in front of your computer in your maid's uniform or be punished. You had better keep your uniform at the ready and be a fast dresser if you know what is good for you"

Tom looked crestfallen and before he could reply Princess Dee continued "Don't worry sissy, this rule will only apply when you are at home. And since I will not necessarily be awake, let alone online when you receive your summons; we will be using this virtual corner time tool to make sure that you report on time. The great thing about this tool is that it will help you in one other aspect of a maid's life. Maids are often on standby and have to wait motionless until called upon to perform one of their maidly duties. So with that in mind, I will have eight tabs open to this webpage every day and when your alarm goes off you will be required to open one of them and ask for a punishment. You will then be required to stand motionless in the corner until the punishment is completed. So you get discipline and punishment in one tool. Aren't you excited my little slave maid?"

Tom wasn't looking forward to this but knew better than to show his disappointment at this development. "Yes Princess Dee." He said, "Thank you for being so considerate." Tom knew there was a drip of sarcasm in his voice when he said this, but fortunately Princess Dee just let it slide.

"I will choose the Disciplinarian. Sometimes it will be a male, and at others a female. Maids obey both, so you need to get used to being receptive to both telling you what to do. I will also randomly select the duration and the threshold for movement. The only thing you will do is click on the 'Ask Bridget for Punishment' button; or whoever the Disciplinarian may be that time. Once the task is complete you are to view the punishment report and leave it open for me. I will then check the report the following day to confirm that you arrived on time, did not change any of the parameters of the punishment and that you completed it. You will learn that any movement on your part above the threshold will cause you to be scolded or to have time added to the punishment. Move too much and you will not get a lot of sleep as you will be stuck in the corner far longer than you need to be." When Princess Dee said this, a frown instantly came to Tom's face causing her to giggle.

"I will see both the scoldings and added punishment times on the reports, but don't worry. I will not give you additional punishments as long as you complete the tasks and leave the reports for me to look at. Your lack of sleep and boredom will be punishment enough. We really need to get you some four inch heels to wear; then we can add sore calves and back to your incentives to keep these punishments to a minimum." She said with a laugh.

"Now, I have already used one of your alarms, so fortunately for you, you will only have seven more of them tonight. I suggest that you go and get some rest while I set up your punishment tasks. Just make sure to listen carefully to your Disciplinarian to avoid any further punishment time. Remember, you have a long day tomorrow and a very long walk to the grocery store if you are to reach your goal for fifteen thousand steps. Now off to bed with you my sissy slave." Princess Dee said in a stern manor.

"Yes Princess Dee," Tom said, "Good night." And with that he got up and ambled off to bed.

Chapter Thirty *(added: 2015/12/22)*

Princess Dee was right. The following day was a very long one for Tom, and it followed what turned out to be a very long night for him as well. Every time the Fitbit alarm went off, the vibration startled Tom awake. While Tom knew that he would eventually get used to it so it would only wake him up, the fright it caused him each time now made it that much harder for him to fall back asleep even after the short tasks. Most of the Punishment tasks were only five minutes in duration originally, but with the movement threshold on three of the tasks set at only two percent, five minutes turned into over twenty. It also didn't help that two of the tasks were set for twenty five minutes each. Fortunately for Tom the movement threshold on those was set at twenty percent and Tom was able to complete them without any additional time added.

Tom was completely exhausted when his real alarm clock went off at six am. He knew that Princess Dee would not let him use his car to go to work today, and he didn't have any change for the bus which meant that he would have to walk to work, as well as to the store and then back home afterwards. Tom was glad that his job allowed him to wear athletic shoes. He could only imagine the blisters he would have by the time he got home if he had to wear dress shoes, or God forbid, high heels like Princess Dee had threatened.

Tom's legs and feet were killing him by the time he got home from the store, and he was weak from hunger. It didn't help that he wouldn't have any beans ready to eat until the next day as they had to soak before he could cook them. However, Tom did sneak an apple out of the bag and ate it as he stood outside his door knowing that at least for now there was no way for Princess Dee to know he had cheated on his diet. Tom thought about it for a minute and it almost made him laugh. Why did he think it was cheating? He should be able to eat anything he wanted, when he wanted it. Yet here he was, not only feeling guilty of cheating his diet, but he also felt like he had actually stolen the apple. Somehow it almost felt to him as if he had snuck into the Garden of Eden and taken a bite of the Forbidden Fruit itself. As sweet as it was, he just knew in his heart that it was sinful. He could only pray that Princess Dee would not see the guilt on his face. As he opened his front door his pangs of hunger were evenly matched by his pangs of fear and guilt. Tom cursed himself for his weakness, he knew that even if

Princess Dee couldn't tell what he had done, or even if she didn't ask him outright, that he would admit to her what he had done.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" Tom asked himself as he finally stepped into the house and in view of the camera.

Fortunately for Tom when he did confess his sin, Princess Dee was just amused and not angry like Tom had feared. Not only did she not threaten to punish him, she also thanked him for his honesty. She did however ask him why he had taken the liberty to purchase the bag of apples to begin with when she had told him that they would not be a treat until after he had lost about twenty pounds. Tom apologized profusely. All he could think of was the list of things she had originally told him he would buy or be able to eat when he was at the grocery store.

Princess Dee just smiled inwardly at this. She knew that this meant that Tom was now starting to act on auto-pilot instead of just thinking for himself. His subconscious would start to take over further and further until Tom's dominant characteristics and personality were completely overwhelmed. That is when his true slavery would begin; not when it was out of fear, or even from sexual excitement, but when it was truly his second nature.

The next two days were pretty much the same routine of Chaturbate, and Virtual Corner Time after a dinner of very mushy beans. Princess Dee had insisted that he cook them much longer than he had the first time he made them. As awful as the 'al dente' beans and brown rice had been the other day, they had been almost ambrosia compared to the bland almost textureless goo that he was now being made to eat.

Friday evening however brought Tom a slight reprieve as Princess Dee sent him directly to bed after an early Chaturbate session and told him there would be no alarms or corner time as she wanted him well rested and mentally prepared for his ear piercings and first day as a maid at the 'A Touch of Class' beauty salon.

Saturday morning still came very early for Tom. He packed his full maid's uniform, which now included his cap, shoes, and hosiery into a garment bag and headed for the closest bus stop that offered Saturday service. With the limited weekend bus service, it took Tom just over two hours to reach his destination. He was very

grateful that Princess Dee had allowed him to not only take a bus, but that he was allowed to wear 'civilian' clothing for his journey. Arriving just after nine am, Tom knocked on the door of the salon. The salon was situated in a large building that stretched the length of the city block it was located on in one of the older downtown neighborhoods of Moline Illinois. Unfortunately, it fell just outside of the city center that was heavily renovated in the Nineties and had not seen the growth that other close by neighborhoods had seen. In fact, of the eight storefronts in the building only two others besides the salon were occupied.

Tom was blushing furiously when Yvonne opened the door and let him in. He stared around at his surroundings initially as he was too embarrassed to look Yvonne in the face yet. The reception area gave way to the styling section of the salon which had eight stations and then curved around to the right where the manicure/pedicure stations were. Beyond those was the spa section of the salon where facials, massages, aroma-therapy and other services were provided.

Yvonne led Tom through to one of the massage rooms and told him that he could get changed in there and to let her know when he was ready.

It took Tom a few minutes to steel his resolve and start changing his clothes. He first put on his pink bra and panties which he thought was only appropriate since they had actually been his first uniform in his service to Princess Dee. Next he pulled on his maid's dress and apron. Then sitting down in the room's low back chair, he pulled the Hanes Thigh Highs slowly up his legs doing his best to avoid getting any runs. He shuddered and felt his penis twitch in its chastity cage as he felt the silky smooth fabric glide up his shaved legs. He then pulled on his ballet flats, stood up, smoothed out and straightened his apron, and finally using the full length mirror in front of him placed the Draphix headpiece on his head. For the first time ever, Tom was now wearing his full maid's uniform and about to really serve as a maid to a woman who he had just met less than fifteen minutes previously.

With a deep sigh, Tom opened the door and told Yvonne that he was ready.